J. Arthur Peck.

THREE THOUSAND

Practical Illustrations

IN

RELIGION AND MORALS

A Classified Collection of Anecdotes, Incidents and Thought-Germs for Preachers, Platform Speakers, Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers, Christian Workers and Bible Readers

WITH COPIOUS INDEXES:

Homiletic, Topical, Textual, Biblical, Biographical, Junior Congregation and Sunday School Lesson

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FOREWORD.

IT SEEMS superfluous to introduce a volume, the purpose and scope of which are fully set forth in its title.

Whether it shall receive the flattery of general approval or not, it represents the cream of the gatherings of twenty years of reading, copying, clipping, filing, and, no less important, discarding. The test applied to each illustration in the final selection was that suggested by the title — *Is it practical?* Can it be used? Would you use it yourself in address, sermon or instruction? There is a class of anecdotal illustrations so unreal and improbable; bearing so evidently the tool-marks of artificiality, that, for the speaker who aims to keep in touch with actual conditions, they are mere lumber, rubbish, space-fillers.

An honest effort has been made to exclude these; and to admit only possible, vital, virile illustrations.

The homiletic arrangement, which is the result of a score of years of constant use of a filing cabinet, seeks to combine the omission of all superfluous and unimportant sub-topics, with the admission of everything that the public speaker and teacher in the sphere of religion and morals, might be expected to look for, and might reasonably expect to find. Whether or not this arrangement is strictly logical, or theological, it has recommended itself to the author as natural, and therefore the simplest arrangement for facilitating reference.

A few minutes study of the *Homiletic Index* will expedite all future reference on the part of those who use this volume.

For specific and independent topical reference the *Topical Index* will be found full and specific. But if the first suggestion is followed, and those using the book will familiarize themselves with the *Homiletic Index*,

the other will be less needed. The main heads under which the illustrations are grouped are the following:

1. THE BIBLE.
2. GOD.
    1. The Father.
    2. The Son.
    3. The Holy Spirit.
3. SIN.
4. SALVATION.
5. SPECIFIC DUTIES, PRIVILEGES, GRACES OF THE NEW LIFE.
6. THE FUTURE LIFE.

While some overlapping of topics is unavoidable, it is comparatively easy to mark off the limits of these six topics, and to know under which of them any sub-topic may be found.

In many cases, as in the sections on "*The Resurrection*" and "*Death*", cross references are given.

In order to enable the eye to catch the central thought of each illustration, it is made emphatic by the use of *black-faced type.*

It is needless to apologize for preparing a book of homiletic illustrations. Like the Bible, it may of course be abused. And, like the Bible, again, used judiciously, it may be made to render valuable service in the cause for truth and right. If the psychologists are right, for the preacher, platform speaker and teacher *an apt illustration is half the battle.*

An apt illustration arrests attention. It is the equivalent of the "Stand and Deliver" of the traditional highwayman; or of the "Stop, Look, Listen" challenge of the railway caution board.

An apt illustration awakens interest. It provides the magical "point of contact" of modern pedagogy, which terminates a mental shut-down, and sets the machinery awhirring; sounding forth its clamorous demand for the raw material of thought which it may convert into the finished products of conviction and action.

An apt illustration illumines the intelligence, and, as an electric bolt across a midnight sky, reveals the hitherto hidden features of the landscape to the plodding, groping wayfarer.

An apt illustration enslaves the memory. Because a great truth, which otherwise, dimly apprehended, might soon have been supplanted by some later thought, because this great truth linked itself to memory with the shackles of an unescapable illustration, that truth and that life, no man can put asunder ever.

An apt illustration stimulates the imagination. The first picture · truth, is but the initial one of a series; each succeeding picture providing mental, moral and spiritual stimuli to spur the life to nobler endeavors and loftier heights.

An apt illustration, not dragged in by brute force, but making a natural and graceful entrance, stimulates interest, fastens the attention, illumines the dreary stretches of abstract utterance, and stamps the truth ineffaceably upon the memory.

So far as it was possible to identify the original sources of these illustrations, their authorship has been indicated. Where this could not be done they are left unsigned. The word "selected" is worse than nothing, and hence it and its synonyms have been omitted. To repeat, once more, for the sake of emphasizing that which will determine the degree to which this cyclopedia will be of real practical service to those who use it, *study the homiletic index,* as familiarity with it is essential to the satisfactory use of the illustrative material here provided.

All the indexes will be found full and accurate. They are as follows:

1. Homiletic Index.
2. Topical Index.
3. Biographical Index.
4. Textual Index.
5. Sunday School Lesson Index.
6. Junior Congregation Index.

THE BIBLE. (1–96)

A Divinely Inspired Revelation. (1–20)

1. The President of the Institute of France a few years ago when presenting a prize of 20,000 francs to Oppert, the scholar, for his distinguished success as an interpreter of Assyrian inscriptions, referred to the astonishment of the wild Bedouins, when they saw one after another of these ancient records disinterred. "Our fathers," said they, "have for hundreds of years pitched their tents in these regions, but without knowing that anything remarkable was entombed beneath; but no sooner have you Franks come here with your measuring rods than you have traced out the plans of our city, and brought to light magnificent temples and numerous treasures. Tell us, is it your Book or your prophet that has revealed to you these secrets?" "Yes," says the President of the great scientific Institute of France, "Europeans may well reply, **'It is by our Book, our prophets, that we have been made acquainted with these things.** It is they who have told us of these ancient cities which have been so long buried beneath your villages and mounds, and which now in turn bear testimony to the truth of their accounts and the truth of their predictions.' "

2. The ocean can pour its salt tide into the mouth of the river because the river is a child of the sea, born of it and nourished by it. The soul of man comes from the ocean of God's life and can share the tidal movements of his thoughts. Inspiration depends upon the likeness of nature between God and man. The animal can not inspire the tree, for they live in different kingdoms; man can not inspire animals, because the quality of life is different: **God can inspire man,** because the soul of man is the breath of God.—Homiletic Review.

3. Granting that Columbus was inspired to see a new world beyond the boundless main, or that Plato was inspired to write philosophy, or Apelles to paint pictures, or Wordsworth so simply, and yet so subtly, to sing—granting, we say, that these men were so inspired as to discover the great harmonies and laws and facts of nature for the time veiled from other eyes; then it follows that **David and Paul and John must have been still more specially inspired** to discover those great verities to be found in those higher realms which we have called, for the want of a better word, the supernatural. The source of inspiration in the one case was on a plane with the natural; but, in the case of the other, it must have been on a plane with the supernatural. The class of truth determines the quality of inspiration. The poet, painter, and the musician may be inspired, but theirs is only a natural process; but wherever the truths communicated are above the reach of nature, are such as lie upon a plane with the supernatural, then it follows that those through whom they have been communicated must have been **supernaturally inspired.**

4. A man speaks to a phonograph cylinder; it receives and records the substance of his speech, the structure of his sentences, the tones of his voice; this record it repeats as often as called upon. **The earth is God's great phonograph cylinder.** He bade it bring forth life, and it brings forth life. God involved life in the earth before the earth evolved life at his word. But he did not trust the earth to bring forth man. "Let us make man in our own image, . . . male and female made he them." The copper wire is stretched from Niagara Falls to Buffalo, insulated from the poles, united to the dynamo. It is made of metal taken from the earth, it embodies a current that gives energy and light. Its value depends upon its relation to the dynamo. The body of man is molded of red earth, the soul of man carries divine energy and light. The dynamo gives us a live wire, the breath of God gives a living soul. The electric current can carry the spoken message across the continent, the soul of man can receive and carry the thoughts of God across the centuries. "There is spirit in man, and the inbreathing of the Almighty giveth him undérstanding." **The possibility of inspiration rests upon the fact that the breath of God, the soul of man, can be inbreathed.**—Dr. O. P. Gifford.

5. Sir Isaac Newton confessed his inability to assign any reason why one body in our system should be qualified to impart light and heat to all the rest, except that the Author of that system thought it convenient. We must make the same humble confession in searching the Scriptures. There was an ancient maxim, that the light from above never descends without a mantle; **let no profane and daring hand venture to tear it open.** If we meet, in the words of Bishop Taylor, with passages wrapped in a cloud, or darkened with umbrages, or covered with allegories and garments of rhetoric, let us say with David, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Bible Society Record.

6. One may hold that the Scriptures are inspired of God upon external evidence alone, but he will hold this truth

in the letter only; it will have no vital influence upon his life. This question was once put to a Christian teacher: "Do you hold such and such a truth?" "No", was the response, **"it holds me."** He knew it to be true. Well says Tholuck: "Luther is just the finest example to prove that a simple, upright mind and pious heart will know how to put the true interpretation upon the words of the Saviour. He abode in the word and he knew the truth. It was his through **experience."**

7. The Bible **is the Father's great love letter** written in his own hand and personally addressed to each one of his children. **In it we have the thoughts of his mind,** the desire of his soul, the movements of his heart, the sacrifice of his love. Here we see him as he is. Here he tells us plainly what he would have us through Christ to become. The uplook and outlook are most glorious. "Like him." More than this we cannot ask. "Like him."—The Presbyterian.

8. The Bible as a divine revelation is not only perfectly natural, but it is also **most reasonable.** Think of how unreasonable it would be for any one to conceive of God as being his Father, and yet God never speaking to him in any clear, positive way. God speaks to men through nature and conscience. This is true, but how indistinct and uncertain, if not actually contradictory, are the utterances of conscience and of nature. Surely the child has a right to a far more distinct revelation than either of these afford. If God be our Father, if his great heart of infinite love be warm and tender toward us, **we have a right to expect that he will tell us plainly what he would have us to be and to do.** It is just this that he does in the Bible. Here he tells in language so simple and unambiguous that even a child can understand what his heavenly Father's will is.

9. We are not afraid to lay our Bibles in the bright light of modern investigation, and bid it do its work. Anything else would evince distrust rather than faith. We may well pray to be delivered from the intellectual cowardice of that philosopher at Florence, who could not be induced to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he should see something in the heavens that would disturb his faith in the old system.

But along with our present-day zeal for the critical sifting of the canon, we need to foster a loving enthusiasm for God's Word.

10. Burned on the public square by the public executioner, **Christianity has risen phoenix-like and floated away in triumph,** wearing the smoke of its own funeral pyre as a flag of victory. Scourged from city to city, it has gone through the capitals of the civilized world, leaving behind it a trail of light attesting its divine authority. Cast into the lepers' pest-house, it has purified the scales of contagion, restored the soft pink skin of smiling infancy, quickened the energies of romping youth, and recreated the sinews of heroic manhood. Betrayed by a kiss, it has stood erect in the calm majesty of eternity, amid the swarming minions of its enemies.—Christian Advocate.

11. "It is impossible to **pick and choose** in dealing with the Bible. The most absolute faith in it is also the most defensible position.

12. Goethe said that his best thoughts came to him "like singing birds, the free children of God, saying 'Here we are.'"

13. Prof. Geo. P. Fisher **compared the Bible to a bundle of treasured letters** from a father, since dead, to a son. The first were written when he was a lad off at a boarding school. The series ran all through his school and college life, up until after his graduation. The early ones spoke of balls, and tops, and kites, and boyish pastimes. Later ones took up more sober themes, until the last were written as by man to man. And yet the first are prized by the son equally with the last, and just as truly bear witness to a father's love. So the Old Testament, in its earlier books, was written to the race in its childhood. Remembering this we shall have an explanation of some things at which we might otherwise stumble. Ephesians was written to the race in its mature period.

14. "The greatest field of undiscovered knowledge is God."—Meyer.

15. Professor Mueller, one of the great German scholars, who devoted years to the study of history, tells us that in later life he accidentally picked up a New Testament. Of course he had read it many times before, and, "I opened it", he said in substance, "with the greatest prejudice. I thought it was an out-grown book; but as I read on and on, it seemed to me as if scales were falling from my eyes, as if God had put a key into my hand by which **I could open door after door that had always been closed to me,** and I came to understand the history of humanity through Jesus Christ. There is nothing now I cannot explain." So lay hold on the Bible as the word of Christ, and **all**

things will become clear, and peace and salvation be yours.

16. From early Christian times, great quantities of lamps, running into hundreds, have been found in the recent excavations of ancient Gezer, and some of them are inscribed with such inscriptions as "The Lord is my Light." It would seem that from the early belief that the spirit required food and drink —and weapons, too, for they have been found in great numbers—gradually developed the thought that **light was more needed in the dark underworld,** and this in early Christian ages led to the lamp, symbolizing, in the darkness of the tomb, him who **is the "Light of the World."** It is interesting, too, to notice how these customs survive in the Orient today, where lamps and candles are kept burning around the corpse among both Christians and Jews, and are burnt for many days after the burial in the death chambers.—Biblical World.

17. The proof of inspiration is found in the changed characters of men who are inbreathed of God. As the living seed changes the soil into plants, so the living seed of God's Word changes the characters of the men who co-operate with it. "We are made partakers of the divine nature by exceeding great and precious promises." A spoken word carries the character of the speaker; the man receiving the spoken word partakes of the character of the speaker. Men who search the Scriptures and live what they find develop a peculiar type of character. God's life enters into and shapes our life.

18. We find no difficulty in distinguishing between the works of God and the works of man. God's works are absolutely perfect; man's are only relatively so. The most perfect needle may be perfect for the work to which it is adapted, but make it a microscopic object, and the smooth hole appears ragged and the needle becomes a honeycombed poker. Take, on the contrary, a hair from the leg of a fly, or the dust from a butterfly's wing. Magnify these, and they are seen to be absolutely perfect.

Now, there is no more difficulty in distinguishing the Word of God from the word of man than there is in distinguishing the work of God from the work of man. You need the minute examination and the anointed eye that can perceive its beauties which do not lie on the surface. In this way, **God's Word contains the best evidence of its own inspiration.** It could not have been forged or manufactured. — J. Hudson Taylor.

19. Are we alive to the message? When those miners in Colorado were buried alive, one day a boy in a field thought he heard a tapping on a deserted iron tubing. He went for help, and men came who decided that the miners were alive. Quickly an electric wire was brought over the mountain. A bulb was lowered so that the miners had electric light. Food was sent down, and messages of love from the miners' families. One miner knew a little of telegraphy, and so at last communication was established. There was a sensitive wire, and these little signals, giving the news of the life of these men, who for days had been supposed to be dead, filled the whole camp with a riot of joy and thanksgiving. And is it nothing that at last some nerve in man responds to **the signals that come from the hitherto unseen and unknown God?**—N. D. Hillis, D. D.

20. There are **four especial ways in which God speaks: by the voice of Scripture,** the voice of the inward impressions of the Holy Spirit, the voice of our own higher judgment, and the voice of providential circumstances. When these four harmonize, it is safe to say that God speaks.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

The Incomparable Book. (21–32)

21. "In this little book", said Ewald to Dean Stanley, holding up his Greek Testament, "is contained **all the wisdom of the world."**

22. "A glory gilds that sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives, a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none."

23. The Bible is a universal book. It ranges over the world as the atmosphere pours around the earth, equally at home in all climates and on all continents. Few books can be carried from the Occident to the Orient, or from the Orient to the Occident, and still retain their interest; a change of civilization kills them as a change of climate is fatal to some animals. But the Bible, though it is an Oriental book, has yet soaked into the Western mind and heart as no other book has done. Not many books can withstand translation without some loss in clearness of thought and depth of feeling, but the Bible retains its colors fresh and vivid in any language, even in rude heathen tongues. Many books are limited in their interest to a select and narrow class, but **the Bible speaks to humanity and finds an audience in every mind and heart.** It has equal welcome for the rich and the poor, picturesque stories for the little child

and depths beyond the profoundest philosopher.

24. The very sentences of Holy Scripture have in many instances acquired an independent character which has enhanced their value and the power of the Book in which they belong, from which they derive their force. **They have taken hold upon human experience, and given expression to the highest and deepest thoughts of men.** This has added to their meaning and worth. The call of our Lord to those who labor and are heavy laden; the beatitudes, which lie as a benediction on good men's lives; the evangel in the gospel, with its declaration of God's love for the world; the cry of the publican for mercy; the resolve of the prodigal to go home; the question of the jailer at Philippi, and its answer,—these have a being of their own. There is a separate personality in the Saviour's last prayer with his disciples; in St. Paul's description of charity, and in his triumphant portrayal of the resurrection. One after another we find these true, and thenceforth they are more true than ever.

25. The fact of the vast host of stars is a fact of modern discovery. Hipparchus, about a century and a half before Christ, gave the number of stars as 1,022, and Ptolemy in the beginning of the second century of the Christian era, could find but 1,026. We may on a clear night, with the unaided eye see only 1,160, or if we could survey the whole celestial sphere, about 3,000. But when the telescope began to be pointed to the heavens, less than three centuries ago, by Galileo, then for the first time men began to know that Jeremiah was right when he made the stars as countless as the sand on the seashore. I seem to hear some ancient apostle of Deism, declaiming five hundred years ago, on the mistakes of Jeremiah, and saying "who is this who claims to be inspired and talks of countless stars? Can he not count 3,000?" But. when Lord Rosse's instrument turned its great mirror to the sky, lo, the number of visible stars increases to nearly 400,000,000! and Herschel compares the multitude of them to glittering dust scattered on the black back-ground of the heavens. Who taught Jeremiah astronomy? Yet, when John Herschel, at the foot of the dark continent, resolves the nebulae into suns, and Lord Rosse as with the eye of a Titan, finds in the cloudy scarf about Orion "a gorgeous bed of stars," and the milky way itself, which floats its streaming banner across the vault of heaven, proves to be simply a grand procession of stars absolutely without number; **how true is the exclamation of Jeremiah, 600 years before Christ, 2,200 years before Galileo,** "the host of heaven cannot be numbered!"— Dr. A. T. Pierson.

26. The word **graphe,** translated Scripture, is used more than fifty times in the New Testament and always of the Old Testament. It is a technical word; it does not mean any writing, but writing of a peculiar kind well known to the user and his friends. When you say Czar, you mean the ruler of the Russias; Kaiser, the emperor of Germany; The President, the executive of the United States. Paul meant the Old Testament when he referred to the sacred Scripture which Timothy knew. We have additional writings which we call the New Testament. **The New is enfolded in the Old, the Old is unfolded in the New.** These two express the same life as the blossoms and fruit express the same life in the tree. The witness of Jesus is the spirit of the Old Testament. The witness of Jesus is the spirit of the New. Both deal with the same character, and seek the same end. They are "like noble words to perfect music fitly set." The Old is like a long road that ends by the edge of a stream, the New like a bridge that spans the stream —you need both to complete the journey. As the cherubim leaned toward each other above the law, so the Testaments lean toward each other above Christ.—Dr. O. P. Gifford, Homiletic Review.

27. Late in life Coleridge, who had ranged so widely through all literature, withdrew from his usual studies and took with him on his travels only a small English New Testament, saying to his friends; "I have **only one Book, and that is the best.**"—Barrows.

28. The Bible must be a **very remarkable book,** from whatever source it has come. One of the princes of men, the most brilliant light of the fourth century, whose splendid character lifted him to the shining summit of power and popularity in Antioch, the "Eye of the East," and afterward made him the very center and focus of light and life in the greater capital at the golden horn —a man whose eloquent oratory gave him the name of Chrysostom, or "the golden mouth," and whose yet more eloquent virtues made him at once the admiration and terror of the corrupt court of Eudoxia—such a man, with all the literature of the ages laid at his feet, himself one of the foremost scholars of his day, has given to the Bible its very name **"O Biblos,"—the Book!**—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

29. The Jewish scribes, in transcrib-

ing the Scriptures **always washed their pens** before writing the name of God, such was their reverence for the Book and its Author.

30. A noted orator tells us that when some one asked Charles Dickens for **the most pathetic story in literature,** he answered the Prodigal Son; that when Mr. Gillman asked Coleridge for **the richest passage in literature** he pointed to the first sixteen verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew; and when another consulted Daniel Webster on **the greatest legal digest** of statute law on the brotherhood of man he said the Sermon on the Mount.

31. At Manila, the Filipino who assisted in 1908, in translating the Tagalog Bible gave this testimony: **"I became a Christian through reading the Bible.** When I saw in St. John iv. 24 that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth,' I began to think that worshipping God through idols must be wrong, and from this I was gradually led on to the truth. At first my father and brothers were very bitter against me; I said but little to them, but gave each of them a Bible and asked them to read for themselves; in time they, too, became convinced, and are now Christians."—Report of British and American Bible Society.

32. Christianity—the religion of the Bible— asks no favors of the world or of its enemies. It came unheralded. It was established upon its own merits, and has fought its way, from age to age, into recognition and power, in spite of human opposition, ridicule, contempt and opprobrium. It carries with it its own commendation or indorsement. It answers a felt need in the individual heart and in the social organism. It wins the day ever presenting a record of noble, self-sacrificing, beneficent and grand achievement on the part of its followers, while blessing and prospering the communities where it gains a foothold. We have no fears for its triumph. It is of God, and it can not fail. It is a necessity to man, and he must have it.

The Bible and Progress. Influence on the Race. (33-41)

33. We need to remember **the immense influence it has exerted in the past,** and is now exerting over the lives of men. There are two hundred and fifty million copies of the Bible, in four hundred different tongues, circulated throughout the world today. Nine-tenths of the people of the globe have the Book of books in their own language. Says Prof. Mackenzie: "Of all facts upon the earth, it literally contains **the deepest and strongest force, which is at work among mankind."** The old-time Methodists were accustomed to show their reverence for God's Book by rising while the preacher read his text. We need a revival of a reverent appreciation of the Bible, of the power of God's Word to do God's work; of the fact that it is doing God's work.

34. The Hebrews were a hermit nation. They lived lonely, without companion or fellow. They received from their neighbors, they gave to their neighbors, no sympathy or kinship of heart. They had one grand idea, that of God, one personal, supreme, jealous God; and they had from him **one book,** jealously supreme and regally authoritative; one book, only one, their peculiar and strange book. Because they were **a people of one God and one book** we look back and we see them—the world looks up and sees them—towering high and isolated above the buried and sand-strewn ruins of the kingdoms and empires that surrounded them.—The Independent.

35. Wherever God's law is supreme, life and property are safe. Wherever the Bible is despised or discarded, neither life nor property is secure. When infidel friends were discussing theories around the dining table one day, Voltaire said: "Hush, gentlemen, till the servants are gone. If they believed as we do, none of our lives would be safe." **The influence of the Bible in restraining sin** and promoting righteousness is one of the evidences that it is a supernatural and divine revelation.

36. The debt of literature to the Bible is like that of vegetation to light. No other volume has contributed so much to the great organic forms of thought. No other is fusing itself so widely into the standards of libraries. Homer and Plato and Aristotle were long since absorbed in it as intellectual powers. This volume has never yet numbered among its religious believers a fourth part of the human race, yet **it has swayed a greater amount of mind than any other volume the world has known.** It has the singular faculty of attracting to itself the thinkers of the world, either as friends or as foes, always, everywhere. The works of comment upon it of themselves form a literature of which any nation might be proud. They are more voluminous than all that remains to us of the Greek and Roman literatures combined. An English antiquarian, who has had the curiosity to number the existing commentaries upon the Scriptures, or upon portions of them, found them to exceed sixty thousand. Where is another em-

pire of mind to be found like this?—Prof. Austin Phelps.

37. Always and everywhere **the Bible brings life**, its principles, which are universal, touch the spring of love and hope and fear.—Barrows.

38. It is interesting to observe how the influence of **the Bible trickles down into crevices in all other literature**, and shows itself, at length, in golden veins, and precious gems of thought, which are the admiration of all observers. The late Professor B. B. Edwards, in illustration of this fact, notices the following details, viz., "An essay has been written to prove how much Shakspeare is indebted to the Scriptures. The Red Cross Knight in the 'Faerie Queene' of Spenser is the Christian of the last chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The 'Messiah' of Pope is only a paraphrase of some passages in Isaiah. The highest strains of Cowper in the 'Task' are an expansion of a chapter of the same prophet. The 'Thanatopsis' of Bryant is indebted to a passage from the Book of Job. Lord Byron's celebrated poem on 'Darkness' was founded on a passage in Jeremiah."

39. It is generally accepted as an axiom that the only justification of the State in undertaking popular education is its own preservation and upbuilding. It is a measure of public safety. The aim, so far as the State is concerned, is to make good citizens, and the scope of its effort is limited by that necessity. The question with which the State has to do is one of public morals; for it is upon the morality of the people that the progress of the nation and its civilization depend. **The great nations of the past all perished, not of poverty, nor of lack of culture, but of immorality.** Some of them went down at the height of literary, artistic, or material greatness. Few will dispute the impressive teaching of history, as well as of philosophy, that the great duty of the State is the cultivation of the moral nature of its children. **It is a question, therefore, which every citizen ought to weigh, whether a system, not of ethical maxims, but of vital aggressive morality, can be successfully cultivated without the aid of the Bible.**—The Advance.

40. It has been called the **"sacred book of the world."**. How old it is, and it is ever young. The churches have worshipped in its inspiring strains, rising in its exultation, bowing in its confession and lament. The people have sung its melodies — merchants, sailors, ploughmen; sages, soldiers, priests; mothers with their children, kings with their people. **Cromwell** led his men to victory at Dunbar with the 68th Psalm; **Luther** strengthened his heart with the vigour of the Psalms. **Wallace** had his psalter hung before him at his execution, and died with his eyes fixed upon it. **Polycarp, Hildebrand, Huss, Columbus, Xavier, Melanchthon, Jewell,** gave their last breath to the words of a psalm. One psalm alone has engraved itself on the lives of men. The penitence of the contrite soul has loved to breathe out its miserere. **Thomas Arnold** had the 51st Psalm read to him when he lay dying, and **John Rogers** recited it as he went to the stake. **Jeremy Taylor** transformed it into a prayer. **Lady Jane Grey** repeated its cry for mercy as she ascended the scaffold, and **Sir Thomas More** as he laid his head upon the block. **Augustine** had written on the wall opposite the bed where he lay sick, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," and **Bernard** passed on with this verse upon his lips. We draw these instances from other days. They might be found nearer to our time and in our time. The Hebrew parchment lives in the reverent sentence which looks down from the **Royal Exchange** in London, down on the busy streets and the hurrying throng of men claiming ownership and holding in brief possession:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."—Phelps.

41. "No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. **England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible."** Its literary and social effects were great, "but far greater was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large." "One dominant influence told on human action." "The whole temper of the nation felt the change." "A new conception of life, a new moral and religious pulse spread through every class."—J. R. Green, M. A.

The Bible and Progress. Its Influence on the Individual. (42–73)

42. A minister visited a political prisoner in a Russian fortress. His kindly words and prayer were heard with sullen contempt. The divine words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," sounded like mockery to the embittered prisoner. The aged minister went away, leaving a Bible in the cell, which he begged the prisoner to read.

As soon as his visitor was gone the angry nobleman kicked the Bible into a

corner. What to him was the word of a God who let tyrants abuse him?

But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him he caught up the volume and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the Fiftieth Psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling and he dropped the book.

The next day desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and **from that time he read the Bible constantly.** Then he began to study it. An unworldly joy took up the time he had once spent in harsh thoughts and words. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

The company of a book—the one book in all the world that could have done it—had given the proud noble another heart.

Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial, and unable to prove his innocence had been sentenced to death. On the day set for his execution, while the ladies of his mansion walked in tears through the crape-hung parlors, suddenly the sight of their doomed kinsman himself astonished them at the door!

It was an unhoped for deliverance at the last moment. When the jailer's key unlocked the prisoner's cell, instead of the messenger of death, the Czar of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocence of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the Czar made what amends he could by bestowing on him a splendid castle and a general's commission.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since then, and with them the life of the almost-martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellow-men, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless,— and **the very Bible he was shut up with in his own distress,**—still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all its personal cost.—The Youth's Companion.

43. One day while in India two young men said to us: "If we **study the Bible** in this way we are afraid it will compel us to abandon our plan of entering government service, and to devote ourselves to Christian work." A Mohammedan student in Egypt told us that, if he studied the Bible in this way, he would have to become a Christian. In another college a young man said it would make it necessary for him to give up a certain bad habit.—John R. Mott.

44. It is related that "an old peasant in North-West India learned by heart the first chapter of John's Gospel. After his harvest was over he would go out year by year into the villages around and repeat what he had learned. It is stated that **in eight years he had brought some four hundred of his countrymen to embrace Christianity** and receive baptism."

We know that it is written: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; **so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth;** it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

45. Colporteur Valdez in Mexico some years ago received a letter from a wealthy farmer and mine owner, who asked him to bring a box of Bibles to his hacienda, explaining that he wished to "moralize" his workmen. Though not willing himself to obey the Bible, he knew it as **the only book sure to clear the moral vision** of his men. At the other end of the world, in Japan, we find the same homage to God's book. Mr. Loomis, the American Bible Society's agent there, says of the Tokachi prison where criminals of the worst type are confined, "We have sold to the officers in charge, during the past year, many copies of the Scripture, for they find the introduction of Christianity into the prison a most effectual means of preserving discipline and beginning reform."—Beside all Waters.

46. Wilmot, the infidel, when he was dying, laid his trembling hand on the Bible, and said solemnly, **"The only objection against this Book is a bad life."**

47. Some time ago a friend was stopping with us in our home. Although brought up under Christian influences, he was inclined to be skeptical and to turn from God's word. Naturally we fell into conversation on Christian topics, and as we talked along, **we presented the Scriptures in answer to his excuses and objections.** Question after question came up and was discussed, the Word on our part, being used in each case. At last our friend, annoyed at the defeat with which he was meeting, spoke up somewhat sharply, and said, "Oh, shut up that book; every time you open

it you beat me." We may add that we did not shut up the book, but were encouraged to keep it open and to use it the more, in meeting the excuses and objections of our friend.—Sayles.

48. A story has recently been told of an English official from Peking who was asked by a gentleman if he had witnessed any effects of Christianity upon the high officials of the Chinese empire. In reply, the official said that he had once asked a high mandarin if he had ever read the Bible. The mandarin returned to his inner room and brought back a book full of extracts from the New Testament, saying that he had copied from it the things which he most admired. Then laying the book upon the table, he put his hand upon it and said, **"If only the people who profess this religion were to live in accordance with its precepts, this religion would spread all over the world."**

49. A friend some time ago told me how his father broke the old boulders on his farm in New England. He said his father would build a fire of hard wood around the great stones and keep it burning until he had heated them through and through, and then with a few blows from the old sledge hammer, they would fall to pieces. How often God's word, when it lodges in the heart, **burns like a fire, and breaks the stubborn will in pieces.**

50. Christianity developes supreme affinities for the best things; for the **noblest culture;** for the **purest morals;** for **magnificent literature;** for the most **finished civilization;** for the most **energetic national temperament;** for the most **enterprising races;** for the most virile and **progressive minds.** For all these it has manifested irresistible sympathies.—Phelps.

51. When the Nile commences rising, its waters are first red and then green, because its great Abyssinian branch, the Blue Nile, flows in first; and then the White. **A rich fertilizing mud** is discharged, with which the fields are covered to the average depth of about six inches thick in 100 years. **The bed** of the river rises about four feet in 1000 years. **The extent** of the fertilized land is constantly increasing; reaching out over the adjacent desert,—it has increased about one-third since 1450 B. C. **The priests proclaimed** how the flood stood on the Nilometer, the husbandmen made preparations for an abundant or a scanty harvest accordingly.—Dr. H. M. Field.

52. Christianity became the vitalizing spirit of a new organization of society. All that we call modern civilization, in a sense which deserves the name, is the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel.—Froude.

53. Christianity waged no war directly against such social evils of antiquity as slavery, but it killed them much more effectively by breathing into the conscience of the world truths which made their continuance impossible. It girdled the tree and left it to die. **It changed the climate, and this changed the vegetation.**—Missionary Review.

54. "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." The "canals of Mars" are now supposed to be belts of vegetation induced by currents formed by the melting of the polar snows, too narrow to be themselves visible, but of sufficient volume to develop on either side stretches of vegetable life broad enough to come into telescopic view.—Parkhurst.

55. The wonderful expansion of the kingdom of God under the influence of the Holy Spirit has always been a source of inspiration to those who are having some part in its growth. The following story of the vision of a venerable missionary at the source of the Godavari River is in itself but another example of the working of the Spirit of God.

"We once climbed to a mountain summit in the Western Ghats in search of the source of the Godavari, one of the greatest rivers of India. We came at last to a spot where some drops were trickling, but so few that for two or three seconds we held the whole stream in the hollow of our hand. We then, with the eye, traced the descending rill and saw it gradually broaden. We followed it in thought as it flowed eastward toward the Bay of Bengal, while 'with pomps of waters unwithstood' it expanded until it became capable of fertilizing ten thousand acres that would have otherwise remained forever barren. Even so have we sought to trace from its almost imperceptible commencement the stream of modern missionary effort. **How vast the change both at home and abroad!** And yet all that we yet witness is but the commencement. For the blessed stream rolls on and will roll on ever broadening and deepening as it flows, causing the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."—Missionary Facts.

56. The following well illustrates what is occurring in all parts of the land in these days. Recently **a very aged woman,** who has long been sad and depressed over the loss of most of her children, was urged to learn to read, that she might be **cheered in her loneliness by the words of the divine Comforter.** Consolation she had not, and

her sorrows grew upon her. At last a primer was obtained and placed in her hands, and she began her long toil. The way was weary and difficult, for her vision, even with the aid of her spectacles, was very dim. The effort was a benefit to the sad old woman, and so she persevered. After much hard work she reached that part of the primer where short texts of Scripture and prayer are found. These she read, and re-read, and finally learned them by heart, and the comfort she needed came. Afterwards a Testament in large print for the aged was purchased for her, and now her delight is in the law of the Lord, and in that law doth she meditate day and night.—Bible Society Record.

57. If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which **teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord;** to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact as well as in theory "doers of the word and not hearers only."—Roosevelt.

58. A colporteur at Trebizond, Turkey, has among his intimate friends a man who was **the swaggering, untamable chief of a band of brigands** until he was persuaded to buy a Bible. The robber chief is **now a quiet, humble, honest business man,** made new by the words which God deliberately purposed to make new men. One of the Bible Society colporteurs in Korea is another type of this class. This man, named Kimbyong, a few years ago was **a devil-worshipper,** who regularly every year used to sacrifice a cow to evil demons. The New Testament fell into his hands. He was a hard drinker, and one of the first things the Testament led him to do was to make a vow never to get drunk again. Lest he be forgetful, he tattooed a round black spot on each thumb, so that if ever, being over-persuaded, he should lift a glass to his mouth with either hand, he would see the black spots and remember. Those round black spots on his thumbs, in fact, were the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ in his body; and now as a Bible Society colporteur, he is always finding in the Bible new reasons to tell the people for rejoicing in the Lord, and so is winning them to Christ.

59. To decide whether Christ's is the true light or not, it is only needful to compare **the condition of those nations which have accepted it** with the condition of those which have rejected it. Compare, for example, Christian England with degraded Turkey; civilized Europe with pagan Asia; enlightened America with benighted Africa; and then answer whether there has ever dawned a light among men so potent in its influence, so divine in its result.

60. For twenty years the most vital infidelity in this land was personified in **Theodore Parker.** He brought to the solitary altar at which he ministered in Boston a generous scholarship, a mercurial genius, a versatile command of thought, and a fascinating style. Taking him all in all, his was a more earnest character than that of any other man who has gained anything like equal eminence in the ranks of active hostility to what he called "the popular theology of New England." But it was not the power of his infidelity: it was the power of his **unconscious obligations to truth. His vital and vitalizing ideas were Christian ideas.** He owed them to the Book which he disowned. What were some of these forces? In what ideas did they find their origin? They were such as these: the fatherhood of God, the unity of the human brotherhood before God, the dignity of manhood, the intensity of life as the prelude to immortality, and, more than all else, the application of these ideas to social and national reforms. These were the forces which he wielded. Without them the world would not have heard of him. Yet these are, every one of them, Biblical forces. He owed them to the Christian Scriptures; and he owed the susceptibility to them in the popular mind on which he worked so disastrously to that interpretation of the Scriptures which has expressed itself in our New England theology. Thus it is with every development of infidelity which has force enough to make it respectable. It feeds on Christianity itself, and grows lusty thereby.—The Christian.

61. Every fresh reading of the Bible even by one who has known most of it can, by God's blessing, bring **a fresh and illuminating view of it, suited and helpful to our common minds,** as surely as to such great and uncommon minds as Horace Bushnell and Henry Drummond. Let us thank God for that.

62. A missionary lady in **Northern Mesopotamia,** in recounting some of her experiences on a recent tour in that region, gives most delightful testimony **to the changes effected, and still going on among the women** of that field as the result of the wide dissemination of

the Bible. She speaks of finding many poor, hardworking village mothers who had surmounted the greatest obstacles in learning to read, that they might with their own eyes read the words of Christ their Saviour. Not only was she surprised to find so large a number of this class, but greatly encouraged by it. In one town, where a few years ago the people were ready to stone the first man who dared to declare himself a reader of the gospel, she visited a large number of houses. Although it was the busiest season of the year, the women left their work most gladly to hear the words of Christ, never allowing her to leave them without offering a prayer in their behalf.—Bible Society Record.

63. The infidel literature of our times owes nearly all the vitality it has to its pilferings of Christian nutriment. It lives by its unconscious suction from Christian fountains. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is not more palpably indebted to the Scriptures than are some of the finest passages in Shelley's "Queen Mab." The "Paradise Lost" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" are not more really the outgrowth of the old Hebrew soul than are some of the sublimest conceptions of Lord Byron's "Cain." No man could have written "Cain" or "Queen Mab" whose genius had not been developed by a Christian civilization, and whose infidelity had not been fired by collision with the Epistle to the Romans. The power to be so blasphemous grew out of Christian knowledge; and the power to express the blasphemy with such lurid grandeur sprang from the culture which Christianity had created.—Austin Phelps.

64. A colporteur in Austria was offering his books to fellow travelers at a railroad station, when a coarse fellow came to sit by him, asking him, with a leer, to buy some obscene books. The colporteur rebuked him for selling such stuff and changed his place to escape the man's insistance. Soon his tormentor followed him, but began to excuse himself. The colporteur opened the Bible and read the first Psalm aloud. The man asked questions about the authorship and meaning of the Psalm, which seemed to strike him with peculiar force. In the end he **bought a Bible and went through the train reading the first Psalm aloud to acquaintances** until his interest communicated itself to others, and people in the train bought all the books the colporteur had with him.

65. Come to a village where only a few years since the women were the most degraded in our field. What mean the songs that meet our ears? Yonder the women and girls are going out to gather in the harvest. Listen, and you will hear them singing,

"What is it shows our feet the way
To realms of everlasting day?
It is the precious Bible."

These bronzed peasant women have learned to read God's precious word, and it lightens their incessant toil. Go to the home of the richest man in one of the villages (on the great Harpoot plain), and there you will see his strong wife, the giantess of the region, tossing from side to side on her couch. Fever has crimsoned her cheek and almost maddened her brain. She gazes strangely on the missionary lady, glad to see her but feeling that she is holy and cannot pity a sinner like her. She asks her to pray, and at once is quiet. The missionary has taken with her from the city a sister, one of God's purified ones. Listen while she calmly leads this awakened sinner to the Lamb on Calvary, and you will say she has not only read and learned God's word, but has hidden it in her heart.—Bible Woman's Report.

66. Father Hyacinthe, the eminent Catholic reformer, in an address at Lyons, said in reference to the triumphs of the Prussians, "It is because the nation is better educated, and **more religious;** because **every Prussian soldier has a Bible in his knapsack.**

67. The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the Bible in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from an experience of fifty-four years. * * * In July, 1829, I began this plan of reading from the Old and New Testaments. I have read since then the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh it always seems like a new book. I cannot tell how great has been the blessing from consecutive, diligent, daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had **a good time over the Word of God.**—Mueller.

68. How much would a soldier in ancient armour do in battle without the sword? With his shield he might ward off the blows of the enemy, but he could not strike back or fight. So the Christian may have on the whole Christian armour, as we have it given us, in Eph. 6: 13-18, the breast plate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel, and girt about with truth, but if we have not **the sword of the Spirit** with which to fight, we will not make headway in the conflict.

69. Two sisters, absent from each other for some years, met. One had come under the influence of the Bible and became a Christian. The other said, after a few days, "I do not know what is the matter with you, but you are a great deal easier to live with than you used to be."

70. Dr. H. Loomis tells of a Japanese physician whom he led to Christ. He became a devoted churchmember. After some months he did not appear at the meetings as usual, and I called at his home to ascertain the cause. I found him very sick, and unable to go out. A missionary physician was summoned, who at once decided that he could not recover and had probably but a short time to live.

He did not seem at all disturbed by this announcement, but was completely resigned to the Master's will. He enjoyed very much having me read and pray with him. He loved the word of God and seemed to meditate much upon its precious teachings.

In a short time I found him quite weak and unable to speak aloud. By his side was hung a scroll with some heathen inscription upon it, and beneath it was incense burning as an offering.

He saw that I noticed it, and beckoned to his wife to come to him. Then he whispered to her, and she turned to me and said, "He desires me to say that the scroll and offerings were placed there by heathen friends, and were not in accordance with his wishes. He has no faith whatever in such things. He looks to Christ only, and his soul is resting on him. All fear has gone, and he is ready to depart when it is the Lord's will. Will you read and pray with him once more?"

I read from the word of promise and commended him to the Father of Mercies. His lips were silent, but his beaming face showed that Christ was present to comfort and save. A few days after the spirit took its flight to the home of the blest. **Thus, everywhere God's word is his power unto salvation.**

71. France ran the whole scale from atheism to ecclesiastical autocracy, and she was still unhappy. Finally, a man who has read the "Memorabilia of Jesus," rises and tells the French parliament that **"what France needs is thirty million Christians."** And everybody in the parliament shouts, "Of course!" Once France is Christian she can be perfectly happy and prosperous, as a monarchy like England, or a republic like the United States. She can be happy under any economic form, any plan of taxation, any kind of Church government. Why? A steam engine has a safety valve that automatically corrects the pressure, and when France's millions are all disciples of Christ, each disciple will automatically correct the assessors' rate, will automatically return the rebate from the railroad, and will automatically right every social and economic injustice through law.—Hillis.

72. The **"Aeolian harp"** named for Aeolus, fabled among the Greeks as god of the winds, was supposed to be made by stretching cords of various lengths and qualities across a natural cavern, so that when the winds blew the great harp would give out its melody. So with our human lives, very different one from the other in native power and quality, yet each may sound forth the gospel message; and unison, not discord, is the result if it be God's Spirit blowing upon the strings. Parthians, Medes, Elamites, **all speak one music when vibrating with the impulse of heaven.**

73. We are but organs mute, till the Master touches the keys,
Very vessels of earth, into which God poureth the wine,
Harps are we, silent harps, that have hung on the willow trees,
Dumb till our heartstrings swell and break with a pulse divine.

Bible Study. (74–90)

74. John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, noted in his journal, in connection with **his custom of studying the Bible each morning,** "It seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day." **Lord Cairns,** one of the busiest men in Great Britain, devoted the first hour and a half of every day to Bible study and secret prayer. We have all heard how **Chinese Gordon,** while in the Soudan, had a certain sign before his tent each morning which meant that he must be left alone. A friend recently saw his Bible in the Queen's apartments at Windsor, and told us that the pages of that book, which was his companion in the morning watch, were so worn that one could scarcely read the print. He always reminds us of **Sir Henry Havelock,** who took care to be alone each morning to ponder some portion of the Bible. When on the heaviest marches it was determined to start at some earlier hour than that which he had fixed for his devotions, he arose quite in time to hold undisturbed his communion with God. **Ruskin,** in speaking to the students at Oxford, said, "Read your Bible, making it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it clearly, and your

daily business to obey it in all that you do understand." **Francke** spent the first hour of every day in private devotions. **Wesley**, for the last forty years of his life, rose every morning at four o'clock, and devoted from one to two hours to devotional Bible study and prayer. **Rutherford** was accustomed to rise every morning at three o'clock, and the whole of the earlier hours of the day were spent by him in prayer and meditation and study. Greater than all, we have it on the best of evidence that **Christ** rose a great while before it was day to hold communion with God. What he found necessary or even desirable can we do without? Spirituality costs. Shall we pay what it costs?—John R. Mott.

75. Writing of **F. R. Havergal**, her sister says, **"She read her Bible at her study table by seven o'clock in the summer, and eight o'clock in winter;** sometimes, on bitterly cold mornings, I begged that she would read with her feet comfortably to the fire, and received the reply: 'But then, Marie, I can't rule my lines neatly; just see what a find I've got!' If only one searches, there are such extraordinary things in the Bible. "She resolutely refrained from late hours, and frittering talks at night in place of Bible searching and holy communings. Early rising and early studying were her rule through life."

76. Jerome mentions a person, who by perpetual meditation of the Bible, had **made his soul a library of Christ.** The epistles of St. Paul were seldom out of the hands of Chrysostom. Men of the highest rank displayed the same earnest and diligent study; Constantine, on his golden coins, is represented in the attitude of prayer; the younger Theodosius could repeat any portion of the Scriptures.

Jerome says that, in the little village of Bethlehem, the ploughman might be heard in the fields praising God, the mower cheering his labor with a hymn, and the vine-dresser learning a Psalm of David. Some of the Egyptian monks are said to have been able to repeat the Bible; and Jerome advised his sister Laeta to teach her daughter passages from Scripture, which she might recite daily, until she had committed a great part of the book to memory.—Willmott.

77. This then is the object of the Bible. Its name might be Emmanuel, God with us, and in this object we find **the reason why we should read and study** it. Every book is the letter of a father to a child, of our Father to us, his children. Let us then read every book and every chapter of every book with this thought uppermost. Then every bit of history will tell us of our Father's work in the world, every poem will sing the song of our Father's love, and the story of our Elder Brother's life will from beginning to end impress the supreme truth of truths that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."—Francis E. Clark, D. D.

78. The first real help I ever received in the **mastery of the English Bible** was from a layman. He and I were fellow-delegates at a certain Christian convention, and thrown together a good deal for several days. I saw something in his Christian life to which I was a comparative stranger,—a peace, a rest, a joy, a kind of spiritual poise, I knew little about. One day I ventured to ask him how he had become possessed of the experience, when he replied, "By reading the Epistle to the Ephesians." I was surprised, for I had read it without such results, and therefore asked him to explain the manner of his reading, when he related the following. He had gone into the country to spend the Sabbath with his family on one occasion, taking with him a pocket copy of Ephesians. In the afternoon, going out into the woods, and lying down under a tree, he began to read it. **He read it through at a single reading**, and, finding his interest aroused, **read it through again** in the same way, his interest increasing, and again and again,—**some twelve or fifteen times**, I think he added. "When I arose to go into the house," said he, **"I was in possession of Ephesians**, or, better yet, it was in possession of me, and I had been lifted up to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus in a sense in which that had not been true of me before, and will never cease to be true of me again."—Jas. M. Gray, D. D.

79. Study the Bible, and not about the Bible. Much that is called Bible study is not Bible study at all. Satan kept men for years from any interest in Bible study, but now that there is a great and growing interest in it he keeps them from real Bible study. Questions about the authorship, date, etc., of the various books of the Bible are both interesting and important; but studying these things is not studying the Bible. **Mr. Moody** once asked a recent graduate of a great university why he did not give his life to teaching the English Bible. The young man replied, "I don't know anything about the Bible." "Why," Mr. Moody said, "you have a high priced professor employed in your university just to teach the English Bible." The young man said, "Mr.

Moody, would you like to know how we study the Bible? We have spent the last six months trying to find out who wrote the Pentateuch, and we know less about it now than when we began." That was not Bible study.—Dr. Torrey.

80. Let no one imagine that the Bible can be read lightly, carelessly, and with indifference. Its precious truths can only be discovered as we bring to it the concentrated endeavor of our whole being. When this is done, the Spirit will unlock the truth, and we shall find the Living Word who always stands behind the written word.—Campbell Morgan.

81. Many conscientious Christians raise the question whether **the reading of devotional books** will not take the place of Bible study. We firmly believe that much of the lack of spiritual fibre among Christians today is due to a second-hand knowledge of the books of God. We would not be misunderstood, for we have derived too much benefit from such books as The Confessions of St. Augustine, The Imitation of Christ by Thomas a Kempis, The Spiritual Letters of Fenelon, Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest, Jeremy Taylor's two spiritual classics, Law's Serious Call, and the more recent writings of Murray, Meyer, Moule, and Miss Havergal. The point is, why not go to first sources? One, in speaking of some of these writings, has said that in their most appealing tones **they echo the voices of the Bible.** After all, these things ought we to have done and not to have left the other undone.—John R. Mott.

82. Bible study alone shows us the needs of our spiritual lives. It reveals to us the weak places in our armor, the points of least resistance in our lives. It shows us ourselves as we are, and therefore as God sees us.

83. A lady found it very **hard to learn verses.** After much effort she learned this, "God will not suffer you to be tempted more than you are able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way of escape." Shortly after she met a man who was in sore trouble over his sinfulness. Nothing she could say helped him. No verse came to her, though she tried to assure him of God's love. At last he said that his temptations were too great. The verse she had memorized came to her. She repeated it to him. He said it was not true. The temptation was too severe. "Have you asked God," she said. She showed him the verse. She read it with him again and again. **It brought him confidence and peace.**

84. Ridley, in his pathetic farewell to his friends, informs us in a passage previously quoted, that he had learned, in his solitary walks in the orchard of Pembroke College, nearly all the Epistles of St. Paul, besides other passages in the sacred writings. We find another example in the learned and Christian Boyle. Bishop Burnet, who knew him intimately, says that he had read the New Testament with so much diligence, that whenever a particular passage happened to be mentioned, Boyle could repeat it in the original Greek. But he was not a cold and formal textuary; a servant fruitful in lip-service. He searched the book of life with a different frame of mind. "I use the Scriptures," are his words, "not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons, to defend this party, or to attack its enemies; but, as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure; and to increase my awe, and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored." **Bryant** confessed to Bishop Horne, that he was tired of literal criticism, which was employed in removing little inequalities on the surface, when he wished to have a shaft sunk, and to see the precious ore drawn from the mine. How applicable is the censure to a dry and unspiritual searching of the Scriptures; a lingering scrutiny of the surface, when the gold and pearls are buried deep in those consecrated fields!—Robert Aris Wilmott.

85. A recent writer in one of our religious journals relates that once upon a time **he commenced to backslide.** He still had something of the love and fear of God in his heart, and desired to do his duty; but he felt that his spiritual strength was gradually slipping away. He no longer took delight in the service of God. His private devotions became a burden. He became depressed in spirit. Morbid fancies assailed his mind. Evil thoughts disturbed his peace. He became dead to his duties to others and thought only of self. People who had once spoken of him as an earnest Christian began to call him a hypocrite. Yet, in spite of all this, he felt the inward promptings of the Holy Spirit, and desired to do better. One day while arranging his study table he came upon the cause of his troubles. **His Bible was covered with dust.** Like a flash it came upon him that the reason of his deadness was that he had been depriving his soul of its proper nourishment, and that his lethargy was the result of slow starvation. And as he went back to the Bible with a new

zest and enthusiasm, his hungry soul fed upon the bread of life, and he was soon strong again in Christian effort.—Dr. Banks in "The Fisherman and His Friends."

86. The adaptation of the Bible to the wants and character of man has long been regarded as one of the most convincing evidences of its truth; its eye, like that of a portrait, is still fixed upon us, turn where we will. But the Scriptures, in reference to their direct influence upon human conduct, may be more appropriately compared to a mirror in which our moral features are clearly reflected, as our natural face is seen in a glass. No breath of calumny ever clouds, no blaze of fortune ever illumines that portraiture. There we behold ourselves as we are.—Wilmott.

87. The French Bible of Leighton, now in the library of Dunblane, is filled with manuscript extracts from the Greek and Latin Fathers; and in the Bible which he was accustomed constantly to use, it would be difficult to find a single line unmarked by a stroke of his pencil. So anxious was he that the word of Christ should dwell in him richly, and to hide the treasure of truth in his heart.

88. A Bible now hallows every cottage, and the hand, hardened with toil, can turn over those inspired pages. It has not been so always. Henry the Eighth, displeased by the disputes which had sprung out of the diffusion of the Scriptures, forbade humble and unlettered persons to read, or to hear them read. The nobility and gentry of the land were alone permitted to read the Bible in gardens, orchards, or retired places.—Green.

89. We must study the Bible thoroughly and hunt it through, as it were, for some great truth.

If a friend were to see me searching about a building and were to come up and say, "Moody, what are you looking for—have you lost something?" and I answered, "No, I haven't lost anything; I'm not looking for anything in particular," I fancy he would just let me go on by myself and think me very foolish. But if I were to say, "Yes, I have lost a dollar," why, I might expect him to help me to find it.

Read the Bible as if you were looking for something of value. It is a good deal better to take a single chapter and spend a month on it than to read the Bible at random for a month.—D. L. Moody.

90. We must have God's light on God's Word. Mr. Wilder visiting a Danish Count was shown a valuable painting. He was not especially impressed. It was in a dim light. Suddenly the count touched a button, flooding it with light, and then he was fascinated by its beauty.

The Neglect of Bible Study. (91–96)

91. In a certain city an aged Christian was recently summoned to try death's solemn realities without a moment's warning. The closing hours of the day had been occupied, according to the habit of many years, in **the perusal of the evening paper.** The price of stocks, the prospects of trade, the latest political news, possibly the corruptions of society, were the last things that occupied his mind when he retired at night. Before the morning dawned his soul had passed into the immediate presence of the Infinite. We do not sit in final judgment upon such a case. We cannot, however, refrain from drawing a lesson for the living. Who of us will allow such a displacement of holy truth, will so yield ourselves to the mastery of this world, as to lose our love for him who alone can conduct us safely to eternal life? Rather when the toil of the day is past, and the evening shadows gather around us, we should rekindle in our hearts a love for Christ and the dear old Bible—the treasury of all knowledge, the blessed gift of God to weary, needy souls.

92. To do **God's work** we must have **God's power.**

To have **God's power** we must know **God's will.**

To know **God's will** we must study **God's Word.**—Mott.

93. A Harvard student recently dropped into a box they have (for questions and answers among the students) the question: "Where can I find the story of Sisera and Jael?" He received a deserved reply, as follows, "In the Bible, you heathen!" (The questions are written on slips of paper, and anyone who knows the answer, writes under it.)

94. Some gentleman belonging to a Bible society called upon an old woman and asked if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied: "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen that you ask me such a question?" Then, calling to a little girl, she said: "Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer that I may show it to the gentlemen." They desired that she should not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should "see she was not a heathen." Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered. On opening it the old

woman exclaimed: "Well, how glad I am that you have called and asked about the Bible; **here are my spectacles, I have been looking for them these three years** and did not know where to find them." Might she not be called a heathen? Certainly she was living like one, and this arising from criminal neglect.

95. A story is told of a minister who taught an old man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end, the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he found the wife at home.

"How's John?" said he.

"He's canny, sir," said the wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah! I suppose he can read his Bible very comfortably now."

"Bible, sir! Bless you! **He was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago.**"

There are many other persons who, like this old man, have long been out of the Bible and into the newspaper. They have forsaken the fountain of Living Waters, and have gone about muddy pools and stagnant morasses to seek something which might slake their thirst.—Herald and Presbyter.

96. Amid **the phenomenal multiplication of books,** which is one of the characteristics of the present day, there is danger that even the man of the Book will permit it to be **crowded out** by these. Meyer says: "It is often stated that many Christians rarely open the Bible in the morning watch; they drop on their knees for a few moments, before hurrying off for the duties of the day, but carry no word of light or strength for the day's needs. It is said that a large number of others are content to catch up a book of texts, and rapidly scan over a few verses, which are forgotten almost as soon as read. It seems difficult to believe such statements, and it is to be hoped that they are greatly exaggerated. But some color of truth is given to them by the ease with which many amongst us are overcome by the insidious errors of the present day. Nothing would do more to rebut infidelity than a revival of Bible-love, Bible-reading, and Bible-memorizing."

How many Christians read the daily papers; read the Sunday papers; read the magazines; read the latest novels; read the discussions of the social, political and other problems of the times; in a word **read almost everything but the Book most worth reading.**

GOD. (97–340)

Some Attributes of God. (97–133)

Our God is Invisible.

97. During the days when the Jewish Kingdom was rapidly nearing its end, says a writer in the Jewish American, it often happened that a Caesar did not deem it below his dignity to invite a Jewish sage either to his table or to a religious discussion. It was on such an occasion that Rabbi Joshua ben Hanayah was invited to visit the Roman Emperor. In the course of conversation the Emperor said to the rabbi: "My God, the one I worship, I am able to show you. I should also like to see thy God. **Show him to me.**" The rabbi tried in vain to represent to the Emperor that he asked an impossibility; that Israel's **God is an invisible God;** yet the Emperor, who could not conceive the idea of an invisible God, sustained his demand to see the Jewish God.

The rabbi, however, did not lose his composure. He told the Emperor that he would fulfill his wish. He asked the Emperor to accompany him into the garden. It was a hot summer's day and the sun shone in all its brightness. The rabbi conducted the Emperor to a spot where they could face the sun fully. "Now," said Rabbi Joshua to the Emperor, **"look straight into the sun, there you will see our God."** "I cannot," said the Emperor, "the sun blinds me." "How may you endeavor now to see God if thou art unable to face one of his servants?" replied the rabbi.

98. A poor deaf boy had been taught that there is a God. One day he went **to look for God but could not find him.** He told his teacher, "There is no God—no." The teacher took a pair of bellows, and blew a puff at the boy's hand, which was red with cold. This made him angry. The teacher, looking at the pipe of the bellows, said, "I see nothing—there is no wind—no." The boy was first astonished, then catching the thought, cried out, joyfully, "God like wind, God like wind."—C. Elizabeth.

99. Our God is invisible. No eye hath seen him. There is a vast difference, hence, between knowing him and seeing him. The Jews had clear knowledge of God, but he was always the **invisible One** hiding now in the cloud on the mountain and again behind the veil of the tabernacle and temple. But there was a longing for closer acquaintance, especially for a knowledge of God in some closer relation. That knowledge is supplied in the person of the

Redeemer. He said to Philip, "**He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.**"

100. It was the custom of Livingstone, as he wandered about the heart of Africa, to take advantage of every opportunity that offered itself to talk to the degraded human beings he met about heavenly things. But how could he gain attention to such themes, as the curious crowds surged about his evening camp? On the morrow he must push on, and he could not bear to leave without trying to plant at least one seed. He tells us, in his simple way, that he had one grand resort, and if that failed to concentrate attention he knew nothing else would succeed. It was to tell them in a few clear sentences about **a great invisible Being, who made all things and preserves all things**; who lives in a great and glorious country far removed from this wicked world, but who loves even such poor black men as they so much that he once sent his only son away from that beautiful land, down to this wretched earth, that he might die to save poor mortals from death. Sometimes Dr. Livingstone found even this story to fail, but in the majority of cases the quiet rehearsal of this narrative fascinated all who heard. Dark savage eyes flashed as they struggled with this new light beaming into their clouded souls. In some cases, those child-hearted people grasped the thought as the most wonderful they had ever heard of, and they would compel the patient missionary to tell over and over the fundamental facts of the gospel story.

Our God is Omnipresent.

101. A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian, "**Where is God?**" The Christian answered, "Let me first ask of you, **Where is he not?**"—Arrowsmith.

102. A little boy being asked, "How many Gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" "Because", said the boy, "there is **only room for one**; for he fills heaven and earth."

Our God is Omniscient.

103. How dreadful is **the eye of God on him who wants to sin!** Lafayette tells us that he was once shut up in a little room in a gloomy prison for a great while. In the door of his little cell was a very small hole cut. At that hole, a soldier was placed day and night to watch him. All he could see was the soldier's eye; but that eye was always there. Day and night, every moment when he looked up he always saw that eye. Oh, he said, it was dreadful! There was no escape, no hiding; when he lay down and when he rose up, that eye was watching him. How dreadful will the eye of God be upon the sinner!

104. "The gods will see it." This was the reply of the Greek sculptor charged with the adornment of a temple, when his employers found fault with him for taking so great pains with the carving on the upper surface of the capitals surmounting his pillars. "Why waste your skill," they asked, "where no human eye can behold its results? Only the birds of the air can rest in such a place." But the artist cared more for the praise of heaven than for the plaudits of the crowd.—East and West.

105. "Thou God seest me" may be either a dread or a blessed thought. It may paralyze or stimulate. It should be the ally of conscience and, while it stirs to noble deeds, should also emancipate from all slavish fear.

106. Before men we stand as opaque beehives. They can see the thoughts go in and out of us; but what work they do inside of a man they can not tell. **Before God we are as glass bee-hives,** and all our thoughts are doing within us he perfectly sees and understands.—Beecher.

107. "Whoever imagines that the wonderful order and incredible constancy of the heavenly bodies and their motions, whereon the preservation and welfare of all things depend, is not **governed by an intelligent Being,** is destitute of understanding. For shall we, when we see an artificial engine, a sphere or dial for instance, acknowledge at first sight that it is a work of art and understanding; and yet when we behold the heavens moved and whirled about with incredible velocity, constantly completing their annual revolutions, entertain any doubt that these are the performances, not of reason only, but of a certain excellent and Divine Reason?"—Cicero.

108. God is back of all material riches of harvest and herds and flocks, for the merchant must place God first. God is back of all wisdom, and knowledge. Therefore the scientists do but think his thoughts out after him. God is back of all beauty in landscape and cloud and flower and face, therefore the artist must exalt him to the throne of supreme beauty.

109. Dr. Beattie, of Aberdeen, in the corner of a little garden, wrote in the ground with his finger the initials of his son's name; then sowed garden cress in the furrows, covered the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days later

the boy with astonishment told his father that his name was growing in the garden. "Yes," the father said, carelessly, "I see it, but what is there in that worth notice?" **Is it not mere chance?"** "It can not be," the boy replied, "somebody must have done it." "Look at yourself," said the father; "notice your hands and fingers, your legs and feet; were they made by chance?"" "No, something must have made me." Then the father told him the name of the great God who had made him and all the universe.

110. Shortly after the lamented death of Henry Rogers, the brilliant and acute author of "The Eclipse of Faith," the following reminiscence was published:

"Standing before the rows of amorphous-looking 'flint chips' in the British Museum, that are offered as evidence of human design and handiwork upon the earth indefinite ages before Adam, we ventured the natural query whether the private and unscientific mind would be tolerated in doubting the **evidences of design** in these rough splinters of stone.

" 'That is just what Henry Rogers was saying when I saw him a week ago,' was the answer, 'that it seems strange that these gentlemen who **refuse to admit the evidence of design in the whole material universe** should be so outrageously indignant with any of us if we hesitate for a moment to admit the **evidence of design in a flint chip."**

Our God is Omnipotent.

111. Our God is omnipotent. There is an Eastern fable of a boy having challenged his teacher to **prove the existence of God** by working a miracle. The teacher procured a large vessel filled with earth, in which he deposited a kernel in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put a green shoot soon appeared. The shoot became a stem; the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which dropping off, left golden fruit in their place, and in the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed: "Now I know there is a God, **for I have seen his power!"** The priest smiled at him, and said, "Simple child! do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? Is it the less wonderful on that account? He is the Lord and changes not, his mercy and power are ever the same."—The Quiver.

112. Thomas Edison says: "No one can study chemistry and see the wonderful way in which certain elements combine with the nicety of the most delicate machine ever invented, and not come to the inevitable conclusion that there is a Big Engineer who is running this universe." At the great Yerkes observatory at Lake Geneva, the operator, sitting quietly in his chair, touches a button and the huge dome begins to revolve. Another, and the whole floor rises noiselessly. Still another, and the gigantic tube begins slowly to turn. When the instrument is pointed at a star, the touch of another button sets clock-work in operation that moves the telescope in conformity to the apparent movement of the star. One man was operating the whole gigantic affair. It was just a faint picture of the **"Big Engineer running his universe."**—S. S. Times.

113. No one thing in all nature has had its full meaning disclosed. **God burns in every bush;** his house is by the seashore; his tabernacle is in the stars; his temple is in the tiniest flower that blooms. The day is coming when the whole earth shall be the mountain of God.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

Our God is Holy.

114. God is so holy that it was easier for **him to be born of an humble Jewish virgin;** easier for him to **hang stretched out upon the cross of Calvary,** than it was for him to overlook one single sin.

115. God's justice is absolute and impartial. There is no real ground for complaint against what he does. Short-sighted vision may sometimes question the rectitude of his procedures and the fairness of his operations, but when the fullest light is thrown upon his judgments, the purest and truest on earth and in heaven exclaim: "Righteous and true are thy ways, thou King of the ages." When his programme is fully understood and completed no exception will be taken to it on the day of final accounts. The sufferer may compose his soul in patience and await developments. He who sits upon the throne **can do no wrong,** but metes out all things with an even hand. He chastens not unduly.—The Presbyterian.

Our God is Love.

116. Our God is Love. The very name of God is a wonderful treasure-house, full of most precious love-thoughts, when we understand its meaning and history. When the old Anglo-Saxons were converted to Christianity they sought for some word in their own language which would express the character of the divine Being as revealed to

them in the Bible. They thought of his kindness, his mercy, his forgiveness, his patience, his love, and asked, "What name will best express these attributes?" And so they called him good; and that is the origin of the name we use to-day. **It is simply Good shortened into God.** What a wondrous treasure-mine it is!

117. It was a hot August afternoon, and the clouds had long withheld their shadow and their rain, and a little Flower lay dying. As it lay there looking piteously up into the heavens, and longing for refreshment, a drop fell down, and then another, and another, and another, all about it, and fed its roots, and the Flower, refreshed and revived and brought back to life, lifted up its face and said, "O Drops, I thank you, you have saved my life."

And the Drops said, "Thank not us; the Clouds sent us." And the Flower lifted up its face toward the heavens and said, "O Cloud, in thy summer glory, I thank thee; thou hast saved my life."

And the Cloud said, "Thank not me, the Sun drew me from the ocean, and the Wind wafted me here; thank Sun, thank Wind."

And the Flower, perplexed and puzzled, turned its face hither and thither, saying to the Sun and to the Wind, "O Sun, I thank thee,—thou hast brought me this water from the far-off ocean; I thank thee, O Wind, that on thy wings thou didst bear it here for my refreshment."

The Sun and the Wind said, "Thank not us; **thank God who gave the Ocean and the Sun and the Wind, and caused the Drop to fall.**"

And then the Christianly instructed Flower lifted up its face and said, "O God, I thank thee who didst make the Ocean, and didst give the Sun its power to draw the Cloud from the Ocean, and didst give the Winds their wings to bring the Clouds hither, and didst drop Drops from the Clouds that brought me back my life."

God hides himself. Let it be our joy to **find him in the manifestations of his love,** and make all our gratitude to nature, to nation, to father, to mother, to companion, to friend, thanksgiving to him. So may we turn, in the alchemy of piety, joy to gratitude.—Abbott.

118. I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In field or highway, lane or street,
That they and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above.
—Abp. Trench.

119. Without God the world is simply a place where men sit and hear each other groan.

120. Some time ago there was **a young girl dying,** and her face was lit up with the coming glory for which she was yearning. At last she seemed to fall into a kind of stupor, and, on recovering from it, they noticed the tears streaming down her cheeks, and asked her if the darkness of the shadow of death was hiding from her eyes her Savior. "Oh, no!" she said; "but I seemed to have a vision of his tenderness and goodness, and it seemed such a terrible thing ever to have sinned against such a God." That is the thought that should humble us. What love we have sinned against, what love we are rejecting at this moment! We are told of **an English drummer boy,** who, on being taken prisoner and told to beat a "retreat", said he had never learned to beat that in the English army. Whether the story is true or not, I know not; but this, at any rate, is true, that **God's love knows no retreat, and that it is ever ready and yearning to succor us.** Do you ask me where? "He is not far from any one of you."—Quintin Hogg in "Men."

121. This is what **God's wonderful love** does with us. What would we have been but for the divine care of us? As the strong sunshine falling upon the bare, dried, briery bush, unsightly and apparently useless, woos out leaves and buds and marvelous roses, so the warm love of God, falling upon our poor, sin-hurt lives, with only death before them, awakens in them heavenly yearnings and longings, and leads them out and glorifies them.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

122. God loves the just and good, and approves their deeds; while at the same time he loves the unjust and the evil, but with a disapproving love based upon their evil deeds. Men shall reap the harvests they have sown; but even the tares and the thistles shall be more rank because of the blessings of the sun and showers they have misused. There is not in time or in eternity a place so dark, nor a being so imbued with hatred, but finds his torment intensified by the knowledge that the Father loves him even yet. **God's love is not stopped by the hatred of man or devil;** and no more must ours be. He bestows his choice gifts upon even the undeserving. But his love is not forgiveness or pardon. The man may shut his eyes against the sun, and the light will not open them. The clouds may empty their cisterns of water; but if the

thirsty man will not drink he shall die. God's love is more boundless than the sky; and more unfathomable than the fathomless deep: it outreaches the limits of earth and sea. Our hope is in the divine forgiveness, and not love; and we are not to get forgiveness until we are in a condition to receive forgiveness.

123. The blind man is no judge of the paintings of Rubens and Titian. The deaf man is insensible to the beauty of Handel's music. The Greenlander can have but a faint notion of the climate of the tropics. The Australian savage can form but a remote conception of a locomotive engine, however well you may describe it. There is no place in their minds to take in these things. They have no set of thoughts that can comprehend them. They have no mental fingers that can grasp them. And just in the same way **the best and brightest ideas that man can form of God, compared to the reality that we shall see one day, are weak and faint indeed.**—Ryle.

124. A simple-minded Arab chief captured a Persian noble in the wars, who offered to pay as ransom any sum his captor named. The old chief thought it all over and then determined upon what to him was the fabulous sum of 1,000 pieces of gold. To his astonishment the amount was presently handed to him, and his prisoner was set free. Later, when the armies of Islam entered the magnificent cities of the Persian empire and saw heaps of gold and jewels and the rarest and richest products of an oriental civilization, the shaykh was ridiculed by his comrades for putting such a low figure on his recent captive. Whereupon the old man honestly confessed that, at that time, he did not know there was a bigger figure than 1,000. **So it is with the treasure we have in God. Our biggest figure is a pitiable sum, a mere drop in the ocean.**

125. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely Pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow Violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." **So God is not for the favored few,** but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, "My Father, thou art mine."—Beecher.

126. The world and too many professing Christians look at God and his work through a microscope to discover some defect in his plan. But like the astronomer who looks through a telescope at the stars and planets to discover some new beauty, so we should use the most powerful telescope to discover some new shade of glory in **the divine love.** Truly no one can behold the glory of God's great kingdom till he uses a telescope whose lenses are made of crystallized tear-drops wrung from a penitent soul.

127. A little girl was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, "Don't you think it is very wonderful?" The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, "Why, no, Mama; it would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but **it is just like God."**—Children's Visitor.

128. That engineer who took his three boys with him for a ride on the engine, as the train pulled out of the Cincinnati depot might have said to his neighbors, "I love my children," or the neighbors might have inferred his love from the fact of his proposing to give them a ride. But when he saw a train ahead, and knew the deadly collision must come, when he passed the boys one by one to safety, while he stood at his post and died—he need not speak about his love then. Silver tongues could add nothing to the declaration of that broken body. **So is the love of Christ.** God might write, "God is love" all over the world, might use every star to spell it over and over across the heavens, might make every voice in nature speak those words and no others, it would not be such a proof of it, as the bent shoulders and the marred face of the man of sorrows. So **all noble elements blended and harmonized in Jesus Christ show us God's love.**

129. "No man has ever written his name indelibly in the history of the American nation who has **denied the existence of God** or scoffed at religion."—Bishop Whipple.

130. An old Scotchman who had heard John 3: 16 quoted, said: "Ay, that was love indeed; I could have given myself, **but not my boy."** Oh, my heart, thou canst not fathom it; only receive it, and revel in it, and rejoice in it. God loves me better than I can ever love him or anybody or anything! God loves me in spite of my sin, and to the confusion and exclusion from my life of all

sin! God loves me even better than he loved the comfort or the fellowship or the life of his only-begotten Son! **God loves me!**

131. A writer tells the story of a boy who at the age of eight was regarded as being of feeble mind, hopelessly imbecile, the result of some illness in infancy. The boy's father was widely known as an educator. Inspired by his deep love for his child, he took personal charge of his boy's training, devoting himself to it most assiduously. If the boy had been sent to ordinary schools, he would probably never have been anything but an imbecile. As it was, however, he became bright and talented, passed with honor through one of the great universities, and became a man of ability and influence. **The father's gentleness made him great.** His genius as a teacher, inspired by his strong love for his child, took the poor, stunted life, and by patience developed its latent possibilities into beauty and strength.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

132. God alone fills the deepest needs of mankind. Bishop Bashford, in his new work "God's Missionary Plan for the World", relates two incidents concerning two Chinese which show a recognition of their need. A Chinese student told Bishop Bashford that for some time he had been much troubled, for he was impressed with what he had heard of the true God. He hesitated to become a Christian, so he said, because of his adopted mother whom he did not want to make unhappy.

At last he said: "My heart is so heavy and my conviction so deep that I must have relief, and I will trust your statements and the promises of the Bible and surrender." He knelt with the missionary and myself and made a heart-broken prayer for himself, followed by prayers on our part, and soon the light came to his heart.

The president of one of the Imperial Colleges said to Bishop Bashford, "Jesus Christ is the only hope of China."

133. The love of God is infinite. It is infinite in its tenderness. Human love is easily wearied; the divine love is inexhaustible in its patience and gentleness. Looking back over his past life, with all its follies, failures, and sins, and remembering the goodness of God which had never given him up, but which had brought him to honor and power, David gave the secret of it all in the words, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." None of us know how much we owe to God's gentleness.—Westminster Teacher.

The Trinity. (134–138)

134. There is but one God. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are all this one living and true God.—A. A. Hodge.

This truth is firmly established by those passages of Holy Scripture which on the one hand prove there is but one God, and on the other prove that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, each is God yet is a distinct person."—Lord.

Each person has his peculiar work, yet all work together in every stage of revelation."—Schaff.

135. The word **"trinity"** (from the Latin **"trinus"** meaning threefold) is not in the Scriptures, but the truth that it indicates is there distinctly. The doctrine is, indeed, ascertained from Scripture; substantially all that we can know in these premises must be obtained thence.

136. As the sun has three distinct properties—as the globe, the light, and the heat — and though each of these keeps its distinct traits, there is but one sun; so in God there is but one God. As the sun shows himself by his beams, so God the Father shows himself by his Son, Jesus Christ, who is the Word and eternal Wisdom. As the sun by his heat makes us feel his force, so God makes us feel his Holy Spirit, which is his infinite power.—Cawdray.

137. If anything is true, it is true that the doctrine of **the Trinity is revealed in the Scripture.** And this doctrine of the Trinity—of the three substances or persons in the one divine essence—is not a doctrine metaphysically valueless, which belongs to the rubbish of dusty theologies, but is a doctrine vital. It is a doctrine necessary to my thought of God. God the Father is the infinite One; God the Son is he through whom the infinite One passes into objectivity; God the Holy Spirit is he through whom Deity comes into spiritual relation with myself.—Hoyt.

138. The old economy may be regarded as the dispensation of the **Father.** The thirty years of the incarnation were the dispensation of the **Son.** Then came the dispensation of the **Spirit,** in which we are living, the end of which will be "the restitution of all things." The secret of a fervent and successful Christian life is to honor the Holy Ghost. In him we have also the presence of the Father and the Son from whom he proceedeth; but God as officially present is so in the person of the Holy Ghost. Let us therefore honor him.—Burrell.

The Father. Providence. (139—197)

139. Our own experience, and the combined experiences which make history, are giving original illustrations of **the Biblical fact of a divine Providence.** Today the lily wears the beauty with which God has clothed it, and the sparrow rests in a security of his watchful care. We have found that the winds and waves do obey his will. If the miracle is over, the work remains. We cannot read history and see through the words without coming upon design and finding the will of One who rules above men and nations and events. What good men are working for, and devout men are praying for, and the church is waiting for, is becoming true—the petition of our childish lips, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

140. There are two ways of writing history. The one is atheistic, ignores God's connection with all human events. In the rise and fall of empires, the growth or decay of nations, such writers hear no divine voice, acknowledge no force they cannot see. They assume that the darkest problems in human history are to be solved by isothermal lines and the globes. Soil, climate, topography, physical conditions and circumstances are potential, but God has nothing to do with the development of any people, no part in the history of any nation.

Now it would be unwise to forget that natural laws and physical conditions play an important part in shaping the destiny of men and nations. **But there are events for which these afford no explanation.** But for the Nile, whose annual overflow clothes with fruitful harvests a valley 600 miles long, the Egypt of history would have been impossible. And the Nile still flows, and the deposit her floods bring is as rich as when hundred-gated Thebes stood in her grandeur. But Egypt is but a vast sepulchre of departed greatness.

The Tiber still flows through Rome, and the climate is as glowing as when it produced a Cincinnatus or a Caesar; but the Italian of today has none of the iron of the old Roman in his blood. Nations wax or wane in obedience to subtler forces, less material laws than those of soil and atmosphere. A true philosophy of history cannot be constructed on such materialistic lines. We believe that there is a divine hand shaping human history. No finer, no truer definition of history has ever been made than this: **"History is the prophetical interpreter of that most sacred epic, of which God is the poet, and humanity the theme".** I know of no century which shows more distinctly the hand of Divine Providence, in planting and building a nation, than that over which we cast our eyes to-day as citizens of this great republic. That hand may be seen in the beginning of our history.

141. Livingstone's death prompted the establishment of Free Town, the freed slave settlement near Mombassa. Salter Price the very next year—1874—bought a tract close to the grave of Rosina Krapf, dug thirty-one years before,—the first Christian grave in East Africa. Her husband's prophecy was coming true: "The victories of the Church are won by stepping over the graves of her members; though many missionaries may fall in the fight, yet the survivors will pass over the slain in the trenches and take this great African fortress for the Lord." Wonderful Transformation! The Mombassa Free Territory was bought by Britain to furnish a refuge, within which any slave who stepped became a free man. **Bishop Patteson's death** in 1871, in Malanesia, was due to the kidnapping carried on by Europeans in the South Seas, which disposed the islanders to avenge their wrongs on the white man; and this started anew the movement against the slaves and led to the measures which, in 1873, brought about the treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar which closed the slave market there — and the very ground it stood on, bought for the Universities' Mission, holds the Zanzibar Cathedral, the communion table standing on the very site of the old whipping-post!—Missionary Comments.

142. We can succeed only when we work **in harmony with God's providences.** Go on the bosom of that stream. It is easy to float down with the current, which God has made to flow from the mountain-top to the great ocean-bed; but let us reverse our course, and stem the current; then only shall we know its strength. The strongest arm is powerless before it, and the utmost effort impotent. So with us—we shall succeed if we work in harmony with God's plans; if we work in opposition, we shall be vainly striving against the current.—Bishop Simpson.

143. God's operations in Providence are as varied and strange as the husbandman's in the field. What seems destruction proves to be resurrection, life, and fruitfulness. Suppose we were absolutely ignorant of the law of seed-time and harvest, knew nothing of plowing, planting, growing, reaping, threshing, and grinding, and we witnessed for the first time a farmer at his

work, and followed him through all the stages of his labor from the preparing of the soil with plow and harrow to the threshing and grinding of the grain — with what surprise we should regard his actions! Forth he goes with his plow; remorselessly he cuts through the grass-covered field, destroying its beauty and burying its growth of green. Then taking great quantities of grain with him in a bag slung from his shoulders he paces up and down the brown furrows, flinging handfuls of little hard brown unpromising specks on the ground as he goes. Then no sooner is the field covered again with a thick growth of rich ripe corn than he proceeds to cut it all down, close to the very surface, with the sharp scythe.* * *

Is it not **a striking picture of the ways of God in dealing with men?** May not his methods be equally strange and equally necessary for the world's good? May not seeming waste and ruin be real gain and blessing? May not the deep furrows, cut by the share, be matched by the keen gashes that sorrow makes? May not the apparent loss of the seed, cast upon the earth, find its parallel in the seeming waste of life and love among men, in the desolation of the home, when beloved ones are taken, in the lives that come and pass, as we might think, in vain? Have not the cutting, threshing, and grinding of the grain their analog in the severe discipline, the crushing experiences, to which we are subject?

144. Man has lived with catastrophes through all his history, and his faith has survived them. No number of them in the future will persuade him that the scheme of things under which he finds himself is a farrago of nonsense. He will persist rather in believing, with Bourget, that **"this obscure universe has a mysterious and kindly signification."** The people of San Francisco, we read, **reared altars in the midst of their ruins,** and on the first Sunday after they had lost all joined their voices in the worship of God. And many of them, we dare say, felt his presence as they had never felt it before. A "Deus absconditus", a God that hideth himself truly, and yet One who in secret marvelous ways discloses himself to the human spirit.

Christianity is, in the best sense, a "Religion of Calamity." Goethe called it the religion of sorrow. Assuredly, as none other, it has sounded the deeps of sorrow and exhibited to us their meaning. One who had sounded those deeps as few have, asks, "Is not he, who made misery, wiser than thou art?" Deepest of all interpretations of calamity is the interpretation of Christ. In his cross we have a religion built on catastrophe. It is a defiance of it and a victory over it. In Jesus, who, while enduring there the worst that nature and the world could inflict, breathes the name of "Father", we have the clearest, divinest ray of light that, from the darkened heavens, has ever shot athwart the deep mystery of life.—J. Brierly.

145. Had the Greeks been placed in Scandinavia or Iceland, or even Spain, would not their genius have been wholly wasted? Had their isles and peninsulas been occupied by a people of Roman type, where would have been the delicate intellectual and artistic culture? Indeed, the Greeks themselves were not equal in all their branches. Had the whole race been Dorian we should hardly have seen an Athens. **Not only was Greece thus rightly placed** with reference to Africa and Asia, and provided with a people able to profit by such opportunities, it had the third cooperating factor of **physical conformation.** It was sheltered against invasion, far more effectually than Italy, by a succession of regions enclosed by lofty mountains like a series of water-tight compartments in a ship. The small size of its isolated territories led to the formation of great numbers of small states, none sufficiently powerful to crush the individuality of the others.—Laramie.

146. I have in my possession a letter written about half a century ago from a New England farmhouse by a mother to her son. After giving some family news, the writer says: "We are suffering from a severe drought, vegetation languishes and the crops must be cut off in great measure. Oh, **may this frown of Providence humble us and lead us to feel our dependence upon the Giver of every good and perfect gift."** This is an expression of old-fashioned piety. People are not given to writing in that way in these days. But this was not an affectation; it was not cant. It was genuine, heart-felt utterance that marked the habit of thought, not only of the writer, but of a large class of people at that period. These people had had Puritan bringing up. They perhaps did not have as broad an outlook on life as we, but they had at least as large and sure an uplook into heaven.

147. A God-led nation never stagnates, neither can a God-led nation be finally defeated. When England had shaken herself free from the yoke of Rome, she began to make rapid progress; but the Pope sought once more to

rule her, and that mighty Armada, the pride of Spain, sailed to conquer England and to restore once more the blighting influence of Rome, but God defended her.—Cocker.

148. One day in the early spring a Scotchman was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed, and his bonnet in his hand. He came up and said to him, after a bit: "I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers."

"Well, not exactly that," said the old man, "but I will tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years **I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world."**

Beauty wherever it is seen is a reflection of God's face, the shining of heavenly light down upon the earth. Wherever we come upon it, it should touch our hearts with a spirit of reverence. **God is near;** we are standing in the light of his countenance.

149. A diver was once working in the sea when he noticed near him **an oyster with a bit of paper in its mouth.** Detaching the same he began reading it through the goggles of his head dress. It was a Gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, **"I can hold out against God no longer."** Thus in the depth of the ocean this man, coming face to face with God's words, was convicted of sin.—Sayle.

150. In North India a few Mohammedans were discussing the affairs of a certain Christian school. They declared, "If we had our way, we could come in a body, and pull down these buildings, and take them away brick by brick, until not one remained." A young Hindu, who had happened to hear their remarks, answered promptly: "You might do that, you might tear them down, so that not one brick was left standing upon another; but there is a power behind the bricks which you can not destroy, however much you may wish to do so." He was right. Behind the timbers, or bricks, or stones of every Christian school and mission and hospital planted in these distant lands, **there is a power** which can not be destroyed, even though the buildings themselves are leveled to the ground; a power which is growing ever stronger, and which some time will unite the world in love to a common God and Savior.

151. John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, had many enemies, who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, **he would neither occupy his accustomed seat nor allow anybody else to do so.** That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

152. Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding **the hand of God in every thing,** however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothberry, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the seashore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterward brought me to England."—The Quiver.

153. Livingstone planned to go to China, but God led him to Africa, to be its missionary statesman, general and explorer. **Alexander Mackay** prepared for work in Madagascar, but was directed to Uganda, to aid in founding one of the most remarkable missions in the world. **Carey** proposed to go to the South Sea, but was guided divinely to India, to give the Bible in their native tongue to its teeming millions.

154. The shuttles fly back and forth in their grooves, light threads give place to dark ones, literally millions of fibers are woven into each bolt of silk,—yet each thread has its place in the flowered design, and all threads conspire towards unity and beauty; but back of each loom stands the inventor making grooves and shuttles to be his natural laws, and through the forces of steel and iron and gravity, weaving millions of threads into the richly embroidered robes. And behind all the laws and forces of nature stands God, **the divine Designer,** working now in dark colors, and now in colors of glowing light; what design he is working out, only those who stand behind the veil can know.—Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D.

155. God has a plan, and the details of that plan are not revealed, and so we are confounded by single items and

incidents. In a certain room in Paris the observer sees a succession of frames, crossed with innumerable threads of varying color and size. Nothing meets the eye but a blur of tints and a confusion of outlines, and as the hand of the hidden workman passes the shuttle to and fro, the wonder grows as to what the result is to be. But the workman sees what is hidden from the observer. Behind the screen hangs the canvas of some great artist whose thought of beauty he is copying, and every bewildering thread, every shade and color, is producing some peculiarity of the marvelous original, and the completed tapestry will be the choicest treasure of a king's palace. **The world is God's thought.** Every man's experience is a strand in the great whole; but what the Divine intent is no man knows. We have only to wait and be confident. God can do no wrong. The confused colors, the snarled outlines, that so perplex us now, will by and by blend in harmony.—Monday Club Sermons.

156. Law is simply God's way of doing things. Law is God's organized thought that thinks for him. It is not necessary for our Father God to stop and think about us all the time—though he does—because his laws sit up night and day to think for him. The laws of Almighty God are round about us, and they express his divine will. So that when we come to study the great laws of nature, we know that this is God speaking.—Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D.

157. When the news was flashed back across the Atlantic that the first cable message had been sent and received, it was announced in a large assembly. At first all sprang to their feet and cheered. On sober second thought all were hushed and devoutly engaged in prayer. "The idea that lies back of every great casual event in the history of civilization is **the idea of God.**" All the phenomena of life are but intimations of his presence.

158. Two angels of observation hover over this world on poised wings. The angel of demand and the angel of supply keep watch, the one over the world's **necessities,** and the other over the **resources** of genius and the **junctures** of auxiliary circumstances. Each keeps time with the other, with the fidelity of clockwork.—Austin Phelps.

159. We may rest assured of this, that **all the resources of God's infinite grace** will be brought to bear on the growing of the tiniest flower in his spiritual garden, as certainly as they are in his earthly creation. — The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.

160. Every letter and word in Hebrew, has for its meaning a material object. It was never allowed to be perfected. In consequence it is easy to determine the exact meaning of Old Testament words today.—Dr. Palmer.

161. The Hebrew language became a dead language, (fossilized, petrified, fixed in an immovable mold) soon after the completion of the Old Testament; and the Greek the same, soon after the New, and the Bible records were **petrified in a language of stone that can never be changed.**—Palmer.

162. While **Judaism** was preparing a religion for the world, **Paganism** was preparing the world for religion.

163. By a flight of paroquets God diverted **Columbus** to the West Indies, and thus **preserved this land from Papal rule.**

164. Providential design. Fish which exercise no care for their eggs produce them in enormous quantities — sometimes millions. The stickleback, which constructs a nest and guards the young for a few days, lays only from 20 to 90 eggs.—"Ethics", by Dewey and Tufts.

165. Edward Everett Hale, in his story, "Hands Off," in his "Christmas in a Palace," uses this incident to show **how fortunate it is that our short-sighted policy is not permitted to interfere with God's all-wise providence.** The story represents a man in another stage of existence, looking down upon Joseph as he is in the hands of the Midianites. Being an active, ingenious young man, Joseph succeeded in escaping from his captors on the first night of his captivity, and had just reached the outer limits of the camp when a yellow dog barked, awakened his captors, and Joseph was returned to his captivity. The on-looker wanted to interfere and kill the dog before he had awakened the camp. Then Joseph would have reached home in safety, and great sorrows have been avoided. But his guardian said, "Hands off." And **to let him see the evil of his interference, he took him to a world where he could try the experiment.** There he killed the dog. Joseph reached home in safety, his father rejoiced, his brothers were comforted. But when the famine came, there had been no Joseph to lay up the corn. Palestine and Egypt were starved. Great numbers died, and the rest were so weakened that they were destroyed by the savage Hittites. Civilization was destroyed. Egypt blotted out. Greece and Rome remained in a

barbarous state. The whole history of the world was changed, and countless evils came because a man in his ignorant wisdom killed a dog and saved Joseph from present trouble to his future loss.—Peloubet.

166. There is **one power in the world** and none else. When accounts are set right at the end, you will find that the power that seems to be strong, if it stood against God, was weak as water, and has done nothing, and is nothing.—Reader's Commentary.

167. Mr. Spurgeon once had a singular experience. He had been out in the country to preach, and, when traveling back to London, suddenly found that he had lost his railway ticket. A gentleman, the only other occupant of the compartment, noticing that he was fumbling about in his pocket, said, "I hope you have not lost anything, sir?" Mr. Spurgeon thanked him, and told him that he had lost his ticket, and that by a remarkable coincidence he had neither watch nor money with him. "But," added Mr. Spurgeon, "I am not at all troubled, for I have been on my Master's business, and I am quite sure all will be well. I have had so many **interpositions of Divine Providence,** in small matters as well as great ones, that I feel as if, whatever happens to me, I am bound to fall on my feet, like the man on the Manx penny." The gentleman seemed interested, and said that no doubt all would be right. When the ticket collector came to the compartment, the collector touched his hat to Mr. Spurgeon's companion, who simply said, "All right, William," whereupon the man again saluted and retired. After he had gone Mr. Spurgeon said to the gentleman, "It is very strange that the collector did not ask for my ticket." "No, Mr. Spurgeon," he replied, using his name for the first time, "it is only another illustration of what you told me about the Providence of God watching over you, even in small matters; I am the general manager of the line, and it was no doubt divinely arranged that I should be your companion just when I could be of service to you."—The British Weekly.

168. It is a trite observation that while men individually have to answer to God for their sins, here and in the world that is to come, **nations are judged and dealt with in this age.** Some of us are old-fashioned enough to lament the abandonment of days of humiliation and days of thanksgiving, which characterized the more reverent ages which preceded our own. But whether men acknowledge God's intervention in human affairs or no, Christians are forced to see, by his **Providential dealings,** that "verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth." Where, some one will say, are the wars, and famines, and pestilences which have afflicted Great Britain as judgments on her persistent crime in the matter of opium? Well, it might be answered, look at the Afghan War and Kyber Pass disaster, and later on, the Indian Mutiny, as God's rebuke of this national crime; or the repeated Indian famines; these together swallowing up as much revenue, perhaps, as we had unholily gained by our opium manufacture and sale.—James E. Mathieson.

169. A colporteur sold in the market place of Montalborejo in Spain, a large copy of the Word of God. A priest, just leaving the adjoining church, snatched it from the buyer and flung it to the ground, exclaiming, "The books of these heretics shall not come into our village." He led on an assault, in which the colporteur, pelted with stones, was glad to escape with life. Five weeks afterward, he passed that same hamlet at evening, when he thought he would not be recognized. But the first man who met him asked if he were not the Bible-man. Truth compelled him to say "I am," though not without fear. What was his surprise, however, to find that, instead of stoning him, the people were now all clamoring for his books! And mark **how God has brought about this wondrous change.** A grocer, picking up the Bible which the priest had thrown to the ground, had torn out the leaves and used them as wrapping-paper for his soap and candles and cheese. The Spaniards unwrapped their wares, and were attracted to read the words printed in large type upon them; and so the precious truths taught in narrative and parable found their way into their hearts, and they went to the shopkeeper to get more, and when the stock was exhausted prayed God to send back the colporteur with his Bibles. His reappearance was the signal for the immediate sale of all his books; and then they begged him to stay and teach them the truth which the Book contained.—Missionary Review.

170. Our belief in a personal God and **an overruling Providence** justifies us in believing that he sent Carey to India to give so many versions of the Scriptures to the people. That he sent that copy of the Pushtoo Bible to the Afghan, who kept it "from fire and from water" for thirty years, so that when it was resolved to reprint this Serampore version, this copy was the only one that

could be found in India; who guided that copy of the Japanese New Testament, floating in one of the harbors of that empire, into lands where it was greatly blessed by God; who sent through shipwreck and heavy loss the ruined merchant to Mr. Ross, of Manchuria, when he was at a loss to find any one competent to assist him to translate the New Testament into Corean. Surely the God of Israel still guides his people, going before them in a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.—Rev. Edward Storrow, Missionary Review.

171. Voltaire was made exceedingly bitter against God because of the great earthquake at Lisbon on November 1, 1775, in which 50,000 persons perished in eight minutes. He found nothing good in nature or in history; saw only malevolence, misrule and disorder in the whole economy of nature and the ongoings of Providence and, contemplating these in utter disgust and despair, he wished that he had not been born. His famous "Crush the wretch," with which he was accustomed to conclude his letters, grew more bitter and defiant as his age advanced upon him and his end became most sad and deplorable. Instead of impeaching the character of God and flying in the face of his providence, **why will not men humble themselves before him** and confess both their impotence and their ignorance in trying to fathom "the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," his unsearchable judgments and his inscrutable ways?—Joel Schwartz, D. D.

172. The evidence is ample of **Divine interposition and guidance.** For instance, the chief of Fallungia, West Africa, prayed for twenty years for a missionary, and one was found in an unexpected manner.

So Barnabas Shaw was thus directed to his important sphere. He was not allowed to settle near Cape Town, so he resolved to seek a sphere in the interior. For a month he traveled on, not knowing whither he went; but as he halted, the chief of Little Namagualand, with four attendants, halted beside him. They were on their way to Cape Town in search of a missionary, now greatly desired by their tribe. They and he thought they saw in this unexpected meeting the finger of God; and Shaw's great success in subsequent years proved that they were not mistaken.

Hundreds of missionaries, looking back on their past careers, have been conscious that they were guided to their scenes of labor by God, and have noted numerous events in their history which neither chance, nor coincidence, nor human aid adequately explain.—Rev. Edward Storrow.

173. Dionysius of Halicarnassus said: "History is philosophy teaching by example." The Christian believer mounts higher and declares that **history is God, teaching by his providence and grace.** Nature does not bear marks of a designing mind and hand as clearly as human history, and pre-eminently the history of missionary enterprise reveals the plan and presence of an infinite God. No man with eyes open, and mind open to conviction, can long resist this evidence. The history of missions not only reveals miracles, it is itself a miracle. It is a demonstration and an illustration at the same time that, high above and far beyond all human actors on the stage, is a divine director and controller. He shifts the changing scenery to suit every new act in the drama of the ages; and he shifts the positions, yea, and the persons of the actors, too. When he wills, when his work demands it, and his time has fully come, they enter and take up their part; and, as surely, when he wills it and his time has fully come, they leave the stage and give place to others. "God buries his workmen but he carries on his work," is one of the sayings of John Wesley, carved on his monument in England's great Abbey. But it is not less true that he raises up a Pharaoh and Cyrus and girds those who have not known him, to show forth his power in them, and in spite of them carry on his eternal covenant purpose. —Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

174. Providence is the key to our national history. The British lion chained at the 49th parallel of north latitude; Mexico backed by France rendered powerless by the previous conquest of her western territory; and California pouring her gold and her men into the Union side during the struggle for freedom are God's providential way of saying to a missionary age, "one hundred fold in this world and in the world to come eternal life."—Missionary Review.

175. A company of Covenanters in Scotland had been pursued by their persecutors, until their strength was exhausted. Reaching a little hill that separated them from their pursuers, their leader said, "Let us pray here, for if the Lord hear not our prayer and save us, we are all dead men." He then prayed, "Twine them about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over poor old Saunders and these poor things." Before he had done speaking, **a mist rose up about the hill**

and wrapped the devoted little band about like the very cloak of the Lord he had prayed for. In vain their enemies sought to find them. And while they were wearying themselves to find them, an order came, calling them away in an opposite direction.

176. Providential Protection. The king of Abyssinia took a British subject named Cameron, about forty years ago, carried him up to the fortress of Magdala, on the heights of a rocky mountain, and put him into a dungeon, without cause assigned. It took six months for Great Britain to find that out. Then Great Britain demanded his immediate release. King Theodore refused the release.

In less than ten days after that refusal was received ten thousand British soldiers, including five thousand Sepoys, were on board ships of war, and were sailing down the coast. When they had disembarked, they were marched across that terrible country, a distance of seven hundred miles, under a burning sun, up the mountain, up to the very heights in front of the frowning dungeon; then gave battle, battered down the iron gates of the stone walls, reached down into the dungeon, and lifted out of it that one British subject, King Theodore killing himself with his own pistol.

Then they carried him down the mountain, across the land, put him on board a white-winged ship and sped him to his home in safety. That cost Great Britain twenty-five million dollars, and made General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

That was a great thing for a great country to do—a country that has **an eye that can see all across the ocean, all across the land,** away up to the mountain heights, and away down to the darksome dungeon, one subject of hers out of her thirty-eight millions of people, and then has an arm strong enough and long enough to stretch across the same ocean, across the same lands, up the same mountain heights, down to the same dungeon, and then lift him out and carry him to his own country and friends. In God's name, who would not die for a country that will do that?—Senator Frey.

177. They tell the story of **a wreck off Cape Cod** where all hands were lost and only one body came ashore—that of a little child. They buried it at the head of the beach and somebody wrote on the slab **"God Knows."** I think he does. Are we not thus led out into some realization of one of the deep truths of this mystery of life, and led to recognize **that no life is insignificant because all** are a part of infinite design? No man is forgotten before God. **You and I live in God's thought and we cannot sink below his care or drop out of his plan.** The infinite power is behind us all, working through us all. It is as when you have stood on the seashore rocks watching the incoming tide. How the waves reached on and up as if in endless aspiration and then fall back and the swash of the ebb seems the echo of baffled human endeavor.

178. When Dr. Moffat was on his missionary explorations in South Africa, **his wants were miraculously met.** He had been a day and a night without food. He was greatly exhausted, and had no prospect of immediate relief, when he saw in the distance a line of dust coming with the fleetness of an ostrich. It came within two hundred yards of him and proved to be a springbok chased by a wild dog. The dog overtook and killed his game at that place, and the missionary and his party received it with thankfulness as food from God.

179. God's Guidance. — The torpedo, equipped with its own motors, a complete vessel in itself and steered by wireless telegraphy, is cast into the sea. All visible connection with the ship is severed. Its motor is started and it goes on its way alone. Henceforth its course is determined by its own motors and steering-apparatus. It is free. The uninformed observer would say: "There is no connection between the ship and the torpedo.. I neither see nor feel any power passing from the ship to the torpedo. The torpedo must determine its own course." But on the ship at the telegraph instruments is a man who turns the torpedo as he wills. If the torpedo had intelligence it would say when asked why it turned this way or that: "Oh, I just had an impulse to set this or that motor at work and so turned to the right or left."

As the man on the ship sends out the electric waves and guides the torpedo in its course, so **God sends out his silent, unseen, spiritual forces which act upon the secret springs of action in man's innermost soul.** And thus without violence to the human will God directs and controls the actions of men.—Homiletic Review.

180. In the Memorial Hall at Harvard University are some beautiful sentences frescoed on the walls in Latin. But as the workmen painted them, they could only put the colors and letters as they were told, without understanding the wonderful meaning wrapped up in them. **So we often write our lives in an un-**

known tongue; we can only do as we are bidden, but in God's good time there will be read out in some heavenly language a life-story we never dreamed of, full of glory and blessing.—The Sunday School Chronicle.

181. God and Catastrophies. — The common interpretation of these calamities—that they are entirely indiscriminate in their dealing with men, striking down with the same indifference innocent and guilty, saint and sinner—is equally wide of the mark. Here again we see how the surface view, the appeal to the physical consciousness blinds us to the ultimate fact. **The most striking feature of these events is the entire and delicate discrimination with which they distribute their effects.** Nature, even in her earthquake moods, grades her dealings with the nicest exactness. The one event may smite us all, but each will take it in a different way. And our separate way will be in strict accord with our entire inner state and training. How different the same pain to the weakling who howls under it, and to a Posidonius, who in his torture says to Pompey, "Pain do what thou wilt, I shall never be drawn to say thou art an evil!" It is a sense of this which leads Plato to his great declaration in the "Republic", that "the just man, though stretched on the rack, though his eyes are dug out, will be happy," and to that even more wonderful word of his, in which he anticipates St. Paul, where, speaking again of the just man, he says, "Even when he is in poverty and sickness, or any other seeming misfortune, all things in the end will work together for good to him in life and death." The outer edge of an event is in fact always the least part of it. The essential is its relation to our mental and spiritual state.—J. Brierly.

182. It would be fearfully easy for God to get nothing more out of the world than softlings. Just a little extra warmth close beside the equator—comforting, agreeable warmth to the people accustomed to it—robs a host of men completely of the zest—even of the capacity—to accomplish effects by their labor. Can heaven be content with a lazy, dawdling world?

Never! So God must take enough of the race for his purpose, and sting it with his harsh north winds of cold until it bestirs itself to escape freezing to death. So civilization is achieved. The tingling pain of freezing limbs blesses men with industry—and the blessing is worth the pain, for the man who works is liker to God.

So with a thousand comforts that God may even yearn to wrap consolingly around his creatures. If he did, he would lull them into lassitude—and he would afflict them with any hardship rather than bring them to that.—The Interior.

183. An architect had just designed a large and beautiful dwelling, and he laid the sketch before his brother, who admired the stately front and delicate, refined decorations. "It is fit for a prince to live in!" he said. "What delight it must be to form a conception of such a beautiful building, and then make it real!"

The assistants were busy with drawing up the specifications for the house, to be given to the builders. They appealed to him at every point.

"Of what size shall this waste-pipe be, sir?" queried one.

"What will be the dimensions of the pantry sink, sir?" said another.

"Of what wood shall the dado in the dining-room be?" asked a third.

An hour later, when the brothers were alone, John said: "Do you look after all the petty details of the building? I supposed the grand plan was yours, but that you personally entrusted the minor details to subordinates."

"And yet the strength and beauty of the whole building depend on my attention to the details," he said. "Until the house is finished I oversee everything. That which seems to us to be one of the most petty may be one of the most important parts of the building." He was silent for a moment and then said earnestly:

"Do you not think, that **the great Architect who plans a human life** knows and cares for each incident in it, however small? Why not carry your little needs as well as your great troubles to him?

As he went back to his home that day, he had a new view of the fatherhood of God.—Youth's Companion.

184. As of old, **God raises up leaders** and priests and prophets. The Christ finds and calls apostles. He rules in men. He governs events. From a brass screw comes a boatload of bread for starving Turks and fighting Englishmen, and from the bread rises Robert College to hold up the flag of our republic above the Bosphorus, and bring in liberty and truth. An embroidered slipper, growing under a Christian woman's hands, opens the sealed doors which imprison the Zenana women of India, and lets in comfort and light. Read the story of Christian missions to find the Bible incidents repeated in the signal working

of God's providence in the line of his own plan.

185. It is the worldly man or woman who, when suffering comes, asks, Why has God so afflicted me? The affliction may have come from God, possibly in the necessary operation of his good laws, more probably by disobedience to his laws. In either case, the devout heart submits, whether to the necessity of God's rule, or to the penalty of the rebellion, and says: "True and righteous are thy judgments." It is an unspeakable injustice and insult to God to impute to his providence the results of our own disobedience to laws which he has clearly imposed on the universe, and under which he has required us to live.

186. Divine Providence, using many forces and inweaving many circumstances, creates the epoch. The epoch calls for a man with certain qualities. God has the man ready—Luther for Germany, John Knox for Scotland, John Wesley for England, William of Orange for Holland, Washington, Lincoln and Grant for America. These men were hinges and on them swung the gates of history. Not only for Israel, but for the whole future of the human race, we can now see what a pivotal period were those forty years of the Exodus, the Desert and the Promised Land. And no man ever moulded a great change more than Moses moulded this wonderful epoch.

187. A young man was once employed as clerk in a telegraph office in a town in England. In some way or other **God led him to see that he was a sinner** and this caused him great distress of mind. The young man went to the office one morning greatly troubled, and praying "God be merciful to me a sinner," when the click of his machine told him a message was coming. He looked and saw that it was from Windermere up among the beautiful lakes. There was first the name and residence of the one to whom the dispatch was sent, and then followed these words from the Bible: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29.) and "In whom we have redemption, through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." (Eph. 1:7.) Then followed the name of the person sending it. This was a strange message to send by telegraph! The explanation of it was this: a servant girl living in the town was distressed about her sins; having a Christian brother she wrote to him of her condition, asking the question, "What must I do to be saved?" The brother, being unable to write her at once, sent her the dispatch. The poor girl found her way to Jesus through the sweet words from her brother, and so did the young telegraph operator. This was **a veritable telegram from Heaven** to them both. God's word did the work.

188. Standing on the top of the Cheviot Hills, a little son's hand closed in his, a father taught **the message of the measureless love of God.** Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over hill and dale, and then, sweeping his hand and his eye round the whole circling horizon, he said, "Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!" "Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes **"then we must be in the middle of it!"**—Thoughts for the King's Children.

189. God rules among the nations. One hundred Puritans sail across the ocean on the "Mayflower", and in New England find a home where they can serve God according to the dictates of their conscience. Persecution in England being continued, men cross the Atlantic to join the Pilgrim Fathers, in a land where religion and liberty have found a sure home. In ten years twenty thousand persecuted Englishmen find a refuge in that Western land. A Protestant colony is founded by sturdy, resolute men; not only were they religious men, but they were the noblest class of emigrants who ever left the shore of any land, and in that new land God's Church prospered, and to-day Protestant America is the result of men flying from one land too another for liberty to serve God. He guided the Mayflower across the sea, and watched over the infant colony and founded his church on free American soil.

190. The Minuteness of Providence. A gentleman tells of an interesting visit to the observatory of Harvard University, just after a new astronomical instrument had been purchased. According to astronomical calculations contained in a little book ten years old, which calculations were based upon observations thousands of years old, a star was due at 5:20 P. M. When the hour drew near, the instrument was at once directed to the star, and prone on his back under the eye-piece lay the enthusiastic professor. It was agreed that when the star which came moving along in the heavens crossed the spider-web line stretched across the lens of the instrument, the professor who was watching should pronounce the word "Here." It was also agreed that the assistant who watched the second hand of the

clock should let a hammer fall on a marble table the instant the clock said it was 5:20. The professor was watching the star and could not see the clock. Just as the clock indicated 5:20, the Professor said "Here", and the assistant tapped. **So exact are the movements of God's universe.**

191. The point at issue at the battle of Taunton, between the Duke of Monmouth and James II., in 1865, was liberty of worship; although the Duke's small army, composed chiefly of miners and ploughmen, was defeated by the King's trained soldiers, yet a remnant that proved sufficient remained, and a faith and faithfulness remained in which **we plainly see the meeting of God and man to carry out the event.** And nowhere is this more apparent than in the case of Lady Alice Lisle, who after this battle gave shelter to two of the hunted soldiers—a minister and a lawyer. On the following day her house was searched, and fugitives discovered, and Lady Lisle herself sent to prison. The judge who tried her was Jeffries, and he sentenced her to be burned. On the entreaty of friends, however, this cruel sentence was not carried out, and instead she was ordered to be beheaded, which cruel and unjust penalty she calmly suffered at Winchester. And before three years had passed, King James himself was a fugitive from his own kingdom, to which he never returned; while the infamous Jeffries was also captured, as he was attempting to escape from the country, and sent to the Tower, where he died four months after.

192. It is related of **Augustine** that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way and got into a by-path. It was afterward discovered that a party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.—The Quiver.

193. Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call mere chance, but which was no other than a special providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labor of his servants nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford where he attended. One day a man whom he had reproved for his idle and dissolute habits, resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other, he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

194. Carlyle once told of **an aged man** whose home was on a small farm not far from the Solway shore. **In consequence of frequent rains and high winds, the harvests were often late and very hard to save.** It would rain for days at a time with only an occasional day's intermission. These brief dry days were precious and had to be made the most of. Everything else had to give way to frantic endeavors to get the crops in before the rains began again. One morning as this old man, a devout Christian, was conducting family worship, a man came rushing in telling him the wind was rising and would sweep the shocks into the sea if they were not rescued at once. **"Wind"**, he answered, **"canna get a straw that has been appointed** mine. Sit down and let us worship God." And they quietly continued their service of prayer.

195. 5000 beeves were toiling over a lonely trail from New Mexico to Kansas, leaving behind them a swath as bare as if swept by a simoon. Suddenly the leader, a huge steer, started back in terror, snorted, and moved to the right and passed on. Those immediately in his rear, turned to the right or left, and their example was followed by the others. When the herd had passed there was one little spot of luxuriant grass, untrampled — an oasis. A herdsman rode up expecting to find a rattlesnake. Instead, he found the nest of a plover, with the mother bird fluttering her wings beneath the tuft of grass which covered it. The steer had mistaken her, seen indistinctly through the grass, for a rattler, and thus she had shielded her young from the deadly hoofs of the herd. **So God's providential care shields his children from threatening evil.**—Dr. Banks.

196. The statesmen of the civil war remarked **the good fortune of the Union** in the discovery of the Pennsylvania oil fields when we needed a new product for exchange with Europe, to take the place of blockaded cotton. — Austin Phelps.

197. Charles of Bala was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his journeys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put on the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed, but he afterward learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost and all its passengers drowned.

God in Nature. (198–212)

198. The mountains are great preachers. They teach us at once our weakness and our strength. "The mountains bring peace." Yes, as they speak of the steadfastness of God, whose purposes are firm as "the everlasting hills." But they bring, too, awe and fear, and sometimes terror and despair, as in telling of a creative power they tell also of a power that can destroy. It was from a mountain that God gave the law. It was itself the symbol of majesty and authority, and never can we come into such a presence without a vague sense that we are standing before the Throne. And what better preacher can we find to teach us the lesson of man's mortality? How little is the span of our earthly existence beside these hoary summits that have stood the storms of thousands of years? Well may we ask, what is our life? It is but a vapor—like one of the wreaths around these mountain tops—"that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." It is a stream like that which glides beneath us to the sea. In the presence of such greatness, we feel our littleness, and should be quite overwhelmed by the sense of utter insignificance were it not that we can fall back upon One who is greater than all that he has made.—Henry M. Field, D. D.

199. "The undevout astronomer is mad."

200. "I am thinking God's thoughts after him," said the great astronomer.

201. "What do you see?" was asked of the famous botanist, who was scrutinizing a flower. **"I see God,"** was the reverent answer.

202. "Lord Tennyson, what do you think of Christ?" asked a friend, who had heard that Tennyson was a Unitarian, as they walked in the Poet's garden. Stooping down and caressing a flower at his feet, the Laureate answered impressively;**"What the sunshine is to that flower, the Lord Jesus Christ is to my soul."**

203. "I have found a universe worthy of God," said a Christian microscopist, turning from his microscope.

204. They tell a story of a great scientist, **a great naturalist,** who, one lovely summer day a year ago, went out in the Highlands of Scotland with his microscope to study the heather bell in all its native glory, and, in order that he might see it in its perfection, he got down on his knees, without plucking the flower, adjusted his instrument, and was revelling in its color, its delicacy, its beauty, lost "in wonder, love and praise." How long he stayed there he does not know, but suddenly there was a shadow on him and his instrument. He waited for a time, thinking it might be a passing cloud. But it stayed there, and presently he looked up over his shoulder and there was a fine specimen of a Highland shepherd, watching him, and, without saying a word, he plucked the heather bell and handed it, with the microscope, to the shepherd that he, too, might see what he was beholding if he had vision. And the old shepherd put the instrument up to his eyes, got the heather bell in place and looked at it until the tears ran down his rugged face like bubbles on a mountain stream. and then, handing back the little heather bell tenderly, and the instrument, he said, "I wish you had never shown me that. I wish I had never seen it." "Why?" asked the scientist. "Because", he said, "mon, **that rude foot has trodden on so many of them."** When once you get your eyes open and look through the telescope—God's telescope of the love of Calvary; at God's dear Lamb for sinners slain, you will accuse yourself because you ever treated him badly for a moment—when you have got sight, when you have seen him. The Lord open our eyes!—Gipsy Smith.

205. Professor Farrar, professor of Natural History at Harvard two-thirds of a century ago, possessed a great enthusiasm. One day the class entered the lecture room to find the Professor walking to and fro with kindling eye and radiant face, holding a ball in his hand. After a moment he turned to the class, exclaiming, and suiting the action to the word:

"I toss this ball into the air; the earth rises up to meet it and the stars bow down to do it reverence!"

This was in sublimated form an absolutely accurate lesson in physics. Professor Farrar had caught a mountain-top view of this stupendous truth, and thrilled his students with it in a way they could never forget.

206. I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. Of myself, I may say that **I never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer** to the Being who hides his secrets from

me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them.—Agassiz.

207. And the remarkable thing about this teaching is that it is so close at hand. In Thomas Hardy's story, "Jude, the Obscure," we are told of a young man's thirst for knowledge, of his pitiful and unavailing struggle to enter an English university, and of his final death, within sight of the walls of the educational institution whose doors had been closed to him. Certainly no man is debarred from entering **God's university of nature.** Its roof is as broad as the sky; its instructors as many as the blades of grass, and everywhere and always it speaks of God in accents clear and distinct.

208. We have a blind girl, and a deaf girl, and a dumb girl in one girl over in the United States — a very wonderful girl named **Helen Keller.** Now, Helen has learned by her teacher putting the fingers on the throat finally to understand that the orange has a golden heart, and that the rain is grateful to the thirsty fields. When Phillips Brooks came to her when she was six years of age and told the teacher to spell out something about God, and tell her that God was her Father, Helen spelled back on the lips of her teacher these words, "I felt him in my heart, but oh! I did not know what to call him before." You see, God had been speaking to her. Helen Keller's mother used to hang over little Helen's cradle—where Helen was all entombed there in her little body that weighed fifty pounds, and her ears were deaf—saying, "Oh, Helen, Helen, how I love you! Oh, Helen, what your father and I would do for you! We would work our fingers to the very bone if you could only understand." The mother sobbed her love over little Helen, the dumb girl and the blind girl, and there were not many things in the world so heart-breaking as that mother, as she held this little girl to her bosom. And yet, all the time Helen Keller was saying to herself, "Oh, if mother would only speak to me! Oh, why are mothers giving only the whisperings of their love?" Even little Helen would say, "I wonder if I have a father and mother, and if I have, why clouds and darkness are round about them." When she was seven years of age she began to think that fathers and mothers were seen only through a glass, darkly; and yet her father and mother were breaking their hearts trying to reveal themselves to Helen. **Oh, piteous symbol of the heart-broken God leaning over the battlements of his heaven, speaking to us through all the summers,** unrolling his will through all the procession of the seasons, giving to us his music in all the solemnity of sweet sounds—the laws of nature themselves; nothing but divine strings on **his great harp of nature** from which there drop lyric thoughts out of his almighty solitude. — N. D. Hillis, D. D., in Homiletic Review.

209. When **William Blake,** the painter, was asked if he had seen the sunrise, he exclaimed, "No! No! I saw the heavenly host, and I heard them chanting: 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory!'"

210. Nature has no songs for the night. The woods, meadows, and fields are vocal with music during the day, and the melody hallows the gathering twilight. But when the night deepens, when the sky is overcast, when the muttering of distant thunder trembles in the air, then all song ceases. So, likewise, there are songs in the soul during the day of health, youth, prosperity, and success, but when the deep night of sickness, sorrow, loss, and death comes on there is **no song for him who knows only the natural and is a stranger to the supernatural.** The natural cannot inspire songs for the night. Science speaks only of facts and phenomena. These cannot satisfy the soul in the time of storm. But while nature has no song for the nights of the soul, God has. He gave a song to President McKinley when the gloom of death followed the assassin's bullet, and he chanted "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." — Dr. Polemus H. Swift.

211. One looks out in the great wide world and soon perceives with Plato that **the Creator is the great mathematician.** The crystal at our feet is shaped in perfect mathematical proportions; its lines and angles are the lines and angles of geometry. We study a snowflake and learn that it is a mathematical gem. Its center, its star-points, and its axes stand in such mathematical relations that they can be translated into terms of thought and written in figures and equations on a board. God has stamped his mathematical thoughts in snowflakes and crystals and leaves and blossoms, and we can translate that thought into our human thinking because God has honored us with a mental life akin to his own. When the scientist discovers and announces the laws of nature he is simply translating into human language the thoughts of God, he is simply reading out of nature what first was woven in. **Kepler,** the astronomer, after long and weary labor,

had worked out a certain theory as to the movements of the planets. That theory was just the product of his own reasoning Then he turned to the telescope to see whether the planets actually moved in the times and orbits that he had determined for them; and when he realized that the trigonometry of his own brain was also the trigonometry of the sky, he took his eyes from the glass and shouted out into the silence of the night, "Oh, God! **I am reading thy thoughts after thee."**—Hillis.

212. One goes into the fields in autumn, when the landscape is aglow with a thousand shades from the crimson of the sumach to the green of the pine; from the purple of the oak to the amethyst of the horizon's haze, and we watch and enjoy the picture which the great Artist has drawn on his gallery wall. **We are able to enjoy the great artist's work because he has made us in his image with a nature akin to his own.** If a violin be placed in the back part of the audience-room, tuned to the pitch that the pipe-organ is, and the organ is played, the strings of the violin will catch from the vibrating air the passing music, and even though no hand is near, it will answer back note for note. It is pitched to the same key and capable of the same music. There come to us all flashes of beauty, notes of melody, glimpses of things divine, from sunset glory, from mountain's grandeur, from the forest's solitude, from the old ocean's shoreless expanse, from landscape's color, and they awaken in us an answering note; they are wandering tones from the great central source of beauty and melody, and our lives catch them and respond to them because we are tuned to the infinite and are partakers of his image and nature.—Hillis.

The Son. His Deity. (213–224)

213. If men ask us what is the substance of the Christian belief, we point them to Christ, as predicted by the **prophets,** as disclosed by the **Gospels,** as interpreted by the **Epistles,** and as living today in the hearts of his people." —Barrows.

214. A gentleman once gave his children **a dissected map of the United States** to put together. They puzzled over it for quite a while, and then were about to give it up, discouraged, because they could not make everything fit. Accidentally, one of them turned a piece of the map over and discovered on the back of the picture a part of a man's hand. Turning another piece, they found a part of a man's face. After they had examined other pieces, with similar results, it dawned upon them that it would be easier to put the picture together by the back than by the front, and the result was a picture of Washington on the one side and the map of the United States on the other.

There is a lesson here for us, the learning of which will solve many of life's problems.

So the Word of God is a picture of Jesus. There may be that which is called doctrine, and that which we call biography, and that which we call parable, and that which we call poetry, and that which is chronological, and questions that concern authorship; but the purpose of it all, from Genesis to the Revelation, is to reveal Jesus the Son of God, that we may live on him by faith; feed on him, the living Bread from heaven.

215. If I were to **attempt to prove the divinity of Christ,** instead of beginning with mystery or miracle or the theory of the atonement, I should simply tell you the story of his life and how he lived and what he said and did and how he died, and then I would ask you to explain it by any other theory than that he is divine. Reared in a carpenter's shop, having no access to the wisdom of the other races and people, he yet, when about thirty years of age, gave to the world a code of morality, the like of which the world had never seen before, the like of which the world has never seen since. Then he was put to death. He was nailed to the cross in shame, and those who followed him were scattered or killed. And then, from this little beginning, his religion spread until hundreds of millions have taken his name upon their lips, and millions have been ready to die rather than surrender the faith that he put into their hearts. To me **it is easier to believe him divine than to explain in any other way what he said and did.**

216. What touching grace in his instruction! What sweetness, yet what purity in his manners! What loftiness in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What an empire over his passion! Here is a man who knows how to act and to suffer, and to die without weakness and without ostentation.—Rousseau.

217. Christ represents within the religious sphere the highest point, beyond which posterity cannot go; yea, whom it cannot equal, inasmuch as whoever hereafter climbs the same height can only do it with the help of Jesus who first attained it. **He remains the highest model** of religion within the reach of our thought, and no perfect piety is

possible without his presence in the heart.—Frederick Strauss.

218. It was a custom of old among shepherds to clothe themselves with sheepskins to be more pleasing to the sheep; so Christ **clothed himself with our flesh** that the divine nature might be more pleasing to us.—Thos. Watson.

219. Mr. Moody tells of a visit to Prang's chromo establishment in Boston. Mr. Prang showed him a stone, on which was laid the color for making the first impression toward producing the portrait of a distinguished public man; but he could see only the faintest possible line of tinting. The next stone that the paper was submitted to, deepened the color a little, but still no trace of the man's face was visible. Again and again was the sheet passed over successive stones, until at last the outlines of a man's face were dimly discerned. Finally, after some twenty impressions, from as many different stones, were taken upon the paper, the portrait of the distinguished man stood forth so perfectly that it seemed only to lack the power of speech to make it living. Thus it is with Christ in the Scriptures, especially in the Old Testament.—Pentecost.

220. Whatever be the surprises of the future, **Jesus will never be surpassed.** His worship will grow young without ceasing. His legend will call forth tears without end. His sufferings will melt the noblest hearts. All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus.—Renan.

221. Whatever else may be taken away by rational criticism, Christ is still left **a unique figure.** It is useless to say that Christ, as he is exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical. Who among his followers or his proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels?"—John Stuart Mill.

222. But anyway, **Jesus Christ is not a mere man.** The lines of his being, like the curve of the parabola, starts with a direction we can determine but with an illimitable sweep which can never be put into terms. So God is seen in Christ, as with us in certain elements of character which we can appreciate and somewhat understand, and then going out into that divine Fatherhood which is so great that it never can be overtaken by our thought. He is father, but an infinite Father. What a range for compassion and love the conception of such a being gives to us. With what confidence we can come to him in prayer, with what faith and hope, in our sorrows and our sins, we can draw near to that heart of infinite love.

223. Of old, a young apprentice picked up the chips of glass dropped by the master who was completing on oriel window for the cathedral. Bringing those chips together so as to repeat the face of a lustrous angel that had appeared to him in a vision of the night, the boy constructs from the fragments one of the priceless gems of art. And if thy duties seem humble, thy hours fragments, thy tasks broken and obscure, behold, **the Christ is a pattern who can transform these fragments into a dream of spiritual beauty.** All inspirations toward knowledge, all stimulants toward supremacy of mind have their supreme excellence in **that divine One,** who is higher than earth's noblest spirits, wiser than earth's most gifted teachers, purer than earth's whitest martyrs.

224. In the Hebrides, Scotland, on Arnish Rock, Stornaway Bay, is a lighthouse without a lamp, but simply a mirror reflector, upon which at night a light from another lighthouse five hundred feet away falls and is reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and through them converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction. **The human soul, in its most perfect state, is a reflecting mirror** that takes up and causes to shine abroad and into the darkness of the world **the light which comes from Christ.**—The S. S. Journal.

The Incarnation and Birth. (Christmas.)

(225–236)

225. Tradition tells us that a century after the first Christmas a missionary stood on the banks of the Arno, telling the story of the Christ Child. That night a Roman prince returned to his stone mansion, to feast. Suddenly in the dark he heard a tap on the window, and beheld a child's face, a face beautiful enough to have been a model for Raphael's cherubs, and lo. a voice like music in the air whispered "The Christ Child is hungry." Irritated, the prince sent his soldiers to drive the child away, but from that moment his rich viands became tasteless and as ashes and sand. Once more he looked up, startled by a tap upon the window, and beheld the radiant child, standing at the window, in the darkness and the storm. Then came the voice saying, "The Christ

Child is cold." In his selfishness again he bade the soldiers drive the child away, and told his servants to draw the curtains close. In that moment the very fire grew cold, and the blazing embers threw off darkness, and a chill crept to the heart of the selfish prince. And then the ice began to melt. Springing up, he flung wide the door and plunged into the darkness, calling for the child. Faster and faster fled the vision, until it came to a house, where a widow was dead, and a group of little orphan children were sobbing in the night. Obedient to the Child's command, the prince and his servants took them to his stately house, and brought other hungry children in, and feasted them, and henceforth his table was their table, his house their home, his sword their shield, his feet their wings. Some had thought that happiness was not for him, but **in giving happiness to Christ's children, his heart became the very citadel of joy and gladness.**—Hillis.

226. Some one tells of seeing a little lame dog trying to climb up the curbstone from the street to the pavement. But the poor creature could not quite reach the top — he would always fall back. A hundred people passed by and watched the dog, laughed at his efforts and failures, and went on. No one offered to help him. Then a working man came along, a rather rough looking man. He saw the dog and pitied him, and **getting down on his knees beside the curb, he lifted the little creature up** to the sidewalk and then went quietly on. That man possessed the true spirit of love. That is what Jesus would have done. Love is shown quite as unmistakably in the way a man treats a dog as in the spirit he shows toward his own fellows. **Christmas in our own hearts will make us kind.**—J. R. Miller, D. D.

227. The General Court of Massachusetts, following the example of Parliament in 1659, enacted that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas day, shall pay for every such offence five shillings." Christmas was restored to England with royalty; in Massachusetts **the anti-Christmas statute** was repealed in 1681.

228. Do we need a reminder that **the spirit of the Christ Child** most truly animates that Christmas-tide which is most lovingly unselfish? Do we bestow on the children its best opportunities when we load them with benefits, yet impress on them no wish to give presents in their turn? Is there any true Christmas sweetness in which there is not a drop of self-denial? Of these things, familiar by frequent repetition, at Christmas-tide we may well think once more.

229. In that far-off day none did suspect that the Child in the manger was to **revolutionize all thoughts of childhood.** The Magi, kneeling, brought their gifts of gold and gems, and lo! the leaders of modern society are bringing the best treasure the nation possesses to offer at the feet of little children. If once society despised the child, exposed the weak born, strangled the unwelcome, now the cradle has become a temple, the babe the divinity, father and mother and teachers and friends the Magi, and, above every kindergarten and schoolhouse is heard the angels' song. Once the long weak childhood of unproductiveness made even philosophers despise children. Now we see that John Fiske has put into scientific form Christ's statement as to the length of childhood. The twenty years of physical growth mean plasticity, receptiveness and ability to advance by leaps and bounds. Therefore, for the child's sake, society exists to-day. Every law and institution revolves around the cradle. For the child's sake all the factories are set up and the harvests sown and reaped; to instruct the child all books are written and schools founded; to inspire the child all songs are sung; to release the child from all drudgery, all tools are invented and all ships set sail.—Hillis.

230. The traveler southward from Jerusalem soon sees a little village straggling along the western slope of a rocky hill, crowned by an enormous pile of buildings called the Convent of the Nativity. **The village is Bethlehem**; the convent is said by a tradition, reaching back beyond Constantine into the second century of the Christian era, to stand over the birthplace of Christ. In the limestone rock under this huge building is a vault, or cave, called the Grotto of the Nativity. (To this day in that country, caves are frequently used as stables.) In this rock grotto one sees, by the dim light of swinging silver lamps, a silver star sunk into a marble slab in the floor to mark the supposed spot of the birth of Jesus. Standing over it one wonders if proud Bethlehem caught the reflection of the wise men's star in a mirror, by some art fixed it there, and cut out the image with a diamond to sink it permanently upon the spot where Mary brought forth her Babe; and looking down upon it, the Christian traveler is moved by a feeling of reverence which, when it turns

toward the divine, is worship.—William V. Kelley, D. D.

231. The most obvious lesson in Christ's teaching is that there is **no happiness in having and getting anything, but only in giving.** I repeat; there is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and in serving others. He that would be great among you, said Christ, let him serve. He that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way; it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.—Professor Drummond.

232. Italy celebrates Garibaldi, but Italy alone; Germany recalls Bismarck and the old Emperor, but not France; France remembers Napoleon, but England despises him; no foreign nation keeps Washington's Birthday. What a tribute to greatness would be found if some one hero could command the admiration of a foreign people. **But Jesus belongs unto all the nations of the earth.** He reigns supreme as the universal Master.

233. A visitor going into the studio of a great painter found on his easel some very fine gems, brilliant and sparkling. Asked why he kept them there, the painter replied: "I keep them there **to tone up my eyes.** When I am working in pigments, insensibly the sense of color becomes weakened. By having these pure colors before me to refresh my eyes the sense of color is brought up again, just as the musician by his tuning-fork brings his strings up to the concert pitch." For right living we need clear conceptions of the perfect One. Such conceptions only produce high moral impressions. We need to be toned up. We need the high and holy life of the perfect Man, Christ Jesus.—David Gregg, D. D.

234. Several years ago, in one of our Western cities, the church was preparing to entertain a conference of Christian workers. Among those who were expected, was **a man whose reputation was almost world-wide.** Because of his saintliness, and because of his splendid powers of mind, even the great had delighted to do him honor. When it was known that he would honor the conference with his presence, there was a sharp strife among the good women as to who should have the privilege of entertaining the distinguished guest. By and by, it was decided that he should stay in the home of the wealthiest man in the church.

Late on the night before the opening of the conference, there came a ring at the door of the rich man. Upon opening the door, the mistress of the house found **a plainly-dressed old man,** who explained that he had been told he was to be entertained at this place. The lady replied somewhat sharply that it was a mistake, as she had no room, other than for those she had promised to take. Seeing the hurt look on the old man's face, she told him he might try the house across the street, as she knew they had promised to accommodate several of the delegates. The stranger did as she suggested, but with like result. As there was no hotel in this suburb, there was nothing for him to do but to return to the little waiting-station and there pass the night. Imagine the chagrin of the rich woman and her neighbor when they learned that the man they had turned away was the one they had so desired to honor. If the faithful Jews in the town of Bethlehem could have known that they were **missing the opportunity of taking into their homes him whom they had longed to honor,** there would have been many open doors to the weary pilgrims that memorable night.

235. An artist once wrote the constitution of the United States in such a way as to represent the face of Washington. This was discernible only at a certain angle and from a certain distance. **So Christ may be seen — from the proper angle — on every page of God's Word.**

236. It is related of a wise Eastern ruler that when he died he left word to his people that his son would be their king, and though they had never seen his face, they would judge of his government by his acts. The people promised obedience. The influence of the new ruler was wise and kind, and like the beams of the sun, it streamed out of the royal palace, bringing joy to every subject. The people marveled and said, "We see him not; how does he understand us so well? They came to the palace gates and said, "Let the king suffer us to see his face." The king came forth to them in his royal robes, and when they saw him they rejoiced and said, "We know thy face." He had walked so often with them as their friend, showing love and kindness to all, that when they saw him in the palace, his kingly robes did not disguise him. They knew him.

In the incarnation our King comes to the palace gate and lets us see his face. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the

glory of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth."

God was in the world before, ruling in love and wisdom. We did not recognize or know him; but we felt his power and received of his grace. He was among us, as we might say, incognito. He was with us all the while, ruling and defending us, conquering all his and our enemies — our loving, wise and ever-mindful King. But in the incarnation of Christ he revealed himself; he made himself visible to us; he permitted us to realize who the one that had been our benefactor really was, and something of the depth of the love he felt.—G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Christ's Words and Works. (237-244)

237. Christ Compared With Human Teachers.—A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. **Confucius** walking by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow! I am sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get into this? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you get out, don't get in again." **A Buddhist priest** next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there! Scramble up two-thirds or half of the way, and I will lift you up the rest." But the man was entirely helpless. Next **Christ** came by, and, hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, "Go and sin no more."—A Converted Chinaman.

238. Shakespeare borrowed much of his raw material from Jesus. Milton was suckled at the breast of Bethlehem. The green pastures of the New Testament color **Dante's** blood. **Tennyson** sweeps his harp in hymns of homage to the divine Pilot. Poets linger round his story as bees around a flowerage. **Wordsworth** takes an "excursion" into the fields of nature and soaks himself in the Bible he carries with him. Similarly **Coleridge** and **Browning.** Their brightness is derived. They are interpreters, not revealers. They are satellites, not suns. The more they absorb of Him the more brilliant their creations, as pearls increase in value by exposure to the glare of day. All light is sunlight—the tint of each tulip, the red of each rose. There is no Alpine edelweiss blooming on summits cold and lonely that is not a child of the sun. There could not be an iceberg without the sun. There could not be a **Voltaire** without a Christ. If, as the philosopher says, the greatest star is the one looking at the little end of the telescope, then the Son of Mary must be the supreme child of genius; nearly all mind-stars of the first magnitude has he discovered. If **his teachings inspire the greatest intellects,** surely he must be above and beyond. Gold crystal is not quarried from coal beds.—McLeod.

239. A story is told of the casting of a great bell in Peking. It is the bell on which midnight is sounded, and it was cast a century and a half ago. Two attempts at casting were made and ended in failure, whereat the emperor sent for Kuan-Yin, the official in charge of the task, and told him he would be killed if he failed. Ko-ai, the man's beautiful daughter, consulted an astrologer, who told her that unless a virgin's blood were mingled with the metal the third casting would fail. She obtained permission to be present when the attempt was made, and just as the white-hot metal was rushing from the furnace into the great mold the devoted girl sprang forward with the cry, "For my father!" leaped into the fiery stream, added her life-blood to its composition, and won her father's success and safety. This is a legend, says an exchange, but we know a still more lovely and heroic truth. The great bell of humanity was out of tune. It swung gloomily and sadly, and its music was all harsh, grating, discordant. Then our Saviour threw himself from the heights of heaven. **His life-blood entered into a world's alloy,** and, ever since, the vast bell has been growing sweeter and more attuned to the heavenly music.—The Ram's Horn.

240. His speech is not big in bulk. St. Augustine asks for thirty volumes to systematize his theology; John Calvin is even more ambitious; he calls for forty folios. **But Christ can be read in half an hour.** He never tried to preserve it himself and he never asked another to preserve it. But there is no speech like it. It is so simple in phrase that a child need stumble not; it stands alone. Goldsmith says of Dr. Johnson, "You make your little fishes talk like whales." There is a foolish fondness in many literatures for swollen language; yet he spoke of heavenly things in homely garb and humble fashion. Nothing could be simpler or freer from sign of effort than the mountain talk.—McLeod.

241. There was a certain atmosphere around Christ that **made it easier for his followers to believe in goodness.** Men were at their best in his company. They were conscious of an uplift. King Arthur's sword had a blade so bright that men were blinded. It was the se-

cret of his strength. When Excalibur disappeared beneath the waves of the dark mere, just before his death, it meant that the world was left without a model, his secret died with him. Christ too, carried the enchanted armor. Never has it been worn by other; it never will.

242. Miracles.—Christ's mighty works were signs confirming faith. The driest place on earth is said to be between the two lower falls of the Nile; rain has never been known to fall there; and the inhabitants do not believe travelers when they say water can fall from the sky. The South Sea Islanders did not believe that water could be found in the earth; they were sure that water only came from the clouds; and when Dr. Paton dug a well and found water in the earth, they were sure that was a miracle. There are many things which are miraculous to those who have never seen them, but **it is not well to pronounce a thing impossible because it is beyond the range of our experience.** The things which are miraculous to savages are simply commonplace to intelligent men, and things which are impossible to infidels may be possible to Christian men who walk with God. The Saviour has said concerning a certain thing, "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible."

243. A miracle is only miraculous to us. It implies no wrecking of the great machinery of nature. And so, for aught you can say, it may be with the miracles of the Bible. They were prepared and arranged by him who stands at the head of all things, and sees the end from the beginning, and orders all things after the counsel of his will.

244. One of England's chancellors tells us of falling asleep and **dreaming that every idea traceable to Christ had been wiped from his law books.** Opening the aforetime friends he found every second page gone and the remnant meaningless. Christ is the pillar of the universe. When he falls, law falls, litany falls; art, eloquence, sermon, song, code, constitution, philosophy, history, poetry, all tumble in the ruins.

Christ's Death—Atonement—The Cross.

(245–263)

245. If we care to know any further than our own experience has taught us of **what human sin is, we only need to go to Calvary**; there we may see it as a base revolt against goodness and mercy, as a savage delight in vengeance; as the ingratitude, that rewards the Redeemer with the cross; as the outcome of God's patient love with his chosen people, visiting death on him in whom the Father is well pleased.

246. Whether we measure Christ by the shadow he has cast upon each century or by the light he has thrown across it, he is equally great. He called himself the light of the world: it takes light to create shadow, and the greatest shadow is the shadow of himself—**the Cross. Certainly more hearts have been touched by the shadow than the brightness.** The death of Jesus is the divine centre of Christianity, the culmination of his ministry, and the controlling chapter of the Gospel story. Of Tissot's 365 paintings 310 are on the Ministry and Passion. "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me." "His sufferings," says Renan, "will melt the noblest hearts until the end of time."

247. You say, "I cannot understand the Atonement." **It is not needful to understand it, but to see that Jesus crucified saves you.** A missionary went to a town in Mesopotamia to labor among the Syrians, Mohammedans and others there. Thirteen long years he toiled among them before he had a single convert. "Your words sound well," they told him, "but we cannot understand them. Why should you come to us with these words? Why are you not content to leave us as we were?" Then came the cholera. Those who could, fled, leaving the sick to die uncared for. The missionary stayed. He went into home after home and cared for the stricken ones, till at last, his life utterly spent with weariness, **he succombed himself to the disease.** Those whom he had saved bore his body without the city wall and tenderly buried it.

Long afterwards another missionary came to that city. He expected to find the work of his predecessor forgotten, but, nine miles out from the city, the people met him with great joy. They took him to a grove outside the city and showed him a grave. **"This is the grave of the man who died for us,"** they told him. They understood now the words the missionary had spoken, and they built a fine, large stone church and dedicated it to his memory and to the service of the God whom he served.

Jesus lived and labored among men, and comparatively few there were who understood his teachings. **And then he gave his life for them upon the cross, and marvelous was the growth in numbers of his followers.** He had died for their sins. How his death was an atonement, an at-one-ment, reconciling them to God, they could, perhaps, not understand, but the sacrifice of the cross

they could see, and the power of the cross they could feel, for, being lifted up, he drew all men unto him.—Tarbell's Teachers' Guide.

248. A busy judge was about to rebuff a poorly-clad and trembling soldier who had entered his office, when he caught the handwriting of his own son in the missive he extended. It read like this:

"Dear Father.—The bearer of this is a soldier friend, discharged from the hospital, going home to die. Assist him in any way you can **for Charlie's sake.**"

All the tender feelings of the father's heart gushed out. He let him sleep in Charlie's bed and clothed and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of his own dear boy.

What will not God, the loving heavenly Father, do for his dear Son when he presents his pierced hands, and pierced feet, and pierced side, and precious blood, and says, "Father, they confess their sins, for my sake forgive them?"

249. The greatest are those who serve. The cross of Christ became the foundation of all true chivalry. Here is Antigone dying rather than desert the body of her dead brother. Here is John Brown, his flesh pierced with bullets, stooping to kiss the colored child on his way to the gallows. Here is Livingstone on his knees in prayer and dead, in the heart of Africa, and with the open scroll before him on which was written in letters of blood and blotted with tears, "Oh God, when will the open sore of the world be healed?" Here is George Atley, a young Englishman in the Central African Mission, with the instincts and heart of a hero. The story came to us last year of his being attacked by a party of natives; he had with him a Winchester repeating rifle with ten chambers loaded; he had the party completely at his mercy; calmly and coolly he summed up the situation. Finally he concluded that if he killed them he would do more harm to the mission, than were he to let them take his own life. **So as a lamb to the slaughter he was led,** and when his dead body was found in the stream the rifle was also found in his pocket, its ten chambers untouched. Here is a young doctor dying recently in one of our hospitals. In a case of malignant diphtheria it became necessary to clear the throat of the sufferer by suction. He knew the outcome of the experiment; yet in the interest of science and suffering he volunteered.—McLeod.

250. One evening two soldiers were placed as sentries at the opposite ends of a sallyport, or long passage, leading from the Rock of Gibraltar to the Spanish territory. One of them, from the reading of the sacred Scriptures, was rejoicing in God his Saviour; while the other, from the same cause, was in a state of deep mental anxiety, being under strong conviction of sin and earnestly seeking deliverance from the load of guilt that was pressing upon his conscience. On the evening alluded to, one of the officers who had been out dining was returning to the garrison at a late hour, and coming to the sentry on the outside of the sallyport—who was the soldier recently converted—he asked as usual for the watchword. The man, absorbed in meditation on the glorious things that had recently been unfolded to him, and filled with devout gratitude and love, on being roused from his midnight reverie, replied to the officer's challenge with the words, **"The precious blood of Christ."** He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and gave the correct watchword. But his comrade, who was anxiously seeking the Lord, and who was stationed at the other or inner end of the sallyport, a passage especially adapted for the conveyance of sound, heard the words "the precious blood of Christ" mysteriously borne upon the breeze at that solemn hour of midnight. The words came home to his heart as a voice from Heaven; the load of guilt was removed; and **the precious blood of Christ** spoke peace to the soul of the sin-burdened soldier.

251. The greatest money indemnity ever asked, and moreover paid and paid promptly, was the $1,000,000,000 which the new-born Empire of Germany demanded from the conquered French in 1871. The French could not bear to see those uniformed German "men in possession" in every city of France, and every peasant gave liberally of his meager earnings to pay the indemnity. This indeed was an indemnity of war, but the greatest of all indemnities was paid by one man for the purchase of peace. Jesus Christ paid an indemnity for us which we could not have paid. To pay this debt would have bankrupted, would have ruined every sinful son of Adam. Jesus Christ should ever be man's dearest friend, for he satisfied the claims of divine justice. We should as peasants of this earthly kingdom pay our best to him who paid his all for us. The only interest he asks on this investment, which he made wholly for us, is that we give him a share of our love. He does not ask a "quid pro quo;" **He asks that we give him our hearts.** When heaven makes a demand on a man it is, "My son, give me thine heart."—New York Observer.

252. In the Dore Gallery in London there is a picture, the foreground of which consists of a group of people of every condition, all turning beseeching looks upon a far-away figure. It is the Christ, wearing robes of dazzling whiteness, bearing a cross, with a hand uplifted beckoning to these **weary, broken-hearted ones** to come to him. That is the Christ who draws all men unto himself. A Christ who is only a heavenly teacher, a faultless pattern, a strong friend, is not what this sorrowing, sinning world needs most of all. It needs **one who is pitiful toward the penitent,** who has power to forgive, who can restore ruined lives.—Westminster Teacher.

253. There was a prisoner in one of the dungeons at the time of the French Revolution who was much beloved by many people. But there was one love which surpassed them all. It was **the love of his father;** and this was the proof of it. The two men bore the same name, and when the son's name was called from among those who were to die, the father answered to it, and took his place, and went to the scaffold, and laid his head upon the block. The blade of the guillotine flashed; the head fell; **the father died for the son he loved.** That is what Christ has done for us. When we believe this we know what love means. But think what it means to know that this love which has done so much for us is the love of the Son of God. It sets the seal of eternity upon it. It lifts the sacrifice of Jesus, and lifts us with it, up into the very heart of God.—Henry van Dyke.

254. There is a legend of a monk at whose door stood one who said he was Jesus Christ. After a searching look the monk quietly asked, "Where is the print of the nails?" This mark of the true Christ was wanting, and the pretender was exposed. One has given this testing: "There are many hands offered to help you; how shall you know the right one? Because in the center of the palm there is the scar of a wound received long since, but now glorious with light." There is need at this very time for applying this test. There are many religions offered which are clearly not of Christ at all. Then there are presentations of Christ which lack the print of the nails. **There is a presentation of Christ in which there is no cross.**—J. R. Miller, D. D.

255. I returned home from the chase and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening mouth.

She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. **Love is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all.**—Tourgenieff.

256. Sargent's acknowledged masterpiece is his mural decoration in the Boston public library, called **"The Dogma of Redemption."** On the cross hangs the dying Saviour. Bound up with him, as by a common girdle, is on the one side Adam, the father of all mankind, and on the other, Eve, the mother of all the race. Each holds, with outstretched hand, the loving cup to catch the drops of blood falling from the pierced hands of the dying Christ. Beneath is a stork driving its beak into its very vitals, to take its own life-blood to bring its dying offspring back to life. Underneath all are these words, "He died to redeem our bodies and to cleanse our hearts."—Rev. Frank N. Riale.

257. Substitution: On the 10th of June, 1770, the town of Port au Prince in Hayti was entirely overthrown by an awful earthquake. The inmates had fled from the falling houses, all except a negro woman, the nurse of her master's infant children. She would not desert her charge, though the walls were even then giving way. Rushing to the child's bedside, she stretched forth her arms to enfold the child. The building rocked to its foundation—the roof fell in. Did it crush the helpless pair? The heavy fragments fell indeed on the woman, but the infant escaped unharmed, for its noble pro-

tectress extended her form over its body, and at the sacrifice of her life saved the child from destruction.

258. How many of God's children, dear through all time, if called, would bear testimony to **the saving power of Christ's life thus voluntarily laid down** that he might take it again, and infuse into the believer his own glorious resurrection power of holiness! When Satan appeared to **Luther** with that long catalogue of his sins, to affright him away it was only needful for Luther to remind his Satanic majesty of the fact that he forgot to write underneath it: "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." **Said Campbell of Kingsland:** "I love to be near the blood of sprinkling; all I want is to feel my arm 'round the cross!" Said **Bunyan,** the tinker of Bedford: "When tears, prayers, repentings would not do, one drop—one shining of virtue of the blood, of the blood that was let out by the spear, has in such a blessed manner delivered me, and its life and power quenched all the outcries, fiery darts and flames of hellfire, begotten by the charges of the law and Satan, and doubtful remembrances of my past life, that I have been made to marvel greatly."—Rev. Henry B. Ketcham.

259. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in until the hat was full.

"Now," said the man, who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said, "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, **he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden,** and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifices for the poor old man.

So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of his own broken heart **he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty.** He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.—The Christian Herald.

260. Some years ago in one of the provinces of Central Africa occurred an incident well worth repeating. A council of the four hundred most influential men of a certain tribe had been called by the priests to consider how they might pacify their god. Their crops had been failures, no wild fruits had grown up; the animals which they used for food were all eaten; the waters of their streams had nearly all dried away; apparently the god had hidden his face behind a cloud and looked upon them no longer.

At last the assembly, after listening to the voices of the priests, came to a decision—**one of their own number must offer himself as a voluntary sacrifice to the god.** A great silence fell upon the gathering. The king sat with his face hidden in his hands; the people sat with bowed heads; no one dared to raise his eyes but the priests, and they gazed sternly and silently over the audience, waiting for some one to speak his own death-warrant. Finally they began to chant, and as the chant proceeded they slipped away, one by one, to make ready for the sacrifice, until only one priest was left. When all the others had gone, he ceased his chanting and stretched his arms toward the still silent body of men. "Who will stand up?" he asked slowly. "Who will stand up? Come, the god awaits us." Then **the king's youngest son,** although he knew that he would at once be led to his death, arose to his feet. "Here", he said, "I will stand up." **And with firm step, he followed the priest to the altar.**

261. There was pardoned from the Federal prison of Ft. Leavenworth a man whose release was sought by fifty thousand persons in a petition sent to President Roosevelt. He will endeavor to have his citizenship restored, and if successful, will ask the courts to change his name for the protection of his wife and child. Human courts of law may pardon and set a man free from the hand of law, but they can not rub out the stain of sin, or remove the guilt. There is only one who can do this. **The Blood of Jesus Christ, his Son**

cleanses us from all sin. When we accept Jesus Christ as a Savior he at once adopts us into his family. We are made the heirs of all his benefits.—Wm. Barnes Lower.

262. In the olden time, when a man traveled on horseback, it was the custom at the close of day to dismount before entering a village, and repair to some stream for cleansing. Looking down into the clear water, nature's mirror, the dust-stained traveler would discern on his face the grime and soil of the journey, and then dipping his hands into the stream he would wash the dust away. The same stream revealed his stain and removed it. **Such is the atoning work of Christ.** He is the One who reveals to us the exceeding sinfulness of our lives, while in the same revelation he comes to cleanse us from every stain. Christ our mirror, Christ our fountain—we need no altar of burnt offering, no temple of sacrifice, no vail, no incense, no blood of beasts, no high-priest, no scapegoat to bear our sins away. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!"—C. H. Patton.

263. Tradition says that Christ's cross was the **one prepared for Barabbas.**

The Resurrection. (Easter.) Immortality.

(264–301)

264. The other day some lilacs came to us from a Southern friend. They were placed in a vase in my bedroom. That night I was awakened by their rich, honey-like fragrance. My memory awoke, too, and then there was no more sleep for me. I thought of the lilac tree that grew by my window in my father's house, and I began to turn over the pages of memory like the pages of a book. On every page there was a picture and beautiful they were to me. I was out in the fields again picking violets in the springtime with my little flaxen-haired sister. Together we made play houses on the dark edge of the woods, and carpeted them with moss. I saw my first sweetheart with her freckled face and red hair. I stood before the teachers I loved. I went fishing. I felt the plunge in the cool water of the old swimming hole. I bagged my first game, and was so excited that I threw down my gun and ran home to exhibit it. I lived over the sweetly sad day when I left home for college. I stood up to speak on commencement day. I wept again over defeats that hurt, and I shouted anew over victories that were earned. I went over all my life. It was like reading a tale, and I said it is all mine. I am the boy in the story. And then I said, "Am I?" There is not a hair in my head that was in the head of the boy. Not an ounce of blood, or bone, or flesh, not a single muscle or nerve, not a single particle of matter in that boy's body is in my body today. If the body is I, I am not the same fellow. The body of the boy is dead and buried in the vaults of Nature. My body has been buried once every seven years. If the body is life I have had several lives.

I know I am I. **I have kept my identity though my body has been dying all the time.** I have actual demonstration that the death of the body does not harm the soul. Indeed the soul has grown stronger all the time. Indeed the dying of the body is necessary for the development and largest good of the soul. If all the death we know about deals with the soul, why should we not say of the death we do not know all about, "Dust returns to the earth whence it came, but the spirit returns to God, who gave it." **I believe then in the immortality of the soul.**—Dr. N. McGee Waters.

265. Looking across from the Caithness Heights in Scotland, one can catch sight of the hills in the Island of Hoy. In the clear air, though miles off, they seem comparatively near. A stranger is told that these hills are in Orkney; but perhaps for the moment he forgets that between where he stands, and those precipitous sunlit hills there is the stormy Pentland Frith, with its rapid and uncertain tides, and its shores where the wreck of many a vessel lies. To-day it may be a picture of peace, tomorrow a scene of wild grandeur and warring elements. How like the view that the believer gets of the next world and its glories! He beholds the land very far off, yet it seems near. The view makes him forget the swift and stormy passage of death, where many a man has made shipwreck. The believer thinks not of what lies between. To him there is no danger, because he sails accompanied by the best Pilot. He is like Paul, who wrote to Timothy about being ready to be offered, and at the same time referred to "the crown of righteousness." The Christian is "the man of faith" (or, "the son of faith") to whom **the future is far more real than the present.**—A. L. S. in Hom. Review.

266. A young Scotch girl, who was taken ill in this country, knowing that she must die, begged to be taken back to her native land. On the homeward voyage she kept repeating, "O, for a

glimpse o' the hills o' Scotland!" Before the voyage was half over it was evident to those who were caring for her that she could not live to see her native land.

One evening, just at the sun-setting, they brought her on deck. The west was all aglow with glory, and for a few minutes she seemed to enjoy the scene. Someone said to her, "Is it not beautiful?" She answered, "Yes, but I'd rather see the hills o' Scotland."

For a little while she closed her eyes, and then opening them again, and with a look of unspeakable gladness on her face, she exclaimed, "I see them noo, and aye they're bonnie." Then, with a surprised look, she added, "I never kenned before that it was the hills o' Scotland where the prophet saw the horseman and the chariots, but I see them all, and we are almost there." Then, closing her eyes, she was soon within the vale. Those beside her knew that it was not the hills of Scotland, but the hills of glory that she saw. Perhaps there are some fair hills toward which you are now looking, and for which you are now longing, and you may be thinking that life will be incomplete unless you reach them. **What will it matter if, while you are eagerly looking, there shall burst upon your vision the King's country,** and the King himself comes forth to meet you and to take you into that life where forever you shall walk with him in white because you are found worthy? "For the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward."

267. A friend of mine, a minister, was conversing with a lady, somewhat blatently confessing skeptical opinions. "Do you really believe, sir," she said, "that you have a soul?" Instantly my friend replied: "No, madam, I do not believe that I have a soul." She retorted that, being put to it, as my friend was, such an answer was just what she expected. And she went on criticising my friend, and ministers generally, for their insincerity, asking how he, refusing to believe that he had a soul, could in any honest way go on exercising the functions of a minister. But my friend made further reply: "Madam, **I am a soul; I have a body.**" And that was so true to the facts of her own consciousness she could be ready with no further word. Yes, each one of us must say, "I am a soul; I have a body." The body is something other than the soul. The entity of the body is not the soul's entity. The body is but the house, the garment, the instrument of the soul.—Wayland Hoyt.

268. I visited a band of pagan Indians in the far north, and found them utterly unresponsive to Gospel truth until I shouted out, **"I know where all your children are,—all your dead children."** They quickly uncovered their faces and manifested intense interest. I went on: "They have gone from your wigwams and your campfires. Your hearts are sad and you mourn for the children you hear not. But there is only one way to the beautiful land, where the Son of God has gone, and into which he takes the children, and you must come this way if you would be happy and enter in." As I spoke a stalwart Indian sprang up and rushed towards me. "Missionary, my heart is empty and I mourn much, for none of my children are left among the living; very lonely is my wigwam, I long to see them again and clasp them in my arms. Tell me, what must I do to enter that beautiful land, and see my children?" And others quickly followed him seeking for instruction.—Dr. Egerton Young.

269. On an island north of Scotland there is a slate quarry. The workmen descend to it by means of a ladder. One evening a sudden and violent storm drove the quarrymen from their work, and in their haste the ladder was left fastened to the cliff. The night was dark and stormy. A ship was driven close to the island by the waves, and her crew knew that if they were wrecked on that steep coast they would be lost. The waves dashed over her, filled the cabin with water and drowned the wife of the captain. Then the sailors took to the rigging, but they were at the mercy of the wind and the waves even there. They gave themselves up for lost as she struck. But lo, as she struck, their terror was changed into joy. For there beside the cliff was **a ladder** that seemed to have been placed there on purpose. They hastily climbed up to it and reached the top in safety, while the vessel went to pieces at the bottom.

270. Mr. Latham finds **a new argument for the resurrection of Jesus** in the peculiar words with which the grave-clothes and napkin are spoken of. The body of Jesus was laid on a ledge in the rock-hewn sepulchre with the head on a slightly elevated step. On the resurrection morn when John entered the empty tomb, "he saw and believed." What did he see? He saw the linen clothes lying, but the body gone out of them. There lay the clothes as if the body were still in them, only lying slightly flat, but not displaced. The body had just slipped out of them, and

where the head lay he saw the napkin lying by itself, the rolled-round napkin, the curled-up head-dress, a little flat, but not displaced, the roll still in it. The body could not have been stolen, for that act would have necessitated the unwrapping of the clothes which were left. Nor could friends have removed the body and left the linen clothes as they were lying. The spices were not scattered from unwoven cloths, indicative of hasty removal. If John had seen the cloths unwound and folded, it would have suggested the removal of the body. But no hands had been there. The body had passed out of the clothes and left them undisturbed. That is what John saw and that is why he believed.

271. Jesus is our authority in religion. About all the things of which he knew he spoke truly. The world has taken him at his word in all that he has said about greatness, character, religious service, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In all these things Jesus uttered the final word. We doubt none, we question none. We are only striving to grow up to his levels. Not one word he said is antiquated; not one truth is outgrown; not one promise has failed. Trusting him and proving him right in all beside, **shall I not trust him in this question of eternal life?**

272. Bryant believed that God would be as good to the man as he was to the bird. This instinctive expectation led **Franklin** to write as his epitaph: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its leather and gilding, lies here, food for the worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by its author."

"Ideals are overtures of immortality," said the eloquent **Cicero.** "Men who have renounced their individual happiness never doubt their immortality," says quaint **Tolstoy.** The poet **Gilder** sings:

Then fearless give thy body to the clod,
For naught can quench the light that once it filled.—Dr. C. E. Locke.

273. Easter has a message that gives a warmth to friendship's grasp, a depth to pity which makes the tears of sympathy to flow. Easter tells us of light and love, because no life can be matured apart from love.

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.
—Rev. C. C. Walker.

274. That thrilling passage in the marvelous fifteenth of 1st Corinthians, at which a believer's Bible ought to, like good Bishop Ken's Greek Testament, **open of itself.**—Rev. G. C. Henry.

275. "If a man die shall he live again?" There is but one response. The Hindoo, the Chinese, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Egyptian, the continental, the islander, the savage, the philosopher, all answer with a generous affirmative, more forceful and insistent as they have been advanced and cultured. Socrates speaks for his age when he says: "I believe a future life is needed to avenge the wrongs of this present life. Those who have done their duty, in that future life shall find their chief delight in seeking after wisdom.'" Cicero speaks of his era: "Yes, oh, yes! But if I err in believing that the soul of man is immortal, I willingly err, and if after death I shall feel nothing, as some philosophers think, **I am not afraid that some dead philosopher shall laugh at me for my mistake.**"—Locke.

276. The doctrine of immortality in a world to come has not in the teachings of Jesus the appearance of a fresh philosophical theory or of a new truth, kindling in him a constant surprise and intensity. It seems rather like unconscious knowledge. He speaks of the great invisible world as if it had always lain before him, and as familiarly as to us stretches out the landscape which we have seen since our birth. The assertion of a future state is scarcely to be met within his teachings: the assumption of it pervades them.—Henry Ward Beecher.

277. The mere mortal history of Christ would have settled with us **the question of futurity.** For the great essential to this belief is a sufficiently elevated estimate of human nature: no man will ever deny its immortality who has a deep impression of its capacity for so great a destiny. And this impression is so vividly given by the life of Jesus—he presents an image of the soul so grand, so divine—as utterly to dwarf all dimensions of its present career, and to necessitate a heaven for its reception. —James Martineau.

278. Browning's last words were: "Never say that I am dead!" No, not dead; no man is dead until his work is done! Can it be that men can do im-

mortal things and not be themselves immortal?

The faith of the soul easily accepts Tennyson's prophecy, "One law, one element and one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," and with him each one may say:

I falter where I firmly trod
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

Oh, let us descend to the blue marge not only with hearts full of faith, but with our hands heavily burdened with sheaves for the Master's feet! Love demands a future life. Even Hume's skepticism was insecure as he pathetically confesses that whenever he thought of his mother he believed in immortality.

279. If death be a transition to another place, and if it be true, as has been said, that all who have died are there—what, O judges, could be a greater good than this? For if a man, being set free from those who call themselves judges here, is to find, on arriving in Hades, these true judges who are said to administer judgment in the unseen world . . . will his transition thither be for the worse? What would not any one of you give to converse with Orpheus and Musacus and Hesiod and Homer? I would gladly die many times, if this be true. . . . To dwell and converse with them and to question them would indeed be happiness unspeakable! — From Socrates' Apologia as reported by Plato.

280. A physician once told me of a unique experience of his. He was performing a slight operation that required the administration of an anaesthetic, but did not seem to him to demand the presence of a second doctor. The operation was well advanced when he discovered symptoms of collapse. Immediately he examined the pulse and found that **the heart had stopped.** He put his ear upon the patient's chest, and could detect no possible sign of breathing.

The man to all appearances was dead; but believing there was at least a possibility of recalling life, he instantly brought into service every known means and method of resuscitation, and after the lapse of a half hour, he had the immense satisfaction of seeing the patient's lips slightly twitch and the heart give evidence of the faintest flutter; an hour more, and life was fully restored. **Now if life could leave the body for a few minutes and return, is it inconceivable that the two might be separated for centuries and then be reunited?** And if a physician by the use of material aids and agencies could resuscitate life, is it difficult to believe that the Great Physician, who has all power in heaven and on earth, can bring life back into the human body at the resurrection? There can be no question—even in the minds of the most skeptical—as to **the possibility of immortality.**—Dr. John Balcolm Shaw.

281. Man's soul is in exile. Like the homing pigeon, when he is released, man **flies back to God. The race is homesick.** Man is not forever satisfied with humanity — divinity is planted within him. With Victor Hugo, every true man, the nearer he approaches the end, the plainer he hears around him the symphonies of the world which invite him. **Man knows death does not end all,** because when he approaches the grave he feels, with Hugo, that he has not said the thousandth part of what there is in him. The soul intuitively reaches for life, and the God who gave man this reach will see to it that it comes to his grasp.

282. That same Christ has always been the power that purifies, elevates and ennobles men. It is not his teachings that have been the supreme dynamic of Christianity. Great and marvelous both in character and in degree, as those teachings are, Christ himself has always been greater and more marvelous than his teachings. Not even the exact significance of his death has been the pre-eminent force of Christianity, for opinions have differed widely as to the meaning of the atonement. But differ as such opinions may, one supreme commanding figure —the figure of him who died on Calvary **and rose again**—has unceasingly **aroused the hearts of men** to his obedience.

283. The death of Jesus was essential to the breaking down of the barrier which sin had set between God and the soul. When Jesus became sin, and dead unto sin and the hope of the world seemed to have perished, **then came God's hour and power in the resurrection.** Louis the Fourteenth's court preacher, Bossuet, once said, "When God desires to show that a work comes entirely from his hand, he reduces everything to impuissance and despair, and then he acts." So was it in the death of Jesus.—The Westminster.

284. At the grave of his brother Mr. Ingersoll gave utterance to these words, **"In the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."**

That is a beautiful sentiment, a most

helpful thought, but where did he get it? Not from the gardens of infidelity or the fields of free thought. No, it is a rose plucked from the garden where Christ slept and rose again.—McCaughtry.

285. A German youth was taken prisoner by the Turks, and, since no one effected his release, was compelled to live among these fanatical followers of Mohammed. He grew to man's estate, but never relinquished his Lutheran faith. Jesus was his Savior, Jesus, the blessed Lord who died for our offenses and was raised again for our justification. One Easter morning he had to plow his Mohammedan master's field, but none the less as he followed the plow he kept the great festival day in mind and his heart rejoiced in the risen Lord. As he walked in the furrow behind the plow, he sang in his mother tongue one of **Luther's good old Easter hymns:**

"Jesus Christ to-day is risen,
And o'er death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading sin herself in chains.
Kyrie eleison."

At that moment the representative of the German government, who was stationed at Constantinople, happened to be riding by. Amazed at hearing a German religious hymn in that land and place, he got out of his carriage and went to the singer. The man told him his story, and closed by saying: "I don't think that I'll ever be enabled to return to my fatherland, but I shall preserve my Christian faith, though I live among Turks. I know that this is Easter day, and though I am physically far removed from my fellow Christians, nonetheless I celebrate the joyous resurrection festival in spiritual communion with them." The officer of the German government succeeded in obtaining the man's freedom, and he went back to the fatherland where **he lived to celebrate many an Easter** day with the followers of the risen Lord.

286. "On pain of death," said the Eastern despot, "**let no man name Death to me.**" He was not a coward, but he loved life, and in the hour of death the gods of the heathen are no gods. The creeds of heathendom, even if they give vague hints of lasting life for the soul, make no mention of the resurrection of the body. **Christ alone assures us that the seeds planted in God's Acre will come up.**—Christian Work.

287. The fact of the resurrection, and not its mode, receives chief emphasis in the New Testament. **The fact is certain,** and it is portrayed constantly as a spiritual experience and process. Physical resurrection, without redemption, could hardly be considered a boon, but if the soul can be purified and saved, then immortality is full of blessed promise. Easter proves Christ's power to redeem. It is they who are "dead through trespasses and sins that are raised up with Christ and made to sit with him in the heavenly places." The proof of this glorious fact and miracle is **present spiritual resurrection,** and not future physical resurrection. "If then ye were raised with Christ" (an already accomplished fact, and a word addressed to the living, and not to the dead), "seek the things which are above." **The present resurrected life of the redeemed soul is a "life hid with Christ in God."**—Dr. D. M. Pratt.

288. "No unquickened man saw Jesus after the resurrection."

"The resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul need to be sharply marked off from each other."

"The resurrection was the **Law's receipt in full** for every debt we owe:
If Jesus had not paid the debt
He ne'er had been at freedom set."

"**The cross** is the **ground** of our reconciliation, the **sepulchre** the **guarantee.**"

289. The crowning lesson of the great miracle is the mingled exhibition that it makes of **the humanity and divinity of our Lord.** At no time in all his life did he appear more perfectly human than when he burst into tears before the grave of Lazarus. At no time did he appear more divine than when with a loud voice he cried, "Lazarus, come forth," and at the voice the dead arose and came forth.—William Hanna.

290. Bunyan relates that Christian pushed his feet into the dark rolling waters of the river of death, and, beginning to sink, cried out in fear. Then Hopeful, at his side, said, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good." Still Christian was not delivered from his trepidation, and again Hopeful called, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." Then Christian's eyes were opened and he exclaimed, "Oh! I see him again; and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" This is the meaning of Easter: **that Christ is the light of this world** and that all the most coveted boons of the next world are contingent upon our fellowship with him.—Dr. H. P. Dewey.

291. There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.
"There is no death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.
"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."
—Lord Lytton.

292. There were two United States Senators very fond of discussing speculative questions. Whenever possible they would meet and find relaxation in talking of themes other than political. Their favorite topic was the **immortality of the soul;** but they could find no reasons for believing it that satisfied them.

They separated, one going to a distant State. After twenty-five years they met at a crowded reception in the White House. After shaking hands cordially, they stepped aside for a moment, when one said to the other, "Any light, Albert?" "None," was the reply. After a pause the other inquired, "Any light, Lewis?" The answer was, "None." They shook hands, looked into each other's eyes in silence, separated, and never met again. Emerson declared that **the impulse that prompted these men to try to find proofs of immortality was itself the strongest of all proof.** It certainly is one proof. The soul of man yearns for immortality, for a future life better than the present, and this points to its reality.—Hom. Review.

293. On the Tomb of Dr. John Condor, in Bunhill Fields, London, is this inscription:

"I have sinned, I have repented;
I have trusted, I have loved;
I rest, **I shall rise;**
And through the grace of Christ, however unworthy, I shall reign."

294. On earth our best music is dissonant, for our instrument is sadly out of tune. **To die is to be set in tune to God's eternal keynote—love.** It is to come into harmony with one's self, and therefore with God; it is to come into harmony with God and therefore with one's self.

295. There is a beautiful story, says Dr. J. R. Miller, of a boy whose young sister was dying. He had heard that if he could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life that grew in the garden of God, the illness could be healed. He set out to find the garden, and implored the angel sentinel to let him have one leaf. The angel asked the boy if he could promise that his sister should never be sick any more if his request were granted, and that she should never be unhappy, nor do wrong, nor be cold or hungry, nor be treated harshly. The boy said he could not promise. Then the angel opened the gate a little way bidding the child to look into the garden for a moment, to have one glimpse of its beauty. "Then, if you still wish it," said the angel, "I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister." The child looked in; and, after seeing all the wondrous beauty and blessedness within the gates, he said softly to the angel, "I will not ask the leaf now. There is no place in all this world so beautiful as that. **There is no friend so kind as the Angel of Death.** I wish he would take me, too."

296. The dead are the living. Every man that has died is at this instant in full possession of all his faculties, in the intensest exercise of all his capacities, standing somewhere in God's universe, ringed by a sense of God's presence, and feeling in every fibre of his being that life, which comes after death, is not less real, but more real, not less great, but more great, not less full or intense, but more full and intense, than the mingled life, which, lived here on earth, was a center of life surrounded with a crust and circumference of immortality. **The dead are the living.** They lived while they died; and after they die, they live on forever.—Dr. Maclaren.

297. A young monk saw the bright faced boys from Britain exposed for sale in the slave-marts of Rome. His heart was drawn toward them, and filled with the spirit of missions. When he became pope he sent Augustine to carry them the everlasting Gospel. Reaching the shores of their native land he sought the authority of the King for his mission. When the king had assembled his council, and laid before them the missionary's request, he called for an expression of opinion. One of his nobles arose in the rude torch-lit council chamber and said: "Oh my lord and king; sometimes when we are gathered here of an evening, I have seen a swift-winged swallow dart in through yonder window, flutter about awhile dazzled by the flaming torches, and at last dart forth again into the darkness without. It seems to me that this is the story of our lives. We come, we know not whence; we flutter about dazzled by earth's glamor, for awhile; and then we go forth into the darkness, we know not whither. **If the book**

which this man brings can tell us aught concerning that dark future, I, for one, give my voice in his favor." And that Book, and that Book alone, can sound the depths of life's mystery.

298. They of blessed memory help us, for they make it easy for us to believe in goodness and God and eternal life and heaven. They are even **our last strand in the evidence for personal immortality,** for we cannot believe that all that power of loving and all that wealth of grace and all that beauty of character have ceased. He lives a poor, attenuated life who has never thrilled to the mystic union, who does not know that

"There are two societies alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead."

And sometimes even we see that they are not two but one great society, the one irrefragable bond of souls, the one communion of the saints. The memory of the just is blessed—a blessing to us more than we can put into words, not only in stimulating us to emulation, not only exciting us and guiding us to all good, but also establishing us in faith in the good and faith in that we too have the same real vocation, to which we are called to walk worthily.—Prof. Hugh Black.

299. An army chaplain tells of having bivouacked with his brigade upon an open field with nothing over him but the cold, cloudy sky. On arising the next morning, all over that field were little mounds like new-made graves, each covered with a drapery of snow which had fallen two or three inches during the night and covered each soldier as with the winding sheet of death. While he was gazing upon the strange spectacle, here and there a man began to stir, rise, shake himself and stand in momentary amazement at the sight. **It was a beautiful symbol of the resurrection.**

300. In a certain seminary **a prize was offered for the best design for an Easter card.** All labored hard except one, who seemed kept from trying by a lingering illness. She felt the disappointment keenly. On a flower stand in her room stood a rose-bush, whose flowers were gone and leaves withering, and by its side a beautiful lily just opening. She could think of nothing but the awarding of the prize. Pointing to the ugly caterpillar on the rose-bush, she said, "That is just like me." Her friend replied, "Out of such caterpillars, butterflies are born." Soon after, lo! on the lily was a beautiful butterfly, which had left the skeleton of the caterpillar in the rose-pot. The sufferer cried out, "I have got the design for my picture." And lo! when the award of prizes was made, her picture of the butterfly on the lily gained the prize. Out of her sorrows she rose to a new life.

301. An ancient legend tells how a monk in days long gone by found the crown of thorns which had encircled the Saviour's brow. He laid it on the altar in the chapel on Good Friday, and he and his flock looked with reverent awe on the dreadful relic, so rugged, so cruel, with its awful stains of blood. Very early on Easter morning, the monk came to the church to remove the thorn-crown, which would be so strangely out of harmony with the bright thoughts of Easter Day. When he opened the door he found the chapel filled with a wondrous perfume. The early sunlight, shining through the eastern window, fell upon the altar. There **the monk saw the crown of thorns still living, but it had burst into roses** of rarest loveliness and sweetest fragrance.

Christ's Ascension. Intercession.

(302-308)

302. Christ ascended to heaven and led captivity captive; but only that through his victory he **might make us also conquerors** by his descending power.

Christ ascended to heaven and received gifts, not for his own enrichment, but that he **might bestow them upon us in the descending blessing.**

Christ ascended to heaven that he might carry on his continual work of intercession; but only **that its results might be felt in their descent to the earth.**

Christ ascended to heaven that he might come into possession of the glorious kingdom; but only **that his joy might descend to the hearts of his subjects** and remain in them, making their own joy full.

303. The ascending Christ preaches to us a gospel of encouragement. These lives we live would lose the cheap and dull and mean appearance they often wear in our own eyes, if we could only now and then unlink them from the associations of time, and link them to the associations of eternity. Any one human life, looked at all by itself, is almost necessarily insignificant. . . **What we need is to have opened to our sight the generous spaces and long vistas of the heavenly country. The ascension does this for us.** We see our Elder

Brother going up to take possession of his throne, and with something, even though it be ever so little, of his nobility, we are ourselves ennobled as we look.—W. R. Huntington, D. D.

304. The Captain of our salvation has not withdrawn to a safe height, leaving us to fight his battles; but as the first martyr saw him standing in attitude of eager sympathy and swift help, so he is with all his struggling servants a presence nearer than all others, and never withdrawn from the trustful heart. His name is Immanuel,—**God with us,**—till the end of the ages, when he will take us from toil to rest, and "so shall we ever be with the Lord," who was "with us" while change and sorrow and conflict pressed us sore.—Alexander McLaren, D. D.

305. Christ's life here assures us of his kinship with us on earth; **his ascension enables us to feel our kinship with him in heaven.** Earth is not more lonely because of his return, but heaven becomes more clearly the home to which our hearts are to turn. He went before in order to welcome us when we are summoned to follow. But for the present struggle of life, also, his ascension has its significance.—A. W. Kelly.

306. The great lesson for us all is, that the posture of those who love Christ must henceforth be one not more of retrospect than of **expectation.** It is well indeed that you should treasure in your mind the thought of him as he was on earth. To live in his wonderful works, in his perfect example, in his divine words, is the safe and blessed privilege of the faithful. And to look up after him, into heaven, and see him now by faith as he lives there, the mediator and the intercessor and the high-priest of man; the resurrection and the life, first of the soul, and hereafter also of the body, of each one of his people; to ascend thither, in heart and mind, after him, and with him continually to dwell; to seek and to set your affection on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; this is one great part of the secret of the Christian life below: thus it is that men are made strong for conflict, victorious over temptation, and at last fit for heaven. But all this is a different thing from vain regret and from idle contemplation. To gaze up into heaven after one who is gone, is not the work of his church below. **Rather is it to gaze up into heaven for One who will come.** — Vaughan.

307. When Dr. Doddridge lived at Northampton there was a poor Irishman condemned for sheep stealing. In those days the statutebook of England was very cruel. He scarcely thought that there was proof of the man's guilt, and he believed in the book that teaches that a man is better than a sheep. He traveled, toiled and tried hard to get the man a reprieve, but unsuccessfully; he came back, and the man was hanged. On the road to execution the convict got them to stop the cart just opposite Dr. Doddridge's house, and, kneeling down, he said, "God bless you, Dr. Doddridge; every vein in my heart loves you, every drop of my blood loves you, for you tried to save every drop of it." There was a man! What love he has for the intercessor who had failed. But Christ has succeeded, and **what a price he has given.** Oh, that every one would feel this, and be led to exclaim, "Every vein of my heart loves thee, O Christ, every drop of my blood loves thee, for thou hast died to save me, and dost live **to intercede for me.**"

308. In one of our villages in North India a missionary was preaching in a bazaar, and after he had closed a Mohammedan gentleman came up and said: "You must admit we have one thing you have not, and it is better than anything you have." The missionary smiled and treated him as a gentleman and said: "I should be pleased to hear what it is." The Mohammedan gentleman said: "You know when we go to our Mecca we find at least a coffin. But when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave." And the missionary smiled and said: **"That is just the difference. Mahomet is dead, Mahomet is in his coffin."** And all false systems of religion and philosophy are in their coffins. But Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is to include all nations and kindreds and tribes, is not here: **He is risen. And all power in heaven and earth is given unto him.** That is our hope.

The Holy Spirit. (309–340)

309. The Holy Ghost is so called, not because he is holier than the other Persons of the Godhead, but because one of his special functions is **to sanctify,** that is, **to cultivate holiness in man.**

310. We cannot have the Father and the Son without the Spirit. Neither can we have the grace of Christ and the love of God without the communion of the Spirit. The Spirit is the **abiding representative** of the Godhead in the heart of the believer. He is the omnipresent teacher, comforter and sanctifier. Hence this is the dispensation of

the Spirit; and all the life and power of the gospel are from him. When he reveals himself the truth is all aglow, the hearts of Christians are warm and the consciences of sinners are awakened. When he is grieved away, or his light is quenched, formalism and fear, unbelief and worldliness prevail. If we would have the grace that is in Christ and the love of God shed abroad in our hearts we must secure the communion or fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

311. Jesus sends the Holy Spirit, whose office it is **"To convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of Judgment to come."** He locates us on the chart by pointing out sin; shows us the way by marking the position of righteousness; and stimulates our desire for the true life by declaring the "judgments", the awful results of continued wandering. And now, knowing where God is, and where we are; where the path of life is, and the direction in which we have wandered from it; though the stars be still hidden from our sight, we can take our bearings, and safely trust the compass to guide our steps over the way marked out for us on the God-given chart. Not conscience alone, then, but **conscience illuminated by the Holy Spirit** and instructed by Divine Revelation, is the safe guide. Let us seek to be led by an enlightened conscience.—Chas. T. Wing.

312. It is the great defect of the teaching as to the Holy Spirit in our day that evidences of his presence or the attractiveness of his fullness **are based so largely upon mystical experiences or even upon power for service.** Instead of shutting up this great, animating power to ministers, evangelists, religious services, and occasional spiritual experiences, what is needed is its extension into the rank and file of the professing church and into every business and occupation of life. Pentecostal seasons are blessed but they are exceptional, and by their very nature must be so. But the duties of life are ever with us. To have **business men, students, mothers, and all controlled by the Holy Spirit** would make a heaven of earth and of life.—Alex. Patterson.

313. What the light is to the mariner's compass, or the wind to the sail of the ship, or the oil to the lamp, or the sap to the tree, rising up softly and diffusing its life to the farthest leaf of the remotest branch, that the Spirit is to the Christian work. I should as soon attempt to raise flowers if there were no atmosphere, or produce fruits if there were neither light nor heat, as **to attempt to regenerate men without the Holy Spirit.**—Beecher.

314. Standing on the deck of a ship in mid-ocean, you see the sun reflected from its depths. From a little boat on a mountain lake you see the sun reflected from its shallow waters. Looking into the mountain spring not more than six inches in diameter, you see the same great sun. Look into the dewdrop of the morning, and there it is again. The sun has a way of adapting itself to its reflections. The ocean is not too large to hold it, nor the dewdrop too small. **So God can fill any man,** whether his capacity be like the ocean, like the mountain lake, like the spring, or like the dewdrop. **Whatever, therefore, be the capacity, there is opened up the possibility of being "filled with the fullness of God."**

315. Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost before he did his miracles, as the wire is full of electricity before you turn on the light. As occasion required, the Holy Spirit worked through him to perform these wonders.—Major D. W. Whittle.

316. God works through means in spiritual things as well as in material. The church is his instrument. God will not and cannot violate his laws. Electricity is the best physical agent known by which to illustrate the workings of the Holy Ghost. Electricity can do almost anything, but only in conformity to law, only by means of conductors, only as its way is prepared. Let the machinery be in order, and see how the electricity flies along the wires carrying your messages, pushing your cars, furnishing your light; but let the machinery be out of order, let the wire be cut, and where is your electricity? **Even so the Holy Ghost. Let the conditions be complied with, and how he flashes forth light, power, salvation!** Let the wire be cut, and even the Holy Ghost cannot overleap the break. The fire from heaven cannot come.—F. R. Berry.

317. The Spirit is "given to **them that obey him.**" The greatest obstacles in the way of God's entrance to our lives are not in our heads, but in our hearts. For one who fails to experience his power because of trouble with the thinking, there are many who shut him out by their living. "If any man is willing to do his will, he shall know" the essential things. Much confusion of thought would be cleared up to the soul which prays "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" It may not be a great duty which we have neglected; it may be what we regard as a small section of our hearts which we close against him;

but it is enough to prevent the working of his power. Any cherished sin or act of disobedience produces the same result.

318. We must be emptied. Dr. Gordon reminded us that **the wind always blows toward a vacuum.** So in that upper chamber, the disciples were being emptied, and a vacuum was being made. The son of thunder was emptied of the thunder, that he might be filled with love. The doubting Thomas was emptied of his doubt, that he might be filled with light. The presumptuous and vacillating Peter was emptied of his presumption and his fickleness, that he might be filled with all the power of God. And then there came the sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and God came into them and used them.

319. It is possible to take a large box and fill it with cannon balls. They will be six or eight inches in diameter. The box may be packed until not another ball can be put into it. No reshaping of the cannon balls can give space for even one more ball. The box is full, absolutely full of cannon balls. Then when this has been done, we can go to the box and pour pail after pail, pail after pail of water into this box. The box was full, and still there was room for the water. There the water is, flowing in and around and covering all. It has displaced nothing. There was room for it. So in our human life, crowded full as it may be with work and care and study, **there is always room, always time for this inflowing and indwelling of a spiritual fullness** which may supplant nothing but may give environment and tone to everything.—McClure.

320. The root idea of Christianity is men and women carrying on Christ's work in the power which fitted him for his service — the power of the Holy Ghost.—Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

321. When a shipload of sacred earth was sent from Jerusalem to mingle with the common soil in the Campo Santo at Pisa, a new flower sprang up, the delicate and graceful anemone, which may still be found in the long grass of the place. So, when the good Spirit of God comes into our hearts and abides there, something brighter and better than the wind-flower will appear. All the beautiful blossoms of his grace will begin to bloom in our life. **The fruit of the Spirit is love,** joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

322. By Cleansing Us. The floor of an old castle was always found as free from dust as if it had been recently swept. But as no maid's care was ever bestowed upon it, there was a superstition, and the uneducated of the neighborhood actually believed, that a good-natured fairy constantly swept the neglected floor. The real cause of the phenomenon is supposed to have been found in the constant draft of air which, rushing through the crannies of the rock, effectually carried off the dust before it had time to accumulate. **For cleansing the ever-accumulating dust and filth of sin in the human heart,** other than mere human agency is unquestionably necessary. God's spirit, compared to the wind "blowing where it listeth," is the only power equal to this stupendous task.—G. D., Hom. Review.

323. Conviction of Sin. At a meeting of the college men of the Christian associations of the State of Ohio, when I was speaking of **the deadening influence of unconfessed sin** upon the life of a Christian, one of the students fairly sobbed aloud in his distress, and at the close of the meeting went to his room in the hotel and wrote this letter: "Dear Father: Last summer I went to your private drawer and took out $20. I am not now able to return it, but I write to you to ask your forgiveness, as I have already asked God." And when the letter was signed and sealed and dropped into the post box **the burden of sin rolled away from the heart of that man,** and he entered upon a career of Christian service he never had even dreamed of before. Testimonies received concerning him have revealed the fact that God has simply led him from one place of power to another since that time of sharp struggle when the day broke upon him.—Chapman.

324. Christian Life without the Spirit Impossible. There is not a daisy, that was not organized to be a daisy, but I should like to see one that did not have the sun to help it up from the seed; there is not an aster that was not organized to be an aster, but where is there one that grew independent of the sun! What the sun is to flowers, that the Holy Ghost is to the soul.

325. Have you been filled with the Holy Ghost **for the development of Christian character,** love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and self-control? Mr. Finney used to say that it was just as wicked for a man to be disobeying the command to be filled with the Spirit, as for an impenitent person not to yield the will to the eternal God, and I almost believe it—nay, I do believe it.

But that is a great word—"filled with the Spirit of God." There is room for various things in this tumbler, but if it were filled with water there would not even be room for the atmosphere.

326. The following instance was frequently cited by Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon: An American with an English gentleman was viewing the Niagara whirlpool rapids, when he said to his friend: "Come, and I'll show you the greatest unused power in the world;" and taking him to the foot of Niagara Falls, "There", he said, "is the greatest unused power in the world!" "Ah, no my brother. Not so!" was the reply. **"The greatest unused power in the world is the Holy Spirit of the living God."**

327. The Greek or Roman advocate helped his client in two different ways. Sometimes he spoke for the client before the tribunal, as our advocates do, and it is in this sense that Christ is called **our Advocate,** pleading for us before the throne. But in other cases the advocate merely prepared a speech which the client might speak for himself. It is in this sense that the **Holy Spirit is our Advocate. He teaches us what to pray for.**—John A. Broadus, D. D.

328. The Spirit gives us wisdom. Madam Guyon lived in the darkest of times, and kept alive a spark of God's grace and a manifestation of the Holy Ghost. At one time, when her husband was called into court this woman spent some time in prayer with God. Then she went into the court-room, and standing there before the judges, she so **spoke by the spirit of God that she revealed what their stupid understanding had not seen about that case until** they reversed their rulings and set her husband free. After her husband had died she had been made an arbitrator in a suit of great importance, in which there were twenty-two contestants, who knew that if they took ther suits into court somebody else would get the money rather than any of the twenty-two contestants. While this complicated case was still pending, these twenty-two contestants came to this godly woman and said, "We believe in you and we will put this case into your hands." Only for this one thing, that she might be the cause of avoidance of strife among her fellows, she said she would consider it. She took one month—never going out of her room save to her meals and to the place of public prayer of waiting before God, **receiving in an especial manner the Holy Spirit** for that purpose. She made the contestants accept her decision before the sealed papers were opened, and after they were opened every one of the twenty-two contestants expressed a satisfaction with the justice of her decision and with the award that she had made.—Mills.

329. Years ago I was called in early spring to preach to a church which had been greatly rent and torn by discord and divisions among its members. I knew of the fact, but took no part in it; indeed, not the slightest notice of it. The subject of my first discourse was the **necessity of honoring the Holy Spirit.** Then showed the need of praying to him for a baptism of patience, forbearance, and especially more of the Father's love. Did not Jesus say, "He, the Spirit, shall take of mine"? Yes, and this was a strong argument for enforcing this duty. What was the result? you ask. From that very day a quickening spirit entered the church. **Dry bones began to live,** alienated hearts were sweetly, lovingly drawn together; the spirit of repentance and confession prevailed among the members; confessing their faults to one another in the prayer-meeting was quite common. Very soon **some of the vilest sinners were convicted of sin** and of judgment, and fear came upon many and many were drawn unto him. This state of things continued all summer, and finally reached the Sabbath-school. Several of the older scholars were hopefully converted and united with the church. The wilderness became a garden, and this desert church blossomed as the rose. It looked as though the old prophet had returned to earth and was praying for us the old-fashioned prayer: Awake, O north wind, and come thou south.

330. S. D. Gordon thus illustrates **the meaning of Comforter** and his method: "Here is a boy in school, head down, puzzling over a 'sum'. It won't 'come out.' He figures away, and his brow is all knotted up, and a worried look is coming into his face, for he is a conscientious little fellow. But he cannot seem to get it right, and the clouds gather thicker. By and by the teacher comes and sits down by his side. It awes him a little to have her quite so close. But her kindness of manner mellows the awe. 'How are you getting along?'. 'Won't come out right,' in a very despondent tone. 'Let me see—did you subtract that——?' 'Oh-h-! I forgot that,' and a little light seems to break, as he scratches away for a few moments; then pauses, 'And this figure here, should it be——?' 'Oh-h-h, I see'. More scratching, and a soft sigh of relief, and the knitting brows un-

ravel, and the face brightens. The teacher did not do the problem for him. She did better. She let him feel her kindly interest, first of all, and gave just the light, experienced touch that showed him the way out, and yet allowed him the peculiar pleasure of getting through himself. — **That is what 'Comforter' means".**

331. An inventor was talking about electric conduits. "Do you know that great power-house of the traction company on the avenue? Well, the manager will tell you that 40 per cent. of the electricity generated there is lost because of **imperfect conduits.** Think of that for prodigious waste! Almost half of the product of that great plant for nothing!"

Well might the inventor wax emphatic over this excessive waste of energy. But while he was talking our mind turned to a similar waste of greater power, and for the same reason. The thought is surely not irreverent that **the very power of the Spirit of God is rendered unavailing because it must flow through human conduits that are imperfect.**—The Wellspring.

332. There is nothing more clearly taught in the Bible than that **the Holy Spirit guides in our work** as well as in the study of the Word. Too frequently this is ignored. Christians believe this guidance is for the preacher. Lay Christians are allowed to choose for themselves this or that kind of work, and this or that place of work. Very little is thought of submitting themselves to **the guidance of the Spirit in the matter of service.** Surely this must be the reason why so many in our churches are doing nothing. There is no duty in the church in which he will not direct us, and no soul he will not guide to the place he would have him fill.—Len G. Broughton.

333. At the great engine factory of Bolton & Watt, the first factory worked by steam, Mr. Bolton said to Dr. Johnson "Sir, we sell here the thing all men are in search of—**power."**

334. There is a curious little invention of Japan, by which small dry wisps of wood or straw, by some magic, when dropped into a bowl of water, spread into flowers, and stars, and graceful shapes. One moment they seem dry and dead; the next, as by a miracle, they expand, blossom, change into strange beauty. Thus, by **the power of the Holy Spirit,** a human soul, chill, dry, barren, is bathed in a flood of heavenly enthusiasm, and from that baptism, arises, mighty to help the Lord in the salvation of the world.—Margaret E. Sangster.

335. What a green and pleasant country England is! Even the winters are genial. And the spring is soon when the hawthorn blossoms and the nightingales sing. But England is in the latitude of Labrador. Brief are the summers there; for almost the whole year reign there the chill and the grip of winter. Sailing homeward once by the northern route it was not long before the mists and cold which belonged to Labrador caught and kept the steamer. Why? We had sailed beyond **the genial current of the Gulf Stream.** Those warming waters, wrapping England, enable it for its fertility and its verdure.

Do we not need such enabling for the noble living our religion demands? It is for us—is another essential meaning of our religion: it is for us in the Holy Spirit. Says a rare, sweet Hindu Christian—"While the old Hindu Scriptures have given us some beautiful precepts of living, the new dispensation of Christ has given us grace to carry these principles into practice; and that makes all the difference in the world."—Wayland Hoyt, D. D., In Christian Intelligencer.

336. Assurance. A pastor in a certain city had a Sunday-school superintendent who was a man who fulfilled every religious duty faithfully, as it seemed, but he said to the pastor one day, "I never knew whether I was saved or not; I have always been troubled about that. I have gone about my duties as faithfully as I might, but I have never known whether I was a child of God or not." The pastor said, "I can tell you how you may know. Promise me this, that every time that God calls this thought to your heart, you will kneel down and say, 'Oh, God, send thy Holy Spirit fully into my heart that I may know that I am a child of God. You will do it for Christ's sake. Amen.'" The next morning he rose up and came down stairs and took his newspaper to read and he thought of his promise about that prayer, and he knelt down and prayed, "Oh God, send Thy Holy Spirit in his fullness into my heart, that I may know that I am a child of God. You will do it for Christ's sake. Amen." After a while he went to his office and there came to him again this thought, and he went into a secret place, and there he knelt down and prayed the same prayer. Over and over again that day he prayed this prayer, until there began to dawn into his soul a new confidence. The next morning, before he took up the paper,

he knelt down and offered the same prayer, and when he rose up and took his paper again to read it, he could not read it. It seemed to him as though the page was blank, until at last he bowed again before God and **God poured into him the fullness of the confidence of a child** of God in that marvellous manifestation of the helpful presence of the Holy Ghost.—Mills.

337. The Spirit will enable the witness-bearer to speak with boldness. "When they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, they spake the Word of God with boldness." What a change came over the disciples on the Day of Pentecost. A short time before, they were afraid to acknowledge that they even knew Christ. Peter denied him, and swore in order to give the denial emphasis. After his crucifixion, they were hiding away in a little upper room, fearing lest they should be mobbed. But after they were filled with the Holy Spirit Peter, with the other disciples, faced the Jewish mob and preached Christ unto them. Afterward, Peter and John were arrested and commanded not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus, but no Sanhedrin or court could frighten them now. They declared they would obey God rather than man, and would boldly speak the things which they had heard and seen. There is nothing that will give the Christian such **boldness** as the conscious realization that God Almighty, with all the power of heaven and earth, stands by him to furnish him all needed assistance in accomplishing his mission.

338. The earnest of the Spirit. We do not have an **earnest** in these days and in these countries, although they still do in some Oriental countries. In the old way of transacting business, if a man bought a piece of property, when the transfer was made, in order to indicate that it had been completed, the former owner of the property took a bag of dirt, or a handful of it, and handed it over to the next proprietor, and when he received that he owned the whole field. He did not have it all where he could put his hands upon it in a second, but he owned it all, and he did have some of it of the very same character and quality as the rest. And this is what I believe about the fullness of the Holy Ghost. I do not think as yet that my soul has been large enough to appropriate him all, and I still do hunger, waiting for the redemption of the body; but I have some of everything that I am going to have in the eternal world of glory, something for my body, something for my mind and for my soul, and I expect to have nothing differing in quality but only in degree when I shall stand clad in the white robes of the Lord Jesus—no difference between his face and mine, or between his heart and that which shall beat within my breast. Some of it I have. He has given me the earnest of his Holy Spirit, if I will only realize it, **something of all the life or the infinite glory that is to come.**

He has given me this earnest to be as a seal. What does a seal do? Stamp it on the wax and take it up, and there on the wax is exactly the thing that was on the seal. The Holy Spirit has come to me to be to me something of all that is coming unto me, and stamped upon me to make me over again into the likeness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

339. A boy had a dove so tame that it would perch upon his shoulder and take food from his hand. One day he held out a tempting morsel, and, being in an ill-natured mood, just as the dove was about to eat he closed his hand. The bird turned away disappointed. He held out his hand again, the dove came forward timidly, but once more the hand was closed. With drooping wings the dove went to the farther corner of the room. Once more the hand was extended. This time the bird hesitated, finally it came forward slowly, hesitatingly, it was just about to take the food when the hand was again closed. Then the dove spread its wings and flew away, and the boy never saw that dove again.

The Holy Spirit may be grieved, effectually grieved. His gentle monitions may be so slighted, his wooing influences so evil-entreated, that in sorrow he will retire or suspend his gentle ministry.

340. Hear the pledge of Jesus Christ: **"I will not leave you comfortless:** I will come unto you. Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." As long as God lives and our souls live, so long does this pledge stand. It is true, we cannot always feel this presence. But we can always know that it is there, always think of it, so long as thought endures, always rest upon it forever and forever; and the reason why this promise is given is that we may hold fast to this truth. There may be a moment in the very depths of sorrow and anguish when the presence is hidden from us. But is it not because we are stunned, unconscious? **It is like passing through a surgical operation.** The time comes for the ordeal. The anaesthetic is ready. You stretch out your hand to your friend: "Don't leave me, don't forsake me." The last thing you feel is the

clasp of that hand, the last thing you see is the face of that friend. Then a moment of darkness, a blank—and the first thing you see is the face of love again. So the angel of God's face stands by us, bends above us, and we may know that he will be there even when all else fails. . . Amid the mists that shroud the great ocean beyond the verge of mortal life, there is one sweet, mighty voice that says: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. In all thy afflictions I will be with thee, and the angel of my face shall save thee".—Dr. Henry van Dyke.

SIN. (341–623)

The Fall. Sin's Beginnings. (341–344)

341. The Surrendered Fort. Let us take an illustration of what we are now speaking about. Suppose we compare the soul of Adam to a fort, or palace. When God created him good, and put him in the garden of Eden, then that fort belonged to God, with all the goods that were in it. It was God's fort, and God's flag was flying on the walls of it. Satan wanted to conquer that fort, and get possession of it for himself. He knew that God, the owner of this fort, was stronger than he was, and so he did not try to storm the fort, or take it by violence. He saw that there was only one way in which he could succeed, and that was by deceit and treachery. He could not batter down the walls of the fort, or force open the gates. So he came to Adam and Eve, and told them lies about God, and tried to persuade them to open the gates of the fort, and let him in. And this is just what they did when they broke God's law, and obeyed Satan rather than God. **They opened the gates of the fort to him, and let him in.** He took possession of it as his own. He hauled down God's flag from the walls of the fort, and ran up his own flag in the place of it.

342. A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but **the water getting into the ship.** So in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do whilst he remains in the body, but by the world living in him. **The world in the heart has ruined millions** of immortal souls. How careful is the mariner to guard against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink; and ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet into the heart?—New York Observer.

343. At a U. S. Arsenal in New York a large gun lay, marked "condemned". I asked the attendant why that apparently perfect piece of work was condemned. He pointed out **some little indentations** about the size of a pin head, which dotted the gun in a dozen places. These seemed insignificant. They seemed very minute in comparison with the size of the steel ingot. They did not appear to go deeper than a thirty-second of an inch; and yet **the gun was condemned.** No one could tell what the extent would be of the influence of those bubbles. For all that could be determined there might be a weakness extending through the entire piece of metal, so that in the crisis of war or battle, the mighty engine capable of hurling half a ton of metal a dozen miles and hitting a target with fine accuracy, might, nevertheless, under the heat of battle and the strain of powder, burst into a thousand fragments. **We can not afford to ignore our slightest faults.** Some basic flaw may destroy our characters and ruin others, be we ever so perfect in other points. "Cleanse thou me from hidden faults." **Remember the pinhead spots that ruined the gun.**

344. Tertullian called sin **"the Great Interloper."**

Sin's Nature—Growth—Methods. (345–369)

345. Satan is loath to relinquish his hold upon his servants. **Dr. W. L. Watkinson** tells us of how some misguided scientists have recently succeeded in producing what he calls a diabolical fad. By grafting a portion of one insect on the body of another, they have made new organisms in which are conjoined beings of directly opposite natures — miserable creatures, with the clash of irreconcilable impulses, and instincts that tear each other! The doctor imagines a spider-butterfly, with "a passion for the sunshine and a love for darkness, with a longing for roses and a thirst for blood, demanding inconsistent satisfaction; the creature perplexed within itself, afraid of itself, devouring itself."

Yet there is that selfsame thing in us. We are that spider-butterfly. "The thing that I would, I do not... I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I find **a law in my members warring against the law of the spirit of my mind.**" That is the antagonism. We are in a hopeless struggle with a

monster that cleaves to us, and from which we cannot extricate ourselves because it is a part of ourselves. That is the dreadful **"body of death"** which Paul pictures, and which we recognize as our very own.

Stevenson's "Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is not so strange to us, for the two men of diverse characters are both present in us, joined in a mystery of one personality. With far more searching insight than Stevenson does **Edgar Allan Poe** represent this same antagonism in **"William Willson"**, who was constantly encountering a gentler man of the same name, and with a manner and voice which were wondrously like his own, yet as unlike as sanctity is unlike depravity. This namesake, dogged his steps, thwarted his purposes, dashed the evil cup from his lips, and intruded upon every critical hour with an uplifted finger of warning. Tormented by his impertinent intrusion, William, on one occasion, drew his rapier and thrust his gentle double through and through. The dying man uttered these awful words: "Henceforth art thou also dead—dead to the world, to heaven, and to hope! In me didst thou exist; and in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly **thou hast murdered thyself.**" All of which is in full accord with Paul's powerful picture of the moral perversion and degeneration of **a soul divided against itself, or the conflict between the lower and higher natures.**

Hawthorne impersonates **Egotism,** as poor Roderick Elliston carrying in his bosom an enormous green reptile, with an ice-cold lengthy body, and the deadliest poison in his sting. It ate into and absorbed his very being. **It stung him when he thought of a brother's excellence, and gave him pleasure when calamity overtook a friend.** It awakened a preternatural insight into others' defects, which he delighted to expose. It turned his face into a sickly green, mingling with his natural deadly white. It put poison into his breath, and turned his speech into a revolting hiss. He was a crawling, shuddering thing. That was bad enough; but what made it worse was, wedded to this repulsive thing, was sweet love. One might be content to be just a serpent; but to be both a serpent and a dove, is to writhe in the Inferno of contention.—The Living Word.

346. It is not enough to apply the teachings of the Bible merely to our outward acts—we must apply them also to all our inner life, our thoughts, our feelings, our desires, our motives, our intentions. Thoughts are things. **Bad thoughts may stain a life** till nothing about it remains clean, while no outward sin has been committed. There are people who never think for a moment of killing anybody and yet their hearts are full of hatred, of unforgiveness, and of all bitter feeling against others. They never think of having broken the Sixth Commandment, but Jesus says they have broken it. **The obedience Christ wants is obedience of the heart.** He teaches us to love others. Unloving thoughts, he tells us, hinder us in our praying. If we come to worship God and remember that we have done any wrong to another person, we are to go away first and confess our wrong and seek forgiveness and then come back and go on with our worship. We are to keep our hearts pure, for impure desires and feelings grieve God, even though we do no impure act. We are not to be revengeful, paying back in kind those who have harmed us, an eye for an eye, but are to bear wrongs patiently, forgiving those who injure us. We are to love not only those who love us, but also those who hate us. Someone said divine love is loving people we do not like.

347. Sin always hides its face with some sort of veil or curtain. The Israelites pretended not to be real idol-worshippers like the heathen. This was to be an image of the true God, — disobedient to him, they did not forsake him. This sort of self-deception is shown in the old story of Alcibiades, of whom it is said that he embroidered a curtain with lions and eagles, the most stately of beasts and birds, that he might the more closely hide the picture that was under, full of owls and satyrs, the most sadly remarkable of other creatures. Thus Satan embroiders the curtain with the image of virtue, that he may easily hide the foul picture of sin that is under it.

348. No one lets sin into our lives but ourselves. Satan cannot force the gates. Our sin is never anyone's fault but our own. Sometimes it is hard to recognize this, and sometimes it is easy; but recognize it we must if we would ever hope to overcome sin. Every sin is a defeat, and defeat is possible in this warfare only through the aid of those within the garrison. There is not much credit to ourselves, in this thought, for past defeat; there is a world of encouragement here for future victory, if we will put the keeping of the garrison into the hands of One whom sin has never conquered. But the first step toward

such victory is to acknowledge the whole blame of every failure.

349. The Scriptural teaching that **sin consists, not so much in the outward act, as in the intention, the will,** the wrong attitude of the soul, is well illustrated by an event which happened in Prussia: An aged and wealthy physician was found dead in his bed with finger-marks around his throat and a knife-wound in his chest; his house had been plundered. Soon after this event an upholsterer in a neighboring town was arrested with some of the stolen property in his possession. He made a full confession, telling how he had killed the aged physician in his sleep. The case seemed to be perfectly clear, but at the trial the doctors, who made the autopsy, testified that the physician died that night of apoplexy and must have been dead for some time before the burglar broke into the house. In spite, therefore, of his murderous intention and attempt the burglar could be punished only for burglary.

350. The little sins get in at the windows and open the doors for the big house-breakers.

351. You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. **Little faults** can do it just as well.

352. Sin as a caterpillar, is bad enough, but **sin as a butterfly** is a thousand times worse. On every wing there is a picture as varied as the rainbow. There is a power in sin to make itself attractive. Sin beautifies itself by assuming and wearing the wings of wit, the wings of fashion, the wings of art, the wings of attractive and pleasing names.—David Gregg.

353. There is a form of deafness known to physicians in which the person affected is **able to hear everything except words.** In such a case the ear, as an apparatus for mere hearing, may be so perfect that the tick of a watch or the song of a bird is readily appreciated, but owing to a local injury deeper than the ear,—for it is in the brain itself,—all spoken words of his mother-tongue are as unintelligible to the sufferer as those of a foreign language. Give him a book, and he may read as understandingly as ever, but every word addressed to him through his ear reaches his consciousness only as a sound, not as a word. There is a **moral deafness** which corresponds to this physical infirmity, but which, instead of being rare, is as common as it is harmful and disabling. To all men there is given an inner ear, which has been fashioned to hear wisdom's words, but often seems so dull of hearing that there appears no sign of response to her utterances. — W. H. Thompson.

354. A church bell was out of order, and gave out a shrill sound. They sent to the firm which made the bell—they must know what was wrong. And the firm sent a man to discover, if possible, the secret. And he did discover it. Just a few drops of oil had dropped down when some one had oiled the bearings above, and had settled upon the lower rim of the great bell! That was all; but it had proved to be enough to raise the tone of the bell several degrees. The man wiped the oil away, and the bell came back to its accustomed sound. How much this is like the result of the wrong acts we do! Often we call the deeds we perform so small that they will make no difference to any one in the world. They are hidden away, so we think, in the secret recesses of our own hearts. No one knows anything about them except ourselves and God, and he will forgive us, he is so merciful. But there they are, like the tiny drops of oil trickling down the side of the bell, and **by and by they will surely change the tone of the song we are trying to sing.**—The Classmate.

355. Sin's spread is like that of a great plague. Between A. D. 250-262 a pestilence raged all over the Roman Empire, from Egypt to the Hebrides. In some Italian cities, three-fourths and even four-fifths of the population perished. Men died like flies. Gibbon says that statisticians of the succeeding age estimated that half the human race perished in twelve years.—Phelps.

356. There is in every heart a dark chamber. There are very, very few of us that dare tell all our thoughts and show our inmost selves to our dearest ones. The most silvery lake that lies sleeping amidst beauty—itself the very fairest spot of all—when drained off, shows ugly ooze and filthy mud, and all manner of creeping abominations in the slime. **I wonder what we should see if our hearts were drained off,** and the very bottom layer of everything brought into the light! Do you think you would stand it? Well, then, go to God and ask him to keep you from unconscious sins. —Alex. Maclaren.

357. Our besetting sins are peculiarly humiliating. They cling to us so firmly after we have determined to be rid of them. It is no excuse for us, but it is

comforting to remember that **everybody else is tempted similarly** and that our heavenly Father understands the situation even better than we do. It is a strong temptation to make special excuses for such sins. Sometimes and to some extent this is proper. For example, he who, like so many, has inherited the desire for strong drink certainly has in that fact a special excuse for committing that sin. He is **not to blame for the hereditary taste** which he cannot help having. It is his misfortune and not his fault. But this excuse is not a justification. He is actually and seriously to blame for yielding. The knowledge of his inherited tendency should serve as **a special and solemn warning and restraint, fortifying him** against tampering with the temptation which he knows is graver for him than for others. Besetting sins are to be conquered, like any other, by prayer and faith and courage and sturdy resistance.

358. Sir Richard Temple, who lived in the time of the French Revolution, recovered a ring that was a family relic. In it was a very delicate music-box, and whenever a little spring was touched a beautiful tune was rendered. The owner of this ring was arrested and imprisoned. During his lonely hours he could touch the tiny spring, put the ring to his ear and be cheered by its old sweet song. When his head was placed on the guillotine, the spring was touched and the song began. Upon the death of the owner, the ring was lost and, long afterward, when recovered, it would not sing—the song had ceased. Sir Richard took it to a jeweler in London who **discovered a tiny blood-clot** in the minute mechanism of the ring. This being removed, the song began again. The Christian heart filled with the love of Christ has its song of joy and peace. **But sin—a very small sin—will silence that song.** If we would have it begin again we must bring our sinful heart to Jesus who can remove the clot of sin.

359. A famous ruby was offered for sale to the English government. The report of the crown jeweler was that it was the finest he had ever seen or heard of; but that one of the "facets", one of the little cuttings of the face, was slightly fractured. The result was that **that almost invisible flaw reduced its value** by thousands of pounds, and it was rejected from the regalia of England.

When **Conova** was about to commence his famous statue of the great Napoleon his keenly observant eye detected **a tiny red line** running through the upper portion of the splendid block that at infinite cost had been brought from Paros, and he refused to lay a chisel upon it.

In the story of the early struggles of the elder **Herschel,** while he was working out the problem of gigantic telescopic specula, you will find that he made scores upon scores before he got one to satisfy him. **A scratch like a spider thread caused one to be rejected,** although it had cost him weeks of toil.

360. Rev. G. P. Merrick, of Holloway Prison, England, has compiled statistics which show that **crime is not very remunerative.** For 372 cases of housebreaking, which "gave employment" to 488 men, the average "earnings" were only $63.50. Four hundred and twenty-two pickpockets had to divide the proceeds of 364 successful attempts, the average takings being $22.75. Defrauding pays better. In 309 cases of this sort, each partner received, on an average, $731.75. But as there is a long time of inaction between each case, criminals are among the worst "paid" individuals.

361. It is a startling truth that **God knows all the details of sin in a man's life;** every movement of the unreasoning, obstinate resistance to the influence of holiness, every undiscovered downward step in sin; till, when the persuading hand is utterly cast off, the voice of mercy completely drowned, he applies some decisive test, which perhaps would be an upward inspiration to a struggling soul, but which there provokes the drunken debauchery, or the stroke of forgery, or the murderous blow, or the outburst of blasphemy, which proclaims to the world not only the justice, but the necessity of divine vengeance. Men are startled and amazed. But God is not overtaken by surprise. He is only showing to men the fact which has resulted from **those secret processes of resistance to truth which have been from their beginning before his eyes.**

362. Sin is unbelief. Martineau speaks of men who "if they were told some day that God was dead, would go on pretty much as they do now."

363. Unbelief breeds a spirit of materialism which, as Matthew Arnold said, "Considers it the highest pitch of civilization if it can only make its trains run every half hour between one dismal little village and another, and carry messages to and fro of the dismal life in each."

364. Sin is disobedience. A man, who had been a drunkard with all a drunkard's hard knocks, lay dying, now reconciled to God. A preacher said to him, "Yes, I know this is a hard old world." "No," said the dying man, "don't say that. **It is just what we make it.** The world is all right. We

alone are wrong." Obedience and love to God are the obligation of all.

365. Disobedience is not only rebellion, but insurrection. It holds up a disloyal standard for others to follow. It includes in its suffering the woes of those who become its innocent victims. The drunkard's family share the sorrow of his reckless career. It, while it begins in the soul, soon affects the whole being and the whole world. A Christian man, apart from hereditary taint, ought to have the soundest body and the best equipped mind, considering his circumstances, as well as the purest soul, of any.

366. Soon after **Randolph's** recovery from a severe sickness in 1816, he was dining at the house of a prominent politician with a large and mixed company. "Among them," to use his own words, "was a hoary-headed debauchee, whose vices had completely shattered his constitution, and whose days seemed to be numbered. And yet", said Randolph, "he **had the audacity to call in question the existence of the Deity,** presuming, I suppose, that there were many kindred spirits there. I happened to sit directly opposite to him, and I felt so disgusted with his impiety that I could not help saying: 'I think, sir, that you might better have been silent on that subject, for judging from appearances, you, in a short time, will have ocular proof of the power of that God whose existence you now so boldly question. You can afford to wait, sir, the few remaining days of your life, and in common courtesy **you should not shock the feelings of others by the exhibition of your blasphemy!**' He turned pale with anger," adds Randolph, "and even trembled; but made no rejoinder, and the company soon separated. We met more than once subsequently, but never afterward renewed our acquaintance, and whether his courage to brave death continued or not, I do not know."

367. Jesus represents himself as seated on the throne of his glory. Among the thousands standing before him, many **who have not done the will of God on earth** will try and make out a strong case for themselves by recounting the good words that they have said and the good works that they have done. The only answer will be, **"I never knew you; depart."** Elegant and even earnest sermons will not save a faithless minister. Large checks to the missionary cause will not purchase the salvation of a sinful millionaire. The rescuing of a drunkard from his dissipations, thus casting out the devil of intemperance, will **count for nothing if the heart of the rescuer be not right with God.** The endowing of a college, the founding of a hospital, or the building of a cathedral, loudly as that may be applauded here, will bring no commendation at the judgment if the philanthropist be a worker of iniquity; that is, **disobedient** and unforgiven. —Golden Rule.

368. Spurgeon tells of a prosperous worldling who acknowledged that he did many wicked things, but **denied that he hated God.** One day, however, there came a fearful flood that threatened to destroy this man's flour mill, and he, looking on, poured out the most terrible imprecations against God. He no longer doubted that **he hated God;** but what came out in that hour of testing was in his heart all the time.

369. Shelley, the poet, who, amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, and surrounded there by the sublime manifestations of God's power, had the hardihood to avow and record his atheism by writing against his name in the register kept for travelers, **"An Atheist!"** Another traveler who followed, shocked and indignant at the inscription, wrote beneath it, **"If an atheist, a fool; or if not, then a liar!"**

Doubt. (370–382)

370. He who has never questioned the truth of the things that are urged upon his acceptance in the name of religion; who has never felt the very foundations parting beneath his feet, and who has never agonized, in the grasp of giant and overwhelming difficulties, may be congratulated on the strength of his faith, but cannot be complimented on the depth of his intellect.—Dr. George C. Lorimer, in "Isms".

371. Skepticism and free-thinking, are the feverish paroxysms of the human mind, and must needs at length confirm the health of well-organized souls by the unnatural convulsion which they occasion. The demand for conviction and firm belief will be strong and pressing in proportion to the torment occasioned by the pangs of doubt.—Dr. George C. Lorimer.

372. An old lady on a sinking ship was told that they had no other hope but to trust in Providence.—**"Has it come to that!"** said she.

373. The following is the testimony to his own experience borne by **Prof. Clifford,** the ablest, most scholarly, most candid, **most noble-minded atheist of the century:** "It cannot be doubted that theistic belief is a comfort and a solace to those who hold it, and that the loss of it is a very painful loss. It cannot

be doubted at least by many of us who have parted from it with such searching trouble as only cradle faiths can cause. We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth; **we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead.** Our children, it may be hoped, will know that sorrow only by the reflex light of a wondering compassion."

374. A converted skeptic was asked how he felt in reference to the resurrection and other truths about which he had caviled. "O, sir," he replied, **"two words from God's book conquered me: 'Thou fool!'.** Do you see this Bible?" taking up a beautiful copy of the Scriptures, fastened with a silver clasp. "Will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?" His friend read, engraved on the silver clasp, "Thou fool!" "There," said the owner, "are the words which conquered me. It was no argument, no reasoning, no satisfying my objections; but God convincing me that I was a fool, and thenceforward, I determined I would have my Bible clasped with those words, 'Thou fool!' and never again come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries but through their medium. I will remember that I am a fool, and God only is wise."

375. Rev. H. C. Hovey, D. D. was a personal friend of Colonel Ingersoll. Early in his ministry he was preaching a series of sermons on evolution and kindred themes, and large audiences gathered to hear him. Among them was Ingersoll, who after one of the sermons took the preacher aside and gave him this sarcastic but very sensible advice: "Your people have built up a system of religion **with whose foundation stones you are fooling.** My advice to you is to quit. You are hired to preach Christ and him crucified; you had better stick to your calling."—Christian Observer.

376. It is said that **Sir W. Raleigh** burnt the second part of his "World's History" because he was **unable to verify a little incident which occurred in his presence**—under his very eyes, while a prisoner in the Tower of London. He said: "How many falsehoods must this work contain. If I cannot assure myself of an event which happened in my presence, how can I venture to describe those which occurred thousands of years before I was born; or those which passed at a distance, since my birth? Truth! Truth! This is the sacrifice which I owe to thee!"

377. Rochester turned to Christ in his closing hours.

378. Hume was not a stranger to the house of God, but, in Scotland, sometimes joined the people in solemn worship.

379. Voltaire reared a church at Ferney.

Collins insisted that his servants should be faithful to the claims of the sanctuary.

Robespierre decreed the extraordinary festival to the Supreme Being.

380. Huxley plead for the retention of the Bible in education.

Tyndall grew indignant over the imputation cast upon his belief in the Deity.

M. Littre, in the shadow of the grave said: "Happy are they who have faith."

381. There is in most minds **a moment of regret and reaction** immediately after a decision has been arrived at; and the arguments on the other side never appear so forcible as when you have resolved, and have proclaimed your resolution, to act in contravention of them. —Helps.

382. It is said that the nebular hypothesis of Herschel was **due to the lack of power of his 40-foot reflector, rather than to ascertained data.** He mistook the limitations of his instrument for actual facts.

Sin's Power—Slavery—Habit. (383–396)

383. The story runs that, as **Abdallah** lingered over his morning repast, **a little fly alighted on his goblet,** took a sip, and was gone. It came again and again; increased its charms; became bolder and bolder; grew in size till it presented the likeness of a man; consumed Abdallah's meat, so that he grew thin and weak while his guest became great and strong. Then contention arose between them, and the youth smote the demon, so that he departed; and the youth rejoiced at his deliverance. But the demon soon came again, charmingly arrayed, and was restored to favor. On the morrow the youth came not to his teacher. The mufti, searching, found him in his chamber, lying dead upon his divan. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger, broader than the palm of a mighty man. His treasures were gone. In the garden the mufti discovered the footprints of a giant, one of which measured six cubits. Such is the Oriental portrayal of **the growth and power of habit.**

In a letter to a friend, **Samuel Taylor Coleridge,** who was **addicted to the use of laudanum,** wrote: "For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been inexpressible, but the consciousness of my guilt has been worse. I have prayed for de-

liverance with drops of agony on my brow, trembling not only before the Justice of God, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. You bid me rouse myself. Better go and bid a man paralyzed in both arms to rub them together and it will cure him. You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind and conscience and body. You bid me pray; Oh, I do pray—to be able to pray." So wrote the most gifted man of his day. At this time he was using three quarts of the drug a week. In one dreadful twenty-four hours he drank a quart! **Such is the bondage of Satan.** But God's grace redeemed him from that bondage.—Mackay.

384. A vessel, out on the broad Pacific, freighted with seven-score souls, foundered, and was lost with all on board. One can imagine the careless "lookout", who failed to foresee the peril, glancing back after the shock, as the ship went plunging on, and discerning the treacherous rock glistening in the glow of the vessel's sternlights. **But it was too late then.** How full of sad meaning are those lines found in **Hartley Coleridge's Bible:**

"When I received this volume small
My years were only seventeen;
When it was hoped I might be all
Which, once, alas! I might have been.
And now my years are twenty-five;
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am."

385. Suppose I meet a man who is **sowing seed,** and say: "Hello, stranger, what are you sowing?"

"Seed."

"What kind of seed?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you know whether it is good or bad?"

"No, I can't tell; but it is seed, that is all I want to know, and I am sowing it."

You would say that he was a first-class lunatic, wouldn't you? But he wouldn't be half so mad as the man who goes on sowing for time and eternity, and **never asks himself what he is sowing or what the harvest will be.**—D. L. Moody.

386. There is a suggestive painting called, **"Face to Face With Their Former Selves,"** which strikingly represents this truth. A man and woman are pictured, wandering hand in hand through a forest glade. From their faces the artist has blotted out every trace of nobility and purity. Blear-eyed, bloated, depraved, utterly lacking in human nature's redeeming lineaments, one shrinks instinctively from the scene. At the point where the picture has caught up their history, they have suddenly halted, and from their eyes there comes a startled gaze. Confronting them stand a boy and girl, pure and fresh in the innocency of youth, and there has just been flashed upon the minds of the elder pair the thought that they are reading a page torn from their own early history.

387. Suppose I go to a blacksmith and say: **"Make me a very long and heavy chain** of these dimensions. When done I will pay you." He lays aside his engagements and goes hard at work. I call as arranged and say: "I have concluded to make the chain longer; work on another week." Flattered with the promise of a fresh reward, he toils on. I call again and still insist: "It is too short." "But," says he, "my iron is expended and so is my strength. I want my pay." I urge him to add the last link of which he is capable. Then, instead of paying him, suppose **I bind him hand and foot** and cast him into a furnace of fire. **Such is the service of Satan.**—Field.

388. Could the young but realize how soon they will become **mere walking bundles of habits,** they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone.

389. A visitor, watching a woman counting apparently endless heaps of bank-notes, said, when the worker stopped to breathe: "I should think that this monotonous work of counting, continued for years, would bring on a disease of the brain."

"It would," promptly replied the official, "if we thought of it. But while I counted those notes I was planning a holiday for my little boy. I repeat the numbers unconsciously, as a musician touches the keys of the piano. **It is a habit.** It was not always so", she said, laughing. "When I began the work I was terrified by its importance. The officers, pacing up and down, robbed me of self-control. I touched the sheets with shaking fingers. I was working for the government! I went over the pile again and again, and even then made mistakes. I never make a mistake now. **I have the habit** of counting and do it automatically.

390. Habit is invincible. From early life, since the boy stood by his mother's knee, since the child was taught in the Sunday-school, the practice of impenitence, of disobedience to God, of delay of duty, has grown into greater fixedness. It has become as a rock. The

winds of many years have swept upon it; the storms of changing seasons have beat pitilessly against it; the sun has poured its burning rays into every part of it. It has hardened more and more. The custom of resistance of all motives, of all appeals, of all providences, has become established. **I go to those to whom I went thirty years ago with the winning words of Christ. I might as well speak to a citadel of stone.** Those tender words of the dear Master, which awoke some response so long ago, have lost all their charm and force. They are like cannon balls shot against the face of Gibraltar. They are like musketry flaming before the frowning palisades of Ehrenbreitstein. Joab could not lead his brave soldiery into the ramparts of Petra. **Custom can hardly be conquered.**—Rev. Burdette Hart.

391. It was a quaint and singularly wise remark, by a modern essayist, that **no one's example is so dangerous to us as our own;** for when we have done a certain thing once, it is much easier to do it again. It is the first step which counts in evil, as well as in good. The tendency of human nature to form habits, to run in grooves, is one of its most marked characteristics. Fortunately for us, it has its good side as well as its bad side. If we can only too easily form a habit of petulance, of ill-temper, we can also, by trying, form a habit of self-control; and each fresh victory over ourselves is easier than the first.

392. Sinful habit spins its threads of evil influence about us so rapidly that what were yesterday but filmy threads, today are thick cords. **The spider** is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen 3,480 yards of the threads—a length but a little short of two miles.

393. Forty-six years ago a man brought **a pair of English rabbits** into Australia, and it is estimated that the country has lost **a thousand million dollars** through the depredations of their descendants during the last ten years. What a startling illustration of the possible **evil consequences of one act** by one person, even if we consider merely its influence upon the man's own character!

394. The devil is diligent. Arabi Pasha was ordered to desist from fortifying Alexandria, by the English fleet. He professed to comply. But one night they flashed the great electric searchlight on the shore, and there his men were all at work, in the full glare of the light.

395. A very interesting point in the formation of a habit, taught by modern physiologists, says Emily Tolman, is that **fresh nervepaths tend to consolidate** apart from actual repetition. Thus a new task learned in the evening becomes easier to perform in the morning than it was the night before. Some German writers have even said that we learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter, meaning that having been taught skating one winter, the impression deepens unconsciously all through the summer, so that we begin better the next winter than we left off the preceding one. Thus the sub-conscious or unconscious mind comes to our aid in forming good habits.

396. According to the old fable, each man's personal sins are carried on his back, where they are open to the inspection of others, and largely hid from his own sight. The hazard of overlooking our own short-comings, when we indulge in harsh criticism of others, is illustrated again in the popular adage, that "they who live in glass houses should not throw stones," as well as in the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself." All of us may well utter the prayer of Burns,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

"Habits of thought", says an eminent physician and psychologist, "are as truly and readily and **often unconsciously established** as habits of body, and, indeed, the two are sometimes inscrutably mixed, as in the lines that habit has traced upon the face, rendering physiognomy a true science." Habits of wrong thinking should be avoided and habits of right thinking assiduously cultivated by all who wish for mental, moral or physical health.

Maudseley says: "Of no mental act can we say that it is 'writ in water.' Every impression of sense upon the brain, every current of molecular activity from one to another part of the brain, leaves behind it some after effect which renders its reproduction an easier matter." It rests with us to form habits of rejoicing rather than repining, of hoping rather than fearing, of loving rather than hating, till joy, hope and love have become second nature.—Emily Tolman, in The Interior.

Prof. Drummond once told of a man who went to consult a London physician about his eyes. He examined them with a delicate ophthalmoscope and then quietly said, "My friend, you are practicing a certain sin, and unless you give it up, in six months you will be

blind." For a moment the man stood trembling in the agony of discovery, and then turning to the sunlit window he looked out and exclaimed, "Farewell, sweet light, farewell." **He was a slave, bound hand and foot.**

SINS CLASSIFIED. THE DECALOGUE. (394–547)

The First Commandment. Other Gods. (397–401)

397. Morality and religion are inseparably connected. If a man will not be both moral and religious he cannot long be either. **Washington** was right when he said: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." This is a fact that needs restatement and new emphasis in our day. Many have talked and acted as if morality were self-sufficient and self-propagating, and that all that was needed was that men should have knowledge and ethical enlightenment. This is superficial thinking and can readily be demonstrated to be false by an appeal to history and life.—The Christian Advocate.

398. The denial of God, freedom, and immortality has always left morals without any foundation. **Ethics and morality are streams that flow from the fountains of the Christian religion.** The streams cannot continue to flow if the fountains are destroyed. We must look to a holy God for the unvarying standard, and to a holy love incarnated as a personal friend for the sufficient organizing motive and moral dynamic. Jesus of Nazareth declared the eternal law of ethics and morality when he said: **"Without me ye can do nothing."**

396. Your national banner is insulted; your blood boils in your veins, and you cannot rest until the wrong has been repaired. Your earthly friend is reviled in your presence; you would scorn yourself if you could submit with patience. **But "all wrongs are tolerable provided it is only God who is their object."** So, too often, men seem to reason.

400. Evil premeditated is evil at its best—attractive, desirable, full of promises which the senses can understand and the passions love; but **evil perpetrated is evil at its worst**—hideous, hateful, stripped of its illusions and clothed in its native misery. In his anger at finding Jesus not to be the Christ he had hoped for and desired, Judas deserted and betrayed him; in the terrible calm that succeeded indulgence he awoke to the realities within and about him, saw how blindly he had lived and hated, how far the Messianic ideal of Jesus transcended his own.—Dr. Fairbairn.

401. The late **James T. Fields** described **a scene enacted in the French Institute** in 1798. St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia", was requested to present a paper on "What institutions are the most proper to form a basis for public morals?" **He emphasized piety. His skeptical colleagues became violently agitated,** and, upon the mention of God's name the entire body lost self-control, St. Pierre was mocked and insulted. One member sneeringly inquired when he had seen God? Others charged him with being in his dotage. One cried out: "I swear that there is no God, and I demand that his name never again be pronounced within these walls."

The Second Commandment. Idolatry. (402–406)

402. The abominations of the Gentile world are not the crude rites of mankind, as many philosophers would have us believe, adapted to the infancy of human knowledge, expressing the natural sentiments of piety and reverence in a form as yet imperfectly developed, and promoting the education of the race in larger and juster views. They are not tendencies towards God in the direction of a proper worship, the feeble and obscure utterances of childhood, sincere and honest, but uninstructed. They are not the results of involuntary ignorance. **On the contrary, they are stages of degradation** which men have successively reached in their apostasy from God; they are the utterances of alienated hearts, the slanders of malignant and poisoned tongues. The heavens declare God's glory and the firmament showeth his handiwork; the invisible things of him are clearly seen, even his eternal power and Godhead, being understood by the things that are made. Creation and providence, the structure and laws of our own souls, proclaim his being, his attributes and his will; so that men are without excuse. There are radical principles in the mind which, if cherished and developed according to their proper tendencies, would rebuke the errors of the heathen; so that they may be said to know God as possessing the germs of that knowledge in the constituent elements of reason. The real difficulty is their reluctance to glorify his name. Hence, they become vain in their imaginations, suppress the light of nature, and their foolish heart is dark-

ened. Hence it is that they have **changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man,** and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things, and have changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator—Dr. Thornwell.

403. Mrs. Howard Taylor, in her biography of Pastor Hsi, tells how this earnest Christian taught the lesson to his fellow-villagers that there **is no other God but God.** Suspicious of him when he became a Christian, their respect for him grew as they noted his careful, upright life. And when they were about to choose a village elder, the official responsible for the collection of taxes, the care of the temples, and other public duties, "opinion became unanimous that no one was more suited to fill the position than the scholar Hsi, now that he was no longer an opium smoker." He tried to decline, but the office was forced upon him. Before accepting he made two stipulations:: that he should have nothing to do with the temple sacrifices, but should pray only to the true God; and that no one in the village should, during his term, worship the gods in the temple or bring gifts to them. The temple must be closed for a year. There was much discussion. Finally the citizens agreed to the terms. The temple was closed, and Hsi prayed to the true God for the' prosperity of the village. At the close of the year it was found that the affairs of the village had never been more prosperous, and the headman was re-elected on his own terms. Again . . . harvests were good, money matters successfully dealt with, and peace and contentment prevailed. . . **For three whole years the temple was closed,** and no public festivals were held in worship of the gods. At the close of the third year Hsi was once more unanimously chosen." But he was too much occupied with his Christian work, and declined. "When congratulated on the service he had rendered, he smilingly replied that perhaps the village had been saved some needless expense, adding: "By this time the idols must be quite starved to death. Spare yourselves now any effort to revive them." It was a practical lesson, not easily forgotten.—Sunday School Times.

404. A significant story is told of **Neesima,** who, when a little boy, **discovered that God must be a spirit,** since the idols he had been worshipping were nothing but wood. For a long time Neesima believed all his father told him about these gods, the idols — that they could take care of him and make him prosper if he gave them offerings and worshipped them, and they would punish him if he did not worship them. But after a while Neesima began to think for himself. He studied the idols in his home and saw that they were "only whittled out," or made with men's hands. He began to see that they could not eat, talk, see, smell, hear, or do anything. They did not eat the rice or drink the tea that was set before them, and he noticed that his father drank the wine that had been offered to them. Little by little he began to lose faith in them.

So one day, without telling anybody, he **bought an idol** at one of the shops and buried it in one corner of the garden. "If it comes up I will still believe," he said, "but if it does not I will never pray to an idol again." For several days nothing occurred, but one morning he found a tiny green shoot. Each day it grew a little, but no idol appeared, and at length he became impatient and dug down to see what was the matter. There was the idol just as he had planted it. The little green shoot was nothing but a grain of rice that had been lodged in the idol's arm and had sprouted and grown up into the light. **This made Neesima so sure that the idols had no power that he never prayed to them again.**—Missionary Comments.

405. Plato spent his life in warning men against mental mirages. Most men, he teaches, are the dupes of fascinating appearances; they mistake that which only seems to be for that which really is; they are haunted by delusions which they cannot distinguish from realities. By his doctrine of "shams" Carlyle has modernized this part of Plato's teaching. **The idea underlying the Old Testament's oft-repeated words, "'idol", "lies", and "vanity", is just the idea of a mirage. An idol is really an image which has no reality behind it;** lies, as in "refuges of lies", etc., are just cheating appearances; vanity is nothing which seems a something; "It is the name of an idol turned into a God."

"Success is the hammer with which I strike the world and find it hollow," writes a modern novelist. The most exact illustration I know of the mirage as an emblem of one side of human experience is given by De Quincy under the title "Laxton." His friend and pupil, **the Countess of Carberry,** who had been an orphan and a commoner, was raised to one of the most enviable positions in the kingdom. Everything in her lot promised perfect happiness. But this favorite of fortune, he tells us, "fell early into a sort of disgust with her own

advantages of wealth and station."—James Wells, D. D.

406. The Council of Trent decreed that "**images** were not only to be placed in the temples, but also to be worshiped as if the persons represented thereby were present;" and **Pope Pius IV**, said: "I most firmly assert that the images of Christ and of God and also of the saints are to be had and retained, and that due honor and veneration are to be given them."

The Russian Church carries its **reverence for pictures** to the point of idolatry. In the war between Japan and Russia, every Russian regiment had its picture, or "icon" as it is called, guarded by priests and deacons. General Kuropatkin's icon contained three larger and three smaller pictures of saints, and above them all a Russian cross. This icon, under the protection of a special guard, journeyed with him wherever he went.—Tarbell's Teacher's Guide.

The Third Commandment. Irreverence. (407–415)

407. It must be confessed that **this is in many ways an age of little reverence.** So much that men held sacred has been called into question, so confidently have the overturners of accepted beliefs spoken their own belief that Christianity has been overturned, so thoroughly has the crust of ancient prejudice and observance been broken up, that in some quarters it seems as if the fear of God and the respect for man alike have departed from the earth. Some of us, who would fain be reverent, find ourselves caught in eddies of unbelief from which it is difficult to escape. We feel, as all right-thinking men must feel, that we must approach God with humility, but we know not how to cultivate in ourselves that **spirit of reverence** which we know is befitting. It is well for us, therefore, to make the most of every avenue of knowledge, to use our mind and our imagination, **finding God in all that he has made**, in all the books of his revelation, in the highest qualities of the noblest men we know, and first and most in close companionship with Jesus, in whom alone we find God in his highest qualities of character. If loving knowledge grows, wonder and awe will grow. In the sense of **God's fatherhood**, which Jesus came to reveal, the thought of a child's fellowship with his desires and aims and methods will increase within us. No one can live with Christ without reverencing Christ. No one can think of his own life as a part of God's age-long plan without awe and humility.

408. As illustrating the wise tact of **"Chaplain" McCabe,** it is said of him that once when hearing a man **swearing viciously** and taking the name of Jesus upon his vulgar lips, the Methodist winner of souls, instead of rebuking him, as he walked up and down the railway platform where both men were waiting, began to hum the familiar refrains of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The man listened and was softened, and soon turned to Chaplain McCabe and said: "Sir, I beg y— your pardon. If Jesus is the lover of your soul, as he was of my mother's, I shall respect your feelings and not use his name in blasphemy again."

409. The Red Indians have not one single oath in their mother tongues. They do swear now, but they swear in English and French. Their wonderful reverence for the Great Spirit kept their language undefiled by profane words.

410. One day Randolph of Roanoke was at a dinner party in Virginia, given to a young army officer. The latter, at the table, was giving a glowing account of the churches in Mexico, one of the finest of which he said had been turned into barracks by the United States troops as they entered Mexico under General Scott. When one of the ladies present exclaimed, "Why, Captain, were you not afraid to do it?" the reply of the young captain, in a somewhat boastful manner, if not sneering tone, was: "Oh, no; for my part I have become so used to such things that **I could take my dinner on the altar itself** as comfortably as anywhere." **"And so would a hog, sir,"** said **Randolph,** looking sharply at the officer, while "in the silence that followed the terrible rebuke the very air of the room seemed to tingle, as the nerves of the guests did." The officer felt the rebuke and was silent, as well he might be.—Rev. Tryon Edwards, D. D.

411. An irreverent world means a world out of harmony with God's purposes, proud, self-willed, with low and short-sighted aims, wanting the strength of quietness, the blessing of peace. The irreverent man is the unconscious but not the happy instrument of God's work. His sight is limited, his plans are but for a day. Therefore our Lord taught us to begin our prayers with the reverent sense of a child's share in his father's work, the child's desire for his father's honor. To ask that our Heavenly Father's name may be hallowed and his will be done, and to strive in daily life, by the help and in the good companionship of Christ, to honor and obey is the straight way to the reverence

which is befitting—the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and the perfect love which casteth out fear.

412. I have never yet seen a good-mannered horse," said an owner of fine horses, **"that was sworn at all the time.** It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word to discharge any man if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."

A judge in Atlanta, Georgia, has **ordered the policemen there to provide themselves with gags** and use them whenever a man or woman swears on being arrested. The Claridge, one of the finest hotels in London, recently refused to receive one of our western millionaires because of his profanity when there once before as a guest.

"Profanity is not an evidence of manhood," says the President of Leland Stanford University, **"it is a sign of a dull, coarse, unrefined nature.** The harm of profanity is not that it hurts God's feelings. It is the man whom it hurts. It shall not profit a foot-ball captain, if he can not utter a command without an oath. 'What cometh out of a man defileth him,' and the man thus defiled extends his corrosion to others." —Tarbell.

413. Just as the boughs and vines in the garden bend toward the rich rain treasures as they fall, just as the golden wheat sways and makes obeisance before the enriching summer wind, so **the truly great soul bows in reverence** and humility in the presence of that God in whom is no admixture of meanness, of selfishness or sin.

414. The swearer's confessions: 1) That God **exists.** 2) He has power to **inflict curses.** 3) God has **knowledge.** The wonder, in view of what swearers confess in the very act of profanity, is that they swear at all. The creed involved in the language they use, rebukes their profanity. They are not atheists, and do not talk as if they were such. They admit the existence of God, and yet they profanely use his name. They concede that this God has power to inflict curses, and that he has knowledge, and that in both respects he is vastly superior to man; and yet they trifle with his sacred name, and vent their passions in the trifling. **They sin against God in the very act of speaking his name.** They blend with the sin a confession that rebukes the sin. They are confessors and sinners in the same breath. There is no other form of sin whose commission so distinctly carries with it a remonstrance against its own existence.—The Independent.

415. Nature condemns irreverence. As **Hume** walked with Ferguson on a starry night he looked up to the heavens to admire their beauty. Overcome for the moment by his emotions he cried out: "Adam, there is a God!"

The Fourth Commandmant. The Sabbath. (416–430)

416. It is related of **Billy Bray,** the Cornish evangelist, that on one occasion **Satan** came to tempt him to stay at home, sit at his ease, and **take a good rest on Sunday.** The Devil approached Billy Bray in a most unexpected, and even innocent way. Said the Devil to Billy: "You have worked hard all the week, Billy, and you need one day's rest in seven, and here you are walking twenty miles and preaching three times on Sunday! You ought to rest, Billy!"

Turning to his wily adviser, Billy said: "Thee is a pretty feller to give a man advice. Thee had a good situation theeself, and thee lost it; and thee wants me to lose mine, too, does thee?"

417. Definitions of Sunday: "The golden link in the chain of days."

"Desert sunshine."

"Islets of hope amid the billows of doubt and care."

"Channels bringing the water of life to the pasture lands of the flock."

"The believer's joy."

"The golden clasp of the week's volume."

"The pause in time which indicates eternity."

"A flower from Eden's garden which still blooms amid the universal blight of sin."

"The day of rising hopes and buried fears."

"Pledge of earth's eternal jubilee."

"The dove which is ever returning to us bearing the olive branch."

"The 'mount of God,' whence man may view the promised land."

"The golden hours of time."

"The brightest gem in man's casket of mercies.'"

"The brightest jewel in the week's coronet."

"The week's incense."

"Buoys amidst the quicksands of time, marking the channel to the haven of peace."

"Nooks in the sides of the hills of difficulty, affording both rest and shelter to pilgrims Zionward."

"An oasis in the desert, where the wayworn traveler drinks of the fountain of the life, and eats the fruit of the tree of life."

418. "Messages", said a telegraph operator, **always slide over the wires better**

on Monday than on any other day. The wires, you see, have profited by their **Sunday rest.** It is a fact that inanimate as well as animate things get tired and need a vacation occasionally. You know how true this is of razors, of automobiles, of locomotives, and it is just as true of telegraph wires. Sunday rest gives a quicker, fuller and more delicate transmission. It is like a piano that has just been tuned."

419. The streams of religion run either deep or shallow, according as **the banks of the Sabbath** are kept up or neglected.

420. Nicholas Biddle once had for a private secretary **a Christian young man, whom he wished to keep at work on the Sabbath.** The secretary objected to working on the Lord's day. "I shall discharge you," said his employer, "if you do not conform to my wishes." The secretary was poor, and had, moreover, a widowed mother dependent upon him; but rather than violate his conscience by doing what he considered wrong, he gave up his place. A day or two after, Mr. Biddle was in the company of some gentlemen who proposed to start a new bank, and the question was, where they should find a suitable man to be its cashier? "I know of one", said Mr. Biddle, and he recommended to them his late secretary, saying, "He had **too much conscience** for my work, but none too much for the more responsible office you have." And through his recommendation the place was given to him.

421. An old Scotch elder who had been to Edinburg, said he was shocked, "for on Sunday the people on the streets smiled as though they were perfectly happy."

422. There is **a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall** where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent. One year they were very sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not put to sea. At last, on a Sabbath morning, the wind changed, and some of the men, whose faith was weak, went out toward the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying with sighs, "I'm sorry it's Sunday, but if we were not so poor!"

"But if," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely, neighbors, your buts and ifs will lead you to break God's law." The people gathered around him. "And," he added, **"mine's a religion for all weathers, fair winds and foul."** 'This is the love of God that ye keep his law.' 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' That's the law, friends. And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfill the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich and have his frown. Go, you that dare; But I never knew any good come of a religion that changed with the wind."

These words, in season, stayed the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprang up and raged terribly for two days. After the tempest came settled weather, and the fishing was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in the village. Here was a religion for all weathers. "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

423. One of the offices of a well-spent Sunday is to replenish the inner, central reservoir of peace for the use of all the other busy days. These other days drain and exhaust it. Then the merciful rest day comes around and fills it full again. Those who allow themselves no real day of rest and quietness of heart are making too wearing and dreary work of life. The wear and tear of the machinery goes on too fast. Those who lead idle lives can never know what a true rest is like. Their machinery is rusted and unused. The joy of Sunday grows out of contrast with the experience of the working days. When this balance of work and repair exists, when the soul is fed on Sunday for the hardest trials and the most wearing needs of the soul, the whole week becomes religious, as it should for every Christian man. And such a religion comes to its most joyful expression on its own free day.—Boston Transcript.

424. A wealthy man came to a poor saddler, and, leaving a bridle, gave orders that it should be finished by Monday. "That is not possible!" "What nonsense! There is all day tomorrow." **"We do not work on Sunday, sir."** "Then I shall go to those who do." "We can get it done by Tuesday." "That will not do; put it in the carriage."

Quietly the saddler did as he was told. Hours afterward a neighbor said: "I thought that I would come and thank you, and tell you that I should be glad of as many more customers as you would like to send."

"I shall not send you those I can keep," said the saddler, "but **I will never go against my conscience** for any man nor for his money."

Weeks went by, weeks of trouble to this faithful saddler. One day a military man came into his shop. "So you are the fellow who will not work on

Sunday. My friend said that you refused to do his work." "I had no choice, sir." "Yes, you had; you were free to choose between serving God and pleasing man, and you made your choice, and because of that I am here today. I am **General Downing.** I have been looking for a man on whom I could rely to execute a large government order. The moment I heard of you I made up my mind that you should have it." — Westminster Quarterly.

425. Keep the Sabbath scrupulously. Never trifle with one sin. It is like a little cloud which, as a poet has said, may hold a hurricane in its grasp. The next sin you commit may have a mighty effect in the blighting of your life. You do not know the streams that may flow from that fountain; for sin is a fountain —not a mere act, but a fountain of evil. —Andrew A. Bonar.

426. The Sunday paper is disreputable. I have been told by a leading editor that it is the custom to set apart during the week all the salacious items for enlargement in the Sunday edition. It is the common sewer of all our social life, the cesspool of all shames and scandals and unmentionable things. It robs an army of employees of their needed rest. It is estimated that since the introduction of the Sunday newspapers not less than 150,000 compositors and pressmen and others are kept at work seven days in the week, 365 days in the year. A reporter was asked, not long since, "Do you have one-seventh of your time for rest?" "No", said he, "nor one-seventy-seventh. We have no time, regularly given, that we can call our own."

It is sometimes said that it is the Monday paper that makes the Sunday work. That is a miserable evasion. If there were no Sunday issue, the preparation of the Monday number, excepting the telegraphic items, would fall on Saturday, and its publication on Monday morning. Nor must it be overlooked that hundreds and thousands of newsboys are calling their wares on Sunday in our streets. That is their business now: and they are getting their business education for the future. To whistle up a boy and buy a newspaper for a nickel seems a matter of slight consequence. But follow it out. A Christian man in the real estate business would not think for a moment of selling a corner lot on the Lord's day. But to the newsboy the sale of his paper is relatively a matter of equal consequence; and as co-partners in the transaction, we are doing our part to train him for larger methods of Sabbath breaking in after life.—Rev. Dr. D. J. Burrell.

427. 1. "The Sabbath is made for man." It is an institution given of God. It is a boon and not a burden.

2. The maintenance of the Sabbath is essential to the success of the Gospel, and hence to the well-being of the race.

3. There is just now in our country an amazing disregard and desecration of the Sabbath.

4. The Christian Church itself has very largely fallen into this sin of Sabbath desecration.

5. The remedy for the evil lies primarily with the church.

6. If the church cannot save the Sabbath, it can neither save itself nor the world.—Rev. James Brand, D. D.

428. When General Grant was in Paris, the President of the Republic invited him to attend the **Sunday races.** He knew that to refuse an invitation from the President of France, would be considered especially discourteous by the French people, and yet he politely declined the invitation, saying, "It is not in accord with the custom of my country, or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way. I will go to the house of God."

429. An English lady having been asked as to the propriety of **attending on Sunday an exhibition of Bible pictures,** replied with an illustration which illuminates a wide range of duties. She said:

"Along the South Downs are two paths, one a very few inches from the edge of the cliff, another about two yards off. Many have walked, and walked safely, along the first path, but it was dangerous. One step to the left, and they would have fallen, perhaps several hundred feet, to the sea below. Or, if a piece of loosened rock suddenly separated from the other parts, it would have carried the person who chanced to be treading it down, down with it, into the abyss.

Many, too, and I among them, have trodden the path further in; we had as pleasant a view, with this great distinction from the more danger-loving passengers; we were safe: if we took a step to the left we were still on solid ground; if the edge were jagged, or even a huge mass of rock fell, we only saw unevenness, or felt a slight shock.

A gust of wind could not hurl us over, neither would sudden giddiness send us rolling down the precipice. Which path was best, was wisest, was safest? 'The last', you say? Yet both have been walked without accident. I do not lay down a rule that every one would

be doing a wrong in going to see a collection of pictures illustrating the Bible, on Sunday, but I say there is a South Down called the Lord's day; it is high above the six miles of country surrounding it.

There are two paths, one called 'religious pleasure,' the other, 'hours for God alone.' Which is the happiest, the safest, the wisest, the best?"

430. A gentleman who was passing some mines in Pennsylvania asked a little boy why the field was so full of mules. **"The mules** are worked in the mines through the week and **are brought up into the light on Sunday to keep them from going blind."**

A **French historian** says that when the attempt was made, during the Revolution, to abolish the Sabbath, the peasants were accustomed to say, **"Our oxen know when the Sabbath comes, and will not work on that day."**

The Fifth Commandment. Filial Reverence. (431–439)

431. The sober sense and true heart of the great body of enlightened humanity is at one with the most advanced scientific sociology in recognizing **the family as the corner-stone of society.** And how is the family to exist and fulfill its mission without on the one hand **parental authority** and on the other **filial submission?** How long could it survive divested of those sentiments, which, the world over and in all ages, regard reverence and love to parents as cardinal virtues, and stamp those who are devoid of them as destitute of both heart and honor?

432. Perhaps one of the most beautiful expressions is Cowper's verse written on the receipt of his mother's picture fifty years after her death:

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smile I see
The same that oft in childhood solaced me.
"My mother! When I learned that thou wast dead,
Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?"

Mr. Barrie tells us in **"Margaret Ogilvie"** that from his earliest recollection his one ambition had been **to please his mother.** "When he was a bairn—so his mother used to tell him in after years—he saw nothing bonny, he never heard of her setting her heart on anything, but he flung up his head and cried, 'Wait till I'm a man!' And when the boy grew to be a man it was to her the first hard-earned cheques went. After her death he found the envelopes that had contained them in a box, with a bit of ribbon round them." "And when, very early, fame came to the son," it is said, "it made no difference; there was no one in all the world he cared for as the little old woman with her thin, wasted hands and dainty white neutch. At a single word he would hurry off on a long journey to see her, and when he was away he was never so busy that he had not time to write her daily." "My thousand letters," he says, "that she so carefully preserved, always sleeping with the last beneath the sheet, where one was found when she died—they are the only writing of mine of which I shall ever boast. I would not there had been one less, though I could have written an immortal book for it." And when she was dead he could look back and say, "Everything I could do for her in this life I have done since I was a boy; I look back through the years, and I cannot see the smallest thing left undone."

433. There was no one trait in the character of **William McKinley** which drew the hearts of the people to him more powerfully than his unfailing thoughtfulness and tenderness toward his old mother—unless it was his devotion to his invalid wife.

434. Man, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands. Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

435. Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into **a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."** Don't wait to throw all of your bouquets on her grave. It's mighty doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction for revisiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.—The Bulletin.

436. How can we honor our parents? (1) By prompt and cheerful obedience; (2) by caring for them lovingly in pov-

erty or sickness; (3) by the little tokens of respect that the aged prize so highly. On New Year's day in China every man and boy, from the emperor down, brings his mother a present, and makes her an address of honor and gratitude. (4) By honoring our parents before others.

437. Mr. Moody tells of a Sunday-school scholar of his, a bright boy, whom his mother was educating by dint of much toil. One of the lad's school friends inquired once, "Who was that shabby old woman I saw you talking with the other day?" "Oh, that was my washerwoman," was the disgraceful answer. That young man, adds Mr. Moody, went down to ruin. And do not delay filial honor till it is too late, and your life is filled with useless regrets over the precious graves. But, taking the commandment in its widest sense, respect gray hairs everywhere, and honor all in authority over you, such as your pastor, teacher, employer, or magistrates. Lack in this respect is a growing evil, full of mischief to our nation.—Peloubet.

438. Benjamin Franklin, many times in his own story of his life, mentions **the powerful influence which his mother had over him,** referring to her always with peculiar affection. "My son," said the mother, "is endowed with more than ordinary talent, and he shall enter one of the professions, perhaps the ministry." The family was then very poor, the elder Franklin having no ambition beyond that of making a bare competence as a ship-chandler. Encouraged by his mother, however, young Benjamin "took to books" with such ardor that before he was ten years old his mother spoke of him as "our little professor," and added: "He shall serve either humanity or his country; the one as a minister of the Gospel, the other as a diplomat."

The first **John Jacob Astor** said: "Whatever I have accomplished through thrift is due to the teachings of my mother. She trained me to the habit of early rising; she made me devote the first waking hours to reading the Bible. Those habits have continued through my life, and have been to me a source of unfailing comfort. Her death was the greatest grief of my existence."—Gilson Willett.

439. A young man lay dead after a brief career of unrestrained dissipation. The emaciated, nervous, black-robed mother wrung her hands and wept without hope. "He was his father's hope, He was such a promising boy! I pleaded with him, but he would not obey me. I prayed for him, but I could not hold him back from that awful life that burnt him out, killed him before he was really a man." Listen, boys and girls, "Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." **Obedience to parents is the first obligation of the young.**

The day before Alexander III. was born, an English nurse entered the service of the Russian imperial family. I forget her full name, but in the palace she was always known as "Kitty." A God-fearing woman, she exercised a powerful influence on the children under her care, and they returned that care with unbounded love and respect. In her old age the tsar allotted her apartments in what answers in Russia to the English Hampton Court — the Winter Palace. Here rooms, a carriage, servants and everything that thought could devise, made the old nurse's declining days easy. The walls of her room were crowded with birthday and other presents from every member of the great family she had so faithfully served; and in these surroundings, the time came for Kitty to die.

Again and again the emperor came and read her a chapter out of the English Bible that she had so often read to him when he was a little child. The last time he came to see her, the old nurse was past consciousness, and failed to give him her usual smile of recognition. Alexander bent down over the dying face, and asked tenderly if she did not know him? But Kitty never spoke again; her life's work was done.

The morning of the funeral found the emperor and some other members of the family in the room, with the British chaplain of St. Petersburg, and the undertakers. As the moment came for putting the body into the coffin, the men stepped forward to do so; but the tsar motioned them back. "No; no one shall touch her but ourselves," he said; and then, beckoning to his brother, Grand Duke Sergius took the feet, and he lifted the head, and they gently laid the remains in the coffin. It was a miserable winter day; but Alexander III. followed that coffin for two miles through the streets of St. Petersburg to the cemetery beyond the Neva, to see his old English nurse laid in the grave. —Youth's Companion.

The Sixth Commandment. Murder—Hatred. (440–460)

440. Gibbon has told us in his **History of Rome** that **the law allowed a murder**

to be paid for, and different prices were affixed for the value of men. Nine hundred pieces of gold was the price of a Roman citizen. The national inequality established by the Franks, in their criminal proceedings, was the last insult of the conquest of Rome. They solemnly affirmed that the life of a Roman soldier was of smaller value than that of a barbarian. The life of the most illustrious Frank was appreciated at the sum of six hundred pieces of gold; while the noble provincial, who was admitted to the King's table, might be legally murdered at the expense of three hundred pieces. Two hundred was deemed sufficient for the ordinary Frank, but the Roman value was one hundred, or even fifty pieces of gold. It is the proud boast of all civilized countries to-day that every man's life is sacred, and that one man's life is as sacred as another's. The ancient Spartans killed their sickly and deformed children, and there is a survival of this pagan idea in the occasional advocacy now of putting out the life of the old and hopelessly sick.—Tarbell's Teacher's Guide.

441. The spirit of murder is hatred, ill-temper, envy. **Envy** is a disease that can be cured only by the subject, not by any one else in all the world. No matter how gentle, kind, forbearing, forgiving and forgetting the object of it may be, this in itself will not cure the attacks. The subject whose heart is swayed by fierce gales of envy must first awaken to the folly of it, the injustice of it; must be conscious of the trail of bitterness and unhappiness it brings to both, must realize the cruel continued assault on the tolerance, love, loyalty and patience of the other, and, when the next attack comes, seek by strength of will, by force of character, by every weapon in the armory of the soul, to kill the feeling. **Envy** must be killed in the thought. In the mind, the battle-ground of the soul, must the fight of extermination be waged.

442. Envy is suicidal. Says a writer in the Sunday School Times: I remember reading somewhere in a Grecian story of a man who killed himself through **envy.** His fellow-citizens had reared a statue to one of their number who was a celebrated victor in the public games. So strong was the feeling of envy which this incited in the breast of one of the hero's rivals that he went forth every night in order, if possible, to destroy that monument. After repeated efforts he moved it from its pedestal, and it fell, and in its fall it crushed him. An unintentional symbolic act was his, showing the suicidal action of envy on the soul.

443. Solomon's proverb, **"A soft answer turneth away wrath,** but grievous words stir up anger," is illustrated in ordinary life every day. A story comes from Maine of a lawyer who bought a farm where there had been a lawsuit going on for many years with a neighbor about the boundary line. The lawyer went to see the obstinate neighbor at once and he found the man ready for a fight. The lawyer mildly inquired, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?" "I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least on the other." "Well", replied the lawyer, "you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet". "But", persisted the astonished neighbor, "that's twice what I claim". "I don't care about that," said the genial lawyer. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself". The old farmer paused abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. After looking at the lawyer a moment, he said, " 'Squire, that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nuthin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing."

After it was thought the worst of the **forest fires** that devastated great areas in the West last autumn were over, certain sections were visited by a terrible blaze which was fatal to more than a score of persons and made homeless hundreds of others. It swept on through dry forests, encircling villages, thereby preventing the escape of the inhabitants. In many instances, these **fires were started by a spark from an engine** or were the result of a hunter's carelessness. **"The tongue is a fire," and it often kindles great conflagrations.**

444. Just as you now play a piece without the music, and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so if you begin of set purpose, **you will learn the law of kindness** in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.—Francis E. Willard.

445. A locomotive, with its thundering train, comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of soldiers might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is **a little lever** in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still like a whipped spaniel at your feet. So, with the firm control of thought, words and actions are obedient to our purpose. **He who rules himself is the greatest of monarchs.**—J. L. Hurlbut, D. D.

446. Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that when you are flying words.
"Careful with fire" is good advice, we know;
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But **God himself can't kill them when they're said.** —Will Carleton.

447. How easy it is to "hate" people. How easily unreasoning antipathy, prejudice, repugnance, dislike—they are all more or less synonymous with hate — gain a foothold in our hearts. How many good people cherish these unbrotherly states of mind, not toward everybody, but, toward certain social groups, or particular individuals. The old jingle sets forth the senselessness of it:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this one thing I know full well;
I do not like thee, Dr Fell."

Charles Lamb once said, in his own whimsical way: "Don't introduce me to that man. **I want to go on hating him,** and I can't hate a man whom I know."

448. The tongue: — Mark Antony, while absent on an expedition in Gaul, was by the influence and efforts of **Cicero** declared by the Senate to be a public enemy. When he returned to Rome, his soldiers, entering the senate house, demanded the consulship for their master, and he was made consul. Antony proscribed Cicero, who fled, but was overtaken and seized. The head of Cicero was cut off and presented to Fulvia, the wife of Antony. She **thrust her bodkin through the tongue** of the victim, saying, **"Now, wag no more."** By her orders the head was hung by its protruding tongue upon a post in the Forum. **Barbaric as this treatment was murderous tongues have often deserved it.**

449. Silence is often the best answer to criticism. Sometimes a man's steady, faithful work is his defense. **Ole Bull,** the violinist, was once offered space in the New York Herald to answer his detractors. He said: "I think it is best that they write against me and I play against them." The finest argument against one's detractors is a faithful doing of the very best one can do. It disarms criticism. It wins sympathy. It wastes no time and suffers no loss. Practical doing is ever better than fault-finding or trying to satisfy the censorious. And the world knows it.

Guard your words for they are like sparks. "Shut your ash-pan;" may be seen on the Erie Railroad, just out of New York (near the entrance to a bridge), intended as a warning to the fireman, lest sparks from beneath his engine should ignite the dry timbers in the trestle and destroy the entire bridge by a conflagration.

450. What a pity it is that people can not **differ in their judgments without becoming enemies to each other.** How often friends disagree on a question of right—one question—and though they may agree on the whole round of Christian activity, the one point of divergence is the one that is exalted and magnified until it beclouds the whole vision and attracts attention to the exclusion of every other consideration. Should not reasonable people agree to disagree about some things? Can we ever expect to have happy homes and desirable communities and helpful churches without granting this privilege to each other?—Pacific Christian Advocate.

451. A terrible tree grows in Australia called by the natives **"the stinging tree."** Try to imagine a monster nettle —a nettle grown as big as a tree, if you want to get a little idea of its characteristics. Luckily, it has a very unpleasant odor, so that the natives and animals can more easily avoid it. At first the sting or prick of the tree's thorns does not trouble one at all; he feels no pain whatever. But in a few minutes he is in agony. Weeks and months afterward he suffers if water touches the wound. When a dog is pricked by it, it is pitiful to hear him whine and cry, and to see him bite pieces of flesh from the place that has been stung. **Think how much this is like the stinging tongue?** All men and animals avoid these human nettles as much as possible, but alas, unlike the stinging tree, they are not stationary, but move about freely, inflicting their poison upon those who do not seek them, or come carelessly into their neighborhood. And the poison lasts. Weeks and months and a whole lifetime after-

ward the wound burns and rankles. The stinging tongue may even be still in death, yet the misery it wrought still lives. O, you who ever speak unkindly, think of it!

452. If a man be **quick-tempered,** if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to **see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied,** and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.—Atlantic Monthly.

453. A person having behaved rudely to Mr. Boswell, he went to Dr. Johnson, and talked of it as a serious distress. **Dr. Johnson** laughed, and said: "Consider, sir, **how insignificant this will appear twelve months hence.**". "Were this consideration", said Mr. Boswell, "applied to most of the little vexations of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, and with good effect."

454. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.

455. Justice in the England of 1800 was savage. The feeling of the times was so in favor of severity, that Edmund Burke said he could obtain the assent of the Commons to any bill imposing the death penalty.—Mackensie, XIX Century.

456. Too late. Not long ago a young man of twenty was arraigned in one of the Boston district courts for assault with intent to kill. The preliminary history of the boy is interesting, because it indicates a **dangerous road** down which any hot-blooded youth is liable to make a swift descent. He belonged to a respectable family, but from very early years he showed **a fiery temper,** and his parents were too busy or too thoughtless to correct and restrain it. The habit of giving way to anger grew upon him, and he became quite uncontrollable. At times no one dared to oppose him, and the youth, who was generally pleasant and good-natured, became the periodic tyrant of the household. At one time he beat his little brother into insensibility, and might have killed him, had he not been forcibly restrained. The apology for him at home was, "It's Charles' infirmity. He can't help it."

Early one morning Charles went to his uncle and demanded two bank-books that he knew were in his uncle's possession. Receiving a refusal he flew into one of his fits of rage. Beside himself, and probably not clearly knowing what he did, he seized a cane and struck his uncle several blows, till the old man sank to the floor. In an instant, terrified at his own violence, the youth came to his senses; but it was too late.

"Anger is a sort of madness," but it is also swift mischief; and a mad moment may ruin a lifetime. Unless early checked, a fiery temper becomes one's master. Its best antidote is the study of the Great Example—a timely cultivation of self-control under divine aid. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Youth's Companion.

457. Of this sin of **envy** it has been said that there is something about it which justifies the epithet diabolical. "It is **a pure soul-sin,** having the least connection with the material or animal nature, and for which there is the least palliation in appetite or in any extrinsic temptation. A man may be the most intellectual, most free from every vulgar appetite of the flesh; he may be a philosopher, and dwell speculatively in the region of the abstract and the ideal, and yet his soul be full of this corroding malice. It is also purely evil. **Revenge** assumes to have at its foundation some sense of wrong that allies it to justice. Anger makes a similar plea, and with some show of reason lays part at least of the blame on nervous irritability. But envy or hatred of a man for the good there is in him or in any way pertains to him, is evil unalloyed. To use the imagery of John Bunyan, it is simply diabolonian. Neither can it be

laid, where we are so fond of charging our sins, upon the poor body. It is the breath of the old serpent. **It is pure devil."**

458. About 1559 the Duke of Guise, leading an armed band of his followers through the village of Vassy, heard the singing of hymns by a party of Huguenots in a barn. They surrounded the barn, the signal was given, and they slew sixty of the worshippers dead, and sorely wounded 200 others. **When the Duke reached Paris the bells were rung in his honor, and the clergy greeted him with Te Deums.**

459. When Charles IX signed the decree for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, he said: "Let the work be done so thoroughly that **not a Huguenot will be left** to shake his finger at one."

460. The scenes I have witnessed during the three days since the steamer left Blagovestschensk are horrible beyond all powers of description; it is the closing tableau of **a fearful human tragedy.** What I have seen is nothing compared to what others must have witnessed. Two thousand persons were deliberately drowned at Morxo, 2000 at Rahe, and 8000 in and around Blagovestschensk! a total of 12,000 human beings. Twelve thousand corpses were encumbering this river, among which were thousands of women and children. Navigation was all but impossible last week. Every moment the boat had to plow her way through a tangled, mangled mass of corpses strung and lashed together by their long hair; the river's banks were literally covered with them, and in the curves of the winding stream were to be seen dark, putrid, smelling masses of human flesh and bone surging and swaying in the steamer's wake and wash. In vain the captain ordered "Full speed ahead"; the sight, the smell was ever with us. This is Russian work. But a Reuter's telegram tells us that several Russian papers "comment indignantly upon the acts of violence, destruction, pillage, and profanation," committed by German forces in China. And, indeed, letters from German soldiers at the front are sad enough reading. The Berlin correspondent of "The Morning Leader" tells us that letters are published which describe the men as reveling in the cruelties mentioned in the previous accounts: "They talk of 'tickling fourteen Chinamen" with bayonets, of giving eight more 'blue beans (i. e. bullets) to swallow,' and similar cold-blooded atrocities. Our boat loaded with about fifteen tons, is towed by Chinamen. When the Chinaman refuses to pull he is belabored with a bamboo stick or simply shot down. We stop at villages and towns on the way and take whatever we want,—fowls, eggs, pigeons, grapes, etc.; if the Chinamen show signs of objecting we fix our bayonets. One man can easily shoot a hundred Chinese; when you aim at them they fall on their knees and shout 'Leidi. leidi, leidi.' There are thousands of corpses floating about in the river, and the stench is awful." The same journal "also gives currency to a letter from a China warrior in Pekin who wrote that his battalion was ordered to bind the Chinese prisoners together by their pigtails and shoot them."—War's Hellish Panorama, New Age.

The Seventh Commandment. Impurity. (461–478)

461. On a secluded pond, filled with mud at the bottom, into which you could thrust your oar and never find solid ground, bloomed **a mass of the whitest lilies I ever saw.** In a pure gravel-bottomed lake, near by, were the homely yellow lilies, in the midst of sumptuous surroundings. If you wanted the pure, spotlessly white variety you had to force your way through the bushes and perilously embark in an old punt, and thousands were yours for the gathering. In the blackest of mud, in the foulest of waters, in seclusion, bloomed the spotless pond lily, in the rich ooze of an unattractive little lake, which had gathered all the sweetness of the surrounding hills into its bosom, and gave back to the world the incomparable lily. **The White Life is the spirit of Christ struggling to overcome the world in us.** The silent admonitions against wrong, the better impulses that come in serious hours, the thoughts of others, which, like angels, we sometimes unawares entertain—these make up the white, harmless, useful life. Bodily, it is refusing to coarsen our bodies with stimulants, gorge them at banquets; the determination to keep clean, steel-nerved, clear-sighted, keen-sensed.—Rev. John B. Appel.

462. There is many a man who **would never tell a filthy story,** but who, nevertheless, **is prepared to listen to one.** There are many people from whose lips there never proceeds a foul jest, but who are quite ready to laugh at one. It is recorded of King Arthur's knights that they neither spake scandal, "no, nor listened to it."—Rev. J. H. Jowett.

463. Wickedness is not wit, and filthiness is not fun. Moral baseness in conversation is suggestive of mental barrenness. There are foul-mouthed speci-

mens of animalism who are ready to tell you the best story they have ever heard. If you are so unwise as to listen, it usually turns out to be the worst story you have ever heard.

461. An unclean incident is a reflection upon your mother, an insult to your sister, an indignity to your fair friend, and a dishonor to the magnificent manhood of America, of which you are a representative.

465. The fact that some very good men sometimes tell **stories that are not so good as they ought to be,** simply proves that such men are not as good as such men ought to be.

466. An unclean incident is unclean, and therefore unhealthy; unhealthy, and therefore unmanly; unmanly, and therefore unholy; unholy, and therefore unchristian; unchristian, and therefore unkind, uncalled for, unnecessary; absolutely inexcusable and beneath the dignity of any man who claims to be either a Christian or a gentleman.

467. Bad associates and associations are antagonistic to purity of life; a man is judged by the company he keeps. Nor is the fact that he comes in contact with such associates in college, in store, in office, in shop, a legitimate excuse for his becoming one of them. Man may be the creature of circumstances, but he ought to be the hero of circumstances. We are not responsible for being in the world, but we are responsible for what we become in the world.

468. Evil reading defiles the chamber of imagery in the heart and turns memory's store-house into a charnel house of foul things. It turns the chamber of imagery in the heart into a hall of entertainment. The walls of this hall are decorated with things that come through the windows of the soul, to-wit, the eyes and ears; and from these degrading things the looms of imagination and fancy constantly weave entertainment for secret moments.

469. Impure literature and art are only second to drink in promoting licentiousness. These whip the imagination into fury. Fifty American periodicals, excluded from Canada by its government as indecent, were, at the close of the nineteenth century, circulated by millions in our country, at a cost of millions of dollars to the taxpayers and of heartbreaks and soul wrecks beyond reckoning. Seventeen of these were published in New York City, thirteen in Maine, some in almost every State. — Crafts.

470. In Rome marriages became, as a rule, mere temporary connections. In order to escape punishment inflicted on adultery, in the time of Tiberius, married women, including even women of illustrious families, were on the official lists of public prostitutes.

471. As many as **5000 women, in Philadelphia, live by the sale of their bodies.** Six years of observation lead me to fear that this estimate is too low. This includes only "professionals.". — A writer in The Arena.

The real reason why a true-hearted, noble man cannot walk in the ways of licentiousness is not the selfish fear of physical contamination or social reprobation. It is because he cannot take pleasure in the banishment of a daughter from the household of her father; in the infamy of one who might have been a pure sister in a happy home; in the degradation of one who ought to be a wife, proud of the love of a good man and happy in the sweet joys of motherhood. On this point our social standards are still barbarous and our moral insight undeveloped. The man who supports or defends that hell of womanhood known as "the social evil", ranks with the slave-drivers who forced human beings to labor with the lash. I care not how high such a man may stand in social circles, he is a man with a cold, hard, cruel, callous heart; a creature capable of finding a beastly satisfaction in drinking human blood.—Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.

472. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" The answer is: "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." **Our problem now is to make our way clean,** and not simply our general way, but our particular way. How are we to cleanse that? By taking heed, the Bible says. We are to think. We begin by applying reason to it. We know it is monstrous to go wrong. That will not help a bit. Reason is no match for passion, and the wisest man will sin blindly although he knows it is against his whole being. A doctor that knows all about physiology will take morphia. We say that time will cleanse our path, and that by-and-by when we are elderly men we shall be cleansed. It is a delusion; time has no power to change. It will be the same five years hence. Time has no redemption in it. A strong will, then? Alas! we have made a hundred resolutions, and our past life is strewn with pieces of them. Not two per cent of them have been kept. Reason, time, will — in none of these is there hope. But the Bible admits that when it says: "Take heed thereto according to thy word."—Prof. Drummond.

473. Evil reading corrupts the thoughts, perverts the imagination, sears the conscience, hardens the heart and damns the soul. It leads to habits which destroy men morally, physically, mentally and spiritually. The harvest of the seed-sowing of these three great crime breeders — intemperance, gambling, and evil reading—when looked for in the home and in the final wreck and ruin of the individual are almost identically the same. They all destroy natural affection, fraternal love and sympathy, and lead to poverty, squalor and want in the home and to crimes in the community. They sweep our young men into the vortex of vice, unhinge religion, and so deaden conscience, that the door of the heart is barred against the gentle messenger who stands without gently knocking, saying: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." These influences combined are doing more to undermine the institutions of free government than all the other influences combined. — Anthony Comstock.

474. Quetelet, the famous statistician, made a calculation based upon the very careful and complete statistics of European life-insurance offices, and proved that **the time of the greatest risk (or highest death-rate) in men's lives is from the age of fourteen to twenty-five,** and culminates when they should have reached their early prime. Unhappily, the reason is not far to seek. Indulgence in tobacco, alcoholic liquors, and **impure habits,** all involving violation of God's laws within the human frame, if begun in early life, will, at the age of twenty-five, report themselves in wretched sequels of deterioration, often even unto death. The saddest sight in all the world is not a grave of the dead, grievous as that might be, but it is a grave of the living, — humanity sepulchred while yet alive.—Frances Willard.

475. A white rag retains the stains of the colored matter strained through it. So a mind, originally pure, may be permanently **soiled, by unsavory conversation,** books "off color", and the like, the tone of which is almost unconsciously imparted to the soul by the thoughts which drip through it, even though we do not wish to retain them. I have observed that even matter which itself seems colorless will stain the strainer. There is a subtle aniline property in the fluid which the eye does not detect until it has come in contact with the fabric. Thus, some books are without any especially bad pages. They contain no prurient passages and no praise of wrong. Yet the subtle character of the writer works through his words and damages the pure white of the young reader's mind.—J. M. Ludlow, D. D.

476. "Impurity is increasing apace in all parts of the land." This was the verdict of conferences of physicians in 1896, based on the awful evidence which comes to this profession in diseased men and ruined girls. The crowded divorce courts, and, yet more, the divorce lawyers, tell the same story. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, on the basis of abundant information gathered by the Salvation Army, estimated, about 1896, that there were in this country 230,000 professional prostitutes. Adding the apprentices, there were even then a full quarter million supported by more than a million male prostitutes. In this, as in other crimes, the offenders are not more than one-tenth women. They follow this awful trade but five years on the average. That would mean 50,000 deaths a year, and 50,000 seductions to fill their places—1,000 a week on Mrs. Booth's estimate— but in 1901, Judge Jerome, of New York, said there were 100,000 such women in New York City alone. No other vice more swiftly and surely ruins body and soul, and none has been so fatal to national life. Babylon, Greece, Rome, all were destroyed by this plague, and France is dying of it to-day. In no other civilized nation is impurity so bold as in France, and in no other has the birth rate fallen below the death rate, a warning to individuals and nations alike.—Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts.

477. Society is smitten with the leprosy of impurity. Like some vile drugs made palatable in sugar-coated dress, it now and again wears the garb of respectability, but beneath its attractive dress is the same vile, blighting, damning thing, and every young man who has to do with it becomes unclean— is a moral leper — and dangerous to the community just in proportion to the stage of the disease with which he is infected. Vile books, vulgar advertisements, obscene pictures, smutty stories, dress decollete and the socalled theatre are the carrion on which impurity feeds.

The pollution of body and mind so common among young men is appalling. I do not hesitate to affirm that one form and another of impurity is a greater hindrance to the development of Christian character and to the progress of the gospel than all the other forms of sin combined. I have found—in the ten years of my work among young men— this one thing to be the common cause of backsliding and at the same time the greatest hindrance to a completely surrendered will to God: It's the prolific source of most of the misery which af-

fects society, and spoils the prospects of otherwise most promising young men.—S. M. Sayford.

478. The White Cross pledge: — I promise by the help of God—

First, To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

Second, To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

Third, To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

Fourth, To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and try to help my younger brothers.

Fifth, To use all possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure."

The Eighth Commandment. Honesty. (479–496)

479. You recall how **Diogenes** went around searching for **an honest man,** and how Pope declared that "an honest man's the noblest work of God." Is, then, strict honesty so rare a virtue? The man who is thoroughly honest has an honest intention in everything he does, he purposes to be true in every transaction. It is not alone the burglar and the pick-pocket who steal. He who cheats a street-car company out of his fare, who has false measures or weights, who advertises falsely, who adulterates food, who gambles, who forges a note, all these alike take what is not theirs. One who runs in debt when he has no money to pay the debts with, and no prospect of having any, is just as much a thief as the one who steals money itself. In the recent life-insurance disclosures men high in office have been found so dishonest with funds entrusted to their care that their deeds can only be classified under the head of stealing (Tarbell); **they are no better than the burglar.**

480. The human race may for practical purposes be divided into three parts: (1) **Honest men;** who mean to do right, and do it. (2) **Knaves;** who mean to do wrong, and do it. (3) **Fools;** who mean to do whichever of the two is pleasanter. And these last may be divided again into black fools — who would rather do wrong, but dare not unless it is the fashion; white fools—who would rather do right, but dare not, unless it is the fashion.—Charles Kingsley.

481. What is gambling?—"When it is determined by chance, what and how much he who pays money has for it, it is a lottery." (56 N. Y. Supreme Court, 424.) "A lottery is a scheme to distribute or obtain anything of value by chance." (94 N. Y., 137.) We shall never defeat gambling, but only drive it to new costumes and fresh aliases, unless its very flesh marks are made known and its criminal measurements published. It must be cut up by the roots by a full exposition of the eighth commandment. "Thou shalt not steal" Christ translated, "Defraud not." Another standard exposition is the proverb, "A fair exchange is no robbery." Every other exchange is robbery. When one man gets $100 from any kind of lottery, whatever named, in return for $1—in gambling by guessing, for example—while more than one hundred others get nothing, there is no "fair exchange" either in case of winner or loser. Betting is the brother of burglary. "Value received", as a necessary part of a legal note, ought to be expounded in every school as implying that no one (except in receiving an outright gift when he has a right to receive it, from one who has a right to give it) can rightfully receive more than a just equivalent for what he has rendered in goods and services. To get something for nothing, or even much for little in business transactions, is nothing less than stealing. Let "money's worth" be set above "bargains." The subtler forms of gambling can be reached only by education, but legislation and law enforcement should be used on all forms of lotteries and on all who make it a business to promote betting whether on race tracks or in boards of trade, whose "bears" and "bulls" are the pests of the farmer and the public; also on those petty forms of gambling that initiate youth into this vice, such as the nickel-in-the-slot machines, which ex-Chief of Police Powell, of Indianapolis, told me had been examined for him by a chess expert and found to give back on the average for each 101 cents received only the one odd cent. These should be seized by police raids and smashed by order of court.—Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts.

482. An old soldier recently asked to have his name dropped from the pension list. He had been receiving a pension because suffering from a supposed incurable disease contracted by exposure in the army, but he had recovered and was no longer entitled to the pension. The Pension Bureau at Washington was so astonished that a special agent was sent out to see if the man were not insane.

483. During the war a paper written by Quartermaster-General **Montgomery C. Meigs** was brought to General Sherman. He examined it long and carefully without being able to read it, and

then endorsed it in this way: "I heartily concur in the recommendation of the Quartermaster-General, but I don't know what he says". **He did know that officer was a man who could be trusted.** It ought to be true that one who has taken upon himself the name of Christian is one who can be trusted, one of whose integrity there can be no question.

484. We are to be **honest in little things** as well as large things. "It is a sin to steal a pin." "Surely," said a man once, "you won't say that stealing a pin and a dollar are the same in God's eyes?" "Well," was the conclusive reply, "Will you tell me how much more valuable to God a dollar is than a pin?"

485. A merchant had a rival who sold sweat-shop goods at cut prices. The young man's friends told him, "You will have to do the same or fail." He replied: **"I have taken God as my partner;** if I work as hard to sell honest goods as the other man does to sell dishonest goods, God won't let the firm fail." That is what Jacob had to learn.

486. Froude, the historian, lost his faith some years before his death, and among his reasons was the **lack of sermons on morals** in English pulpits. Among hundreds of preaching themes not one dealt with **the eighth commandment,** or with fraud or debt.

487. Honest debtors are rare birds upon the earth at present. Men's entire mental and moral view-point requires a strong dose of repentance on this question. For our respectable and conscientious standard-bearers of **rectitude in commercial dealings** often show a laxity of fibre over debt fraught with ominous portent if allowed to bear fruit unchecked. We remember Sheridan, the orator, guarded by a loyal henchman from a multitude of duns, while all London laughed at the fun he made of his escapades as debtor. Our own Grant is said to have died in financial straits. Even some ministers have been offenders here. One brilliant preacher of our acquaintance inside a five years' pastorate ran up obligations into the tens of thousands. And the peripatetic career of another ministerial wandering star is explained by the gentle whisper circulating after each departure—"Deadbeat!"

488. Social ambition is a rank offender. The young man in debt usually marries, for he who is rash in money matters will be rash in everything. Then society demands her votive offerings. So many parties, so much display, so much dress are required to keep up appearance. All the pleasure of social life is poisoned by a nervous misgiving anent the cost. What is the consequence? Rash borrowing. Small debts rattle around him like a fire of musketry until the fond notion takes possession of our crazed financier to relieve the smart of many duns by consolidating his scattered obligations into one loan, probably negotiated with some generous friend. But the unexpected is our debtor's enemy. He is the puppet of the unforeseen. Expenses crowd in along a thousand avenues, emergencies find him unprepared, a sudden jolt in business throws him out of work, and payments on his loan are out of the question. The friend hears nothing of his money and their former intercourse is clouded with suspicion. Periods of financial panic are freighted with warnings of ruin to a borrower of money.

489. At one time the **Malagasy** did not know of any book but the **Bible.** There was a Creole trader in Antananarivo who had greatly offended some of the natives. They mobbed his house, they seized his property, and men were seen rushing in all directions carrying away whatever they had been able to lay their hands upon. One man had got possession of **the trader's ledger** and, holding it up aloft, he shouted at the top of his voice: "We have got the big Bible! we have got the big Bible!" It is to be feared that the trader's ledger is, in too many cases, and in other places than Antananarivo, his Bible.

490. Oh, young men, you are never on such slippery ground as when you begin to play with **the world of chance.** I would rather see my dearest friend a drunkard than a gambler. I believe there would be more hope for him. It is the greatest blow this world knows to honesty and industry. When a man begins gambling he stops working. No man will grime for mites who can gamble for millions. It turns the mind into a perfect furnace. It does not burn, it blazes.

Make money! Make all you can, but make it honestly. If you can't make it honestly then be willing to be poor.

491. In olden times when church bells were not as common as now, **a monk of St. Gaul,** France, made a bell with such a sweet and solemn tone that it charmed every listener. **The Emperor Charlemagne** sent to the monk a quantity of silver with which to make a second bell, thinking that the finer metal would make a bell with still sweeter tone. When the monk saw the silver he began to wish he might **keep some for himself;** and thinking that no one would know

the difference, he made the bell of inferior metal and tried to pass it for silver; but when hanging the bell, he met with an accident and was killed. His fraud was discovered, and the people thought he had been justly punished. How much **cheating** of just this character is practiced to-day in business. And just as sure as the bell maker came to a sudden end, so will men be punished by God, who sees the fraud, though man may not see it.

492. The worthlessness of dishonest gains. What was Naboth's vineyard worth to Ahab? (1 Kings 21: 1-19.) What was the treasure for which Naaman was deceived, and about which Gehazi the servant of Elisha lied, worth to him? (2 Kings 5: 9-27.) What was the profit of the thirty pieces of silver to Judas? (Matt. 27: 1-5.) What did Ananias and Sapphira gain by the utterance of a falsehood to Peter? (Acts 5: 1-10.) And what fruit have a multitude of others had in **treasures wrongfully acquired?**—Harold F. Sayles.

493. Two infidels lived together for several years as neighbors in New England. At last one of them heard the Gospel and became a Christian. Soon after the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said, "I have come to talk to you; I have been converted."

"Yes, so I have heard," said the skeptic; "I thought you a more sensible man".

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to hear me. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my fold six years ago. They had your mark on them, but I changed it and put mine on them. You tried to find them, but failed. They are in my field with their increase, and now I have come to settle the matter. I have lain awake nights over my sin, and I want to get rid of my burden. I am at your option, I will do what you say. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask, or if it is a few years in states-prison, I will suffer that, only say the word." The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble and said, "If you have the sheep, keep them, if you will only go away; a man that will come to me as you have, must have something that I do not understand. Keep the sheep."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter, and pay for them. What shall it be?" "Well," said the infidel, "if you must pay for them, give me what they were worth when they got into your field, and six per cent. interest, and let me alone." The Christian counted out the amount including the interest, then **doubled** it, then laid down as **much more** beside it and went his way, leaving a load on the neighbor's heart, almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

494. Eighty years ago in the northern part of New York one man said to some companions: "If I knew where there was an **honest lawyer** I would go 1000 miles to see him." The reply was: "If you go to Newark and ask for Theodore Frelinghuysen you will find the man." * * * * Later a man came to Newark, N. J. one day and asked a landlord to direct him to a first-rate lawyer. "Well," said the landlord, "if you have a good cause, go to Frelinghuysen, he is an honest lawyer, and never undertakes any other kind; but if you want a keen, sharp lawyer, who sticks at nothing, go to lawyer So and So." He watched the stranger, and he **went straight to So and So.**

495. Under the headline **"Seven More"** a French newspaper recently published the following from a **Monte Carlo** correspondent: "There is a **slight reduction in the number of suicides** for the current week. Of the seven unhappy ones whom the bandits of Monte Carlo have hurried to their death after first robbing them, four have hanged themselves in the garden and one has hanged himself in his room at the Hotel de Paris. This last one was cut down, nearly dead, and taken to the hospital at Monaco, where he is being cared for in the greatest secrecy. A woman also poisoned herself at Monaco only a few steps from the museum that was raised to his own glory by Albert I. Still another, a young man, thirty years old, shot himself dead on Monday evening at nine o'clock on one of the benches fronting the great staircase of the Casino."—Journal and Messenger.

496. "After being harassed to distraction by creditors, I was just about to **burn my store** for the insurance money," confessed a grateful man, "when, on a bit of waste paper that I held in my hand preparatory to lighting the fire, my eye fell on the words, **'What shall it profit a man,'** etc., and in a flash I saw it was better to have Christ without a cent than to have $10,000 and lose my hope in him."—C. E. World.

The Ninth Commandment. False Witness. (497–513)

497. There are people who would not steal a pin, would not hurt a house fly, would not take a spoonful of intoxicat-

ing liquor for a beverage, but who think nothing of **robbing a man of his good name**, sticking the knife of scandal into a neighbor's back, and passing about a bottle of libelous drink about an absent human brother. Here is a vice to which good people are addicted. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" deserves a place among the mottoes that hang on the walls of societies, at street corners and in homes and hearts.

498. Goldsmith once said to Dr. Johnson, "For my part, I'd tell the truth and shame the devil." Johnson replied: "Yes, sir, but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." "His claws," said Goldsmith, "can do you no harm when you have **the shield of truth.**"

499. Lincoln once wrote, "If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

500. Many justify deception when effected by a nod, tone or manner, by silence, or by a statement which, literally taken, is true. This is wholly inadmissable, in fact, shabby subterfuge. **St. Athanasius** was in a boat on the Nile fleeing persecution. Hard pressed, he ordered his boat turned about and ran right in among the Emperor Julian's soldiers. They asked: "Have you seen Athanasius?" He answered: "Yes, he is close to you." They went on their course; he returned to Alexandria and lay hidden till the persecution was past. Athanasius cannot be exculpated by the circumstance that what he said was the literal fact, since it was a clear case of intentional deception. He must be justified, if at all, on the ground that the very exceptional circumstances rendered deception legitimate. If you, without good motive, purposely mislead a rational being, no matter what means you use, you lie. Without good motive a "white lie" or a "fib" is as bad as a black lie.—Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews.

501. Happy the child that at its mother's knee is taught **the sanctity of truth**, and made to understand that neither gold nor position can bestow that enduring worth that comes from loving "truth in the inner parts", making man as true to facts as the needle to its pole. He who lays out his career upon truth-thinking and truth-speaking has made strong the foundations of manhood, and prepared the way for a permanent position. Above the grave of his hero Homer inscribed the words, "He was a brave man"; above his hero, Plato inscribed the words, "He was a wise man"; above his hero Alcibiades lifted the words, "He was a rich man." This is a motto for a man's tomb: "He was an honest man and true—faithful unto death."—Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

502. It seems as if some people loved to prey upon the character and feelings of others. As Dr. Talmage says: "They revel in the details of a man's' ruin." They say "I told you so." They rush into some store and say, "Have you heard the news? just as I expected, our neighbor has gone all to pieces." Good for him. That professed Christian woman having heard of the evil rumor affecting the reputation of some brother or sister, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it along the street. She says, "Would you have thought it? I always said there was something wrong about him. I would not speak to her if I saw her on the street. Is it not horrible?" How often, friends, this is what we hear in our stores, on the street, and in our homes, and when we come to inquire into the matter, to get into the facts in the case, it begins in about this way: "Why, our hired man says he saw a friend of his, whose brother's wife's sister overheard something the other evening, when passing some men on the street."—Sayles.

503. "Why," an **Indian** once said, "I stand humble before the sun. I stand humble under the sky. I stand humble beneath the moon and stars at night. These things are always looking at me. How, then, can I do other than **speak the truth?**" That was his way of recognizing the eternal verities. And it was not a bad way; for, to be true, we must keep close to nature; close to the realities, and away from **the artificial in conduct and thought.**—Bayliss.

504. A young man who had **involved himself in debt** went for assistance to Cecil Rhodes, the Colossus of South Africa. "How much do you owe?" asked Mr. Rhodes. A sum was named. "Is that all?" That was all. A check for the amount was written out. "Come to see me to-morrow about the appointment, and be ready to leave for the north." The young fellow left happy, but in the morning there was another story. In his dread of stating an amount which to him seemed large, he **had not told the true sum** of his indebtedness, and had spent the afternoon trying to raise the extra money from Mr. Rhodes' own friends on the strength of the appointment he was to receive.

"It won't do," was the unexpected reply he received in the morning. "I

asked you a question, and you gave me the wrong answer. You are of no use to me. Good day."—The Boys' World.

505. We once picked up a black boy in our Egyptian mission work, whose father and mother had come from central Africa as slaves. His name was Sherif, an Arabic word meaning "honor" or "honorable." This poor boy, black as night, had never had any one take any interest in his soul. I found after some time that he was interested in knowing what we believed, and in seeing what we endeavored to practice. And several times I had conversation with him on the subject of matters of duty and right toward men and toward God, especially about cursing and lying. Finally he told me one evening that he had quit cursing. He had no more difficulty about that. He could go to market, and there they cursed him as he made purchases, and he did not curse back, no matter what they said. And said I: "Well, Sherif, how about lying?" "Well," said he, "I have been doing the best I can. I have been trying to quit." "Haven't you quit?" "Well, pretty near. **I won't lie now unless I am cornered.**" —Rev. Chauncey Murch.

506. 1. No one is justified in misleading others by decisive signs of thought. Lies are unjustifiable under all circumstances. The term "white lie" is a misnomer, for deception is not always a lie.

2. One can remain silent.

3. Partial truths are not condemned by the Moral Law.

4. Feints and Quaker Guns may be justified in war when great interests are at stake.

5. When men have no right to know, they may be left to draw their own conclusions.

6. When life is involved men may put murderers on a false scent.

7. When important issues are at stake men may be left on a wrong track.

8. Men may suppress truth when the whole truth would be injurious. Sometimes speaking the whole truth is a gross violation of the Law of Love, which is the supreme law of human life. Some Christians think to be faithful to an erring brother, they must tell him all his faults at once. They pour oil on his head, but it is the oil of vitriol. Some blurt it all out and cause wounds that heal slowly. Christ was gentle. He never contravened any social law of life.—Johns D. Parker, Ph. D.

507. A woman once repeated a piece of **gossip** about a neighbor. It flew from mouth to mouth and soon all the town knew the story, which caused the person affected a great deal of unhappiness. One day the woman discovered that the tale she had told was not true, and in the greatest sorrow she went to the rabbi to ask in what way she could make atonement, and repair the wrong she had committed.

The rabbi heard what the woman had to say, and he told her to go to the market, have a fowl killed, pluck it on the way home, and drop the feathers one by one as she went along.

The woman was surprised at this curious means of atonement, but she did as the rabbi instructed, and on the following day came to him again to report that she had carried out his behest. "Now," said the rabbi, "go and collect all the feathers and bring them to me."

The woman went along the road she had traversed on the previous day, but she found that the wind had blown the feathers away, and after an all-day's search she was only able to bring back two or three.

"You see," the rabbi said to her gently, "it was easy to drop the feathers, but it is an almost impossible task to bring them back. So it is with gossip and slander. It is easy to spread false reports about thy neighbor, but it is impossible to make good the wrong thus committed.

508. There is, however, **a time to speak as well as a time to seal the lips.** And as it requires perhaps only a passive bravery to practice the latter restraint, it sometimes needs the exertion of an active courage to do the former thing.

When a friend is assailed, and our words on his side may be as the weapons of the valiant, are we not cowards if we withhold them? When the absent are maligned, are we to let them remain undefended? If it be not a fellow-being, but a truth of God which is failing of effect for lack of a champion, are we blameless if we hold our peace? —Margaret Sangster.

509. Note the importance attached to **misuse of the tongue** (Eph. 4: 25-32). Three forms of abuse are specified, — lying, foul speech, clamor, and evil speaking. How much every-day talk would be dumb, and how many pages of books and newspapers would be blank, if these precepts were obeyed! There are many kinds of lies besides gross and palpable ones, as there are many degrees of foul speech besides stark-naked uncleanness; and the refined forms of both are the most pernicious.—Alexander McLaren, D. D.

510. From what does falsehood come but from a desire to get out of some present difficulty without any thought of the far greater difficulties into which that falsehood will lead one later? "A lie is awful handy to get you out of a scrape," says the boy. Yes, perhaps it is "handy" for the present scrape, but what about the future scrapes into which his reputation for untruthfulness will inevitably bring him? A Christian physician, when asked if he would tell a patient an untruth about his health if he thought it would help in the patient's recovery, replied: "I dare not. The faith my patients have in my truthfulness is one of my best means for helping them back to health. If I were to undermine that faith by falsehood, I should be sacrificing for one man's benefit what I am entrusted with for the good of many."—Tarbell.

511. La Fontaine, in one of his fables, tells how Xanthus, wishing to banquet some friends, sent **Aesop** to the marketplace, instructing him to purchase the best things to be had, and nothing but the best. **Aesop brought tongues,** and nothing but **tongues.** Every course at the table consisted of tongues, prepared in one way or another.

The guests were at first loud in their praises of the viands and the cook, but soon were surfeited with tongues. "Slave," exclaimed Xanthus, in a rage, "did I not command you to buy the very best things the market afforded?"

"You did," replied the imperturbable Phrygian; "and have I not carried out your command? Is there anything as excellent as the tongue? Every grand and noble truth has been uttered through the tongue! It is the instrument by means of which the divine gift of reason rules the world! It is the bond of communal life! It soothes sorrow; it gives instruction in wisdom! Above all, it enables us to discharge the first of our duties—to praise the gods!"

Xanthus did not get angry, as many a modern master would. That wasn't in his role. He pretended to be satisfied with the explanation, and, on the following day, sent Aesop to market again. "I have invited the same persons as yesterday to dine with me," were his words: "and as I wish for a greater variety of dishes, buy nothing but the worst things, the very worst."

At dinner tongues were served again. "Is there anything worse than the tongue?" asked Aesop. **"The tongue is the mother of strife** and dissension, of lawsuits and of wars. Every error has been promulgated and defended by the tongue! Though it sometimes is made the instrument of truth, more often it utters lies! Though it sometimes instills hope and cheers depressed spirits, more often it serves as the vehicle of slander and calumny! If it sometimes praises the gods, more often it blasphemes!"—George Seibel.

512. Some years ago **Col. Gourrand** of London invited **Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone** and **Cardinal Manning to deliver to his phonograph some message** to the world, not to be published until after their death. Two years after **Manning's death** a number of distinguished people were gathered by invitation to hear that solemn voice. This was the message: **"I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken, will be found to have done harm to my fellowmen when I am dead."**—Dr. Banks.

513. The English have gained **a reputation for veracity** in their dealings with the Turks. Though the Mohammedan's most solemn oath is "by the beard of the Prophet"; an oath **"by the word of an Englishman"** is more binding.

The Tenth Commandment. Covetousness. (514–547)

514. Judas' besetting sin was covetousness. This is a widely prevalent disease. A noted millionaire was asked not long since how many of the very wealthy men he had ever known had found the acquirement and possession of wealth a real help in the development of character. After careful reflection he said, "Not one." His questioner then asked for how many of those he had known the acquirement and possession of money had been a hindrance so far as the development of their characters was concerned. He ran slowly over the list and then said, "Nineteen out of every twenty." From the story of England's greatest philosopher, **Bacon,** we get an instance which, in plain black and white, strikingly illustrates the possibilities of degeneracy through the choice of an ignoble life-purpose.

515. Inordinate desire for things seen is, after all, a childish state of the soul. It is hard to get the child past the toyshop window or the pastry cook's door. He weeps over the refusal of things vehemently desired, even though he is told that they are useless or will do him harm. Yet how few of us have escaped from this childish stage of thinking altogether and find no peril to our souls from **covetousness!** Just so far as our happiness depends upon things which may be seen and handled, we are children of the earth. If we will but use our eyes for observation instead of coveting, we shall see that happiness falls

to those who are strong enough to do without, and not to those who are distressed by losing.

516. The haste to be rich will dry up human sympathies, divert the mind from high and healthy thought, degrade art and science and literature, destroy family life, poison the fountains of society, sanction immoralities, and make the nation a seething caldron of selfishness and unrest. The greatest need of our land today is an education away from this fearful danger. — Howard Crosby.

517. The heart of the American nation is burning with passion—**the passion for making money.** Our people are wild, delirious, phrenetical with the lust for gold. The question that disturbs our average young man, says Dr. Parkhurst, is **how to convert one dollar into two without perspiration.** We are living in a fast age. Chickens are hatched by electricity. Sugar is sold before it is crystallized. The standing desideratum of today is "rapid transit." How to make money! How to make it easily! How to make it quickly! That's the problem, and playing with the world of chance seems to be the popular solution.

518. A merchant may become a money-making machine. Explaining his degeneration, he says: "Competition is organized warfare. Under present methods of business, perfect honesty is impossible. The fact that other men adulterate their goods compels me to do likewise. Ideals are impracticable in business matters." Thus, out of the fiery furnace of trade come the merchant's golden idol and leaden instincts. And because circumstances are dumb and have neither voice nor advocate, men play the coward's part and thrust responsibility upon their surroundings. Men break the laws of nerve and brain, and sickliness and failure come out; they break the laws of knowledge and study, and ignorance comes out; they break the laws of honesty and integrity, and doubt and financial failure come out; they break the laws of conscience, and misery and remorse come out.—N. D. Hillis, D. D.

519. An Arab, who fortunately escaped death after losing his way in the desert without provisions, tells of his feelings when he found **a bag of pearls,** just as he was about to abandon all hope. "I shall never forget," said he, "the relish and delight I felt in supposing it to be fried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair I suffered in discovering that the bag contained pearls."

520. There can be no doubt that **covetousness** is represented by Christ and his apostles as a sin whose extent and gravity far exceed what is usually recognized in liturgical repetitions of the Tenth Commandment. As distinct from Mosaic definition of it, which seems to touch none but the man with designs against his neighbor's property, Jesus in two parables and their context, as given by St. Luke, regards covetousness as the desire of wealth for possession and enjoyment rather than for brotherly service to fellow-men. This meaning is conveyed by the Greek term used for it, **pleonexia,** grasping more. And this is blacklisted by St. Paul (writing in times of enormous contrast between extreme wealth and extreme want), along with the crime of fornication. Yet it is not the sin of the rich more than it is of the poor. In this period of unprecedented fortunes, and the envies and cupidities they excite, there is no sin that gives rise to greater social dangers, yet none so inadequately conceived of among the people, or so needing from the pulpit the radical treatment given to it in the New Testament.—The Outlook.

521. It is doubtful if any bias exists today that acts with more blinding power upon men than **the bias associated with their money income.** There is scarcely any rich source of pecuniary profit for which the average citizen will not find ethical justification.

522. The old rabbins, those poets of religion, report of Moses, that when **the courtiers of Pharaoh were sporting with the child Moses,** in the chamber of Pharaoh's daughter, they presented to his choice an ingot of gold in one hand, and a coal of fire in the other; and that the child snatched at the coal, thrust it in his mouth, and so singed and parched his tongue that he stammered ever after. And certainly it is infinitely more childlike in us, for the glittering of the small glow-worms and the charcoal of **worldly possessions,** to swallow the flames of hell greedily in our choice.—Jeremy Taylor.

523. The highest ambition of most young people is to be rich. They little realize what that means. **Andrew Carnegie,** in writing to a London newspaper, declared the advantages of wealth are trifling. He says: "Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare."

524. James T. McQuade, a New York millionaire who had been sued by his wife for separation, declared in court: "If I had been a poor man I would have been happily married today, but being

a rich man I have to bear **all the ills that the rich are heir to.** Prosperity turned my wife's head. Gradually it got so I no longer had any say in the house. We slowly drifted apart. I became wealthier and as I did we increased the size and cost of our household. It was nothing for us to spend $50,000 a year. Now I am dissatisfied. I constantly am craving for more money. My marriage was a failure and I am constantly and unceasingly busy. And I know hundreds of others who are in the same way. A wealthy man never can live happily."

525. A speaker at the International Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville said he had received recently a letter from a college chum whose life was devoted to money-making. He wrote: **"Bob, poverty is hell!"** Bob replied: **"Bill, to be without the love of Christ is hell!"** Bob was right, and rich as well as poor find it so to be in their lives.

526. There died in New York, of starvation, a woman who was found to be worth upward of a million dollars. She hoarded her money and clutched it with so close and miserly a grasp that she refused to provide herself with even the necessaries of life. The case would be incredible if it were not authenticated. How literally applies to her the judgment, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Are there not multitudes who live surrounded with the finer life and yet literally **starve their souls to death?** The Word abounds in plenty in this Christian land, and yet many refuse it, or are indifferent to it, and are starving their higher and finer natures. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

527. There is **a Russian story** of one who entered **a diamond mine** in search of great riches. He filled his pockets with great gems. At length he grew very thirsty, but there was no water there. His suffering became so intense that even his reason began to fail. He heard the flow of rivers, but they were rivers of gems; he hastened forward at the sound of a waterfall, but it was a cascade of jewels. He was very **rich in precious stones, but he was dying of thirst,** and his riches were worse than useless.

528. It is difficult to live on a throne and to think of a tomb; it is difficult to be clothed in splendor and to remember that we are dust; it is difficult for the rich and prosperous to keep their hearts as a burning coal upon the altar and to humble themselves before God as they rise before men.—Sydney Smith.

529. "I should like to be something," said **Lillo,** "that would make me **a great man,** and very happy besides — something that would not hinder me from having a good deal of pleasure."

"That is not easy, my Lillo," said Romola. "It is **only a poor sort of happiness** that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it a rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity fallen on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, 'It would have been better for me if I had never been born.'

"There was once a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young and clever and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe when I first knew him he never thought of anything cruel or base. But **because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant,** and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he **came at last to commit some of the basest deeds**—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him in misery; **he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich** and prosperous. **Yet calamity overtook him."**—George Eliot.

530. It is not a good thing to an ungodly man that he have great wealth; it is not good that he be always free from afflictions; it is not good for him that he be lifted to a hight of honor among men. Such things tend to make him proud, self-sufficient and arrogant, and lead him to suppose that God is of no account to him. There are but few of God's children who can bear great worldly prosperity, and God in mercy and out of his goodness protects and saves them from it, and even uses hardness, that the old alienated and carnal nature be kept under and the new nature magnified, and the world to come set before their eyes that they may see the true good. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," because the wicked and unworldly prosper, and the righteous seem sometimes to be overlooked and allowed to suffer

by God in Heaven. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

531. "I used to think that a man could get anything if he had money," remarked an old man recently, "but **I have found out that there are some things that money cannot buy.**" And those "some things" are often the very things that make life worth living. Merely to have enough to eat and enough to wear, and enough besides that to foster a spirit of pride, is not to get the good out of life. But that is about all that wealth of itself can do. To have all that heart can wish is not happiness, if that heart has no wish for things high and noble and good.

532. When we have much of God's providential mercies it often happens that we have but little of God's grace; **satisfied with earth, we are content to do without heaven.** Rest assured it is harder to know how to be full than it is how to be hungry, so desperate is the tendency of human nature to pride and forgetfulness of God. Take care that you ask in your prayers that God would teach you "how to be full."—C. H. Spurgeon.

533. **"Trust in riches;"** ah, there is the word which explains the whole matter! It is not money, but **the wrong attitude toward money** that bars men out from God's kingdom. So long as you are master of your money, be it much or little, and use it as its master, it will be a blessing to you, one of God's good gifts. It will help you to be happy and useful in this world, it will yield you treasure in heaven. But when the money is master of the man, so that he loves and trusts in it, preferring it to his own honor, to the well-being of his neighbor or to the glory of God, then the money has become a curse.—The Monday Club.

534. **Greed's emblems.** 1000 years ago the Norsemen came sailing up Boston harbor in shallops. Each one, on its prow, had a wolf's head, and on its sail a cormorant.—Joseph Cook.

535. In the Paradise Lost there are few finer touches or touches truer to the facts than that wherein **Milton pictures Mammon as the least erect of all the angels even before he fell,** "who went about with eyes rather for the pavement of the heavenly streets, trodden gold," than for the high and noble beauties of the place. You can guard your life from getting so under **the spell of possessions** that you can be brought to overlook the rights of others for your own advantage. For even Christ pleased not himself.—Cleland McAfee.

536. It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost **the things that money can't buy.**—George Horace Lorimer.

537. **Chasing rainbows** is a bootless occupation. There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, for the rainbow has no end. The young imagination often clothes very commonplace objects and pleasures with all the colors and hues of the rainbow; but when approached these colors all melt into their native grays or browns. If only we could detect the real phantoms of life, what immense misfortunes and disappointments would humanity be relieved of! Bubbles are beautiful and many-hued, but they are not substantial, they will not endure. Follow after excellence in the old ways and the ways that are approved, and happier results will accrue.

538. Walking along a street with a friend, one remarked of a man whom he passed, **"That man has nothing in the world but forty thousand dollars."** Now there are but few of our readers who would not regard him as rich, and possibly wish to change places with him. But if that is really the case with him, he is not to be envied.

539. **Covetousness** is not the desire for more; that desire is at the basis of all progress and civilization, and it is right to seek to satisfy it. **Covetousness is the desire to possess what another person has. It is a greater sin than envy, which merely wants a duplicate of what another person has.** Envy leads to discontent with ourselves; but covetousness, to hatred of others. Envy makes a weakling; covetousness, a fiend. "The practical effect of the tenth commandment, standing where it did, like a solemn appendix to the rest, was to throw back upon them all a more searching light. It was to show that they were to be applied to inward desire, which is sin, as well as to the outward action, which is crime. In effect, it doubled the whole law."—Dykes.

540. **Midway between poverty and riches is a genial clime, named contentment with a little.** Earth's most famous sons, like Dante and Milton, have dwelt in this temperate clime. Carlyle, too, and Wordsworth, and Emerson have "earned a little and spent less." The heroes and reformers, also, in avoiding the arctic zone of poverty, have also avoided the tropic zone of riches. The most famous spot in Westminster Abbey, it has been said, commemorates **"the glorious company of paupers."** The

history of our great men, from the Pilgrim Fathers to Grant and Lincoln, does but emphasize this injunction of a scholar bidding us "to be content with earning a little and spending less."—N. D. Hillis.

541. You Athenians will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs of your dwellings, but, **by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.**—Epictetus.

542. What shall I come to, father," said a young man, "if I go on **prospering** in this way?" **"To the grave,"** replied the father.

543. This is the Christ's challenge: **"Fling away life to keep it." John Howard** renounces his patrician position in favor of the poor and weak; **Fra Angelico** renounces wealth, ease and luxury by fastings, wasting himself to a shadow, kneeling as he paints; the heroes and reformers and martyrs renounced lands, houses, homes, were exiled into the mountains, died to the dirge of the forest winds, had no funeral robes but the forest leaves — these all renounced, but were not embittered. Losing life that they might save it, and so received their Master's divine approval. —N. D. Hillis.

544. Greed leads to lying. In the realm of metals, pure gold is so soft that it must be debased with alloys to be useful. From the number of lies that they tell many men seem to think that the truth is too precious to be used indiscriminately. Therefore they debase it with the spurious metal of deceit and utter it as pure gold. By adulterating foods and selling them as pure, untruth becomes organized into the very structure of trade, and the youth that enters some shops and stores seems like one who has entered a college where lying is taught as a fine art.

545. Undoubtedly gold and rank are desirable in themselves, but **they may cost too much.** Certainly **Arnold** found it so, for when in his last years Talleyrand asked him, not knowing his name, but only that he was an American, for a letter to his friends in the United States, he exclaimed in bitterness, "I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hands to God and say, **I have not a single friend,** not one, in all America." His honor, the friendships of the good, his own self-respect, would have been worth more to him than all he gained by refusing self-denials. Men often make a like mistake. —Monday Club Sermons.

546. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is as if he had said, **"Let me be hungry, but let me not disobey him."** Intense longing for physical comforts is one of the great temptations, which, when it overpowers a man, robs him of his true life. To choose a profitable business that is hurtful to the soul; to abandon, in order that we may get richer, a trust that God has given us; to hide honest convictions, in order that we may keep a place in some one's favor; to refuse to acknowledge Christ as Master and Saviour because of some foolish fear,—this is to seek first what Gentiles seek, and to lose what they lose.

547. Covetousness seems a trivial fault. It is not heresy; it is not a positive hurt to others; it is simply a disease of the individual soul. Yet I do not know of any sin to which the Old Testament attaches such a stigma. "The covetous renounceth the Lord." You will observe it is not said: "The Lord renounceth the covetous." The renunciation is on the human side—on the side of the covetous man himself. A greater stigma could not be attached to any sin. Many a heretic longs for God; many an agnostic thirsts for God; many a blasphemer speaks in an hour of madness what is not the voice of his sober mind. But to renounce God, to calmly refuse his advances, to repudiate his fellowship, to shut the door deliberately against him—this is the acme of antagonism. And why has covetousness incurred this deadly imputation? It is because the spirit of covetousness is the extreme opposite of the Spirit of God. It is more extreme than atheism. Atheism only fails to see a divine Being; covetousness sees him quite well and admires not his beauty. **That which the covetous man admires is God's opposite.** —Dr. George Matheson

Temptation. (548–569)

548. There is hardly any power in the mechanical world greater than that of **the wedge.** Once get the thin edge in, it is only a question of time and force how far the remainder shall be driven. The hardest stone, the toughest wood, are not able to resist its power for separation. **Beware of the thin edge of sin.**

549. "If you don't want to traffic with the devil, keep out of his shop." So said one of the old Puritan fathers. It is as good a proverb to us as it was two hundred years ago. The devil has many shops about us and he is luring thousands of Christians, young and old into them, well knowing that he is pretty

sure to induce some to traffic with him, if he can get them once on his ground and on speaking terms with him.

550. It is said that **weeds never grow truly wild,** but only where the ground has been stirred up by cultivation. So with temptations, they beset the mind as soon as cultivation ceases.

551. Dr. McLaren tells about a beach in England where the sea has laid the pebbles in long rows, accurately sorting them out according to size. The great ocean of time, when it casts us up on the beach of eternity, will lay us beside our likes. Judas went **"to his own place"**, as Peter solemnly said about him.

552. Men should look well to their associates and amusements. The devil is a farmer who has many hired hands. He does most of his farming by night. The danger period of a young person's life is the space between sunset and bed.

553. The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants that will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life that will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of noble deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship, for he will not afford house-room for unclean spirits whose mind is already possessed with goodness, and his garments will not take fire in this furnace who walketh with the Son of God. Above all books, the Bible passes as iron into a man's blood and gives vigor to his will, and he that lives with Jesus catches the infection of his aims and spirit.—Ian Maclaren.

554. Resistance. A boy was learning to swim at the seaside at Fremantle, Australia. He knew there were two dangers — drowning and sharks. To provide against the first he wore a sort of cork belt fastened about his chest. He got carried rather far out by the undertow; and, while there, a blue shark swam up, thinking he had got a tender dinner. But the boy remembered his father's teaching. He began to shout and splash the water loudly with his hands. The shark, being a coward, thought this must be a very dangerous boy if he can make so great a noise, and therewith cleared away. In the meantime a man had swum out, and the boy was brought in, none the worse for his adventure. **If we do all we can to resist threatened evils and enemies our chances of escape will be greater.** Even to "make a noise" is better than to succumb passively.—Homiletic Review.

555. Stanley makes a note of the fact that while traveling in the dark forest of Africa he did not see many snakes. But when he stopped for a few weeks' rest, he determined to clear up a plot of land and plant it in corn.

He says that when they began to clear the land they found snakes everywhere. Snakes under the logs, rocks, leaves, up in the bushes, and down in the earth. The land was cleared, the snakes killed, the corn planted, in a few weeks they had fine roasting ears. So there are hidden evils in our natures, which God reveals to us by temptation. **When they are revealed to us let us kill the infesting serpents of evil,** and there will grow up from the same soil many fruits of the Spirit.

556. Some one has said: "A very disagreeable person may come into our house, but if we refuse to see him as our guest and do our best to get rid of him, we cannot be held responsible for his presence." So it is with **sinful thoughts;** though they enter the mind, they must not be harbored but **must be expelled with all possible haste.**—United Presbyterian.

557. We carry about with us the only possibilities of harm to ourselves. **If we lift the latch to temptation the evil will come in.** If we grow bitter in suffering adversity or meeting trial, hurt comes to us from experience—the hurt is in the bitterness, not in the experience. If we fail in the spirit of forgiveness, the unkindnesses of others have left ugly wounds on our spirit, but it was not the unkindnesses, but our own wrong way of enduring them, that was the cause of the hurt. The great problem of living is, therefore, to pass through all struggles, all sorrows, all life's experiences of whatsoever kind, **keeping the heart meanwhile pure, sweet, loving and at peace.** Then nothing amid all the world's forces of evil shall have power to hurt us.—Forward.

558. A student who had been enticed into drinking, and gambling, and who was just on the verge of taking the next step downward, social impurity, sat in his room facing **a picture of the boy Christ,** by Hofman, that his sister had given him. "There was something in those clear, sweet eyes," he afterward said, "and that strong, pure face, that thrust me through and through. I looked, and **the picture seemed to open up the depths of my heart** to my gaze, and I flung myself on the floor to hide

the picture, and cried out for mercy and help, and it came."—C. E. World.

559. You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try and take the castle; but one soldier said, "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day, and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now with a single gun firing away at every life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. **Temptation is the practice of the soul;** and if you never have any temptation, you will never have any practice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourselves resolutely to face them.

560. Facing evil. It is said a draft of air evaporates moisture from the part of the body against which it sets, impeding the circulation in the capillary vessels which join the arteries to the veins, and also in the small lymphatics. An unusual action ensues, causing stiffness or colds. If it blow only on the face, but little bad effect will follow, because the warm breath exhales moisture on the latter, and instead of parching, really protects from injury. One can bear a keen wind longest by facing it. The danger of catching cold is least when the current is before, and not from behind. "Resist the devil," says Scripture, "and he will flee from you." Evil is robbed of half its danger when boldly fronted. **"Resist the devil."**

561. John Wesley's mother once wrote to him when he was in college, "Would you judge of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this rule, Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; **whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing, to you, is sin."**

562. From the fascination of sin we are taught to turn our eyes, to steadfastly look upward when the Evil One whispers, "Look down!" It is the only safe, the only obedient way. To turn the eyes temptationward, even defiantly, when Christ has taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," is an evidence not of courage, not of true manliness, but of presumption. Ever **let the eyes of the Christian be turned upward** toward the peaks, toward the hills of divine help. While he knows that the gulf of sin yawns beneath his feet, let him walk with mind and soul fixed upon the things that are above.—James Buckham.

563. There are always two things that go **to the making of a temptation:** there is the particular set of **circumstances** to be encountered on the one hand, and there is the peculiar **character** or history of the person entering into the situation on the other. We need to remember this if we are to defend either ourselves or others against temptation.—Dr. Stalker.

564. A child once asked in his innocence, "Why does not God kill the devil?" That simple query suggests a problem that philosophers have found insoluble. We cannot attempt an answer. **Temptation** is a common-place of human experience, and consequently excites no astonishment; but it is a profound and impenetrable mystery. There can be no denial of the fact that the temptations of Satan frequently become jewels to adorn the crown of God's people before the eternal throne. The saintly **Rutherford** realized this when he declared: "I find it most true that the greatest temptation out of hell is to live without temptations; if my waters would stand, they would rot. Faith is the better for the free air and the sharp winter storm in its face; grace withereth without adversity. The devil is but God's master fencer to teach us how to handle our weapons."—Chaplin.

565. A wealthy mother loved her baby girl devotedly. Every day she was sent out for the air. Still she was pale and weak, and sympathetic mothers said, "It is doubtful whether she can be raised." One practical, wholesome mother said, "The mother is killing the child with mistaken care. The little thing hardly knows what it is to put her foot on the ground. She is wheeled in a cab all day long. The little dear hardly knows what her feet and legs are made for, for she is not allowed to use them in a normal way. Put her on the ground and let her walk and run and fall down. Suppose she does get some blue bruises? She needs more color. Turn her barefoot with a simple, sensible dress on. Suppose she does stub her big toe? Blue forehead and blue toes are better than blue pills. Suppose she does get some dirt on her dress? There's plenty of water in the city reservoir. I wish I had her for a while; I'd have her rosy and as fat as a pig." True, true; no normal child can be developed in such an abnormal way. The

exertion, the hard knocks, the bruises must come to every normally-managed child. Temptations are going to come to every one of us. Never mind who sends them, stand firm. **The testing of your faith develops endurance.**—Herald and Presbyter.

566. This is the terrible experience of every one who has yielded to temptation. For a moment, all consequences are forgotten, all obligations silenced, every restraint snapped like rotten ropes. No matter what God has said, no matter what mischief will come, no matter for conscience or reason; let them all go! The tyrannous craving which has got astride of the man urges him on blindly. All it cares for is its own satisfaction. What of remorse or misery may come after are nothing to it. So the sin-ridden soul dashes at its aim like a bull at a stone wall,—head down, eyes shut. And it is **the temptations of the senses** which are most blind to anything beyond their own satisfying. The fleshly appetites have no conscience. Hunger will be allayed by stolen bread as well as by honestly earned; therefore the need to keep all the animal nature under lock and key. The first pair were tempted through their senses; and though we have many more refined and subtle forms of temptation, the bulk of men are tempted by their senses still, and the most common and obstinate sins have their roots there.

567. Two brothers, James and George, were **the sons of a drunkard.** From their early years their mother explained to them that they probably inherited an appetite for alcoholic drink, and pointed out to them the sin and misery which result from the indulgence of that appetite. She showed that their only security lay in their never allowing that appetite to be awakened. George followed his mother's counsel, and to the day of his death no drop of alcohol passed his lips. James, on the other hand, tried to take an occasional glass, but with the first glass the inherited appetite was aroused, and it grew with each succeeding glass, until soon it was beyond all control, and speedily carried him to a drunkard's grave. Neither boy was responsible for the inherited appetite, but was not James responsible for the indulgence of that appetite and all the evil that indulgence led to? God warns us of an inherited tendency to evil; he also shows us a way by which we may avoid strengthening that tendency and may finally conquer it. **We may not be responsible for our inherited sinful nature, but we certainly are responsible for yielding to it,** when we may, if we will, receive strength to resist.

568. Our danger less from without than from ourselves. Contrary to what is generally supposed, the fully equipped diver does not dread sharks in the depths; though there are cases on record where these monsters have bitten savagely at the air pipe, causing a serious leak and almost drowning the man before he could be hauled up. Sharks are, however, notoriously timid, and all the experienced diver has to do to frighten them away is to open one of the air valves in his dress and cause a stream of bubbles to rise up all around him, whereupon the "tiger of the deep" will make off in abject terror. **A far more real danger is getting entangled.**

569. The Devil acts according to a plan which we should know, and which the Holy Ghost reveals to us: 'The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.' He adhered to that plan with Eve, who yielded to temptation when she saw, first, that the fruit was 'good for food', then that it was 'pleasant to the eyes', and lastly, that it was 'to be desired to make one wise'. He adopted it equally with Jesus whom he tempted, first, by the wants of the flesh; secondly, by the exhibition of earthly pomp; lastly, by the pride of a wonderful miracle.—Monod.

Conscience. (570–600)

570. Superstition and conscience. A lady on leaving a private party in St. Petersburg, at a rather advanced hour in the morning, called a droschke and, having given directions to the driver, the latter proceeded toward her home, as she thought; instead of which he drove her to a rather deserted part of the city and suddenly turned round and cut her throat, the sable-lined cloak in which she was enveloped having excited his cupidity. Having divested her of this, he dragged her body to the brink of the canal and threw her into it. On the way back to his stand he was hailed by a gentleman, and, however reluctant, was obliged to take him as a passenger. The gentleman not only noticed the cloak, but touching it, found his fingers stained with blood. He said nothing till he reached a police station, where, having ordered the driver to stop, he gave him into custody on suspicion. The gentleman was the husband of the lady and recognized the cloak as belonging to his wife. The tragedy happened during Lent, when meat is forbidden. The murdered lady had a little basket with her which contained a pie. Having been asked by the

commissary why he hadn't eaten the pie, he replied, "**How could I think of eating the pie? It may contain meat,** and," devoutly crossing himself, "I am, thank God, a good Christian!"

571. Keeping a clear conscience. There was once in Boston an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down, in trying to pray at the family altar, and went straight to the men who led him into the plot, and told them that he could not go on with it.

Said the old man: "**I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers.** And this morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray, that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it, or with any money made out of it."

572. Some wise man said once: "Most people follow their consciences as a man follows a **wheelbarrow,** pushing it before him the way he wants it to go."

573. Conscience is like a watch, —it may look right, and you may go by it on the assumption that it is right, and find that you have missed your train because it was all wrong, after all. The watch must be set by the sure time, and regulated from time to time as comparison with the chronometer shows it needs.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

574. It is infinitely better to think wrong and to act right upon that wrong thinking, than it is **to think right and not to do** as that thinking requires of us.—George Macdonald.

575. The pirate Gibbs, whose name was for many years a terror to commerce with the West Indies and South America, was at last taken captive, tried, condemned and executed in the city of New York. He acknowledged before his death that when he committed the first murder and plundered the first ship his compunctions were severe; conscience was on the rack and made a hell within his bosom. But after he had sailed for years under the black flag, his **conscience became so hardened** and blunted that he could rob a vessel and murder all its crew, and then lie down and sleep as sweetly at night as an infant in its cradle. His remorse diminished as his crimes increased. So it is generally. If, therefore, remorse in this life is God's way of punishing crimes, the more they sin the less he punishes them! How absurd!

576. It was while steering a vessel through gloom and tempest, that **the handwriting of God flashed upon the soul of John Newton.** The only child of his mother, he had been carefully instructed in the hallowed page;—

"He had early learned
To reverence the Volume which displays
The mystery—the life which cannot die."

Those impressions sin had obscured; but, like a beautiful landscape seen in a dark night by lightning, they all revived for a season: memory spoke to him, in accents that carried him home to his mother's arms, of death and judgment to come. The landscape fades with the flash; and so the awaking thoughts of Newton died with the impulse of the hour, yet not without leaving a faint impression behind.

577. It is the function of conscience, as the soul's judiciary, to decide for it every question of personal right and wrong. In its decisions the sense of self-approval is as clear in the breast of the consciously innocent as is that of self-condemnation in the breast of the consciously guilty.

1. It is **not** the office of conscience to **forecast the future,**—to foresee danger,—to forewarn against temptation.

2. It is **not** its office to **pronounce judgment on conjectural acts,** or on acts contemplated as dependent on untried and contingent circumstances.

3. It is **not** the office of conscience to **settle questions of casuistry,**—

4. **Nor to furnish laws for its own judgment.** It can neither supply nor set aside, neither enact nor annul, moral laws.

5. Conscience **cannot determine for any one the genuineness,** or the authenticity, or the justice, of a **moral law** that is for the first time announced to him.—Dr. Robinson.

578. A former New York fire department chief, although a very sound sleeper was wide-awake and **ready for duty in a moment** at the faintest tap of the alarm bell, which hung at the head of his bed, in his bed room. **So con-**

science may be keen to respond to every moral signal.

579. A Cleveland fire truck horse escaped from his stable and the men could not get near enough to capture him. And then one of them tapped the alarm gong, and he came galloping back alert and ready for duty at once. The admonitions of conscience should receive as prompt a response from us.

580. The conscience, says Dr. Stalker, requires to be enlightened. God's law is written on it; but the lettering is like that of an old inscription, where the words are filled up with moss and mould, so that they are apt to be misread and require to be recut. Victor Hugo says, "A man may be a wreck as well as a ship. Conscience is an anchor; but it is as terrible as true that, like the anchor, conscience may be dragged."

581. We have heard, for example, of one who, as he was traveling in an Alpine region at midnight, saw for an instant, by the brilliancy of a flash of lightning, that he was in such a position that another step would have been over a fearful precipice, and the effect upon him was that he started back and waited for the morning dawn. Now, such a flash of lightning into the darkness of David's soul that "Thou art the man" of Nathan's was to him. It revealed to him, by its momentary brilliancy, the full aggravation of his iniquity. That was enough to stir him up to hatred of his sin and of himself. Blessed are the revealing flashes..—Wm. M. Taylor.

582. A Barbadoes physician and slave-holder having been robbed to a considerable extent in his sugar-works, he discovered the thief by the following ingenious artifice. Having called his slaves together, he addressed them thus: "My friends, the great serpent appeared to me during the night and told me that the person who stole my money should, at this very instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." On this announcement the dishonest slave, anxious to find out if his guilt had declared itself, put his finger to his nose. "Man," cried the master instantly, "it is thou who hast robbed me."

583. Have you ever noticed the great clock of St. Paul's? At mid-day, in the roar of business, how few hear it but those who are close to it! But when the work of the day is over, and silence reigns in London, then it may be heard for miles around. That is just like the conscience of an impenitent man. While in health and strength, in the whirl of business, he will not hear it. But the day will come when he must retire from the world and look death in the face; and then the clock of conscience will sound in his ears, and if he has not repented will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul.—Ryle.

584. Conscience has been cleverly said to be "the tongue that tastes the flavor of intentions," "that which perceives and feels rightness and oughtness in choices." In this sense it unquestionably has a divine mandate, and never misleads us, for we may infallibly know whether we mean right or wrong in our deliberate choices, and conscience merely bids us do whatever we consider our duty. But what that duty may be under any particular circumstances he has laid it upon us to find out through the mental and spiritual powers given us.—Zion's Herald.

585. "A compass," writes Thomas Arnold of Rugby, "may be out of order as well as a conscience, and the needle may point due south if you hold a powerful magnet in that direction. Still the compass, generally speaking, is a true guide and sure, and so is the conscience; and you can trace the deranging influence on the latter as surely as on the former." You can successfully if you faithfully use the right tests and methods. But no merely natural process will effect this. The highest development of conscience is its Christian or Christ-like type.

586. The conscience fund in the United States treasury is over $300,000 at the present time. It was opened in 1811, with one dollar from a New York man. From London came the largest contribution, $14,250, which was transmitted through the consul to Washington. Unsigned remittances are received almost weekly. Sometimes they are signed by clergymen at the request of penitents.

587. "I succeeded in educating my boy's mind," said a broken-hearted father the other day to the friendly reporter who had taken an interest in his defaulting son's case; "but his conscience was left uneducated. Older and cleverer thieves found him just ignorant enough of fine distinctions of right and wrong to use him. They mixed up his conscience till it saw black as white. I'm not excusing him, or myself. No man has a right to let his boy go into business today with an uneducated conscience. No boy has a right to enter manhood without a carefully trained sense of good and evil. That is what was the trouble with my boy."

588. Conscience is executioner.—The instruments of the inflicted penalty be-

ing in the soul itself; the furies come in as attending ministers. "I have betrayed innocent blood," cries **Judas**, with the rope of strangulation in his hand. **Richard III** rushes about with his drawn sword and frightful eyes, to strike down the murdered souls of his ambition; each one exclaiming "I will sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow!" History comes replete with instances in which the abandoned of God for their crimes, have confessed, **"My conscience is my worst tormentor;** how it rebukes, how it lashes me, how it drags me to the wheels of deserved retribution!"

589. Traveling from Chicago to Cleveland a party of gentlemen struck up an acquaintance by **each giving a short biography** of his recent life. Said one of them, "I have been to Chicago to collect some **conscience money.** A good many years ago I made an invention; it was stolen from me by some Chicago people. I spent much money in trying to get my rights and did not get them. Two weeks ago I received a letter from a house in Chicago which had been manufacturing and **selling my invention,** saying that if I would come to Chicago, I would hear something to my interest. I went to the place appointed and met a gentleman who said, 'You are Mr. A. B.!' 'Yes.' 'Our house has been for many years making and selling an invention of yours; **I have recently become a Christian, I know I have done wrong and I want now to do all I can to right that wrong;** will you please say how much money we shall pay you for the wrong we have done? I thanked him, and said I wanted time to reflect. I took the time and gave an answer. Turning to the cashier the gentleman said, **'Make out a check for so much', a sum double the amount I had named.** The check was certified and I now have it in my pocket."

590. What is the best and most conclusive definition of conscience? The common and **current definition** is, the soul's sense of right and wrong. The **scholarly view** is, the soul's sense of right and wrong in motives. **"Is conscience an infallible guide to man? No, and yes.** No, when considered independently of the atonement of Christ. Yes, **when conscience is under the illumination of divine Revelation,** and is governed by a saving faith in Jesus Christ, it is an infallible guide in motives that prompt action. Conscience itself will experience a sanctifying power under those conditions."—Joseph Cook.

591. The Earl of Breadelbane planned the massacre of Glencoe in Scotland and carried it into execution in a most dastardly manner. But he afterwards, says Macauley, **felt the stings of conscience.** He did his best to assume an air of unconcern. He made his appearance in the most fashionable coffee house in London, and talked loudly and complacently about his important services in the Scottish mountains. Some of his soldiers, however, who observed him closely, whispered that all this bravery was put on. He was not the man he had been before that massacre. **At all times, at all places, whether he waked or slept, Glencoe was before him.**

592. Some years ago a woman boarded a train on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. She was going to a neighboring town, and carried in her pocket a mileage book with which to pay her fare. For some reason the conductor was hurried, and as he went through the car, the new-comer **escaped his glance.** Involuntarily, a temptation came to her. She sat still and said nothing. At the next station she got off the train, owing the railroad company sixteen cents. **At first she laughed over the matter,** but as time went on, it began to look more serious. She was fundamentally a good woman. The community respected and liked her. Her life was blameless and she was charitable to the unfortunate; but the trivial secret debt remained upon her mind.

At last she determined to be what every one supposed her to be—perfectly honest. She wrote a letter to the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company and told the whole story. She enclosed sixteen two-cent stamps, which paid her debt and the interest upon it for eighteen years, and more than all, she **was brave and true enough to sign her name to the letter.** The company recognized her courage, and a few days later she received from them a note expressing their high appreciation of it.

593. Bessus, an abandoned Greek, was observed **tearing to pieces a sparrow's** nest together with the nestling brood, and when censured made this reply: **"They never cease twitting me for the murder of my father."**

594. Lord Erskine, when questioned as to his conduct at the bar, answered that the first command and counsel of his youth was always to **do what his conscience told him to be his duty,** "and I have found it the road to prosperity and wealth."

595. Dr. Webster, hung in Boston for the murder of Dr. Parkman, charged his keepers with calling out in the night, repeatedly, **"You are a murder-**

er!" when only his conscience was the arousing voice re-echoed through the gloomy cells. To such accusations the reply may be "silence!" but dumb they cannot be, and with multiplying power will still utter, "Son, remember, remember thy sins."

596. Malefactors have gone into court demanding the utterance of their own death-warrant. **The inward judge has doomed the outward,** sitting on the judgment seat, to descend from his unworthy elevation and confess himself a murderer, demanding his rightful execution at the demand of justice. **Life has become intolerable,** and the confession has been, "I deserve to die; suicide is a relief from my suffering; man can do no worse to me than my guilt demands, and suicide shall be my confession."

597. Soft sponges become flints oftentimes by a peculiar process. There are in sponges particles of flint or silex; these are ever attracting particles to themselves, until in process of time **the whole mass is an aggregate of silicious matter,** and the softness of the sponge has disappeared. **It is thus with conscience;** its sensibilities are gradually giving way to the hardening particles that are introduced by every sin you commit.—Evangelical Messenger.

598. Charles IX. of France, after the massacre of the Huguenots on **St. Bartholomew's** day, Aug. 24, 1572, **never recovered from the fatal shock.** "I don't know what ails me," he said to his physician, "my whole frame seems in a fever. I see nothing around me but **hideous faces covered with blood."** In the night he awoke to hear in his terror, "a concert of screams, groanings, howlings, and furious voices, menacing and blaspheming just as they were heard on the night of the massacre."—Hanna.

599. There is one stone in the floor of an old church in Scotland which stares out at you in blood red from the gray stones around it. The legend tells of a **murder committed there,** and of repeated fruitless attempts to cover the telltale color of that stone. Morally, the legend is true; **every dead sin sends its ghost to haunt the soul of the guilty.** —Trumbull.

(See also **Victor Hugo's Les Miserables,** Chapter entitled "A Tempest in a Soul"). **(Lady Macbeth). ("Eugene Aram's Dream").**

600. A young man who was praised for his **"quick moral intuitions"** explains them thus; "I began by **taking ten days over a question of conscience** —or twenty, if necessary. Then came down, little by little, to a ten hour day. Now I can usually see the point clear in ten minutes—but only because I keep in practice." Some problems in conscience take longer than others.

The Consequences of Sin—Immediate.

(601–618)

601. Not far from the place where these lines are being written **there is a great prison** in which hundreds of men and women are kept closely guarded. The cells in which they sleep at night are cold and gloomy and damp. The conditions of their life are so hard that the very description would make one shudder. **These men are paying the price** of the gain which they once thought to secure mostly by a single act.

602. Near my house there **lived a man,** a few years ago, who, although he was at liberty in one sense, in another sense **he was in a prison** more to be dreaded than a prison of stone and steel. **Fetters of appetite were on his soul.** He could not do as he would. He had no will to speak of. Nearly every day he was under the influence of strong drink. He loathed the habit, and tried to escape from it many a time, but he was weaker than a child. He was not only a prisoner but a slave. For many years he **paid the price of the gratification of his youthful passions.** It was an awful price—a shattered nervous system, a weakened mind, a lost soul.

603. A mother lay dying; her earthly hours were numbered, and the sands of life ran low. Grouped around her were her three daughters, so soon to be left motherless and alone. Wistfully she eyed the group. Too weak to more than whisper, she made known her wants, of paper, pen and ink. They were brought to her by the eldest. She beckoned to them to come closer. Wonderingly they obeyed. Falteringly she dipped the pen into the ink well, and with a death-palsied hand quiveringly held the full pen over the spotless page until **one drop of ink spattered on the page.**

"Dears, erase it," she whispered, faintly.

"We can not get it all off, mother," they said.

"I know it, my children; **neither can you remove all the blemish of a sin from your soul. Your soul, children, is the page. Remember; keep it spotless."**

With these last words on her lips she passed to the great beyond, still clasping the blotted page in her nerveless hand. It was a lesson written indelibly

upon the memory of every one of the three.

604. "Often," says Thomas Fuller, "have I thought with myself, **I will sin but this one sin more,** and then repent of it, and of all the rest of my sins together. 'So foolish was I, and ignorant.' As if I should be more able to pay my debts when I owe more; or, as if I should say, I will wound my friend once more, and then I will lovingly shake hands with him. But **what if my friend will not shake hands with me?** Besides, can one commit one sin more, and but one sin more?"

605. At a general election in England, a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by a party leader to stand for it. He belonged to a good family, and was a barrister of prominence in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two he suddenly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite on which was scrawled with charcoal, **"Forty pounds!"** He stumbled through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand. A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and **again the mysterious words written in black on the wall confronted him.** Again he left the platform, and that night he retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life, and retired to an English colony, where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten.

Behind all the happiness of life, behind even God's love, **there is such a thing as law.** "Who breaks it always pays the penalty." God may forgive him, but the lines on his face, the taint in his soul, remain to tell of the vice of his early days.

606. There was a time when almost any man with a clear eye for historic perspective would have said of Parnell, **"Here is a man who will live in history as one of its great figures."** In 1882 he was great enough to offer of his own accord to Mr. Gladstone to retire from public life altogether, if in the great Englishman's judgment such an act would be helpful to the Irish cause.

Then came his secret overthrow. The sin which destroyed Samson undermined him. It was long covered up and hidden; but like all sin, as it grew into mastery and control of the man's nature, it became bold and defiant. In the autumn of 1890 his shame was uncovered before the whole world. Then he was asked to retire; he was shown his cause would certainly fail unless he relieved it of his burden. But his sin seemed to have changed his whole nature, and he no longer had the power to be self-denying, or to do great and generous deeds. **Justin McCarthy, who had been his dearest friend, says: "He seems suddenly to have changed his whole nature** and his very ways of speech. We knew him before as a man of superb self-restraint, cool, calculating, never carried from the moorings of his keen intellect by any waves of passion around him—a man with the eye and the foresight of a born commander-in-chief." That was the man before he had sold himself to the devil, before secret sin had eaten out his manhood and drugged his conscience and palsied his will; but what kind of a man was he afterward? Hear McCarthy again: "We had now in our midst a man **seemingly incapable of self-control;** a man ready at any moment, and on the smallest provocation, to break into a very tempest and whirlwind of passion; a man of the most reckless and selfcontradictory statement; a man who could descend to the most trivial and vulgar personalities, who could encourage and even indulge in the most ignoble and humiliating brawls." You all know the result. As Lucifer fell like a star from heaven to the deepest hell, so he fell from leadership, from the respect of mankind, and died as Samson did, broken-hearted and in shame.—Banks.

607. Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave on it **one great dent.** Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts, and they will take the polish from it more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our conscience, as the **numberless petty faults** of our daily lives.

In God's Word there is one prevailing thought about **sin,** that it **entails estrangement from God** to begin with, and sooner or later abandonment to self. It was the keen consciousness of **this banishment that made Judas despair.**

608. Felix, the Earl of Wurtemberg, a captain of Charles V. of Germany, in the presence of a company, at supper, swore that before he died he would ride **"up to the spurs"** in the blood of Lutherans. But **that very night,** by the bursting of a vein, he was **choked** and strangled in his own blood.

609. One of the brightest young men

that ever entered Yale University, was powerfully awakened during a revival of religion, and for several days was on the verge of giving his heart to God. After a severe struggle **he yielded to the dazzling offer of the tempter,** who promised him the glory of the world. The voice that called him was silent henceforth. Brilliant as this young man was, his career was dark. **He rose to fame and sank to infamy and died in disgrace.** He paid the price. When we contemplate the career which was opened before him in the kingdom of God, and consider what he might have become and accomplished, we tremble at the thought that he **forfeited it all** for the gratification of an unworthy ambition, and was cheated out of life.

610. Until 56 years old the Emperor Tiberius was a man of noble qualities. But when he gained the world he **surrendered to sensuality.** In his beautiful summer palace on an island in the Bay of Naples, he had everything that could minister to voluptuous ease. And yet from that same place he wrote **his famous message to the Roman Senate:** "What to write to you, Conscript Fathers, or how to write, or what not to write, may all the gods and goddesses **destroy me worse than I feel they are destroying me every day,** if I know." Pliny said that Tiberius was by common consent, considered **the saddest of all men.**

611. "Warning—Live Rail—Danger," run the words in the electric car station. A man climbs down to the track and lays his hand on that rail. "Warning — Live Rail — Danger," says his drawn, prostrate, death-struck body to horrified beholders. Will the people heed the warning of the words which were set on that rail now? Too often the penalties which others pay do not deter us.

Let me not trifle with what thou hast set for the safeguarding of men's souls, O my God.—W. A. Knight.

612. The connection between irreligion and degeneracy is very clear and unmistakable.

Bolingbroke, Voltaire and Hume sent a blight over the religious life of Europe in their day, and a terrible yield of immorality in its worst forms was the result. Previous to the Revolution of 1793 was the Augustan age of France—the time of the Encyclopaedists. The Bible, Christianity and God himself were discarded, but a prostitute was enthroned in Notre Dame as goddess of reason; and rapine, violence and bloodshed abounded. In Great Britain the **Anglican Church** was powerless, while Moderatism was crushing out the life of the Church of Scotland, and Arianism was undermining the **Presbyterian Church** of Ireland, and vice and corruption, even in high places, were rampant. Rationalism had nearly rooted out evangelical religion in **Germany,** where **morality** also was rapidly disappearing. In **England,** during the latter half of the eighteenth century, both religious belief and morality were restored by the evangelical movement, which was a moral reformation as well as a religious revival. And the **decadence in American morals** was not stayed until the glorious revivals of 1802.—Pierson.

613. No more terrible prison awaits the sinner than the chamber of a guilty memory. From it he may behold pleasant prospects of peace and even lean out of its windows to breathe in the freshness of his children's hearts; but that is all. Distrust and impatience spring from a knowledge of our own selves; and **sin has power to kill the soul's organs of communion and response, making us practically moral paralytics.** We do not know what tragedies men carry within their souls, under exteriors as fair as any here. Sin, no doubt, to many men, seems an entrance to good fellowship. But did you not feel — you who have trodden this pathway—that, as you fell, **a door seemed to shut** somewhere behind you? Remember that habits of sin make you unworthy of all you used to love and admire.

614. A man broke into a small church in Scotland with the sacrilegious intention of stealing the communion plate. Hearing steps outside the building, and expecting that he would be discovered, he hurried to the end of the church, where, seeing a long rope depending to the ground, he laid hold of it for the purpose of climbing out of sight. But it proved to be the bell-rope, and **his weight rang the bell,** which attracted his pursuers immediately to the spot. The man, of course, was caught; and thus wittily addressed the unconscious cause of his detection: "If it had not been for thy long tongue and empty head I should not have been in my present predicament." **Those who sin are pretty sure, sooner or later, to turn king's evidence against themselves.** There is a voice in wrong doing; its long tongue will not always be quiet. All unaware, the offender puts out his hand and pulls the bell which tells against himself and summons vengeance to overtake him. **Let no man dream that he can secure secrecy for his own wickedness.** Every timber in floor or roof is ready to cry

out against him, and before he is aware of it, he will himself be ringing out his own infamy. What will be his dismay when he stands **self-convicted before the assembled universe!**

615. At Aix-la-Chapelle is the tomb of the great Emperor Charlemagne. In the death-chamber beneath the floor he sat on a marble chair—the chair on which kings had often been crowned, and, wrapped in his imperial robes, a book of the Gospel lay open in his lap; and as he sat there, silent, cold, motionless, the finger of the dead man's hand pointed to the words of Jesus, **"What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul?"**

616. On September 30, 1863, there died in a little town of Alsace, an idiotic beggar woman. She was an object of curiosity to those who knew her strange history, whose one crowning moment of insane excitement she was never tired of mumbling an account of to her visitors. **For this woman was the very one whom the godless mob, in the days of the French Revolution, had elevated to be their "Goddess of Reason."** On that day, she had sat on the altar of Notre Dame, clad in white robes, ornamented with a blue mantle and red cap, and holding a pike in her hand. There she had mocked at Christ, and there she had been hailed as the new deity who was to redeem France from all errors and distresses. What a pathetic commentary on **the folly of sin** was seen in the beggar woman!—old, idiotic, blind, dying in want and misery nearly seventy years afterwards. What a spectacle of **the revenge of history upon those who set themselves against the cause of Christ!** It is still too true that they who fall on the stone cut out for the corner shall be broken, but they upon whom it shall fall shall be **ground to powder.**

617. A Death without hope. Upon the canvas of a modern painting, entitled **"Death in the Desert"**, is seen in the foreground **a dying camel,** lying on the burning sand. The sun shimmers in the midst of a heaven of glowing brass. Not a blade of grass is visible. The poor creature, abandoned by some passing caravan, lifts a feeble head to look up toward the sky, in which a number of impatient vultures are circling.

618. There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you cannot spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease. **Every sin causes suffering to others** besides those who commit it.—Geo. Eliot.

The Consequences of Sin—Final.

(619–623)

619. Dr. Maclaren says, "I remember, away up in the **lonely Highland Valley,** where, beneath a tall, black cliff, all weather-worn, and cracked and seamed there lies at the foot, resting on the greensward that creeps round its base, **a huge rock that has fallen** from the face of the precipice. **A shepherd was passing beneath** it; and suddenly, when the finger of God's will touched it, and rent it from its ancient bed in the everlasting rock, it came down, leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle—and it fell; **and the man that was beneath it is there now!** Ground to powder. Since all that stand against him shall become as 'chaff of the summer threshing floor,' and be swept utterly away, make him the foundation on which you build." The man, the community, the nation that resists the authority of Christ, will be **broken "in pieces like a potter's vessel."**

620. In many chemical works, says the Los Angeles Times, **the men are strictly forbidden to enter the cyanide house alone.** The white, beautiful crystals exercise **a strange fascination,** though you know that the stuff is deadly, you feel a horrible **longing to put some of it into your mouth.** And many cases are recorded of men who were unable to resist this awful longing—happy, prosperous and young men, **found dead in the laboratory beside a glittering white heap of cyanide of potassium crystals.** Some unexpected day final doom comes to every man, who dallies with sin. Their payment may be postponed, but nevertheless, **"the wages of sin is death."**

621. Sin tends to destruction. It prefigures its own punishment. It carries its own condemnation. **The physical organs** sinned against begin at once to lose their vitality. **The mental powers** outraged wane. **The spiritual sense** violated or neglected immediately deteriorates from its high standard. Sin always means **separation.** The moment the soul becomes conscious of sin, it becomes conscious also of **loneliness. God seems afar off.** The greatest punishment that can come to the persistently wicked is **a sense of the eternal abandonment of their case by God.** He who

gains the greatest earthly good at this cost is paying a fearful price.

As Burns sang in his inimitable way:

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature;
Yet **ne'er with wits profane to range,**
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

622. One who spent a summer in the forests around Lake Superior relates that he was one day passing along the side of a ridge which descended to a shallow channel, beyond which was a low, narrow thicket, and beyond that a deep lake. Suddenly he heard the noise of **a deer in full flight.** She was coming down the hill in magnificent bounds, clearing forty to fifty feet at a leap, and **behind her the "yip-yip" of wolves.** At first he apprehended no danger for her, as a few more leaps would give her deep water, and no wolf could catch her at that speed, any way. But the wolf pack had divided and **laid an ambuscade** for her in the thicket, and as she reached its edge they sprang at her. The pursuing pack closed in, and, quick as thought, she was **encircled.** Right up into the air she bounded—and into the air bounded every wolf but one; this one rushed in level and **fastened upon her flank** when she came down. She dragged him, but the other wolves went into the air again on every side to meet her should she try to overleap them. Then the **pitiful cries of the deer,** and the savage yells and snarls and snapping jaws of the wolves, were such as to bring paleness to the face and palpitation to the heart of the man who was compelled to witness the scene while helpless to give defense. For him to have rushed in, unarmed as he was, among the enraged brutes would have sealed his own fate.

The picture of that deer beset by the wolves is not an exaggerated illustration of many a soul that is destroyed by sin.—Banks.

623. The Devil, says a writer in The Presbyterian Review, 1. **Is totally depraved.** The names and titles by which he is designated indicate this. He is Beelzebub, "the prince of unclean spirits"; Satan; Apollyon, the destroyer, who "walketh about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

2. **He possesses vast intellectual powers.** Sin is a poison which weakens and perverts the mental faculties, but does not destroy them. Under its pernicious influence as Satan is, with all his splendid powers impaired, he is yet as immeasurably superior to man, intellectually, as man is to the brute.

3. **He is subtle.** He is "that old serpent which deceiveth the whole world"; who "beguiled Eve through his subtlety, corrupting her from the simplicity" of her first faith.

4. **He is false.** He is a "lying spirit." He abideth not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar and the father of it.

5. **He is malicious.** His chief delight is to make all other creatures as wicked and as miserable as himself. He seduced a whole race of holy and happy beings, involved them in guilt and woe, and has ever since relentlessly pursued them with a course of systematic cruelty.

As a practical illustration of the best way of **"resisting the Devil", Billy Bray, the Cornish** miner, whose rugged piety and real consecration to Christ's service have been made a blessing to so many hundreds of God's children, says of himself that, one day, when he was a little down-hearted, he stood upon the brink of a coal-pit; and some one seemed to say, **"Now Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble".** He knew in a minute who it was, and, drawing back, said, **"Oh no, Satan,** you can just throw yourself down there. That is your way home; but I am going to my home in a different direction." **Another time** he tells us that his crop of potatoes turned out poorly; and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow, and said, **"There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father** the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes." He stopped his hoeing, and replied, **"Ah, Satan, at it again,** talking against my Father; bless his name. Why, **when I served you, I** didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" And on he went hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes.

SALVATION OFFERED AND ACCEPTED. (624—870)

Salvation Offered—Grace. (624—660)

624. When a **convicted criminal is awaiting the execution** of his sentence he is closely confined. It might be expected that, when the human race came under condemnation to death, it would have been reserved, like the apostate angels, "in everlasting bonds under darkness," and that this earth would

have been transformed into a gloomy prison-house. Yet upon all of sinning mankind comes not the fiery tempest that ruined the cities of old, but the welcome rain from heaven; on all nations streams the life-giving light; to all peoples the earth yields seed to the sower and bread to the eater; everywhere come fruitful seasons filling men's hearts with food and gladness. When man hears God's voice calling, the natural impulse is to do as did the first sinners, and to seek to hide from the Divine Being; when the Lord says, **"Behold, I stand at the door and knock,"** the first thought is that the knock is that of Justice seeking an offender; it would be in accord with the suggestions of conscience had Christ's words been, "I am come to seek and to punish." But none of God's favors are mockeries, none of his invitations insincere; all alike are vouchsafed as **tokens of the love that sin ever distrusts,** the love that does not wish that any should perish. **By all evidences of His goodness God is seeking to lead men to repentance.**

625. A maiden plead with Napoleon for the life of her father, a deserter, condemned to be executed. A frown gathered upon Napoleon's brow as he answered; "He has already twice deserted and do you ask his life?" "Sire", she answered, **"I do not ask for justice but for mercy."**

626. Grace means unlimited mercy, undeserved or unmerited favor. I had a man come to see me, and his plea was that **he was not fit to be saved.** He said there was no hope for him, because he had sinned all his life, and there was nothing good in him. I was very **much gratified** to hear him say that. **There is hope for any man who thinks there is nothing in him.**—Moody.

627. Christ is seeking us by our unrest, by our yearnings after we know not what, by our dim dissatisfaction, which insists upon making itself felt in the midst of joys and delights, and which the world fails to satisfy as much as it fails to interpret. **There is a cry in every heart** little as the bearer of the heart translates it into its true meaning **—a cry after God.** And by all your unrests, your disappointments, your hopes unfulfilled, your hopes fulfilled and blasted in fulfillment, your desires that perish unfruited—by all the mystic movements of the spirit that yearns for something beyond the material and the visible, Jesus Christ is seeking his sheep.

He seeks us by the discipline of life, for I believe that **Christ is the active providence of God,** and that the hands that were pierced on the cross do **move the wheels of the history of the world** and mold the destinies of individual spirits.—Alexander Maclaren.

628. If you would know how God loves even the guiltiest of his children, see Misery left alone with Mercy on the Temple floor, and hear the voice, so awful in its warning, yet so solenm in its tenderness, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And he who thus represented God by his acts, how did he represent him in his words? Was it not solely, essentially, exclusively as a father? as "our Father which art in heaven;" as the God who maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust; as the God of little children, whose angels behold his face in heaven; as the God of the lilies and the ravens; **the God of the lost sheep;** the God of the falling sparrow; **the God of the prodigal son;** the God by whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered; in one word, which comprises all, **the God of love?**—F. W. Farrer, D. D.

Lincoln's proclamation of amnesty to the Confederates was issued regardless of their desire for it. Some held out for years. Some never accepted it. But **it was their's for the taking** all the time. So with God's grace.

629. I like that expression **"Lifter-up of my head."** I know it means to restore to honor; but it means this also. There is your child, my good mother, and your child has been bad, and you have chastised him. You have put **the poor little bundle of wretchedness and crossness** into a corner, and there he is standing, soiling all his face with hot and scalding tears. Then your heart relents; the extreme of misery tells upon you, for you are its mother, and blood is thicker than water. And you come toward the little thing, and, as you come nearer and nearer, the farther it creeps into the corner, and the lower it hangs its head. And what do you do? Instead of chastising it any more, you come quite close, and with one hand on the little one's shoulder, you **put the other hand below his chin, and literally you lift up the little face** into the light of your own and stoop down to kiss it. Did you ever think that that is what God wants to do with the poor weary sinner who has gone back and done shamefully?—Rev. John McNeill.

630. When Whittier was a little boy of seven, he was taken by his mother to see **a girl who had fallen,** and who was now dangerously ill. The pious people of the village let her severely alone, but the poet's mother, who was a Quaker

woman with a very kind heart, did not allow herself to be influenced by common prejudice. Whittier never forgot how his mother addressed the sufferer as **"my dear girl"**, gave her food and attended to her comfort. "After awhile," he told me, "I went out of doors and looking up to the blue sky, I thought that **the God who lived up there must be as good as my mother.** If she was so helpful to wicked people, he could not be less kind. Since that time", he added, "I have never doubted **the ultimate goodness of God** and his loving purpose for the world."—British Weekly.

631. The Gospel gives a man another chance. It says to the sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go and sin no more," and when a man experiences **the forgiveness of Jesus Christ** and through faith receives the tide of his love and strength into his being, then the mistakes of his past become the instructors of his present and future; his old failures and follies the guide-posts of the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto life.

632. Boundless Love. I know of **a father** who, after his son came back the fourth time, said: "No! I forgave you three times, but **I will never forgive you again."** And the son went off and died. But **God takes back his children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first!** As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off this book, God will wipe out all our sins. O, this mercy of God! I am told it is **an ocean.** Then I place on it **four swift-sailing craft,** with compass, and charts, and choice rigging, and skillful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up to the harbor of heaven; and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" And they answer: **"No shore to God's mercy."** Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly; but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne, and cry; "No shore! **no shore to God's mercy!"**—Talmage.

633. A French boy made his servant wake him every morning with the cry, **"Rise, Monsieur le Comte, you have great things to do to-day!"** Christ comes to the sleeping sinner, with his offer of salvation, calling; **"Young man, I say unto thee arise!"**

634. Men have sometimes tried to get at God's thought of sin by peering down into some dungeon of terror and fire such as Dante saw; but **it is far better to look at the cross of Jesus Christ.** We belong to a race, we have been smitten with something of the poison in a race, which crucified the Lord of Glory. And surveying the wondrous cross which guilty men reared on Calvary, and remembering that Jesus died for us, we may well pour contempt on all unholy pride.—Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows.

635. A missionary sat in the midst of a little circle of **South Sea Islanders.** He read to them the third chapter of John's Gospel. Presently he came to the verse **"God so loved the world,"** etc. One of his hearers started from his seat and exclaimed: "What sounds were those I heard?"' The missionary repeated the verse. The native again rose up from his seat, and earnestly asked his instructor: **"Is that true?"** can it be true that God so loved the world? God's own Son came to die that man might not die? Is it true?" The missionary assured him that it was the very message he had come so far to deliver, and that they were happy who would receive it. The man burst into tears, and turned from the little company into the bushes to think alone over **the wonderful news.**

636. In the shop of a diamond merchant at Amsterdam we saw great machinery and much power all brought to bear on what seemed to be a small piece of glass. One might be **sure of the value** of that transparent morsel if he would but look around and see what **skill and labor** were being expended upon it. God has laid out for the good of a soul the watchfulness of angels, the providence of this world, the glory of the next, the councils of eternity, himself and all that he hath, the Holy Spirit and all his Divine influences—yea, **he spared not his only Son.**

637. Pardon is sure. At the close of the twelfth century **Richard, son of Henry II., conspired against his father** and took refuge in a walled city, to which the king laid siege. In the course of the campaign Richard was wounded unto death; and, being overwhelmed with contrition, sent a messenger to his father asking that he might be permitted to see his face. **His request was refused.** Once and again he sent his humble appeal in vain. At length a procession passed through the gateway of the city under a flag of truce bearing the dying prince upon a stretcher; but ere it reached the royal pavilion he had breathed his last. As the bearers

waited there, they heard from within a strong cry like that of David, **"O Richard, my son; would God I had died for thee!"** The Lord, with whom we have to do, makes no such mistakes. He knows the deep secrets of the heart; and, where there is true penitence, he has sworn by himself that he will not reject it.

638. If ever a man was justified in turning with tragic hopelessness away from the human race, it was Jesus of Nazareth. **Why did he not give us up?** The answer is, **Because he knew what was in man.** Because underneath the man of lust and murder and treachery **he saw another man** who cannot be given up. He knew the passion of **the Prodigal,** the passion which led him from his father's house into every iniquity; but he also knew that in the Prodigal there was a deeper passion which, if awakened, would lead him from among the swine back to the life where he belonged. He knew the disloyal cowardice of **Peter,** but he knew that below the cowardice and disloyalty there was a Peter who would stand like a rock in the storm. He looked out from his Cross upon **a jeering multitude,** symbol of the vaster multitude who forever jeer and crucify the good, and there he performed his supreme miracle. **He believed in them. He saw what was in them.** He saw through the darkness and through the whirlwind of evil passion the real multitude, whose deepest law, whose deepest necessity, is that they shall be loyal to each other and to their Father in Heaven.—William Lowe Bryan, in the Outlook.

639. In Mrs. Barr's story, Paul and Christine, her heroine, tired of the monotony of home, vexed her husband more and more by seeking her pleasure elsewhere, till at last, against his protest, she went to a ball one night, and returned in the morning to find **her child had died from croup.** Then the home was broken up. Christine went from bad to worse till her name came to be mentioned only with contempt. At last, in utter despair, and on the verge of suicide, she went to the village pastor, and, led on by his sympathy, she told him the whole story of her sin and grief and shame. When she had finished, he said, "Christine, **Jesus is your Sin-bearer. Cast all your guilt and shame on him?"** The woman threw herself prostrate in prayer. The author of the story says "Something untranslatable passed between her soul and her Master. **She knew that she was forgiven;** and like one of old, she rose up and went down to her house justified".—Monday Club Sermons.

640. Some of you may be saying, **"If I could see my name in the Bible I would believe** that Christ wants me to be saved. When Christ called Zaccheus he said, 'Zaccheus, come down'. He called him by name, and he came down immediately. Now, if Christ would call me by name, I would run to him immediately." Now, to you I say, **Christ does call you by your name,** for he says, "To you, O men, I call". Suppose that Christ had written down the names of all men and women in the world, your name would have been there. Now, instead of writing down every name, he puts them all together in one word, which includes every man, and woman, and child, "Unto you, O men, I call; and my words are to the sons of man". So your name is in the Bible. "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature."—R. M. McCheyne.

641. God is pictured as bending over the sinner in his utter need, and endowing him with heavenly strength. Forgiveness was the thought in the prodigal's case; compassion which has no limit. The sinner is a poor, trembling leper crouching away by himself from the gaze of all pure eyes, and God stoops down in his wondrous pity and lifts him up in his healing arms, and the scales disappear, and the sinner becomes regenerate. **The sinner is a returning prodigal,** ragged, begrimed, loathsome, but penitent. **God runs toward him,** calls him his son, prints a kiss on his neck, puts a ring on his finger, and invites him to a banquet where angels chant the glories of redeeming love. Does it not seem incomprehensible that so many can hear from week to week of the divine compassion and yet feel no answering throb of gratitide, and shed no penitential tear over their heart wanderings from the favor of this loving Father?

642. What a black, cheerless world this would be were it not for the light that streams from the cross! Sin has spread pollution everywhere. The whole world bears the blot of sin. And there is no remedy, no light, in all the philosophies and religions that men have devised. Sin is the stain that no mere ethical teaching can remove. But even **sin must be dissipated and disappear before him who is the Light of the world.** Within the last 77 years **300 of the Islands** of the Pacific have been evangelized. Many of them have become **altogether Christian,** with no professing heathen left. They have not only self-supporting churches, but are **engaged in mission work** among their heathen neighbors on other islands. **"The entrance of thy word giveth light."**

643. President Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation for all the slaves of the South. It granted freedom to **all** regardless of individual circumstances, or desires or deserts. **So God's grace offers forgiveness, salvation to all** regardless of their past.

644. Stanley tells this story of what one Bible accomplished: "In 1875 **Miss Livingstone,** the sister of David Livingstone, presented me a beautifully bound Bible. On a subsequent **visit to Mtesa** I read to him some chapters, and as I finished it flashed through my mind that **Uganda was destined to be won for Christ.** I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the thrilling effect it had upon me; and just as I was turning away from his country to continue my explorations farther into the Dark Continent, a messenger came to me, after traveling 200 miles, crying out that **Mtesa wanted that book; and he got it. Today the Christians in Uganda number many thousands;** they have proved their faith at the stake and under torture unto death."—Missionary Helper.

645. A large number of children are lost in New York every year. The largest number ever sheltered at police headquarters in one year was in 1892. Many little ones go to school for the first time and are too small to find their way home. They wander aimlessly about, and, finally tired out and discouraged, begin to cry. Here some officer takes a hand, and the child is brought to the central office. **So is it with God's children.** They wander about aimlessly for a few years, some many years. Sin-burdened and discouraged, they sink down by the wayside with bitter weeping. Here **they find a hand that has been secretly following them, stretched out to help.** They never realized before that help in time of need was so near at hand. Many travel the way of life and reach almost the end **before they discover that God is so near.**

646. A Calcutta paper relates that recently a **young Brahman came to the house of a missionary for an interview.** In the course of the conversation, he said: "Many things which Christianity contains I find in Hinduism; but there **is one thing which Christianity has and Hinduism has not."** "What is that?" the missionary asked. His reply was striking: **"A Saviour."**

647. In the course of mission work **in one of the Tahiti Islands, an aged chief,** hearing impressively presented the fact that **"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,"** rose up amid a crowd of natives and running his fingers through the long locks of his white hair and lifting them up over his head, exclaimed: "Do you see those white locks? Once these locks were as black as the wing of a raven; now they are white as snow, and **I have waited all these years to hear words like these."**

648. A man once stopped a preacher in a street of London, and said: "I once heard you preach in Paris, and you said something which I have never forgotten, and which has, through God, been the means of my conversion." "What was that?" said the preacher. "It was that **the latch was on our side of the door.** I had always thought that God was a hard God, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was **a new thought to me that Christ was waiting for me to open to him."**

649. Columbus had no gold; he begged bread for his hungry boy and died in want, but he gave the world that which was better than gold—**a new continent. Millet** had neither gold nor silver, pinched with poverty all through life, but he gave to the world **"The Angelus." Jonathan Edwards** had no gold to give; his wife and daughters were compelled to help support the family, but he gave to the world **a great book** —perhaps the profoundest volume produced on this continent. **Jesus Christ** had neither gold nor silver. He supported Himself as a carpenter, and often ate the bread of a mendicant. "When crucified he was nailed to a cross that belonged to his enemies." **But he spake as never man spake, in words of priceless truth.**

650. A missionary told how she was once describing **the loving character of the Christian's God** to a company of her Chinese sisters. As she went on in her holy enthusiasm, picturing God's real character as full of mercy to the sinful and the suffering, one of the Chinese women turned to her neighbor and said, **"Haven't I often told you that there ought to be a God like that?"**

651. Salvation is for all. How the Church grew and flourished in face of every obstacle when the world-view of Christ was appreciated and carried into practise! **How dead the Church became** when it hid its light under a bushel and became **a cloistered hierarchy living for its own gain!** The Reformation broke the bonds and gave men freedom. How little the followers of Christ to-day feel responsibility when so large a part of the world lies in darkness and despair. Yet it is so clear that **Christ thought of his message as**

for all the world. He delighted to call himself the Son of man. Christ's almost reckless inclusiveness of everybody in his scheme of redemption is a virtual challenge to us. We can imagine him saying to his followers to-day: "If you can find one man who feels the weight of sin and who finds my remedy inadequate to meet his need, I will not even urge you to continue as my disciples; but if such a man cannot be found, I lay upon you the responsibility of taking my gospel to every one who is in need, as you were. My gospel stands or falls on its universal validity."

652. "Plato! Plato!" said Socrates, "it may be that the gods can forgive deliberate sin, but how, I cannot tell!"

653. There is a story of a Mohammedan warrior who, at the siege of Belgrade in Servia, climbed upon the wall of the city and displayed his banner; and it seemed as though he were speedily to be followed by his soldiers, filled with the inspiration of his courage. But one of the besieged ran to him, and, clasping him with his arms, cast himself down with him from the wall; and so by his own death he saved the life of all the city. And so it was with our great Deliverer, who was engaged in a grapple with the enemy of man, and who could not destroy him save by himself descending into the depths; and for our sake cast himself down in order that we might be freed from the power of Satan.

654. Before a synod not long ago, a professor in a theological seminary told how his eighteen-year-old son went to a rescue mission and came home saying: "Father, they've got the real thing there. Why have I not been told of it before?" This boy had been reared in a Christian home, was a communicant in the church, and had been accustomed to do such active church work as naturally came to him. But only in this mission was he made to see how Jesus Christ saves sinners.

Is it possible that the very essence of the gospel is obscured through the refinement of our social culture?

655. It is said that when Edward I. of England was wounded with a poisoned arrow, his wife Eleanor put her mouth to the wound, and thus risked her own life, to extract the poison. But the love of Christ was deeper than this when he knew that he was risking all that he had, and yet did not fear to invest it all in order that he might bring us unto God.

656. Rev. Dr. Plummer, of Philadelphia once preached before congress, and took for his text; "Though your sins be as scarlet etc." In his introduction he said; "Some weeks ago I preached in the Eastern Penitentiary and I used this text, and I see no reason for not using the same text here."

"Through all the depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of the cross;
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than the cross could sound."

657. England rules a state named Uganda. A number of years ago Henry Stanley reached the borders of the lake. David Livingstone had made a Christian out of the cynical newspaper reporter. One morning the London Telegraph published Stanley's letter describing Uganda, and asking that some board send out missionaries. The London Missionary Society was in session. On Wednesday a young man named Mackay read the letter. On Saturday he volunteered. The following Tuesday, with four young men, he sailed for Uganda. What have they done? They recently dedicated a building as large as our larger churches. They have three thousand native Bible readers. In contrast with the old era of savagery, the land is an oasis in Africa's desert.

658. Many a ship which had crossed the ocean and was within sight of shore has been lost on the treacherous Eddystone rocks lying twelve miles out in the English Channel, the curse of modern commerce for many generations.

One day a man who was neither architect nor mason, in his imagination, saw a tower of warning on that reef. At the peril of his life he reached those slippery stones, over which the waves dashed resistlessly at every rise of the wind. Out of his own slender resources he paid for carrying building material over those watery miles. He persisted, for three years. Even when it stood eighty feet high he was the only one who dared stay there the first night. As though enraged by such defiance, that very night the storm smashed his boats, soaked his provisions, isolated him for days. It only animated him to build higher and stronger. Again the elements hid the light, and still higher he was forced to build, while the people of Plymouth laughed at his folly. But for a season the beacon light flamed forth to save. Christmas eve came, and an impending storm. Winstanley knew that the provisions of the keeper were low. Others would not carry the supplies because they wanted to spend the holidays with their families, so he volunteered. That night England experienced the worst storm on record. Anxious eyes next morning looked across to where the tower had been, to

see nothing but the hated rocks. When the sea grew calmer a boat crew found a few links of thick iron chain to prove that Winstanley had really lived and built. **Because he laid down his life the Eddystone lighthouse makes trans-Atlantic commerce possible. Because he died they live.**—Rev. Edward Niles.

659. A professional diver has in his house **a bunch of oyster shells holding fast a piece of printed paper.** The possessor of this ornament was diving one day, when he observed, at the bottom of the sea, this oyster on a rock with the piece of **paper in its mouth.** The diver detached the oyster and held the paper up close to the goggles of his head-dress and commenced to read. It was **a little gospel tract** earnestly calling upon whoever should read it to repent at once and give his heart to God. It came upon him so unexpectedly and so impressed his unconverted heart, that he said: **"I cannot hold out against God's mercy in Christ any longer, since it pursues me thus."** And down there at the bottom of the sea he repented, and he breathed out his heart to God in prayer. — "The Fisherman and His Friends."

660. A Scotch minister was once preaching at Inverness, and was about to enter the pulpit, when word was brought to him that an **aged Highlander,** now eighty years of age, who had been converted at sixty, lay **dying.** Though there were only a few minutes to spare, he went over to see this man. Going to the house, he said to him, **"I have just four minutes. Do you think you could tell me in that time how you were converted?"** "Oh, yes," he replied, "I could tell you in two. When I was sixty years of age, the Lord Jesus came along and said to me, 'Sandy, I'll exchange you.'" "Exchange, Sandy, and what did you give him?" asked the minister. And Sandy replied, **"I gave him all my years of sin and my sinful heart, and he gave me in return his righteousness."**

SALVATION ACCEPTED. (661–870)

Repentance. (661–701)

661. Take an **episode of English history.** The reign of that bad and unpopular monarch, **James the Second,** was drawing to a forcible close. The people of England, disgusted with the man, and alarmed at his intrigues for the restoration of popery, **invited the Prince of Orange to be their king.** William crossed over from Holland with a few followers and proceeded towards London. Everywhere along the route he was **greeted with joyous welcome,** and the number of his adherents increased at every step, till on arriving at the capital he found that James had run away from his own people. He was crowned with acclamation, and the nation long rejoiced under his wise and liberal rule. I think that this illustrates, so far as human things can illustrate divine, **the reception we must accord to Jesus,** the King of Glory; banishing the rival that has hitherto occupied the throne of our hearts, and putting ourselves with alacrity and submission under his benignant sway.—Dr. F. N. Zabriskie.

662. Jewett tells of a man who dreamed he was a hare. Suddenly he heard the cry of the hounds. He pricked his ears, listened, and bolted full pace across the fields. The hounds drew nearer and nearer, and came at last so close to him that he felt their hot breath. Then he found he was leaving the green pastures and was reaching bare and rugged heights; and just when he reached those bare and rocky heights he became conscious that his pursuers were not hounds. They were his sins and he was a flying soul! Away up, away up, away up toward the summit **he saw a cave, and, terrified beyond measure, he made for the cave and then turned around.** The entrance to the cave was flooded with a most unearthly light, and just in the centre of the opening there shone resplendently **a cross,** standing between him and the awful things that pursued. He awoke, and behold it was a dream! But its truth redeemed him.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

663. "You cannot be sure that you're perfectly saved
Till you know you are utterly lost."

How forcibly these lines were illustrated **in the experience of S. H. Hadley, the New York Rescue Mission worker.** He said: "One Tuesday evening I sat in a saloon in Harlem, **a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard.** I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, 'I will never be a tramp. I will never be cornered, for when that time comes, if ever it comes, I will find a home in the bottom of the river.' But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk one quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, **I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence.** I did not know then what it was. I

did learn afterwards that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking, looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink, if I died on the street, and really I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, 'If you want to keep this promise, go and have yourself locked up.' I went to the nearest station-house and had myself locked up. * * * **"A blessed whisper said, 'Come!' the devil said, 'Be careful.' I halted but a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said, 'Dear Jesus, can you help me?'** Never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. **Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart.** I felt I was a free man. I felt that Christ with all his brightness and power had come into my life; that, indeed, old things had passed away and all things had become new."

664. "Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole."—Anon.

665. A little girl's definition: "Penitence is being sorry enough to quit."

666. A black native of the Congo valley was the leading persecutor of the missionaries. With his drum and plenty of wine, he enticed people away from the gospel to pagan dances. He sometimes would break up a Christian meeting. Nloko (a curse) was his heathen name. Suddenly in one of his awful attacks on the native Christians, **"Christ appeared to him in a vision.** No one knew how, but Christ came to Nloko's heart. Instantly **he joined the Christians** and wanted to preach. He wanted the hardest place. After some preparation, he was sent off to open up **a new mission among a hostile tribe.** At first they rejected him, but he camped by the village. When he died in 1902, **he had a church of 600** members, the result of his own labors.

667. Conversion is unconditional surrender. The first of the year 1862 was the beginning of **the real fighting of the Civil War.** There were two strongholds, **Fort Henry,** on the Tennessee River, and **Fort Donelson,** on the Cumberland, both in the hands of the Confederates. It was the design of the Unionists to drive the Confederates from Kentucky and Tennessee, and to do this they must capture these two forts. Accordingly, an army under Gen. U. S. Grant, and a fleet of gunboats commanded by Commodore Foote, proceeded against the forts. The boats went against Fort Henry and captured it. But the next task was more difficult to accomplish. Fort Donelson was strongly protected. But after a contest of four days the Confederates, hoisting a white flag, asked the terms. **Grant's reply was: "No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted."** This answer gained him the title of U(nconditional) S(urrender) Grant. **The fort was surrendered.**

668. Some years ago **a lady was taking a long sea voyage** for her health, and one of her fellow passengers was an intimate friend, **an old gentleman, a banker,** whom she had known for years. She was a young woman, a Christian, and he was **an old man who had lived a life of worldly pleasure, who went to church as a matter of respectability,** but who never had applied any of the many sermons he had heard to his own heart or life. The lady had long felt anxious about this friend fast going to the grave unsaved. And for three or four years she had **sent him every Saturday a little tract to read** on Sunday, but she had always felt **a diffidence** about and shrinking from speaking to a man so much older than herself, about his soul. But the Lord gave her the **opportunity on this voyage,** and she dared not neglect it. Tenderly and feelingly she spoke of his soul's salvation to her aged friend, and as she spoke **tears rolled down his cheeks,** and in a voice choked by emotion he cried: "Oh, why have you not spoken to me before?" But it was not too late, **he who had lived for the world so long came as a little child to the loving Saviour, and in him found pardon and peace.**

669. Some time since a Japanese teacher once got red-hot with anger on being told that he was a sinner. An evangelist preaching in Tokio said, **"All men are sinners."** Instantly he was challenged by a loyal fellow who indignantly inquired, **"Is his Majesty the Emperor a sinner?"** And grasping a chair he proceeded to knock such ideas out of the preacher's head until a policeman appeared. Those who have come near to Christ in this land are quick to see what they could not see before, that the coming of Christ to Japan has given **a new and deep meaning to the old word, "sin."** They then begin to understand the need of the gospel message, "Repent."

670. A minister asked a humble, illiterate member of his congregation **how he was converted.** The man replied that it was through hearing, in the lesson read one morning, the words: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, **before whom I stand."** The clergyman remarked that they were striking words, but he did not see how they could have led to conversion. "Don't you see, sir," was the reply, " 'before whom I stand?'—**I felt myself standing before God."** That was the means for the Spirit's winning of the soul.

671. It is said that the **ancient city of Troy** had but one entrance, and from whatever direction the travelers approached the city they could not enter except through that one legally appointed entrance. **There is but one way that will lead us into the presence of God, that is Christ.** "I am the way, and no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "So walk ye" in that way.

672. A steamer from the coast of Africa was **drifting,** first in the fog, and then in a biting December gale, off the Canaries. She had lost her reckoning, and dread filled every heart. What was the relief of all on board to hear the cry, **"Light ahead, sir!"** A minute later two white flashes and a red one made the captain cry out: "Thank God! It's the Ushant light." The ship's course was changed, and she went on her way in safety. **So Christ comes into the lives of men and women who are perplexed and tossed by fear and despair,** and they see the one safe way before them.

673. Captain A. T. Mahan, the well-known authority on naval subjects, told how he happened one week-day in Lent into a church in Boston. "The preacher —I have never known his name—interested me throughout; but one phrase only has remained: **'Thou shalt call his name Jesus,** for he shall save his people' —here he lifted up his hands—'not from hell, but **from their sins'.** Almost the first words of the first Gospel. **I had seen them for years, but at last perceived them. Scales seemed to fall from my eyes,** and I began to see Jesus Christ and life, as I had never seen them before. I was then about thirty. **Personal religion is but the co-operation of man's will with the power of Jesus Christ,** that man's soul, man's whole being may be saved, not for his own benefit chiefly, but that he may lay it thus redeemed, thus exalted, at the feet of him who loved him and gave himself for him."

674. A man who for forty years was an infidel, told me that in all that time he had used every influence to steel himself against a belief in the love of God. But at last trouble came to him, business perplexities surrounded him, death called away some of the inmates of his home, and in his distress he **found nothing in his agnostic philosophy that could give him comfort.** At last he said, "I wish I could believe in God". At an evangelistic service he heard the minister say that if there was any one who wanted to know God, the people would be glad to pray for him. He rose up and said, **"I am seeking to know God",** and he knelt while the people knelt about him and prayed that God might reveal himself unto him. He went back to his home still in the darkness, and finally the thought occurred to him to pray for himself, and kneeling down he said, "O God, I wish I could believe in thee! O God, I wish I could believe in thy love for me!" And then by the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit he raised up his head and said, **"I will to believe it."** And as he said it the **dark clouds left him,** God's sunlight broke upon his soul, and "a new song was put into his mouth, even praise unto our God."—Mills.

675. Dr. F. E. Clark told **of watching two birds following their vessel, on the Atlantic,** for days. They grew wearier and wearier; made feints at alighting, but were afraid to. At last, through sheer exhaustion, **one dropped into the waves,** and perished. **The other, at the last moment, alighted on the steamer's deck, and was saved.** "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

676. About the close of the 18th century, **William Carey** and his fellows so **aroused the dormant missionary spirit** in the churches, that the London Missionary Society sent missionaries to Tahiti. There was a long "night of toil." **Sixteen years went by without a sign of blessing.** One day a missionary, with a group of savages about him, read from a manuscript copy of the gospel according to John, the third chapter. As he came to the 16th verse, which Luther called "the gospel in miniature," a rude warrior in the group asked him to read that verse again and again. Then he said, "This, if it be true, is **for you only, not for such as me."** But the missionary repeated that wonderful word, **"Whosoever",** and dwelt upon its meaning. "Then", said the warrior, **"your God shall be my God;** for we have never heard such a message as this; our gods do not love us so."—Dr. Pierson.

677. A man over forty years of age was under deep conviction of sin, and claimed that he was willing to do anything that would secure for him God's

forgiveness and peace of mind. After his case had been very carefully considered by the one to whom he applied for advice, he was told he could have **no peace until he confessed his sin.** His idea of confession was to begin to live a Christian life, letting bygones be bygones. This he had endeavored to do several times, always with one result, humiliating failure. His adviser insisted that he must confess his sin to God, and to those against whom he had sinned. He was given this verse, "He that covereth his transgressions shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall obtain mercy." After a struggle he took this verse, **confessed his sins,** forsook them, accepted the forgiveness offered by God, and **immediately began to develop spiritually.** For years he grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, becoming a very practical and efficient Christian worker.

678. A medical student in Edinburgh University, was a manly fellow, a very Hercules in strength, but as gentle and lovable as he was strong. He was immensely popular, the captain of the football club, and not a cricket match was considered complete without him. He was a man of good intellectual gifts as well. He caught typhoid fever while attending the infirmary, and soon **he lay dying in a private ward.** One of the house physicians—an earnest Christian and successful soul-winner — spoke to him about **God and eternity.** The dear fellow listened, became anxious, and eagerly heard the story of redeeming love. "Will you give yourself to Jesus?" asked the doctor.

He did not answer for a space and then, earnestly regarding the man of God, he said, "But don't you think it **would be awfully mean just to make it up now,** at my last gasp, with one I have rejected all my life?"

"Yes, it would be mean; but, my dear fellow, it would be far meaner not to do it. He wants you to do it now, for he has made you willing; but it would be **doubly mean to reject a love that is pursuing you even to death."**

The dying man saw the point, and, apprehending the greatness of that exceeding love, he cast himself upon the eternal heart of mercy, and passed away in sweet blessedness and peace.

679. A friend said to the painter, Holman Hunt, with reference to his celebrated picture, **"Christ knocking at the Door"; "Hunt, you have made a mistake". "What is it?"** Hunt asked. "Why, you have painted a **door without any handle on it."** "No," said the artist, **"on this door the handle is on the inside".** We must open the door. Christ will not enter until we open.—Donald Sage Mackay, D. D.

680. At Stonehaven, when I was minister there, I was **swimming** out in the clear, cool bay, when the water got suddenly choppy, and **my strength seemed suddenly to go from me.** You that are swimmers know the sensation. Exhausted, the waves flapping on your face in repeated blows as if to stun you, and beat you back to the current that was ready to seize you. No one in sight. Wearily on and on. **I had almost given up, when suddenly there came to my foot the sensation of solidity amid the waves.** Oh, what I felt as I stood there to recover breath, rescued from death! How solid the rock felt! How I thanked God that that rock had just been placed out in the bay for me, and that he had taken my sinking feet and fixed them there. That is the nearest that I can give to **the sensation of the soul when Christ lays hold of you, saves you, and sets your feet on the Rock of Ages.** —Rev. John Robertson.

681. That dark time of conviction ended by divine mercy, in my full and conscious acceptance, in great need, of our crucified Redeemer, Christ our Sacrifice, in his complete atonement, as peace and life. The circumstances of that discovery are too sacred for me to detail. It is enough to say that **it was granted to me to make** it, and to find in **"Christ for me" the divine answer** to that 'exceeding need,' the sight of sin as guilt.—Bp. H. C. G. Moule.

682. "O you beautiful old mirror! I can see my whole length in you!" **The fair guest** did indeed see a charming vision as she revolved gracefully and gayly in front of the family heirloom that had just been sent them. But as another, who was pale and stoop-shouldered for lack of the exercise she would forget to take, revolved before that mirror, **the vision was not so fair.** The child turned, and, running to get her tiny **dumbbells,** cried out: "Now I will be straight!" And she was straight in a few months. Seeing herself daily in the great mirror did for her what mere admonition had never done.

In order to **awaken a desire for improvement, we need to see ourselves as we are.** If many only could realize what a hideous moral impression they make on others, they would try to straighten up. What we need is a mirror which will faithfully reveal our faults. A faithful friend or a wise father or mother is such a mirror, but the Word of God is one still better.

Look into that carefully and with the determination to be **unsparingly honest with yourself,** and see how manifest your defects will be.—Wellspring.

683. "Fruits meet for repentance." John did not demand tears. He did not ask that a committee or a church session should probe the hearts of his hearers to find out how deep their convictions of sin might be. He demanded outward and substantial evidence. **"Bring forth fruits** meet for repentance." He did not demand that they should sit every evening for weeks on an anxious seat. * * *"**If you are sorry, show it by doing better.**" He said, "Let honester, purer and kindlier lives be proof of the sincerity of your repentance. If you have two coats, give one to some coatless man. That is better than any amount of anguish over sinfulness in general."—Eggleston.

684. Repentance is turning from sin to God. That is repentance—"**from,**" "**to**". It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of the thing that has been your curse, the enslaving passion, the captivity, the predominating force in your existence, the blackening thing, the hellish thing, the damning thing of your soul and dragging it out — by the hair of the head and saying, "There, Lord Jesus, that is it, and **I will die before I commit it again.** I turn from it now, and forever." Don't talk about being a church member until you have done this. Which is the first thing? **The first thing is to repent.** We must put God in his right place.—Gipsy Smith.

685. "With all your heart." Do you know what that means? Let me tell you. A soldier who had been long in Southern prisons called at my home after the war. I had met him first while we were prisoners in Charleston jail. Afterward we were together in the jail at Columbia. He had gone to Belle Island. Three years had passed; and now as we met once more, I asked him of his later prison experiences. "I don't remember much about it, Chaplain," he said, "only that **I wanted bread.** I know it was twenty-three months after my capture before I was released. But after I left Columbia it is all confused in my mind. I know I was at Belle Island awhile, and a long time at Andersonville.

"How hungry I was at Andersonville! For a while I used to want to hear from home. Then **I grew so hungry that I didn't think of home.** For awhile I wanted to escape. But by and by I was too hungry to care for that. I only wanted bread, bread, bread. Oh, how hungry I was and how much I longed for bread!"

That, my friends, was longing for bread "with all the heart"—with one supreme, overmastering desire. Home and friends, and liberty and life, lost sight of, unthought of, in the ceaseless craving for needful food! **Blessed are they who do thus hunger after the Bread of Life** in Jesus Christ, "for they shall be filled" (Matt. v. 6).—Trumbull.

686. A dying man was visited by a minister who did not seem to be able to point the invalid to the path of life. One morning after this minister had finished his sermon a messenger was waiting for him at the door, who said that **the sick man was dying** and desired to see him again without delay. The minister went to see the sufferer and said to him that he did not know anything else that he could tell him as to how he could find the way of life. "But", he said, "I might **read you the sermon** that I have been preaching to my congregation. The text is this: 'He was wounded for our transgressions.'" "Wait," said the sick man, "'He was wounded for our transgressions.' That must mean for my transgressions." And as he said it over, **"He was wounded for our transgressions," there came to him such a revelation of the love of God that he was able to commit himself unto Christ's keeping.**

687. But a man says to me: "I admit what you say is so, but **I cannot yield myself all to Christ** because there are things so deeply intrenched in my character, **habits** which have got so fast a hold, that I cannot expel them. I would like to give all, but I cannot." Now, let me make a very distinct point here which I know will help you; all that Christ asks you to do is to be willing to give him all. **The will is the key of your life. Give him your will** and say: "Christ, I would like to be all for thee. I would like to get on the train at Northfield and go away home **the slave of Christ;** I would like that my whole being from this moment might be laid upon the altar and be used by thee, but I can only give thee my will—I wish it, I will it, I cannot say more." I could not say as much. I could not walk, I came on my hands and knees and said: "Lord, I am not willing to be all for thee, but I am **willing to be made willing**"—and he took that—I don't know what Christ won't take. He will take as little as is possible, that he may have all presently. So I went down before him and said: "Lord, I don't want to give myself to thee; I don't want to give up that accursed thing for there was something in my heart which was throttling me—I don't want to give it

up, but I am willing to be made willing;" and Jesus Christ took that; he just came in through that narrow chink and forced the door open; and oh, my friends, if you to-day can only say that to Christ as you go away in the woods: "I have been crowding thee out of my life, but now **I am willing to be made willing** that thou shouldst have everything;" and then you will come out of the woods saying to yourself as you go back home: "I am his, I am thine!"—Meyer.

688. At one time, when **Andrew Bonar went to visit an old bed-ridden man,** he reminded him of a sermon which he had preached ten years before. "I mind," said the old man, "you spoke about the cave of Adullam.'**Do you like the cave, and do you like the Captain? Then come in, come in; no other condition.**' My! it sank into my heart like oil."

689. A man said to me once, "I believe in Christianity. I want to be a Christian but **if I take Christ as my Saviour I can't go where I want to go.**" When asked where he wanted to go he said, "I want to go to a **card party.** It's in a Christian's house and they call all Christians who will be there. But I can't be a Christian and go there." I know a man who was under conviction, but was **hindered from accepting Christ by his business.** His business was soap. The label on the soap was false. He must choose between soap and salvation. After some days he finally decided for his fraudulent business, and **rejected Christ,** and died so. He put his soul in one scale pan and a cake of soap in the other, and pressed down that side and lost his soul.

690. One night at a meeting in a country schoolhouse a young man arose and said: "Friends, a week ago all the money in this town would not have induced me to stand here. I've always claimed this was a free country; any one could become a Christian or not, as he chose. When approached on the subject by my pastor or Sunday-school teacher or my mother, I've replied, 'You go your way and I'll go mine.' But of late it has looked to me differently. I have come to realize that whatever I do with the counsel of these friends, **I must do something with the truth.** Pilate's question seems to be mine, too: 'What shall I do then with Jesus?' **The Saviour is on my hands; I must accept him or reject him, and in that case what is there for me to do but accept him?"** That was a natural conclusion.—Monday Club Sermons.

691. A party started to ascend Mt. Washington, when the hotel proprietor urged them to take one of his guides. **"We do not wish any guide,"** they said; "we are determined to find our own way to the Tip-top House." "But," said he, "you may get **lost without a guide,** and rather than have you go alone, I will send with you, all the way, a good, faithful guide for nothing." "No, we won't have him, even for nothing; we want to do something that will astonish our friends." "But it is very dangerous." "We are strong and will risk it." And so, with hearts full of hope, they started off for the top of Mt. Washington. When they got near the top they saw a white cloud above them. Up, up they went right into it. They found that it was a snow storm on the mountain. "Oh, **how I wish we had that guide now!**" said one. "But it's too late to go back for him; we must find our way alone," said another. And so they struggled on, sometimes going quite out of the way. **Darkness came on, and they were lost** in that deep snow! But they kept moving upward as well as they could. The two ladies got so tired they could not walk another step. They sank down in the deep snow. In the morning the storm had all cleared away, and as the keepers of the house looked out they saw only a little way off, the half buried party. They went to them at once, but it was too late to save the life of one lady, who had been **frozen to death** during that awful night; and all because she with the rest had said: **"We don't want the guide"** When I was at the top of Mt. Washington a few summers ago, I saw a great pile of stones, which had been thrown together over the spot where the young lady was found cold in death.—E. P. Hammond.

692. The People of Dublin tell this story of a poor man who used to sweep the crossing of one of their principal streets. A prominent lawyer in a city, in his practice, came across a certain legacy for which no heirs were found. At length the name came to him—that is the name of the old street-sweeper. He studied the case up and found that he was the heir. The old man was hard at work when he went to him. There, in the middle of the street, he told him his story, and the old man stood, broom in hand and mouth wide open in astonishment. So carried away with the pleasure and excitement of his good fortune was the old man, that, unconsciously, **he dropped his broom** where he was standing and followed the attorney to enter on his new career. The broom! He had always been careful of

that before. But he dropped it in the middle of the street, and forgot it. Do you wonder at his treatment of the broom? He is a rich man now.—Gregg.

693. The primary condition of being made whole is in the will. Wilt thou be made whole? Granted that the will has become enfeebled by constantly yielding its sceptre to passion,—like one of the early English kings, a mere puppet in the hands of strong barons,—yet **Christ must know that its choice is on his side** before he will set on foot the health-giving processes. He is prepared to know that the will is vacillating and weak. This is no disappointment. He is well able to work in us to will and to do, when once the will has made its appeal to him. The viceroy of India might be overpowered by a revolt, and yet be true in his allegiance to his suzerain.—Meyer.

694. A young lady while crossing the ice, fell through. A gentleman hearing her cry, hastened to the spot. He put out both hands, saying: "Clasp my hands tightly, and I will save you."

She replied, "I cannot lift up both hands, one rests upon the ice; were I to raise it, I should surely sink."

He answered, "**Let go your hold** upon the ice, **trust me and I will save you.** Were I to take but one, I could not draw you out."

She obeyed, and he drew her out rejoicing.

So Christ waits to save imperilled sinners, **but they must give him both hands and trust him fully.**

695. Our choice in life must be a cubic choice. It must have three dimensions. First, it must be **very high,** as high as I can reach with my life. Next, it must be **very broad,** covering all the powers of my life,—mind, voice, hands, feet. And then it must be **very long,—run out seventy years,** if that be the sum of my days on earth. I cannot afford to swap horses in the middle of the stream. **I cannot afford to change my course at thirty or forty.** We are to make the choice the highest, the broadest, and the longest possible.—Alexander McKenzie, D. D.

696. Livingstone's conversion. "I do not remember any particular time of conversion or that I was much cast down or lift up."—Rev. John Livingstone, pastor of the Kirk of Shotts.

697. John Henry Newman said: "I speak of **conversion** with great diffidence, being obliged to adopt the language of books. For my own feelings, as far as I remember, were so different from any account I have ever read, that I dare not go by what may be an individual case."

698. Six Edinburg students, one evening after a Moody meeting, were discussing **conversion** in their rooms. Three remembered the circumstances of their conversion, and three did not.—George Jackson, B. A.

699. Charles Kingsley's diary: "June 12, 1841.—My birthnight. I have been for the last half hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless stars, **I have devoted myself to God;** a vow never (if he gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled."

700. Savonarola, in speaking of his **conversion,** used to say; "A word did it," but he never told what that word was.

701. Once an American clergyman recited **Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"** in a sermon, and was severely criticised by a conservative congregation. Later a man told him, "Sir," I am a survivor of Balaclava. I have led an evil life since then until I happened in your church the Sunday you recited that poem, and it changed my life." "So", wrote the minister to Tennyson, "though I may have lost my congregation I have saved a soul by your poem."

Faith. (702–735)

702. In the reign of Henry VIII, there was a young student at Cambridge, named **Bilney.** He became deeply anxious about his soul, and obtained a copy of the New Testament, and shut himself up in his room to study it. As he read the book he came to the words, "**This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.**" He laid down the book, to think on what he had read. He thus states the result: "This one sentence, through God's inward teaching, did so rejoice my heart, being before almost in despair, that **I soon found peace.** Jesus Christ saves!" he cried, "yes, Jesus Christ saves." From that time he became a preacher of those "glad-tidings", and at last he suffered as a faithful martyr.

703. A party was told at **the mint in Philadelphia** that a spoonful of **melted gold** which dropped instantly through a thin piece of pine wood could be **taken in the hand without burning** it, if the hand should first be dipped in water. They expressed wonder. The guide

asked them to make the trial. "Oh no," they all said, "we believe you; but we don't care to make the trial." **They believed, but they did not trust.** But a lady in the party dipped her delicate hand and fearlessly put it to the test, holding in it the molten gold. **She believed and trusted.**

704. It is well for us all to recognize **how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.** A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sabbath, **the memoir of a Christian woman.** On closing the volume, she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." And after a little thought, she added, "And I should like to live such a life." A few minutes later she kneeled down and said, **"Lord, I will try from this time."** The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—G. B. F. Hallock, D. D

705. George III. issued a proclamation of amnesty during our Revolutionary War to all those in rebellion **except John Hancock** and a few kindred spirits. **God's amnesty makes no exception. Whosoever will may come and be saved on the condition of repentance and faith.**

706. "Belief" comes from the same Saxon root as "leave." Its primary meaning is mere assent, admission. The old Saxon, when he heard a statement that seemed credible, said: "I believe it"; i. e., "I admit that it is true. I let it stand as correct." But it did not follow from this admission that he was going to do anything about it.

Faith, on the other hand, comes from the Latin **"fideo,"** to trust. It means more than mere assent. It means **such confidence as leads to corresponding action.** Thus a man on a sinking ship might believe in a life-preserver—admit that it was what its name implied—and yet he might not put it on, because he might not realize that he needed it. But if he has faith in the life-preserver, he puts it on, and trusts himself with it to the sea.

707. Accepting God's grace is like the **recognition** of the old nursery song by the **child long captive among the Indians.** She had been brought back, with several others, and her mother was there to take her; but neither could the mother tell which child was hers, **nor could the child remember her mother till she sang the baby lullaby,** when the child with a cry flung herself into her mother's arms.

708. In an obscure village there lived a plain old lady whom the neighbors called **"Catharine with the great faith"** on account of her piety. A traveling preacher once came to the village, and in the course of a conversation heard of this "Catharine with the great faith." He resolved to hunt her up, and was directed to her humble cottage. "Are you 'Catharine with the great faith'?" he inquired of her. With beaming countenance she replied, **"Whether I have a great faith, I know not, but this I know, that I have a great Savior."**

709. The Elector of Brandenburg, Joachim II, (1540) told his ambassadors, who were going to attend the religious disputation at Worms; **"Bring back with you the little word 'sola', or else dare not to come back." Salvation is by faith alone.**

710. A man who was trying to find the Lord became so distressed that he sought counsel of a minister at night. He could not go ahead, and so was afraid to venture, and had become discouraged and almost in despair. He obtained no relief, and started for home. As he carried a lantern, the minister asked him why he did so. "To light my way, because it is so dark," he replied. "But can you see your way home from where you stand?" was asked. "'Oh, no; it is very dark just ahead." "Of what use then is the light?" **"It will light the path as I go** the same as it does here." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," said the minister. **"Walk in the light you have,** and go on doing so, and it will shine around you all the way as you need to see." This simple illustration showed him how easy it is to find and walk in the way of salvation.

711. As far as I can see, **there is only one way in which faith is got,** and it is the same in the religious world as it is in the world of men and women. I learn to trust you just as far as I know you, and neither more nor less. **The way to trust Christ is to know him.** You cannot help trusting him then. You are changed. By knowing him faith is begotten in you, as cause and effect. If you turn to the Revised Version of the Epistle of John, you will find these words: **"We love, because he first loved us."** "We"—not, **"We love him."** That is wrong. Look at that word "because." There is the cause of which I have spoken. The effect follows, that we love him. We love all men. Stand before that, and you will be changed into the same image, from tenderness to tenderness. **There is no other way.** You can

not love to order.—Prof. Henry Drummond.

712. I met **an old Scotch woman, not long ago, who said she had been seeking Christ for forty years.** She protested that she believed every word in the Bible, and yet, when I pointed to her John v, 24, she did not believe it. That is, she said she "heard the word of Jesus gladly, and believed that God had sent him into the world;" but she did not believe that she had "everlasting life," though the word of God clearly and plainly says, "He that heareth my word and believeth him who sent me, **hath everlasting life.**" This is an illustration of how **many people believe the Bible, who do not in the least believe God's word.**—Pentecost.

713. There are **two kinds of believing: first,** a believing about God which means that I believe that what is said of God is true. This faith is rather a form of knowledge than a faith. There is, **secondly,** a believing in God which means that I put my trust in him, give myself up to thinking that I can have dealings with him, and believe without any doubt that he will be and do to me according to the things said of him. Such **faith which throws itself upon God,** whether in life or in death, alone makes a Christian man.—Martin Luther.

714. A man may settle the question of his eternal safety in a moment by a single act of faith in Christ. The bulkhead doors of the North German Lloyd liner **Kronprinz Wilhelm** can now be closed by the **mere movement of a little lever,** operated by an officer on the ship's bridge. This device is for use in case of collision. There are nineteen doors in the submerged part of the ship and they close from above, descending like steel curtains. An alarm is sounded for twenty seconds to let the engineers get safely out.

715. A night of terror and danger, because of their ignorance, was spent by the crew of a vessel off the coast of New Jersey. Just before dark a bark was discovered **drifting helplessly,** and soon struck her bows so that she was made fast on a bar, and in momentary danger of going down. **A line was shot over the rigging** of the wreck by a life-saving crew, but **the sailors did not understand** that it was a line connecting them with the shore which they might seize and escape. All signs failed to make them understand this. So all night the bark lay with the big waves dashing over it; while the crew, drenched and shivering and terrified, shouted for help.

In the morning they discovered how unnecessarily they had suffered and how all night there was a line right within their reach by which they might have been saved. Many a soul on life's stormy sea, cries for mercy. God's answer is immediate. But how often, failing to appreciate that **"the Word is nigh us," we spend hours of anxiety and pain, when we might have at once reached out and caught hold of the Divine Hand!**

716. I heard once of **a woman who could not pay her rent.** A wealthy friend heard of her plight and came to her house intending to pay the rent for her. But when he knocked at the door he received no answer, and, concluding that the woman was out, he went away. A few days after he met her, and remarked that he had been at her house and she was not at home. "Why, was that you?" she exclaimed. **"I thought it was the landlord".** When Christ knocks at the door of our hearts, bringing with him forgiveness for all the past and grace to keep up through all the future, how apt we are to **keep the door shut,** as if he were come to press upon us some disagreeable claim! Let us rather, with full, thankful hearts, receive the unspeakable gift, and rejoice in God's immeasurable grace.

717. An old-time Quaker preacher had a strange experience at his conversion. He dreamed that he was dead, and was laid our for burial, when a shining one came and bending over him, said softly, "The man is dead." Then another came and laying his hand on his flesh said; "It is cold; he is dead." So one by one they came and spake, till one, kindlier that the rest came and lifting up his hand said, "Nay, what is this? A nail print in his palm, and a nail print in his other palm. **This man is not dead, he has been crucified! He has been crucified with Christ and lives with him."**—Then he awoke and found the place in the Scriptures where it is written, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, Christ liveth in me." **The secret of all spiritual life is to enter into fellowship with Christ.**—Burrill.

718. One of the **foremost ministers in Glasgow,** in his unconverted days, was once surrounded by his "fast" set on the Rothesay pier **in a Clyde Sabbath excursion.** What a scene! Drink on board, and here they are swearing, fighting, tumbling, lying and drinking, in all directions. Ugh! What a beastly pack! To the heart of the "chosen" youth from the prayer-surrounding home on yon Ayershire hills, **swift from**

the Holy Ghost like the flash of the torrid lightning, there came this thought—Here's your set for eternity! Ah, it stunned him, felled him to the ground, and he cried from the very soul of him for mercy, mercy! There's no Jesus here, and no Jesus forever. **Mercy he found, Jesus he found; and to-day in yon great city he points the masses to Zion, and he leads the way.**—Robertson.

719. Faith is the channel or aqueduct, and not the fountain head, and we must not look so much to it as to exalt it above the divine source of all blessing which lies in the grace of God. **Never make a Christ out of your faith,** nor think of it as if it were the independent source of your salvation. Our life is found in "looking unto Jesus," not in looking to our own faith. By faith all things become possible to us; yet **the power is not in the faith, but in the God upon whom faith relies.**—Spurgeon.

720. Are we not daily, all through life's journey, **trusting ourselves to bridges whose supporting piers are away down beneath the water,** believing in their strength without doubt, neither wondering nor complaining when by chance one of them trembles or swerves a hair's breadth in the storm? **We walk the bridge of life. Can we not trust its safety on the resting places of God's wisdom** that are hid from us in the depths of the two eternities?

721. "Oh, papa, I can see you, and oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed Lena Ludwig, nine years old, when she sprang into her father's outstretched arms as he left the gang plank of the steamer, Nieuw Amsterdam, after it reached its Hoboken pier, the other day. It was a touching scene and the people standing by wept.

"How glad I am that I can see you and mamma, and when we get home I can get dear old Dilly and make him bark."

Herman Ludwig seemed to be even more delighted than his daughter. **The child was totally blind.** Her parents have a large fruit ranch in California and acting upon the advice of a young physician, whom they gave shelter over night when he had lost his way, the child was **taken to Europe for treatment.** Tears streamed down the young man's face as he listened to the story of the delights that vision had given his only daughter.

"Oh, papa," she cried, **"you don't know how beautiful everything is. I feel as I look at things that I had been dead.** I often wondered when I could not see how things looked, but **I never dreamed the world was so beautiful.**—Daily Paper.

722. Barnum said; **"I have seen a good many people humbugged during my life, and have been humbugged myself, but I have noticed that more persons, on the whole, are humbugged by believing in nothing than in believing in too much."**

723. An evangelist, told of a **champion chess-player's criticism** upon the celebrated painting called **"The Lost Game",** in which a boy plays a game of chess with the devil. The champion said the boy had not lost the game, and, to prove it, sat down and won the game from the same combination of men on the chessboard in the painting. He won the game in two moves. He pointed the moral: **The devil always thinks the game of life is lost, but in two moves—repentance and faith— Christ wins it.**

724. In order to have faith you must have faith in somewhat. From the top of Mount Washburn, in the Yellowstone National Park, I saw an **eagle holding himself on pinions, motionless, two thousand feet above the surface of the earth.** That eagle had dropped like lead could he not have trusted his wings. Faith is not an indefinite and longing feeling amid vacancy. **Faith is definite grasp upon that which can float you** where otherwise you were helpless and bedraggled. But there must be that definite something which faith can definitely grasp.

725. What rich instruction in regard to divine photography there is in what we see in human art. In the practice of **photography** we see two things: **faith in the power and effects of light, and the wise adjustment of everything in obedience to its laws.** With what care the tenderly sensitive plate is prepared to receive the impression; with what precision its relative position to the object to be portrayed is adjusted; how still and undisturbed it is, when held face to face with that object! Having done this, the photographer leaves the light to do its wonderful work; **his work is indeed the work of faith.**

726. A young man, distressed about his soul, confided in a friend. The friend said: **"Did you ever learn to float?"**

"Yes I did," was the surprised reply.

"And did you find it easy to learn?"

"Not at first," he answered.

"What was the difficulty?" his friend pursued.

"Well, the fact was I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began

to struggle, and of course down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that **I must give up all the struggle,** and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink."

"And is not God's word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; he commands you to **just rest in him, to believe his word, and accept his gift."**

727. One day a poor laborer fell ill, and soon came down to death's door. Realizing his critical condition he asked a fellow-laborer to go and bring the priest, so that he might confess, receive the last sacrament, and be ready to die. This fellow-laborer said to him, **"A neighbor of mine has a book in his house** which I want to bring you first." So off he ran to bring the book. He himself knew very little about it, but as he returned and sat by the dying man's side, he opened the book, as he supposed accidentally at the Acts of the Apostles, and instantly his eye fell upon the following verse, which he read aloud: "What must I do to be saved?" He read on: **"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."** He proceeded to turn the leaves of that wonderful book, and read to his dying friend such verses as he thought appropriate to his circumstances. Soon the pallid countenance began to gleam, and the tears fell profusely. Then he asked his dying friend, "Shall I go now for the priest?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "I am satisfied;" and in a few moments he died happy in Jesus.—A Colporteur in Spain.

728. "We love him because he first loved us." A hunter who carried with him a deer-charm — a whistle which imitated the voice of the fawn — one day found when he blew upon it **there came a beautiful doe and put her head out from the thicket** and looked this way and that wondering where the child was that was calling for its mother. She saw the hunter standing there and knew that he was her mortal enemy, seeking her life; but although she trembled with fear she did not stir. **And when the hunter saw that great exhibition of mother-love he could not bear to take advantage of it. So he put down his rifle and, lifting up his hand, frightened the doe back into the thicket. So God's great love inspires our faith.**

729. The child of a well-known French painter lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable. A famous oculist in Paris, however, performed an operation on her eyes and restored her sight. Her mother had long been dead, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told that her blindness could be cured, **her one thought was that she could see him;** and when the cure was complete and the bandages were removed, she ran to him, and trembling, pored over his features, shutting her eyes now and then and passing her fingers over his face, as if to make sure that it was he.

The father had a noble head and presence, and his every look and motion were watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed her, or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears to her eyes.

"To think," she cried, holding his hand close in hers, **"that I had this father so many years, and never knew him!"**

How many of us are like the little blind girl?—The Word and the Way.

730. Ex-President Roosevelt, in the days before he was president, had an **experience with Clara Barton** which shows that **in some cases asking is the only price of having.** It is to be found in her "Story of the Red Cross," and is too picturesquely told to spoil a word of it in condensing:

"There came to our improvised camp an officer in a khaki uniform, showing hard service, and a bandana handkerchief hanging from his hat to protect the back of his head from the fierce rays of the sun. It was Colonel Roosevelt, and we (Miss Barton seldom says 'I') were very glad to see the gallant leader of the Rough Riders.

"He said, 'I have some sick men with the regiment who refuse to leave it. They need such delicacies as you have here, which I am ready to pay for out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?'

" 'Not for a million dollars,' Dr. Gardner replied.

" 'But my men need these things', he said, his tone and face expressing anxiety. 'I am proud of my men.'

" 'And we know they are proud of you, colonel. But we can't sell Red Cross supplies,' answered Dr. Gardner.

" 'Then how can I get them?'

" **'Just ask for them,** colonel.'

" 'Oh!' he said, his face suddenly lighting up with a bright smile. **'Then I do ask for them.'**

" 'When will you send for these supplies?'

" 'Lend me a sack, and I will take

them right along,' he answered, with characteristic decision; and before we had recovered from our surprise the incident was closed by the future President of the United States slinging the big sack of malted milk, condensed milk, oatmeal, cornmeal, canned fruits, rice, tea, etc., over his shoulders and striding off through the jungle." **Faith evidenced its strength by action.**

731. Faith defined. "The principal acts of saving faith are accepting, receiving and **resting upon** Christ."—Westminster Confession.

"Faith is **an assured confidence.**"—Heidelberg Catechism.

"Christian faith is also a full **reliance** on the blood of Christ and trust in his merits," etc.—John Wesley's Sermons.

"Faith in Christ consists both of **assent and trust.**"—Watson's Institutes.

"Faith is cordially assenting to the Gospel offer, a receiving and **resting upon Christ** for pardon and eternal life."—Dr. Leonard Wood's Theology.

"The faith of the Gospel is that emotion of the mind which is called **trust, confidence,** exercised towards the moral character of God, and particularly of the Saviour." — President Timothy Dwight's Theology.

"Evangelical faith is a **trusting in Christ,**" etc.—Finney's Theology.

"The Christian commits his lost soul to Christ and trusts **in him alone for** salvation. . . This act of committing the soul to Christ may be regarded as strictly the act of faith."—Dr. Enoch Pond's Theology.

"The primary idea of faith is trust . . . This view of the nature of faith is all but universally received, not by theologians only, but by philosophers and the mass of Christian people." — Dr. Charles Hodge's Theology.

"Trust is the soul and kernel of the faith which saves the sinner." — Van Oosterzee's Christian Dogmatics.

"Faith is essentially **trust.**" Christian faith includes that which is primarily and specifically **trust in Christ** as a personal Saviour, and as such in the Christian it is a necessary condition of salvation.—McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia.

732. Faith does not depend on realization, and yet many people are hesitating to confess Jesus Christ because they **do not realize** that they are saved or that he accepts them. There are a thousand things which we know to be true, which are yet difficult to realize as being true. The other day I met a dear friend and congratulated him on the robust health he seemed to be enjoying; to which he replied, saying: "I never felt better in my life; never have been able to do so much work and do it so easily." To-day I heard, through a friend who came to tell me the news, that he was dead—**dropped dead this morning,** in a fit of apoplexy. I cannot realize that my friend is dead; yet I **believe it without a question, because I have confidence in the person who brought me the news.** It is difficult for me to realize that Jesus is the incarnate Son of God, that he died and was raised again from the dead, and that through him my sins, which are many, are all forgiven; but my faith does not rest on my realization of these things; it rests on the record which God has given of his Son: and this is the record, that he hath given us eternal life, and that life is in his Son.—Pentecost.

733. Unquestioning faith. An Irish hod-carrier was half way up the ladder, as his brother came running and called up that an uncle in Ireland had just died and **left him $25,000.** He dropped his hod on the scaffold and called to the bricklayers above, **"Boys, ye'll have to get another hod-carrier, I've done with the business."**

734. When a miner looks at the rope that is to lower him into the deep mine, he may coolly say, "I have faith in that rope as well made and strong." But **when he lays hold of it,** and swings down by it into the tremendous chasm, then he is **believing on the rope.** Then he is trusting himself to the rope. It is not a mere opinion—it is an act. The miner just lets go of everything else, and bears his whole weight on those well-braided strands of hemp. Now that is faith. And when a human soul lets go of every other reliance in the wide universe, and hangs entirely on the atoning Jesus, that soul **"believes on Christ."**—Cuyler.

735. Christ reserves his hand for a dead lift. A man in London saved 28 people from drowning. He was asked how, and said; "I can swim well. I plunge in and **wait until they grow too weak to struggle,** and then I seize them." Christ can save us only when we no longer struggle to save ourselves, but let him do all.

Faith and Feeling. (736–744)

736. Martin Luther, in one of his conflicts with the Devil, was asked by the arch-enemy, if he **felt** his sins forgiven. "No," said the great Reformer, **"I don't feel** that they are forgiven, but **I know they are, because God says so** in his

Word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt **feel saved,**" but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt **be saved.**"

737. Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, **"Do you feel** that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, **"I don't feel** that it is paid; **I know** from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." So you must **believe in God's love** to you as revealed at the Cross of Calvary, and **then you will feel happy, because you shall know** you are saved.

738. A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their **feelings,** used to say, "Feelings! feelings! **Don't bother about your feelings.** I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and he is my surety right on to eternity, and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

"Be my feelings what they will,
Jesus is my Saviour still."

739. A thousand times have I seen a darkened and struggling soul find a way along a path like this. He has said, **"I want the feeling of forgiven sin, of rest and peace."** I have answered, "Let us take a word of Christ and follow it precisely. Here is the word, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Coming is the assent and consent of yourself in the personal Christ; it is the yielding of yourself to him as your Savior and Lord. Do you now, as far as you know yourself, make such rededication of yourself to the personal Christ?" When the answer has been, "Yes," and I have been sure of deep sincerity, I have added, "And here is the word of the personal Christ to you, **"I will in no wise cast out.' Can you believe that word and rest on it?** And how often have I seen the light break over the troubled face, and heard sighs give place to songs, as the soul by such great and yet simple faith has entered into the radiant certainty of forgiveness.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

740. However false or unhealthy religious feeling may sometimes be, the great truth still remains behind, that **feeling is the secret of doing.** The heart must be engaged for Christ or the hands will soon hang down. The affections must be enlisted in his service, or our obedience will soon stand still. It will always be **the loving workman** who will do most in the Lord's vineyard.—Ryle.

741. Gideon Ouseley, who passed like a flame of holy fire through Ireland preaching the gospel, the Lord in a wonderful way "confirming the Word with signs following", tells how he obeyed the heavenly voice.

"The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the gospel.'

" 'How can I go?' said I, 'O Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child.'

" 'Do you know the disease?'

" 'O yes, Lord, I do.'

" 'And do you know the cure?'

" 'Indeed, I do. Glory be to thy holy name!'

" 'Go, then, and **tell them these two things—the disease and the cure. All the rest is nothing but talk.' "**—N. W. Advocate.

742. A lady told a German pastor Flattich, **that she had been seeking and longing in vain for the presence of the Holy Spirit;** this gift of God was her chief desire, but still beyond her attainment. "Dear lady," said Flattich, "the other morning I **searched in vain for my stocking;** I wanted it, but could find it nowhere. Suddenly **I discovered that I had it on!** Madam, you have what you desire; your seeking and longing prove the indwelling power of God's Holy Spirit, and all you have to do is to cease searching and be happy in receiving." The lady found peace in believing.

743. A man was telling me some time ago that he had prayed for over ten years that God would have mercy upon him. "Has not God answered your prayer?" "No." "Indeed! Let me ask you one question; suppose I offered you that Bible as a gift and you were afterward to come and ask me for it; what would I think of you?" "I do not know what you would think." "Well, but what do you suppose I would think?" "You would perhaps think I had gone a little wrong in my head." **"What is the use of your asking that God would deal in grace with you, if you are not willing to receive it;** or if you do not believe that he gives it to you?"—D. L. Moody.

744. A prominent pastor, when a lad, was **distressed by a suspicion that he was not the real son of his mother.** He was so unlike his brothers in complexion and temperament as to deepen his suspicion into a conviction, in the icy chill of which he lived until his burdened heart could suffer it no longer, and he **poured out his sorrow in the ears of his mother.** She enfolded him in her arms and with unutterable passion ejaculated, **"You are indeed my own true, true boy." It was enough.** That night when he lay upon his bed the old fear began to creep into his heart and shake him with its chill, but he melted it all out by the warmth of his **faith in his mother's**

word. **How much more assuring is that than any agreeable or even powerful feeling.** We can easily mistake a pleasant emotion coming through the physical senses for a work of divine grace in the heart. A purely natural effect is often mistaken for a spiritual operation. If our assurance is based on our emotions, only a philosopher who is able to analyze and understand his feelings can trust them with any degree of safety. **A life of faith in the Word of God is infinitely more noble than any gush of pious feeling.** — Northwestern Advocate.

The New Birth. Regeneration. (745–755)

745. An old Scotchman, who was converted was asked why he was not more humble, and why he did not say he **hoped** he was saved or trusted that he was saved. He turned around—I will never forget his answer—**"Why!" he said, "mon alive, I was there when it was done."**

746. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in **"Earth's Holocaust"** tells of some men and women who became **disgusted with the foibles and flipperies of the world and determined to burn them.** A broad western prairie was selected, and they were shipped thither — magazines, ledgers, pedigrees, wardrobes, liquor, tobacco, etc. There was a pile mountain high, and a fierce blaze. A group of reprobates stood by the pyre downcast, and **Satan came to comfort them.** He said, **"Be not cast down, there is one thing these wiseacres have forgotten." "What is that?"** they shouted. **"Why the human heart;** unless they hit upon some trick for purifying that foul thing, it will soon be the same old world again."

747. In speaking to two ladies at an aftermeeting Rev. W. G. Puddifoot illustrated **regeneration** as follows: "Now listen, **you did not know you were born the first time for some months after, did you?"**

"Why no," one said with a smile.

"Well", I said, "it is the same with me. I must have been a year and a half old when I became **conscious that I was born.** It was in this way. I was seated on the floor when **I noticed some little pink things** that wriggled in a most fascinating way. I made a sudden lunge at them, and at once conveyed them to my mouth, and some little sharp teeth closed upon them, and with a loud cry **I realized they were part of myself and that I was born."**

"You have a good memory, sir".

"Yes, because I know things that no one could have told me. You see that if it takes so long to find out that we were born the first time, it is no wonder we cannot know of our second birth, of being **'born of the Spirit.'** It puzzled Nicodemus, and he was a ruler of the Jews. Indeed there is a great mystery about it, for **'the wind bloweth where it listeth** and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

"But," said the woman, **"how are we to know?"**

"I will tell you. **When you find that you desire that which is good,** and that you are drawn toward godly people; that you dislike that which it bad; that you begin to feel kindly toward those who have ill used you; and better still, if you desire to do them good, then you may be sure you are born again, or born of the Spirit, for these are the fruits of the Spirit."

"Will you pray for us, sir?"

"I will," and after a short prayer I left them, smiling through their tears."

748. An old writer tells a story of a man who prided himself on his great morality, and expected to be saved by it, who was constantly saying: "I am doing **pretty well on the whole;** I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I was never drunk in my life."

This man once **hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence round his lot,** and gave him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said:

"Well, Jock, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?"

"I cannot say that it is all tight and strong," replied Jock; "but it's **a good average fence,** anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but what I may have left a gap here and there, a yard wide or so; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a **very good fence, on the whole,** and will like it, though I cannot just say that it's perfect."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point, "do you tell me that you have built a fence round my lot with **weak places in it,** and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and all will go

through. Don't you know man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the dry Scotchman, "but I hear you talk so much about **averaging matters with the Lord,** seems to me that we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence will not do for them, I am afraid that **an average character will not do** on the day of judgment."

749. I have seen **a little tugboat pull the great sea-going vessels** about the harbor of New York, but when these vessels were out on the sea they needed something more than the pull of the tugboat; **they must have the throb of power within themselves.** And so we may be drawn about by outside influences—the preaching of a sermon, the singing of a hymn; but what is needed for every child of God, if he would brave the storm and safely reach the harbor, is **that he himself have God's power within him.**

750. All religious acts are certainly good acts, but it cannot follow that all good acts are religious acts. The appearance of a deed may be good and yet the design—the motive—may have been evil. To illustrate. I read an incident the other day, which is as follows:

"A young man met a minister of his acquaintance and in the course of their conversation, he told the minister that he was not a very bad young man, for, said he, 'I have been **doing a great many good things.'** 'Well', said the minister, 'I have no disposition to dispute that, but your good acts were not religious acts—nor is it any evidence that you are a Christian.' The young man seemed surprised.

" 'You are the **owner of a horse,** are you not?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Does he not do many good acts?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Do you not think him a good horse?'

" 'Yes.'

" **'Is your horse a Christian?'**

" 'Well,' he replied, 'about as much of a one as I am, I guess.' "

The young man saw the point, and admitted that a good act in man or beast is a good thing, but nothing more. **It is nature and not grace, instinct and not holiness.** A good character is a good thing, education is a good thing, money is a good thing, but these things, good as they are, will not carry a man to heaven, but they will come just as near doing so as mere morality will.

751. The old nature must be changed. A wild chamois was captured by a shepherd when young, and kept for two years with the flock, tame, a bell on its neck etc. One day it heard some chamois off on the mountain; it listened trembling with eagerness for a moment, and then bounded off to join its kin, and was never seen afterward though far up—hidden in the mists, its bell was often heard.

752. "You say to me," said Moody, " 'Well, but **don't you think those things will come back?** There is that cursed passion in my life; don't you think it will come back?' I dare say it will; and, mind you, **if your heart is empty—that is, if you only sent the Devil out by a pledge or by a resolution**—and he comes back, he will come to the front door and he will say, 'Is there anybody inside?' and if there is silence he will go around to the back door and will cry, 'Is there anybody inside?' If there is silence **he will smash that door open** through all your resolutions, and he will bring **seven devils along** with him, and he will fill your heart with riot and sin. **But if, when he comes back, he says, 'Is anybody inside here?' and Christ says, 'I am here', that is enough."**

753. Sons and heirs through regeneration. Moody once pictured a reception room in a private residence at an early morning hour. It was entered by a man who proceeded to open the shutters and put things to rights. No one needed to be told that **he was a servant.** Shortly after another man entered. He walked around the room examining the portraits, paintings and ornaments as if they were new to him; and finally taking a book sat down to read. **Evidently he was a guest.** Next came rushing into the room **a rollicking boy of sixteen.** After a bright "good morning" to the guest, he darted into the library, overhauled the mail lying there on the table, hurried into the dining room to see if breakfast was ready, lifted one or two covers to see what was to be served, and then, hearing familiar footsteps in the reception room, he rushes there and flings himself into the arms of the master of the house, who had just given the guest a warm handshake of welcome, but **to this boy gave a hug and a kiss. No one needed to be told that this boy was the son.**

George Macdonald said: **"So long as God's will is our law we are slaves;** but when God's will becomes our **will,** duty becomes pleasure and service a delight." **This is the glorious liberty of the sons of God.**

754. How foolish it would be for sons, sitting at the feet of their teacher, and learning lessons of maturity, allowing

themselves to **be intimidated by the old schoolmaster** (servant) under whose rod they had been brought to school, and who now through the window is seeking to attract their attention to certain placards bearing such inscriptions as "You must keep the Sabbath," "You must tithe your income," "You must abstain from certain kinds of food," etc., etc. The enlightened believer sitting now at Jesus' feet pays no attention to any such commands coming from any such source. **He has long ago passed from under such jurisdiction, and rejoices now in the liberty with which Christ has set him free.**—"The Truth about Grace."

755. Ask the first man you meet how he expects to reach heaven, and he will answer in effect **"by being good."** When the fact is that **no one has or will get to heaven by being or by doing good.** That it not the way at all. The way is by the Cross where flowed the blood. Nor can the believer who has been washed in the blood add aught to his acceptability in the sight of God by being or by doing good. His standing in God's sight has been settled by an entirely different process, even in the offering up of the only perfect or good life this world has ever seen, that of the spotless Lamb of God. There is positively no room or need for any auxiliary force that can be presented. And no one in glory will be able to say, "I am here, because of the Cross and——". Neither are even the believer's "holding out" or his progress in "holiness" to be made primary, or even secondary; for plainly it is written **"not of works** lest any man should boast." — "The Truth About Grace".

Moralists. (756–761)

756. Suppose a man starts from Green Bay with his boat to go to Sackett's Harbor. He rows his own boat; by day he is scorched by the sun; at night, chilled with the cold. He finds in **Lake Huron** a company of shipwrecked fisherman on an island without boat or provisions. He supplies their wants from his own store, and by turns carries them all to the main land without fee or reward. He journeys on, the lake is boisterous, the head winds delay him, and he soon comes upon a wrecked vessel with the men clinging to the rigging. He labors and rescues them all—feeding them from his own scanty store, and then journeys on. He passes into Lake Erie and moves on down the lake and enters into the river Niagara. He looks on his chart, and sees laid down these directions: "River Niagara. **Turn ye, turn ye,** for why will ye go over the cataract of Niagara? Because there is danger—take care, lest ye go over the Falls of Niagara." He is amazed. It is all different from what he has seen before; and while wondering at this unsuspected warning, he sees on the left of his chart this direction: "Wellands Canal. **Strive to enter into** Wellands Canal, for strait is the lock and narrow is the way that leads to Lake Ontario." He begins to review his hardships—the cold and the heat, the sufferings through which he had passed, the lives he had saved, how he had injured no one, but had helped and benefited many. **God would not let him go over the Falls** and perish, after he had endured so much and done so much good. So he doubts whether there are any Falls, and heeds not the warning, "Turn ye, turn ye," nor the exhortation, "Strive to enter into Wellands Canal," but ventures into the rapids and approaches the great cataract. Now listen; **could God save him from going over the Falls without working a miracle for his special benefit?** Would all his long suffering on that journey and his benevolence save him from the fate awaiting him?"

The mercy of God was manifest in the provision made for his escape: he neglected it, and must necessarily take the consequences, and he alone is to blame.—Dr. Graves.

757. On Sunday March 6th, 1881, a barque was wrecked off the north coast of Scotland. Fishermen on shore made **several attempts to get a line on board** by means of the rockets, but the wind being so strong, they were beaten down into the water before reaching the ship. They succeeded at last, however, by using an empty barrel, which was thrown overboard, with a small cord attached, by which, after some hard work on the part of those in the ship, a large rope was hauled in and made fast to the foremast.

There were eleven men on board, but only four or five were able to do anything, the remainder being down below, entirely helpless from long exposure to the cold. As soon as the apparatus was in working order for the traveling cage which was to be drawn along the rope, one young sailor was put into it, and a few minutes found him on shore in the hands of kind friends.

This first man was scarcely saved, when, through the fast rising tide and the strong wind beating upon the ship, her stern was suddenly raised up over a reef of rock which previously had kept her head on, and swinging round broadside onto the beach, she settled down across another rock, her back broke, and her mainmast splintered almost to

pieces. The traveling apparatus becoming entangled across her bow, it was rendered unmanageable, and it could no longer be used.

At this juncture we saw through the drifting snow, **a man descend from the vessel, and try to save himself by coming along the rope hand over hand; but alas, such an attempt was evidently useless.** The waves were beating over him like falling houses, and the poor fellow had gone but a little distance from the ship, when one heavy sea swept so completely over him, that he was soon done; and when it was passed, we saw that strong man hanging helplessly by the bend of one of his arms; in a few seconds **he dropped into the surging waves.** When the body was picked up two days afterwards, it was found that the sea which came over him while on the rope, had dislocated both his shoulders.

A few moments after this man was lost, the bow of the ship lifted again over the rocks which were keeping it, and in almost a moment she was once more head on to the beach, the apparatus disentangled, and again workable. No time was now lost, as the doomed vessel was fast breaking up, and in half an hour the men were all safely landed, the helpless ones being first of all put into the apparatus by those who had a little strength left. One brave fellow, who had helped to put all his shipmates (captain included) out of the ill-fated ship, into the hands of the friends on shore, remained on board till the last, with a quiet fearlessness which astonished all who saw him. Almost the first question put to him when he came ashore, was respecting the secret of his calmness; he said, "I was converted at one of Moody's meetings in America, **and I knew that I was safe,** the source of my confidence being Psalm xxvii: 1, 'The Lord is my salvation, whom shall I fear?'" We then asked him about the poor lost man. "Ah," he said, "we tried to persuade him not to attempt such a useless task, as it would be impossible for him to reach the shore in that way, but he would—he would and would not listen to us." "A fine fellow he was," added the captain, with tears running down his face, **"the best man in the crew; but he was lost, because he tried to save himself in his own way."** Yes, all the rest were saved, but by other hands than their own.

When the tide went out, it left nothing but a scene of desolation. A splintered skeleton of timbers, scattered planks, and broken barrels, but nothing left such a solemn sight as we looked upon all around and remembered the poor lost man.

Lost! and yet the best man of the crew! How was it possible? Simply **because he wanted to save himself, and trusted in his own strength** to face the waves instead of relying on the means that had been provided.—Times of Refreshing.

758. "Why are not my chances of going to heaven about as good as those of some of your church-members?"

These words were spoken to Dr. W—, the pastor of a church in one of our Western cities, by a young man to whom he had been talking on the subject of personal salvation. John Sands was a man of excellent character. He had received the best training in a Christian home, and had imbibed the loftiest principles of honor and integrity. He had recently begun business for himself, and was known as a strictly upright young man, honest and refined, a good neighbor and a useful citizen.

When good Dr. W—— urged upon him his need of a Saviour and the duty of taking a stand as a Christian, he at once raised the question, **"Why do I need a Saviour?" "What good will it do me to become a Christian?"** Then he called to mind several of the members of the church whose lives were notoriously inconsistent. But in a moment he added with his natural frankness, "I know they are hypocrites, so I won't speak of them! but just look at Mr. D—— and Mrs. I—— and young Mr. M——. You believe they are real, earnest, true Christians. Well, now, they do not stand as high in the community as I do. Mr. D—— is a narrow-minded, troublesome fellow, and Mrs. J—— is always complaining about her neighbors, and young M—— is very rowdyish in his manners, and uses tobacco to great excess, and even drinks occasionally. Now, if I may be pardoned for speaking frankly of myself, I haven't a bad habit, and I always mean to be honest and upright. Why are not my chances of going to heaven as good as theirs?"

Dr. W—— did not reply at once to his question, but said: "Wouldn't you like to take a short walk with me this fine morning?" The young man readily consented, and they set out. In the course of their walk they came to a bridge; and as they looked over the parapet and down the stream, the pastor noticed two boats headed towards the bridge, one about twenty rods away, and the other nearly half a mile down stream. Turning to his companion, he asked, **"Which of those boats will reach the bridge first?"** The young man looked at them a few moments, and replied: "That one away down stream.'" "Why," said the

Doctor, "this one is nearly a half-mile higher up stream that that, and has but a few rods to come." "Yes," replied the young man; "but see the difference. **This one is drifting down stream, and the other is cutting its way rapidly up against the current.** In the farther one are strong rowers **pulling against the stream** with all their might; but this one is empty, and **simply drifting."**

"True," replied Dr. W——; "and do you not see that you have answered the question you asked me half an hour ago?" "You think you are more likely to reach heaven than Mr. D—— and the others. Now I grant that you are better than any one of them; but think a moment. What was their early training? Mr. D—— was born in the midst of crime. His early associations were all of evil, and he knew nothing of Christian teaching or life. But he has broken away from all these associations, and is trying to be a Christian. He's rough yet, and disagreeable, and his conscience isn't as clear as yours; **but he's pulling against the current with all his might.** Mrs. J—— has had a hard time in life; her husband died a drunkard, and she has met with many trials that have sharpened her temper. But everybody that is acquainted with her knows how fast she is overcoming these evils. She is far down the stream, but she is pulling hard at the oars. Then about young M——. His mother died when he was a baby, and his father is a reckless, ungodly man. He has had no training, and has been very wild. But since he joined the church, he has improved in every respect. Away down stream, but he is pulling with might and main against the current of the stream.

"Now look at John Sands. What sort of a training have you had? A Christian father and mother; the best of care and culture; no temptation to do wrong. Ever since you were a child you have been watched over and protected from evil, and your mind has been cultivated and your conscience enlightened from God's Word. Your character is good, because it couldn't easily be otherwise. You are high up stream, but you are like this boat so near by. It was towed up by a river steamer, but the rope became unfastened and it began to drift backward at once. You have been carried far up the stream by your parents; but now the line is loosed, and you are starting out for yourself. **Unless you pull right along up stream, you will never go any higher than you are now. You will drift downwards.** Perhaps you will not notice it; you may seem to stand still. But you will find that, with all your advantage, Mr. D—— and Mrs. J—— and young M—— will pass you.

The question is not, "Who is now highest up the stream?" or, "Who is now nearer heaven?" but "Which way are you going?"—S. S. Times.

759. There must be a change of heart. A man buys a farm and he finds on the farm a pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. A person comes along and says, "Look here, my friend, you don't want to use that water. The man who lived here before, he used that water, and it poisoned him and his wife and children."

"Is that so?" says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and **gets some paint and paints the pump,** putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and now he has a fine looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right."

You would say, "What a fool to go and paint the pump when the water is bad!" But that is what sinners are trying to do. They are **trying to paint up the old pump** that has always given bad water. It was a new well the man wanted, and **the sinner needs a new heart.**

760. The highest conception of nobility among the Romans is suggested by the epitaph on Sulla's monument in the Campus Martius at Rome: **"No friend ever did me so much good, or enemy so much harm, but I repaid him with interest."**

761. The Bible knows nothing of an unpractical theology, but, on the other hand, it knows still less of an untheological morality. — Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

Christ's Transforming Power. Miracles of Grace. (762–835)

762. Dr. Clafford, in his book entitled "Inspiration," says that **a high priest** came to his tent one night and asked him this question, **"What is it that makes that Bible of yours have such power over the lives of those who embrace it?** Now, it is but eight months since the people joined you. Before, they were quarrelsome; they were riotous; they were lazy; and now see what a difference there is in them! Now they are active, energetic, laborious. They never drink; they never quarrel. In all the region around here, the people all respect and honor them. What is it that makes the Bible have such power over the lives of those who profess it? Our Vedas have no such power. Please, sir, give me the secret."

763. Lord Chesterfield, visiting in Paris, was entertained at the table of a distinguished literary woman who was a bitter foe of Christianity. She said to him, "My Lord, I am informed that your English parliament is composed of five or six hundred of the most profound and brilliant thinkers: this being so, will you explain to me **how you account for the fact that under their authority, the obsolete religion of the Nazarene Carpenter is still maintained as the religion of the realm?**" "Madam", he replied, "it is a mere temporary makeshift. **We are casting about for something better; when that is discovered Christianity must give way.**" Ah, the world has been casting about all these centuries for **"something better"** and has not found it. **There is no power to compare with Christ for ennobling manhood and enriching life, through the transforming of character.**—Burrill.

764. "God worketh in you". This implies the actual presence of God at the center of our being. The very simplicity of the words renders them difficult of understanding; for no man understands the complex and marvelous mechanism of his own personality. God worketh in you—not outside, but in—**in the place where thought is born and the throne of the will is set up and the affections have their seat.**—Campbell Morgan.

765. When the statue of George Peabody, erected some years ago in one of the thoroughfares of London, was unveiled, **the sculptor Story** was asked to speak. Twice he **touched the statue** with his hand, and twice he said, **"That is my speech! That is my speech!"** What a suggestion to Christians! Even so should they allow their actions, **their consecrated lives speak of the Saviour they profess.**

766. When a man asks me why I believe in miracles, I answer, "Because I have seen them." He asks, "When?" I reply, "Yesterday." "Where?" "In such and such a place I saw a man who had been **a drunkard redeemed by the power of an unseen Christ,** and saved from sin. That was a miracle." The best argument for Christianity is a Christian. That is a fact which men cannot get over. There are fifty other arguments for miracles, but none so good as that you have seen them. Perhaps you are one yourself. Show a man a miracle with his own eyes, and if he is not too hardened he will believe. —Prof. Drummond.

767. A pastor once asked the following questions of a little girl who had applied for church membership: "Have you experienced a change of heart?" "Yes," was the reply. "Were you a sinner before?" "Yes," was the answer. "Are you a sinner now?" "Yes," again was her answer. **"Where, then, is the difference between your former and present condition?"** She thought a moment, then, her face brightening, she said, **"Before I was converted to Christ I was a sinner that runs after sin; now I am a sinner that runs away from sin."** A changed purpose in life had brought for her a changed life. Martin Luther said, "To do so no more is the truest repentance." In running away from sin she showed sincere repentance. Some of us repent, wondering how far we may run after sin and escape condemnation.

768. The first time I saw **Cologne Cathedral**—nearly half a century ago— it presented a stumpy appearance, for the towers had not yet been built. The next time I saw it, the scaffoldings on which the builders were busy were rather a disfigurement. But a few years since, when I beheld the completed towers, lifting their snow-white splendors into the sunlight, I felt that the old historic Rhine saw no such magnificent object in all its course from the Alpine mountains to the sea. This is a bit of a parable **of the way in which the Master constructs a Christian.**—Cuyler.

769. In the Armenian troubles a few years ago a band of Turkish soldiers captured an Armenian boy who was a Christian, and tried to make him renounce his belief. They stood him up and the leader said: "Lift up your right hand and blaspheme." He lifted up his right hand and said: "I believe in Jesus Christ, my Saviour." They placed his right hand on a block and cut it off at the wrist. Then they told him to raise his left hand and blaspheme. He raised his left hand and said: "I believe in Jesus Christ, my Saviour." They put his left hand on a block and cut it off. Then they said: "Now blaspheme," and he said: **"I believe in Jesus Christ, my Saviour," and they tore his tongue out by the roots and then killed him.** As Christians we should follow our Master in the same spirit as the Armenian boy, fearless of the consequences.

770. I was traveling in southern Florida, and I encountered a man who was a very important personage in his bearing. He had taken the only private saloon or stateroom on the car, and something in that saloon or stateroom gave him offense, and he summoned the colored porter and addressed him in language which I hope never to hear repeated, and **then sent for the conductor.** There was ob-

viously no grievance in the case; the man had lost his temper, was irritable and unreasonable from his last night's debauch, and, if possible, his language to this young man was more brutal and more insolent and unwarranted than to the colored porter.

I sat through it all, and may as well confess here that a sensation tingled at the tips of my fingers which was strictly unepiscopal. This young man, who was a generous type of a southerner, gave me his name when it was all over. When he told me who he was I recognized his **old Virginia stock.** It was just after the war, and he had to go to work for the first time in his life. This young man, this conductor, who through it all had **illustrated the only gentlemanly speech and bearing** I had witnessed, came to me and said: "I beg your pardon, but you have seen what has happened?" "Yes," I said, "and if you want to refer to me, have no hesitation about doing so. I want to congratulate you on the spirit you have shown, and thank you for an exhibition of good manners in the face of the boor who insulted you every time he spoke, and to felicitate you for the dignity with which you have borne this." "Oh, sir," he said, **"when a man has come to learn how his Master controlled himself, he ought to be ashamed not to be able to illustrate at least an equal control** under less painful and trying circumstances." I thought it was the finest testimony to the power of the religion of Jesus Christ which I had ever been privileged to listen to.—Bishop Potter.

771. One night, about 1835, a worthless drunkard, by the name of Parsons, who lived in New England, lay down to sleep. **He woke up the next morning, an absolutely changed man,** and for nearly forty years lived a life without a blemish. He said that **Christ appeared to him** that night in a dream, and seemed so pure, so lovely, so good, that when he awoke he forgot all his vices, and so loved Christ that he could not displease him. He was **transformed by beholding.**—James H. Taylor, D. D.

772. Africaner was a Hottentot desperado of Namaqualand. With a few hundred followers he terrorized alike the neighboring tribes and Dutch farmers. The government at Cape Town offered five hundred dollars reward for his arrest or death. It was under the patronage of such an outlaw that Robert Moffat opened his first mission in 1818. The white settlers had regaled the ears of the young missionary with the predictions that he would be made a target for the arrows of the small boy savages, his skin would be used for drumheads, and his skull for a drinking-cup.

Within a year of these dire forebodings Moffat, with Africaner disguised as his attendant, was again among the Dutch farmers. He was taking the Hottentot chief to Cape Town to demonstrate to the government the marvelous fact that **the savage had been supplanted by a new man in Jesus Christ.** It had been reported that the missionary had fallen a victim to the cruel whim of his blood-thirsty patron. That the love of God should have conquered Africaner seemed beyond credence.

After **five years of faithful Christian** life Africaner gave his people his deathbed charge (1822): "We are not what we were — savages, but men, professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us then do accordingly. My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me. Beware of falling into the same evils into which I have frequently led you. Seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you."—Missionary Comments.

773. All our gifts and charms of person, voice, or heart, may be used in God's service. An attractive woman may consecrate her graces to the service of the Master. A man of social tact and skill may follow Christ and become, through his gracious hospitality, a fisher of men. There is nothing bright and winsome in every-day life that may not fill the house with a richer fragrance, when, like the broken box of alabaster, it is laid at the feet of the Lord.

774. When an ordinary **lighthouse** is built, the one object sought is to rear a structure which will **endure storms and give forth its light.** It may be architecturally graceful, even beautiful, but never at the expense of being useful. Every stone that goes into that structure looks to the establishment of a base for an unfailing light. As Christians we are the **spiritual lighthouses** of the world. Our lives should be bright and beautiful, but if only beautiful we are complete and dismal failures. **The world looks to us for light,** to us who are the representatives of the kingdom; but, alas, too often our light is out, our voice is silent; we are beautiful, beautiful at the expense of being useful.—Baptist Commonwealth.

775. There is a beautiful Eastern story of **a child walking beside the sea,** who saw a bright spangle lying in the sand. She stooped down and picked it up, and found it was attached to a fine thread of gold. As she drew this out of the sand, there were other bright

spangles on it. She drew up the gold thread, and wound it about her neck and around her head and her arms and her body, until from head to foot she was covered with the bright threads of gold, and sparkled with the brilliance of the silver spangles. So it is when we lift out of God's Word an ornament of beauty to put into our life. We find that other **fragments of loveliness, all bound together on the golden chain of love,** are attached to the one we have taken up.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

776. I have seen **1300 boys, rated in Illinois as criminals,** restrained in its reformatory. I could not detect more than one criminal face in five. The superintendent assures me that if it were not for the fact that those boys go from the State's reformatory into **a social deformatory,** that three out of four would become useful citizens.

777. Where is the **lustre of the diamond,** the beauty of the rose, the glory of the landscape, when the dark curtain of night is drawn over all? But the **light of Christ,** like the sun uprising and breaking forth from amidst dark clouds, is that which gives true beauty.

778. When corn is very young it is **hard to tell the blades from a certain kind of grass** that grows in the rows. The wise farmer will not set the boys to weeding the corn then, or they may pull up as much corn as grass. But a little later any boy can tell the difference, for the corn blades grow broader and darker, while the grass remains the same. It is **so with people** in a community. At first one may not be able to tell the bad from the good; they dress and act much alike. But watch them, and by and by the corn blades will grow broader and richer in color; those who are striving for the good will **put on more and more the image of Christ.**

779. The Fiji Islander of to-day has lost, through years of **Christian culture,** the old savage look. The Christianized Indian has a much pleasanter and more attractive face than the old warriors had. None of us would recognize ourselves in pictures of our old Briton and Saxon ancestors.

780. The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save. **Any man who will let God take him under his direction can be saved**—saved for time, saved for eternity. As one gives himself up to a physician and lets the physician prescribe for him, so let a man give himself up to God and let God prescribe for him, and all will be well. Never has an instance failed. A man never surrendered to God's direction who was not made, and was not kept, a new creation. **Jerry McAuley was a river thief** in New York City and then a prison convict, one of the worst of the criminal classes of to-day, but he puts himself into God's keeping, and so long as he leaves himself there, he continues a good man. **John B. Gough was a low down drunkard,** fit only for the gutter, but when he really left himself to the guidance of God he became an ornament of society. **Africaner was a heathen chief** drinking out of the skulls of his dead enemies, the terror of his time and of his surroundings, but he said to God that God should henceforth control his life, and God made a gentle, strong, heroic man of him.—McClure.

781. The tiger's cage may be swept of the litter of the carcasses he has devoured; he may even be adorned with ribbons and lap his bloody paws clean; but he will leap upon any luckless creature that is thrust within the bars. **He is not changed in nature.** Nor is the case different with the soul already prone to sin. Repentance, such as court rooms and prison walls have often to behold, may be only a temporary regret and purpose. There needs to be more than that—even **the creation of a new spirit,** which shall turn to the good, as the flowers do to the light.—Monday Club Sermons.

782. Goethe tells of **a wonderful lamp** which, when placed in a fisherman's hut, **changed all within it** to beauty and convenience. So the Gospel of Christ, when it enters a home, glorifies all its relationships and duties. It makes strength gentle, intellect careful, will righteous, and affection love. It sanctifies all trials and blessings.

783. The testimony of two modern historians Says Lecky in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century": "**Methodism** planted a fervid and enduring religious sentiment **in the midst of the most brutal and neglected portions of the population." Justin McCarthy,** in his "**History of the Four Georges,**" speaking of Wesley and Whitefield, says: "They pressed through the dull, vulgar, contaminated hideousness of low and vicious life, and **set streaming in upon it the light of a higher world** and a brighter law."

784. Do you remember the story of **the portrait of Dante which is painted on the walls of the Bargello, at Florence?** For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where

tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storeroom for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away, and patiently and carefully removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear, and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light. "That was wonderful!" you say; "that was beautiful!" **Not half so wonderful as the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man**—to restore the forgotten image of God and bring the divine image to the light.—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

785. "Come and go to prayer-meeting with me to-night." The speaker was a Methodist preacher of the Northwest Indiana Conference. The young man he addressed was **John Evans,** a young physician of Indiana. The invitation was accepted, and John Evans went to prayer-meeting. God convicted him of sin. **He was converted, and a great career as a Christian philanthropist was before him.** If the future could have been unrolled before the eyes of that preacher that night, sleep would have been impossible. The Northwestern University at Evanston, on the edge of Chicago, with its thousand students, with its great endowment, with its brilliant future, **is not ashamed to call John Evans father.** The University of Denver has started into existence and made its wonderfully prosperous beginning under his fostering care.

786. I do not believe that a man's past can be erased. If you have done evil deeds or thought evil thoughts, that thing can never be erased from the memory. It is there to stay. But there is one thing that God can do for us, and that is the **changing of our lives and from that point starting us anew on life's pathway.** It is just like the turning over of a page. One page tells of the dark story of life, with all its sins and wrongdoings, but when **God comes into a man's life** and he accepts Christ, that page is turned over and a new page begun. It is this great love in the heart of God which gives us, as men, an opportunity to live anew for him.

787. A wicked woman working in one of the great paper mills of Glasgow was converted through the efforts of a city missionary, and became a person of great devoutness of character. She described the process of her salvation in these terms: **"I was like the rags that go into the paper mill. They are torn and filthy, but they come out clear, white paper. That is like what Jesus is doing for me."** That is, indeed, the work which the great Redeemer is doing for millions of our race. That is the method by which the kingdom of God is being made triumphant in the earth.

788. The following lines floated into our office we know not from whom, but they seem to express the joy of some soul which has escaped as a "bird from the snare of the fowler."; "I was a worse infidel than Paine, Voltaire, or Ingersol. **I was a woman-infidel,** and I would never own I was one; and since I have opened the door of my heart and let Jesus in, and the infidel devil out, I am ashamed of myself even to think I was ever such a fool as to be one. 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God'. Infidelity rendered my life an intolerable burden to me; yes, I was led to the verge of desperation through it. But, blessed be God, I am now **saved, through faith in Jesus' blood,** and I am happy."—Presbyterian.

789. We do not get the image of our Father all at once, but grow into it a little at a time, like a boy who imitates the copy at the top of the page in his writing-book, each line he writes becoming more like it.

790. Daniel Webster had a brother-in-law, by the name of John Colby, noted for his wickedness. One day God's will laid hold of him. He realized as he never had before what God wished of him, and what a miserable failure he had made of himself up to that hour. He was glad to believe that God would forgive him if he would repent of his wickedness, and that God would help him in the effort to be a good man. **Then and there he renounced his wickedness. The change that appeared in John Colby surprised every one.** But it lasted, it grew greater in its power and extent over him, it made a strong, worthy man of him. **So it was that Daniel Webster used to say that "if any one wished to know what the gospel could do for a man let him look at John Colby."**

791. A gentleman in New York had a fine copy of Hoffman's "Jesus Talking to the Doctors". One day a judge of the Supreme Court came in on business. He was instantly attracted by the picture on the easel. His eyes would go back to it, as he talked, again and again. Later in the morning he came back and said, "I want to see that Boy again." I said, "Take it into my private office and look at it as long as you want to." An hour passed, and then he came out and laid the picture down, with tears running down his face, and

said, **"The Boy has conquered me,"** and he went out to become an earnest Christian devoted to the Master.—Speer.

792. There are many who could not have written above them that sweet **old epitaph** found written on a woman's tombstone in a New England graveyard —an epitaph I have always coveted, but never dared to hope for: **"She was so pleasant to live with."** So pleasant to live with! She was one who had heard this commission of Christ: "Go to your home, and show there what great things Christ has done for you."—Mrs. Montgomery.

793. "All the constituents of a 150-pound man are contained in 1,200 eggs," said the chemist.

"There is enough gas in a man," he went on, "to fill a gasometer of 3,649 cubic feet. There is enough **iron** to make many nails. There is enough **fat** to make seventy-five candles and a large cake of soap. There is enough **phosphorus** to make 8,064 boxes of matches.

"There is enough **hydrogen** in him to fill a balloon and carry him up to the clouds. The remaining constituents of a man would yield, if utilized, six cruets of salt, a bowl of sugar, and ten gallons of water." **The body's potentialities but faintly suggest the soul's.**

794. A Roman Catholic priest in a New York inland town announced from his pulpit that he wished all his men and boys to **raise their hats to a certain local minister** when they met him on the street. This unusual request was the result, not of articles upon church unity, but of a personal exemplification of brotherly love. The minister in the case is settled in a little town in New York, in which there is also a large tannery. He went one day to the owners of the tannery and said: "You have two hundred men in your employ. Few of them ever enter a church. Some are notoriously drunken. When wine is in, wit is out. I want to help them by preaching a series of sermons on everyday life. I think I can do something to make them better men for you; and better men means better work." The members of the firm consulted among themselves, and at length offered to give an hour's time each noon for two weeks. The experiment began on Monday, and each day's meeting marked some step of progress.

The last day of the services the old, old story of the cross was told as if for the first time, and **eighty men rose to express a desire to lead a new life.** As the last hymn was announced, a member of the firm rose to testify to the value of the services. He had already **raised the wages of a score of men who were doing better work.** Employees who had been given to intemperance, who were blasphemous, foul-mouthed, saucy, and hard to get on with, were now more sober, more industrious, more painstaking.—The Youth's Companion.

795. Bishop Thoburn in his "Light in the East" shows how, as the Christmas message was sent to humble shepherds, so to-day **the message concerning Christ appeals to the lowliest and in consequence exalts them:**

When the Rev. F. M. Wheeler was a **missionary in Moradabad,** about the year 1870, his attention was drawn to **a scavenger boy,** who was driving a miserable old buffalo, attached to a cart. This boy was at the very bottom of the social ladder. Mr. Wheeler became interested in him, and offered to help in his education. The offer was accepted, and for a time the boy disappeared from among the hundreds of other school children in the mission. When he again came into notice he **had become a preacher,** and in the course of time he was entrusted with the care of a work among the low-caste people in a town of 8,000 or 10,000 people. When he took up his work in this place he was subjected to every possible indignity; when he went into the market to buy, no one would either receive money from his hand or hand him the articles purchased. He was obliged to spread a cloth on the ground on which the various articles were placed, and also to lay the money on the ground, which was afterward taken up by the seller. No one would receive anything from his polluted hand. He paid no attention whatever to these indignities but quietly went on his way. When the business called him to the office of the head of the police in the town, he was obliged to stand at a distance, make his request, and receive his answer; but against this indignity he offered no protest. As time passed, however, the shopkeepers began to take the money from his hand, and to tell him that he need not spread a cloth on the ground for the articles purchased. The head man of the police also would allow him to approach in the usual way, and present his requests without any reserve; and later he was not only asked to take a chair, but to have the chair placed on the right of the highest official in town. Beyond this there was no social recognition which could have given him a more unchallenged place in the eyes of all the people. Another year passed, and when the imperial census was taken this **man, who had formerly been employed as a scavenger, was placed in charge**

of the census operation and was thus entitled to enroll every high-caste man in the town, including all the members, male and female of each family.

796. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say "I only look at the best pictures. A bad one spoils my eye." **The more we look at Christ the more shall we become like Christ.**

797. In a prison in New Bedford, Mass., there once was a man whom we shall call Jim, and who was a **prisoner on a life sentence.** Up to one spring he was regarded as **a desperate, dangerous man,** ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel, and while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. **One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution.** One was an old gentleman, the other ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl upstairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held out her hands and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl was banished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. **Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble.**

798. A little while ago I stood in a **wonderful diamond mine in Kimberley.** I was taken down 2,520 feet, and they gave me a pick, and I brought down some of that blue mold carrying the diamonds to my feet. Some of it crumbled, and I searched with the electric light, but I could see no diamond. Yet **in that ground there are diamonds of countless value, and God put them there.**—Gipsy Smith.

799. Once when **Ingersoll lectured in Pittsburg, there lived there a lawyer who had been his schoolmate.** The latter although starting in life with brilliant prospects, a fine practice, a happy home, **fell into temptation and became a sot.** His business was ruined and his home broken up. In New York a slum worker found him in the gutter, led him to Christ, and he had regained his former place, with a reunited family and a thriving business. **When he read in the newspapers that Mr. Ingersoll was to speak, he wrote him a little note something like this:**

"My Dear Old Friend: I see that to-night you are going to deliver a lecture against Christianity and the Bible. Perhaps you know some of my history since we parted, perhaps you know that I disgraced my home and family, perhaps you know I lost my character, and all that a man can hold dear in this world almost. You may know that I went down and down until I was a poor, despised outcast, and when I thought there was none to help and none to save, **there came one in the name of Jesus, who told me of his power to help,** and his lovingkindness and his tender sympathy, and through the story of the Cross of Christ **I turned to him.** I brought my wife back to my home and gathered my children together again, and we are happy now and I am doing what good I can.

"And now, old friend, would you stand to-night before the people of Pittsburg, and tell them what you have to say **against the religion that will come down to the lowest depths of hell** and find me and help me up and make my wife happy, and clothe my children, and give me back my home and friends —will you tell them what you have to say against a religion like that?"

Mr. Ingersoll read the letter before his audience, and he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, **I have nothing to say against a religion that will do this for a man.** I am here to talk about a religion which is being preached by the preachers."—The Ram's Horn.

800. A woman once asked for an interview with Wesley. At her house he found five or six of her friends, one of whom had long been under deep conviction. They spent an hour together **and transformed lives resulted.** John Taylor stood in the churchyard and gave notice, "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock." When the hour came such a congregation assembled as Epworth had never seen before. Wesley stood near the east end of the church, upon his father's tombstone, and cried: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteous-

ness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." He visited the neighboring villages, and preached every evening on his father's tomb. . . . A wagon-load of heretics had been carried before him (a justice of the peace) by their angry neighbors. One of the accusers at last found a voice. He informed the magistrate that they pretended to be better than other people, and prayed from morning to night. "But have they done nothing beside?" he inquired. "Yes, sir, and please your worship **they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue; now she is as quiet as a lamb.**" "Carry them back! carry them back, and let them convert all the scolds in the town."—Life of John Wesley.

801. Jesus saw much further into human hearts and lives than any of us, and yet **he never became a cynic. He clearly discerned their latent possibilities.**

802. A missionary in Alaska saw a Bible tied at the top of a stick three feet long, and placed near the sick-bed of an old man. When asked the reason for this arrangement, the man said, "I cannot read, but I know that the word of my Lord is there, and I look to heaven and say, 'Father, that is your book. There is nobody to teach me to read. Very good; you help me.' **Then my heart grows stronger, and the bad goes away.**"

803. A janitress, whose duty it was to keep an Episcopal chapel clean, became converted. The evidence that she gave of her change of heart was this: she said, **"I take up the big mat at the entrance now, and sweep under it, while before I just swept around it."**

804. It is one of the wonders of divine love that even our **blemishes and sins** God will take, when we truly repent of them and give them into his hands, and **make them blessings** to us in some way. A friend once showed Ruskin a costly handkerchief on which a blot of ink had been made. "Nothing can be done with that," the friend said, thinking the handkerchief worthless and ruined now. Ruskin carried it away with him, and after a time sent it back to his friend. In a most skillful and artistic way, he had made a design in India ink, using the blot as its basis. Instead of being ruined, **the handkerchief was made far more beautiful and valuable. So God takes the blots and stains upon our lives,** the disfiguring blemishes, when we commit them to him, and by his marvelous grace changes them into marks of beauty. David's grievous sin was not only forgiven, but was made a transforming power in his life. Peter's pitiful fall became a step upward through his Lord's forgiveness and gentle dealing.

805. Looking from the top of the great pyramid, you can see the line of overflow of the Nile. Up to that line all is green; beyond is desert. "Withersoever the river cometh." — H. M. Field, D. D.

806. The humblest things are ennobled when Christ uses them for himself. The stones and timber of yonder church might have built a warehouse or a factory. **They were fashioned into a sacred sanctuary,** within whose walls many hundreds of Christ's followers assembled last Sabbath to commemorate his redeeming love.

807. The iron which is in the blood of forty-two men is sufficient to make a twenty-four pound plowshare, but it is unavailable. Christ can call forth the **dormant spiritual possibilities** of the heart when all else would fail.

808. Many strange and pathetic scenes have been witnessed in the Old McAuley Mission, but perhaps none like the following which took place one evening there. On stools in front of the platform rested a coffin, a very respectable one, with three massive handles on each side. A floral anchor lay in the center and at the foot a sheaf of wheat. **Inside the coffin law the body of Old Pop Lloyd.**

Five years before, Old Pop Lloyd came into the Mission one night and took a seat in the back bench. He was seventy-five years old and was **covered with rags and dirt and vermin,** and bent nearly double. He had not slept in a bed for weeks. When the invitation was given to those who wished to seek the Saviour for the pardon of their sins, Mrs. Sarah Sherwood, our missionary, spoke to him and invited him to come forward. He asked her if she thought there was **any hope for the worst man in New York.** She said: "Yes, whosoever will may come." He came, and was converted to God, and from that night he never tasted whiskey or tobacco, which for years had been his chief articles of diet.

Old Pop had been **a great character in his day.** He was born on the high seas, and continued to rove there almost all of his early life, and once had the reputation of being a pretty successful buccaneer. He was once transported to Van Diemen's land for ten years, and while in Australia would have been hanged for murder, but escaped from prison. He had been quite well-to-do

forty years prior to this, and had sailed his own vessel out of this port. For the last three years he could do nothing, and was a charge on the Mission, and kind friends contributed to his support. He had **drunk so much bad rum that his vocal chords were burnt out,** and he could scarcely make himself understood, often **giving his testimony in pantomine,** stooping down low to show how the devil had bent him over when he came to the Mission, then raising himself up erect **to show how Christ took the load off his mind and soul.**

At seven o'clock in the morning he would come to the Mission and remain all day. We would take him down three square meals each day, as his limbs were too weak to carry him upstairs. Many a time was he seen giving his food to some poor tramp, who had slipped in the door much as a stray cat would do, looking for something to eat. No matter who it was, Old Pop would share his meal with him if he were hungry. One day I was sent for to go to his room, and when I got there I found Old Pop sinking fast. I knelt at his bedside and put my arms about his neck. The sick man pulled my ear down close to his mouth and whispered: **"Brother Hadley, I am going fast; but don't be uneasy; Jesus is with me,"** and with that he breathed out his life and went home.—Missionary Comments.

809. I pluck an acorn from the greensward, and hold it to my ear; and **this is what it says to me:** "By and by the birds will come and nest in me. By and by I shall furnish shade for the cattle. By and by I shall provide warmth for the home in the pleasant fire. By and by I shall be shelter from storm to those who have gone under the roof. By and by I shall be the strong ribs of the great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain, while I carry men across the Atlantic." "O foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this?" I ask, and the acorn answers, **"Yes, God and I."**—Lyman Abbott.

810. One day a New York religious writer found a fallen woman in a low dive, but could make little impression on her. Some days afterwards she found her sitting in the entry of the "Door of Hope" looking even more wretched than when her eyes first beheld her. Her first thought was to send her way, thinking that she was too low to be saved. Her second thought was, what would the Master do if he were in my stead; and then with a great rush of love, because she beheld a soul for whom Christ died, **she stooped and took the sin-stained face in her hands and kissed it twice. The touch of love broke the girl's heart.** She fell upon her knees in the entry, and then and there gave herself to God. She became **transformed,** almost transfigured. She went up and down the streets of New York city into the lowest haunts of sin, herself a missionary and evangelist to her fallen sisters. **Wherever she went she carried the light of heaven. Whenever she spoke it was with the power of God.** A few months later she lay in her coffin at the "Door of Hope." Hundreds flocked to look at the face, which was like an angel's and went away to thank God that she had not lived in vain. With a record of only a short Christian experience, my friend writes me, that **more than a hundred souls have been converted to Jesus Christ through her ministry. This change was all wrought because, first of all she received the Son of God as her personal Saviour,** and then that she threw open every door of her nature for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

811. "My first impression of the natives of the New Hebrides drove me to the verge of utter dismay. On beholding these natives in their paint and nakedness and misery my heart was as full of horror as of pity. One day two hostile tribes met near our station; high words arose, and old feuds were revived. The discharge of muskets in the adjoining bush, and the horrid yells of the savages, soon informed us that they were engaged in deadly fights. Excitement and terror were on every countenance. Some of the women ran with their children to places of safety. We were afterward informed that five or six men had been shot dead; that their bodies had been cooked and eaten that very night.

Next evening, as we sat talking about the people and the dark scenes around us, the quiet of the night was broken by a wild, wailing cry from the villages around, long-continued and unearthly. We were informed that one of the wounded men, carred home from battle had just died; and that they **had strangled the widow to death,** that her spirit might accompany him to the other world, and be his servant there, as she had been here. Now their dead bodies were laid side by side, ready to be buried in the sea. Our hearts sank, to think of all this happening within ear-shot, and that we knew it not! Every new scene, every fresh incident, set more clearly before us the **benighted conditions and shocking cruelties of these heathen people,** and we longed to be able to speak to them of Jesus and the

love of God. We eagerly tried to pick up every word of their language, that we might in their own tongue, unfold to them the knowledge of the true God and the salvation from all these sins through Jesus Christ." — **In 1892 the whole population of Aniwa had become more reverently Christian than any other community I had visited.**—Paton.

812. Millet bought a yard of common canvas for one franc; he paid two francs for a hair brush and some colors. Upon this canvas he set his genius to work and **produced "The Angelus."** His brain worked and you see the result. His brain took sixty cents' worth of raw material and **raised it in value to the sum of $105,000.** That is what his picture, "The Angelus," sold for.

813. Many people think that they are so much under the power of some evil habit that they can never be emancipated. But neither liquor, nor opium, nor swearing, nor any other evil, is so strong but it will yield when the victim sincerely and honestly seeks deliverance of Christ. La Fontaine once preached before a regiment on the duty of **controlling the temper.** The major was a man of ungovernable temper, and when he met the preacher the next day, he frankly spoke of the fact, and said that it could never be cured. La Fontaine argued with him, but to no purpose. The major was in despair. He said he had tried so many times and failed, that he would not try again. "It will yield," said La Fontaine, "to a stronger power. Do you go into a passion if you are provoked when the king is present?" The major admitted that he did not. "Then," said the preacher, **"a passion that will yield to your loyalty and reverence for your king, will yield to the power of the King of kings.** It is a demon that knows its master."—Christian Herald.

814. Christ is a liberator. This liberty is not a mere fiction, printed on paper or proclaimed from the pulpit. Does the slave who once toiled in the cotton field for his master under an overseer know that he is free when he goes forth to raise and harvest cotton for himself in his own field? Does the prisoner who endured years of imprisonment in a dark and foul dungeon know that he is free when he is led forth through his prison doors into the pure air of liberty under the open sky, and permitted to go where he will? **Inner bondage is as real as outer bondage.** It is more painful. **Inner liberty is as real** and as sweet as outer liberty. Spiritual freedom is better than physical freedom. Free from the condemnation of sin; free from the dominion of sin; free from the tyranny of sinful habits; free from sinful desires and affections. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me."
—The Christian Advocate.

815. A girl's voice came, wafted through the quiet air. Again and again it said, "It breaks every chain," and, as I listened, it came again, **"It breaks every chain,"** and then again, "There is power in the blood." I am not quite sure that I knew what she meant then; thank God, I know it now, and it is because I want you to know it that I preach this sermon. And the clue for the solution of that wonderful phrase is found in that Jesus Christ has acquired for us all eternal redemption.

816. The strongest evidence of Christianity is seen in its effects upon deformed moral character. No man ever honestly fulfilled its conditions without receiving marked benefit. No character, however naturally good, ever attained perfect harmony without its aid. No one can justly criticise it who has not tested it in life and conduct, and no one that thus complies with its conditions ever yet discovered a flaw in it as a law of life. The evidence in its favor amounts to a demonstration when it is remembered that millions of human beings in all lands, from all classes of society, for more than eighteen hundred years have applied its principles to all conditions of life, and in every case **not only has the individual received help, but all in the range of his influence have been touched by its beneficent power.** Regenerated, Christlike men are incontrovertible proofs of Christ's present and increasing power. —Rev. Magee Pratt.

817. Mr. Moody once said: "A man in one of our meetings in Scotland said he **would like to come, but he was chained and couldn't come.**

A Scotchman said to him: **'Ay, mon, why don't you come, chain and all?'**

He said: **'I never thought of that.'"**

Up until about twenty years ago **Mr. Hills, now a successful business man, and devoted Christian,** of Fort Wayne, Ind., **was a slave to drink.** Since then he has never touched a drop. I asked him if any of the reputed "drink cures" were of value. He said, **"The only way to conquer the habit is to go down on your knees and secure Christ's help, and then fight the bottle with all the conquering grace God will give you.**

Christ alone can set the captive free." —B.

818. Dr. Ford C. Ottman tells of **a reporter who had fallen into sin, and whom he led to Christ** at one of his evangelistic meetings. He adds: Some time afterward, I received from him a letter of which the following is an extract:

"As to myself, perhaps you would like to know what has occurred. Well, Satan has stood out in the cold for a long time. Although he has knocked many a time, he has found the way barred. I thank God that when the **stone was rolled away** it was too heavy to roll back. **I have sent for my dear ones,** and to-night, as I write this, they are about me in a cosy home of our own, our castle and God's.

I wish I were an artist that I could draw you a picture of a **home just rebuilt from the ashes of an unholy past,** and held together by the bond of God's merciful love. O my friend, it is glorious! I would that you were here to see us as we are. To-morrow is Christmas, and even my tots will be denied the pleasure of a single present, for I have not a cent, except for the bare necessities of the table. However, they love me so fondly that they say if I will stay at home on my half-holiday they will be satisfied. Thus we are happy, for my dear wife says she is satisfied with just my old-time love."

I want to make one other brief quotation from this letter, which lies open before me, but before doing it I will mention another fact.

One day, during those meetings, my friend and I were in the hotel elevator. My friend said a kind word to the boy, and asked him to give his heart to God. Now for the quotation: "I am going to lead the Y. M. C. A. meeting to-morrow. J—— O——, the elevator boy at the hotel where you stopped, is going with me." What wonders Christ can work.

819. On one occasion I was holding a series of meetings in a certain city, and up in the gallery at my right, night after night, sat a **gray-haired old man.** He was evidently under deep conviction, but he would never rise when the invitation was given.

One night I pointed him out to one of the lady assistant ushers, and said to her, "To-morrow night I want you to **sit near him, and when the invitation is given, ask him to rise.'"** She protested, and declared that she could never do it, but I insisted, and the next night she took a seat just behind him.

When the invitation was given, he sat as before, unmoved. Presently I saw the lady lean forward and say something to him; in a moment more the old man rose to his feet for prayer, **gave himself to Christ, and became a devoted follower of the Lord.**—Dr. Ottman.

820. You can not draw any lines whatever when you are dealing with the religious life. There are no provinces outside of it. It covers the equator and the poles, and thrusts its roots into the core of the world of personality. If it does not go through and through a man, it does not go into him at all. That is the nature of religion; **it is as thorough-going, as permeating, as life itself.** It pulses into and suffuses the least things—as the life-blood warms the very finger-tips—and says: "These are mine; these are sacred things. Make them so." Nothing is too small or remote to have a vital religious significance. If we really and truly believe that, **we will make an end of drawing those futile lines between what we call secular and religious, commonplace and sacred.** There are no such distinctions in the new life which the Lord Jesus Christ brought into the world. Like his own garment, that robe of life is all one piece, seamless, inseparable, and every thread that enters it runs straight through warp or woof, and intertwines with every other thread to form the entire fabric of character.—James Buckham.

821. A plant which, when wild, has thorns or spines, often, **when cultivated,** loses these, or rather they become branches, bear fruit and are no longer stunted.

822. A Southern pastor and an evangelist calling one day—strangers to the home—the question was asked about church attendance. The head of the family informed them he had not been to church for seventeen years.

"You do not dissipate by church attendance," was the reply. All smiled.

"Have you anybody to play the cornet for you?" he asked.

"No, do you play?"

"Yes, by note."

"How difficult pieces?"

"Anything that has notes."

"Come around and play."

He came and continued to come, playing beautifully. A visiting minister called the evangelist aside and said, "That man playing the cornet has **been in the penitentiary for seventeen years,** and just got home." He was excused for not having been at church for seventeen years although under conviction. The next night he called the evangelist

aside, with the inquiry, **"Can a man like me join the Church?"** An affirmative answer was given with an explanation of what was required—faith, repentance, confession. He and his wife were received next night. Years passed. A meeting was being held at a distant point. A gentleman came in with a cornet and sat in the choir. **He was a deacon in the church,** his wife president of the missionary society, most useful members of the church. They were the same people.—Christian Observer.

823. In the gallery at Bergamo there is a fascinating picture of the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child, by Raphael. That picture has a history. When Napoleon the Great was conquering Italy, Milan fell before him, and with it Bergamo. Napoleon was taking all the rare and precious pictures and sending them to adorn Paris. Lest this picture should be seized and lost to Italy, some **one painted on its face a coarse and ugly picture,** which, of course, Napoleon, not knowing of the treasure underneath, did not desire. When he was dethroned the rifled pictures were sent back to Bergamo. Among them hung this treasure of Raphael; but in the painter's hurry there had been no mark left upon it, and so it could not be identified, and where it hung among the other great and beautiful pictures no one could tell. At last, in the year 1868, **the daub began to scale away,** and then reverent hands set about to clean the picture, and at last the long-lost treasure shone forth again. Yes, and glad and happy fact it is, that **a lost vision can be restored again. If over your fair life ideal crude disfigurements have come, set about to restore the original.** —Hallock.

824. An opium-eater of the most desperate stamp came into Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings in Boston in the spring of 1877. His case was one of long standing, in which the coils of habit had closed about him tighter and tighter each year, every medical help, every human remedy having utterly failed. None present will forget his pitiful cry as he rose up in the meeting, and **begged to know if there was any hope for him in Christ.** Prayer was offered in his behalf, and he was led to accept Jesus as his Saviour and Healer. He came the next day with the glad tidings that **his appetite was gone.** Mr. Moody, knowing how much more powerful is experience than assertion for proving that Christ is "mighty to save," put this man upon the platform night after night, to tell the story of his healing. It was "a palpable confirmation of the Word," not to be gainsaid, and the effect was irresistible upon the great audiences who listened.—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

825. Ghulam Akbar was formerly mullah of a mosque in Haripur, India. No Christian influence had reached him. He had only casually heard of the zenana teacher in the bazaars; but it was enough, the Father's secret work within made him more ready to seek at her lips the jewel of priceless instruction. "Here", said he, "is the Koran, here is so-and-so and so-and-so," mentioning various Mohammedan controversial and theological works; "but these do not tell me what I want to know. **I am such a sinner; how can I be saved?"** The sequel does not surprise us that one so manifestly drawn of the Father should, at the close of the second interview, have electrified his instructress by standing upright with his hand upon his heart and **making the solemn confession,** "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that he is my Saviour."—India's Women.

826. "To tell the truth, I have no religion", said a wealthy **coffee planter in Brazil,** to a missionary. "That in which I was brought up never satisfied my reason. This of which you speak I know nothing of, for I have never had a Bible. But if you want to be satisfied go up on the mountains sixteen miles from here and you will find **an old man after your heart.** I am chief magistrate in this district. The quarter where that old man lives used to be one of the worst for broils. Scarce a week passed that I was not called to adjudicate some quarrel or judge of some crime which had taken place on the previous Sabbath when they met to drink and fight. **For two years I have not had a case,** and I never understood it until I went up to spend the night at the old man's house and saw the Book out of which he reads to his family every day and to his neighbors Sundays. Now, although I never read it, I wish you would propagate more and more, for if there was a man like that in every quarter my office would be a sinecure. I would be relieved of much bother".

827. Augustine had lived a profligate life, but after his conversion he kept away from his former associates. One day on the street he was seen by a woman with whom he had associated in his life of sin, and as he saw her he started to run. **She ran after him** and cried, **"Augustine, why do you run? It is I!"** And Augustine said, **"I run because I am not I!"** There may be such

a transformation where a man may say, not only "I am not my own, but I am bought with a price," but where he may say, **"I am not myself, but I am Jesus Christ."**—God's World.

828. A distinguished musician ordered a manufacturer of violins to make for him the best instrument possible. He told him to use the best material, take all the time he wished, and use all his skill in its construction.

At last the manufacturer sent for the musician to come and try the violin. As the musician drew the bow across the instrument his face became clouded. Lifting the instrument, **he smashed it to pieces** on the counter, handed the price to the manufacturer and left the shop.

The manufacturer was not satisfied with mere pay, his reputation was at stake. **He gathered the fragments of the violin and put them together.** After he had remade the violin out of the pieces, he again sent for the musician. This time the frown was not seen; as he drew the bow across the strings he told the manufacturer that he had succeeded at last in making just the kind of an instrument that he desired. "What is the price?" inquired the musician. "Nothing at all," replied the manufacturer; "it is the same instrument that you smashed to pieces some time ago; I put it together, and out of the fragments this perfect music has been made."

Let us believe the parable. **God can take the fragments of a shattered life, and by his grace put them together so that under the touch of his Holy Spirit there will go forth music good enough for earth and Heaven.**—A. C. Dixon, D. D.

829. It is related that **a minister saw a spray of ivy upon a piece of wood** which he had just put into the open fire. He took it from the fire and planted it in front of his house. It took root and grew so rapidly that before long **it covered the entire front** of his dwelling with a most luxurious growth, forming a beautiful ornament for the house. When I read that, I thought of what the Lord said as reported in Zechariah 3: 2: "Is not this **a brand plucked out of the fire?"** Every sinner saved is such a brand.

830. I stood one evening in summer, watching the pure white flowers on a vine encircling the veranda. I had been told that the buds that hung with closed petals all day, every evening near sunset unfolded and sent out a peculiar fragrance. The miracle was more than I had anticipated. A feeling of silent awe possessed me as **I saw bud after bud, as if under the touch of invisible hands, slowly fold back its leaves until the vine was filled with perfect blossoms,** most beautiful and sweet. And I said: "If the finger of God laid upon these, his flowers, can do this in a way beyond the power of human study to explain, **cannot the same divine touch, in ways we know not of, do as much for human hearts?** Shall the flowers teach us a lesson of patient waiting and holy trust for the coming blessing? **There are hearts for whom we have prayed seeming closed as yet to every influence of the blessed Spirit. But let us be patient.** We have sown the good seed; God's rain and sunshine through his own providence are nourishing the vine; the breath of prayer always surrounds it; surely by and by the divine touch will, in a way we can least understand, bring forth the **perfected flowers of his grace.**—John Hall.

831. A lady once called Henry Drummond to speak to her coachman, who had given way to drink, and he said he did not like to be called in like this, to be asked to argue with people of a sudden and try to cure their souls, but he felt it was a case demanding Christian intervention, so he plucked up his courage and went out to talk to the man. And he put the problem to him, Suppose you were on the box and your horses ran away downhill, and you lost all control over them, what would you do?" "Oh," said the man, **"I could do nothing."** "Yes," said Drummond, "but suppose there was some one sitting by your side stronger than you, who could control them, what would you do?" "Oh," he said, **"I would hand him the reins, sir."** "Ah," said Drummond, "your life has run away with you, your appetites and passions and lusts are carrying you downhill, and you in your own strength can not control your life. But," he said, "believe me **there is One at your side stronger than you, who offers to take control of your life and make it what it should be.** What will you do?" And the man, seeing the point, said, "Sir, I will give him the reins."

832. By long processes of attrition, decomposition and pulverization, **lava has become soil** which, under wise cultivation, produces abundant harvests of sugar-cane for the sweetening of the world, while islands, themselves of a volcanic origin, are now the Paradise of the Pacific. **Sugar out of lava!** By the grace of God this is what we are getting out of multitudes on fire with evil—sugar from lava!

833. It is the custom in the city of Munich to arrest every mendicant child that is caught begging in the streets, and put him immediately at school under some proper supervision until he is able to obtain a moderate support. **As he enters the institution his picture is taken,** precisely as he appears in his uncleanliness and rags. This picture is carefully preserved, so that when he is educated and matured enough to appreciate his position it may be shown to him. Then he will know how much has been done for his good. Furthermore, he is made to promise that he will keep the likeness ever afterwards, not alone to remind him of his former position and keep him humble, but also to make him think of others in misfortune and prove helpful to them. And it is said in the reports that some of these **castaways thus saved make the strongest and most helpful friends for the recovery of others, even the most unpromising.**

834. Many years ago I knelt by the bedside of a dying man. He had passed a little beyond the meridian of life, enduring for a long time **a severe struggle with strong drink, but had overcome in the end.** Death was only a few fleeting moments away. I asked: "Doctor, can you trust Christ now?" He answered calmly with his dying breath, "Yes, yes! O, yes!" and passed out of the darkness of that cold winter night into the radiant presence of his Lord, **a trophy of Christ's saving grace.**—R. H. Brown, D. D.

835. When in February 1909 the **Florida** struck the **Republic,** J. R. Binns, the Marconi operator of the Republic, was engaged in sending a commercial message. **He instantly broke into it with the symbol: "C. Q."** Every wireless operator who heard the letters immediately stilled his instrument and was all attention, for these letters meant that a message of world importance was to follow. Another instant and there was added the awful symbol, "D" (Danger). Then came the location of the endangered ship. **The cry was speedily sent flying from the more powerful land instruments over land and sea.** The result was that of which dreamers had dreamed. Turning without thought of the almost accomplished goal of her long journey, the Baltic puts back to sea at top speed. The Lorraine swings out of her course on the same mission of mercy, and the far-distant Lucania signals that she is on the way to the relief of the imperiled. **The prayer has been answered. Man has had a new experience. Mysterious spirit has again asserted itself master of matter. So Christ stands ready to deliver souls in distress.**—Wilson.

Procrastination. Indecision.

(836–870)

836. A farmer, who was far along in life, was one evening **leisurely driving his cows home** from pasture, when his thoughts ran like this: "Here I am getting old, and yet I am not a Christian; when is this matter to be settled? I fear never, if I don't commence soon to think on the subject." And then the thought came up, **"Why not settle it at once?** Why not be a Christian without further delay?"

This came so forcibly home to his conscience that he exclaimed, **"I will be a Christian now! This night shall decide it;"** and, strange as it may appear, he was at once enabled to give his heart to God and go on his way rejoicing.

Sometimes it appears, as in this case, that **all that is needed is decision.** And, in any case, when the point of decision is reached, the blessing comes, for **with decision comes the willingness to give up all for Christ.**—American Messenger.

837. I had preached a sermon in an eastern city when a man came to me to say, **"Would you like to shake hands with a redeemed drunkard?"** and I assured him that I would. He put his hand in mine and said, "Listen to my story. I once had one of the best positions in this city, but strong drink was my destruction. I was one day helplessly lying in the gutter when some one taking me by the hand said, **'If you want to see your boy alive hurry home.'** Quickly I went up to the room where my sin had forced my wife and boy to live, and found that a great truck in the city had passed over the child and he was dying. He took me by the hand and pulled me down by his side and said, **'I will not let you go until you promise to meet me in Heaven,'** and holding the hand he died. They had to break away his hand clasp from this hand of mine," said he, holding it up, "and **from that day till this I have felt him pulling me heavenward."** But this is true of every one who has a loved one yonder. **"Come for all things are now ready."** It would be an awful thing to miss Heaven at last.—Chapman.

838. Hindering others. At midnight there was a cry of "fire", and a large hotel was found wrapped in flames. Heroic men rushed to the spot, battled

with the flames and rescued many of the inmates of the burning house. But in an upper room were a man, his wife, and a child. The man **locked, and barred his door and would neither leave the room himself nor suffer his wife or child to leave it.** He also effectually resisted the efforts of those who would have entered to save them. You will say this man was either a madman or a fiend. **What then will you say of him who by conscious influence, or unconscious example, prevents those around him from escaping from the destruction which will overtake those who remain in sin?**

839. An Easterner, riding on a mail stage in northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver, and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region.

"I understand that you are **temperance,**" began the driver.

"Yes, I am pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now thirty-five years."

"Scared that it will **ruin your health?**"

"Yes, but that is not the main thing."

"Perhaps it **does not agree with you,**" ventured the driver.

"Well, it really does not agree with anybody. But that isn't it either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"**A horrible idea!** What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something', and he says, 'No, sir. **I am saving my money to buy government land** at one dollar and a quarter an acre. I am going to buy tomorrow, and you had better let me **take the money that you would have spent for the liquor, and buy a couple of acres along with mine.**' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres. Well, sir, **to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town,** and if I had taken that drink I would have **swallowed a city block,** a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyers' offices, and it is hard to say what else. That is the idea. Don't you think it is horrible?" **Many a man has lost infinitely more than that by delaying to accept Christ's offer of salvation.**

840. A young girl visiting the country was following the farmer's wife along a winding, half overgrown path amid a winding tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their variety and beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry when we come back and have a little more time", she said. **"Better pick them now, if you want them,"** said the elder woman. **"It isn't likely we'll come back this way."** It was one of those simple, homely incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. **We must pick now** if we want them at all, the flowers of grace and salvation that God scatters along our way.

841. The present time is the only time we can call our own. Our yesterdays are gone, our to-morrows may never come. The work of repentance is a great work, and it requires a great room to work it in. Would that man be wise who, having a **mighty task** to perform during the day, should put off the beginning of it until the evening? Ought not a man who has a **long journey** to travel, to **start early in the morning?** Must not a child who has a **desire to excel** in useful learning begin betimes if he hopes ever to accomplish his aim? **And can a person subdue his old passions, eradicate his old lusts, and correct his old habits and ungodly inclinations in a day or a year?** Even if his life be prolonged, which is always uncertain, can he better do this when he is distracted with the **increasing cares and snares of business,** and has become less tender in his conscience, and more hardened and confirmed in his habits? Is it certain that God will be pleased to accept only the refuse and the impotent of his sacrifices and his affections as his offerings? It is true that God is long-suffering, but **will he wait for you, and continue waiting, until you choose your own time, and then forgive you? Have you any guarantee as to how long you shall live?**

842. A captain of a ship, with his wife, was on a vessel, **wrecked not far from shore,** but too far to reach it unaided. They found footing on a narrow ledge of rock. The people upon the shore sent out rockets into the sea with cords attached to them, until at last the line fell where the captain could reach it. He drew upon it until he had a stouter cord, and a stouter line, until at last he had in his possession a good strong rope. He took that rope and **tied it about his wife** under her arms; and then he called to her above the fury of the sea and reminded her of the mighty force of the undertow. And he told her that **she must spring** into the water at the time of the incoming wave, and that he would give her the signal. He waited until he saw a larger billow than the others come toward them, a great mountain of water, foaming and tossing its crest, and

seemingly about to break upon them; and then, just as it was breaking, he called to her, above the fury of the sea, and said, **"Now! Now!" The poor woman hesitated, she shrank back, she tried to cling to her husband,** she tried to hold to the rock; but she found that she was to be swept over, and so she let go and cast herself down into the sea, only in time to be caught by the fury of the receding wave, **and the life was dashed out of her on the rock where her husband was standing.** There was another rocket and another line, and the captain took this and bound it about himself. He could not tell his wife's fate as yet. And again he cast his eyes seaward, until he saw another great towering billow, and as it came upon him he cast himself with it toward the shore, and helping hands pulled upon the rope and brought him there in safety, where he found **the dead body of his poor wife, who had been just one moment too late.**—Mills.

843. Over the mantel in his Brattleboro home Rudyard Kipling had these words inscribed, **"The night cometh when no man can work."**

844. There is a point above Niagara Falls called "Past Redemption Point." Rescue is practically out of the question for boats passing that point. Some years ago a boat containing pleasure-seekers had been permitted to drift almost to that point before the peril was realized. Just as those on board were about to commend themselves to such mercy as they might find in their dying hour, the one who had charge of the little craft started, and a look of eager expectation came upon his face; and then he gave some orders, and immediately the sails were raised upon the little craft. He had thought that he felt upon his cheek a **faint breath of air blowing up the river.** As the breeze grew fresher the sails began to fill out; and **then occurred a terrible battle, the wind against the current,** until at last —the might of the current remaining the same in power, and the breeze increasing in force—the little vessel was held still for a moment; and then, as the breeze quickened and grew mightier and mightier against the sails, **the wind triumphed and the little boat moved, almost inch by inch at first, fighting her way, until at last they were able to guide it in safety into the calm water out toward the great lake.**—Aikin.

845. There is always one last time when you or I turn our street corner, climb the stoop, turn the key, and enter the familiar room—to go out no more. —Donald Sage Mackay, D. D.

846. History and biography are dark with the tragedies of those who have fallen by the choice of the lower. There is **Daniel Webster, with a call to the ministry and one to the bar.** There was a sharp, decisive struggle between these two worthy calls; and although the lower crowned him with feverish honors, still his last years were extremely sad and pitiful. He died a disappointed and a heartbroken man. A matchless speaker, the lower offered a more dazzling field for his oratorical powers and his strength slew him. And there is **the gifted grandson of Jonathan Edwards.** For generations before and after **Burr** a brilliant line of clergymen and college presidents was his. Nature had given **rare beauty** to his person, and **culture** and indefinable grace and **charm** to his manner. **Scholarship,** too, was ripe in him. Now, at the threshold of manhood, the strategic hour arrived. **A great revival was on at Princeton.** The waters were troubled. Young Burr's heart was aflame; his soul quivered and glowed; **his nervous hand touched the door of grace, when, alas! he retreated without entering.**—Rev. R. E. Smith.

847. A story in The Youth's Companion tells of a young girl who had been ill for a fortnight, and was told by the physician that she could not get well—more than that, **her days on earth could be counted on the fingers.**

"How long?" she asked, softly.

"Probably about ten days."

She drew a quick breath. "Do the rest know?"

The physician nodded.

"Poor mother!" she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. "I thank you for telling me."

Her father sat with her at the noon hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big, warm hand.

"Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?" she said. "This evening will be a good time."

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

"You'd better send a note."

"I'd rather you'd take the message—please."

"All right, I'll tell him," and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stooped to kiss her.

"If only I could see them friends before I go!" she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down and the two were brothers again.

So it went on for all the ten days. A cousin in college who was not making

the most of himself was seen and talked with so tenderly and seriously that he gave her his sacred promise to lead an entirely different life. Other sweet deeds filled up the days. Her life did end as the doctor had predicted, **but how she had redeemed the time!** The little true story is full of earnest suggestion for those of us who do not certainly know that we have to die "in ten days." **The night cometh. What would we do if we had but one day left? What would we—ought we—might we do in it, before the dark comes?**

848. To test the attention paid to signals by their engineers, some of the officials of one of our great railways recently set the signal meaning "**Stop and investigate**". Twenty-four trains went past it, their engineers **paying no attention to it** whatever. The twenty-fifth heeded it. How forcibly this may be applied to men's **heedlessness of moral signals.** Only the exceptional man heeds them.

849. When the Sepoy mutiny broke out in India, many English families were living in bungalows, in villages. Orders were given for all to flee to the nearest fortified towns. One family with three little girls, hastily prepared to obey. The youngest, lingered to play, and then **refused to let her aged nurse take her after the rest of the family.** The old nurse was almost frantic as the Sepoys were expected at any moment, and their arrival would mean death for all. The mother reached the barracks in safety, but was horror-stricken to find that her youngest child had not come with the rest. She appealed so frantically for help that **a brave English trooper's heart was touched.**

"Don't go, Bailey!" shouted a dozen voices for his comrades knew he was risking his life. But trooper Bailey had a blue-eyed girl of his own in the dear old England, and he could not bear to see that mother's agony.

He sprang on his horse, galloped to the bungalow lying a mile away **right in the pathway of the oncoming rebels, snatched the screaming, angry child from her seat in the garden, and, swinging her into the saddle before him heedless of her struggles and tears, he dashed back, putting spurs to his horse.**

The foremost of the enemy's ranks caught sight of him, and a rain of bullets followed him; but as by a miracle, he escaped, and reached the fortress **to deliver the child to her delighted and grateful mother. Her dangerous delay almost proved fatal. Because God will not save a man by force it often does prove fatal to the sinner's case.**

850. The wife of a prominent lawyer, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account at our prayer-meeting of her conversion:

Last evening my little girl came to me and said: **"Mamma, are you a Christian?"**

"No, Fannie, I am not."

She turned and went away, and as she walked off I heard her say, **"Well, if mamma isn't a Christian, I don't want to be one."**

And I tell you, my dear friends, it went right to my heart, and then I gave myself up to Christ. **Will you delay decision for Christ when you know that your course is imperilling other souls?**

851. The rabbis have a legend that on that **Passover night,** when the Israelites were awaiting a signal for their departure, **there was in one of the Jewish homes a sick girl,** who asked her father repeatedly if the blood had been sprinkled on the lintel of the door. Not satisfied with his repeated assurances that the servant had properly attended to it, **she begged him for her sake to go and see.** He went outside the door and looked and **no blood was there.** He made haste to bring the basin with the hyssop branch and had **just sprinkled the lintel when a shadow fell over him;** he looked upward, and lo! the destroying angel was passing by!

852. A Christian king of Hungary, talking one day with his brother, who was a **gay, thoughtless courtier,** upon the subject of a future judgment, was laughed at by his brother for indulging in "melancholy thoughts." The king made no reply. There was a custom in that country that **if the executioner sounded a trumpet before any man's door, that man was led instantly to death.** The king ordered the trumpet to be sounded that night before the door of his brother, who, on hearing the dismal sound, and seeing the messenger of death, was **greatly alarmed. He sprang into the presence of the king,** beseeching to know how he had offended.

"Alas, my brother!" replied the king, "you have never offended me; but if the sight of my executioner is so dreadful shall not we, who have so greatly offended God, fear to be brought before the judgment seat of Christ?"

853. Evangelist Sayford told how, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, during the war, the citizens of Harrisburg were

called upon to go over the Susquehanna, and throw up breastworks for defence. He and a friend crossed the bridge with the others. On the way the friend said: "Do you know that I have decided to turn over a new leaf, and become a Christian. Our mothers have something we don't have. I expect to begin after next Wednesday." Mr. Sayford said: "Why do you wait?" "Oh," was the answer, "I have made plans for one more big frolic first." On their way back home that night, by a misstep, he fell over the precipitous bluff and was killed. They found him unconscious on the rocks below, and consciousness was never regained in this world. That "Wednesday" never came. As Browning said: "Life's business is just that terrible choice."

854. "I'd give a thousand dollars to feel as I did in 1820," said a man thirty years old; as he listened to an account of revival scenes occurring in his native village. "Only a small matter kept me from becoming a Christian then."

"What stood in your way?" inquired his sister.

"I was just starting in business and I fatally thought I would attend to business first, and put off salvation to a future time.

"What hinders you now?" said his sister kindly. "Your business is established and prosperous".

"I know it; I know it; but the trouble is now that I don't feel as if I cared so much for it."

Twenty years passed rapidly away; the sister had just died. He stood tearfully beside her new-made grave. A neighbor was telling him of her happy death, of the sweet peace and holy joy which made her last hours radiant with the glories of heaven.

"I would give a thousand dollars for such a hope as she had," was the agitated answer.

"When will you ever have a better time?"

"I don"t know; I don't know", rejoined the rich worldling, "I never was so busy in my life. I seem to have no time for anything."

Twenty years more, and an old man lay upon his deathbed unsaved.

Seventy years had made him rich in gold, but he was without hope and without God. A minister tried to lead his despairing soul to Christ. But no emotion of love and trust arose in his heart, his only and last exclamation being, **"Oh, if I could; if I could! I'd give a hundred thousand dollars to die a Christian."**

855. The satisfactory solution of all strictly spiritual problems can be reached only by actual experiment, or knowledge of the Gospel's work or power, in one's own heart and life. He, indeed, that is willing, heartily, unconditionally, to submit to —unreservedly to obey—the truth **shall personally, conclusively, know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.** Try this Gospel, therefore, **try it now. Tomorrow** habit, religious insensibility, or death may have sealed your eternal doom. **"And the door was shut."**—New York Observer.

856. Some men say: **"By and by we mean to separate the evil from the good, and to become religious;** but first we want a little liberty for enjoyment." At the mouth of the Mississippi, where it pours its immense flood into the Gulf of Mexico, **how impossible would it be to stay the flow of its waters,** and to separate from each other the drops of the various streams that have poured into it on either side, of the Red River, the Arkansas, the Ohio, and the Missouri; or to sift grain by grain from the detritus, the particles of sand that have wasted from the Ozark, or the Allegheny, or the Rocky Mountains; yet **much more impossible would it be, when character is the river,** and habits formed one after another, are the side streams, to throw a little dam of conscience across, and separate the bad from the good! Let the stream run pure from its source.—Evangelist.

857. Antonio Guevaza used to say "that heaven would be filled with such as had done good works, and hell with **such as intended to do them."** A very suitable hint to those **who put off their convictions** to what they think will be a **more convenient season.**

858. So inveterate has the habit of procrastination become among men that the phrase "by and by", which, in the time of the early English translators of the Bible, **meant "immediately",** now means the very opposite.—Trench.

859. A spot is pointed out at Niagara Falls from which a father threw his little girl headlong into the seething torrent, without having the slightest thought of doing so. He took her in his arms and gave her a playful swing out over the abyss merely to see if it would frighten her. The child in a paroxysm of fear, gave a sudden jerk and fell with a shriek into the great abyss. You say he had no business to trifle with her in that way. **No more have you a right to trifle with your soul by swinging it out in foolish indifference over the great chasm of eternity.**

860. It is a great mistake to suppose

that all persons, or even the majority, have a death bed. They live in the full bloom of their sins and vanities till in due time, one by one—

Some with lives that come to nothing,
some with deeds as well undone,
Death comes suddenly, and takes them
where men never see the sun.

Thousands die by what we call accident. They are cut off as in a moment; as by a lightning flash. Thousands more pass into the unseen world, not down the lingering declivities of disease, but by some swift and sudden departure.—Farrar.

861. A young man stood in the aisle of the crowded church while inquirers were passing out into the inquiry room and the congregation sang **"Almost persuaded."** He had not been moved by the sermon, but was a good singer and enjoyed the music greatly, and his voice rang out above the rest all through the hymn, till he came to the last verse, "Almost cannot avail, almost is but to fail," when his voice faltered, he lowered his book, ceased singing, and after another moment's hesitation, **walked into the adjoining room and surrendered to Christ.**—Words and Weapons.

862. As I look back upon life's memories, I recall many an instance in which **men and women have seemed to be in their usual health up to the very week, or even the very day on which they died.** They have had no misgiving, no intimation, no foregleam of the awful event which was so close to them. The shadow with the keys has awaited them on the broad roadside, and they have been **unconscious of his presence until his icy touch has stifled their hearts.** Their life ends as though a trivial every day sentence should stop short without so much as a comma. They are snatched away from the midst of their most ordinary avocations, **feverishly busy about all things save the one thing needful.**—Farrar.

863. Dr. Mathieson once said, that it is a solemn thing to say "tomorrow" when God says "today", because man's tomorrow and God's today never meet.

864. I had just found Christ. One of my best friends came to visit me. We two young men sat under a great beech tree, and talked earnestly and candidly of the privilege of receiving Christ into our lives. Clothed in his handsome new uniform, his complexion as clear and as beautiful as any girl's, his eye sparkling with the eager hope of youth—my friend brought to mind the picture of the evangelist: "And Jesus looking upon him loved him." What he said was, in substance, this: **"Yes, I fully intend to be a Christian. That is settled. But I cannot take up the new life just now. I am very busy indeed.** My studies are pressing, my examinations will soon be on, and then I shall have my commission. After that I shall marry and settle down, and then—then, I shall be a Christian."

It is hardly necessary to say that this plausible and voluble excuse was only a polite and indirect method of **rejecting the Master.** Our paths diverged, so that we have never met again. But twenty years later I came near him and learned his immediate history. It was a shocking tragedy, and it showed forcibly how **the act of rejecting the Master hardens one's own soul.** The young man carried out the first part of his program. He passed his examinations with honor, received his commission, married a beautiful woman and became the father of lovely children, and he acquired a handsome fortune. That was the first part, and it was **high time to remember his promise to be a Christian.** The second part of the program was different. His oldest child was dead, his wife divorced, himself a drunkard, his fortune scattered; without friends, without prospects—**that was the cost of rejecting Christ.** And the end is not yet.—Rev. Henry B. Ketcham.

865. "Oh, God, they have deceived me, then; and this is death;" was the startling exclamation of a sinful **English king,** and with those words he sank back and died. And **very commonly for hours, and even for days, before death men and women lie quite unconscious;** the pulse still beats, the breath still labors, possibly the tongue still murmurs, as the imagination floats amid the confused reminiscences of the past, and babbles of green fields far away. But no voice of exhortation can reach them there; they can gather no thought into consecutive meaning; they can breathe no prayer to him into whose awful presence they are about to enter.—Farrar's Sermons.

866. An old man once said to his pastor: "When I was seventeen, I began to feel deeply at times, and this continued for two or three years, **but I determined to put it off till I was settled in life.** After I married, I reflected that the time had come when I had promised to attend to religion, but I had bought this farm, and I thought it would not suit to become religious till it was paid for. **I then resolved to put it off ten years,** but when the ten years came round, I thought no more about it. I often try

to think, but I cannot keep it before my mind one moment." The pastor urged him to become a Christian before it would be too late, but he replied: **"It is too late.** I believe my doom is sealed. And it is just that it should be so, for **the Spirit strove long with me, but I refused."** The minister then urged his family and children to become Christians, and the old man said: "Mind him. If I had attended to it then, it would be well with me, but now it is too late."

867. I was called to a home where I **found the only son dangerously ill.** By direction of the family physician, I informed him of his danger and endeavored to present to him **the necessity of accepting Christ.** But he put me off, saying, **"There's plenty of time,** there's plenty of time." Early the next morning I was summoned to his home by the grief-stricken father, saying his boy was dying. We hastened to the bedside of the dying boy. Leaning over him, I called him by name, but there was no response. I called the word "Father" into his ear, then the word "Mother", and then the word "Sister," and then the name of Christ. But there was no response. Turning to his broken-hearted father, I said, "You call." And oh, how earnestly and persistently he called, **"My son; oh, my son!"** There was no response. Then I turned to his mother, and out of her broken heart she called, "My boy!" Still no response. Here was father love and mother love—to the very last calling—but without response. The willingness to call was just as strong as ever, but **the power to respond had failed.** The willingness of God to call can never be questioned, but **our power to hear and heed that call is lessened every time we fail to obey it.**—John M'Dowell in "Westminster."

868. An aged nobleman who had lived his life as **a man of the world,** was visited by God's grace when he was past fourscore and became **a truly changed man,** and spent the remainder of his life in humble faith and hope. When Christian friends congratulated him on the wonderful mercy and forbearance that had been extended to him by God who had spared him, a look of sadness would come over the old man's face as he replied, "Yes, my dear friends, thank God **my soul is saved, but my life is lost, my life is lost."**—M'Dowel.

869. I knew of a man in the army who was said to be the **wickedest man in the regiment.** One night he came into the regimental prayer-meeting, and stood up and said very calmly, "Comrades, **I am going to lead a godly life."** The soldiers were surprised, because they thought such a wicked man would have to manifest deeper concern about his sin in order to get rid of it. He tried it for one day and came into the prayer-meeting the next night. This time he had concern enough: he could hardly speak. He said, "Comrades, I did not do right when I told you last night that I was going to lead a godly life. I don't know that God can forgive me. I have received **two letters** that tell me of the **death of two persons.** One of them was a **young man** who has just died of delirium tremens at my home in New England, and the other is a **young woman** that has died in a place of shame in Washington. I led them both astray. O my God! can there be mercy for a wretch like me?" **God did save that man,** but he was never heard to pray until the day of his death that he did not say, **"O God, help me to do good enough to counterbalance the evil of my past life."** The past may be pardoned but not obliterated.—Mills.

870. On one of the streets of Philadelphia, a number of years ago, stood **the house of a rich but godless man.** By day it was as still as a prison, but at night it was the haunt of loose company, and the scene of revelries and dissipation. Occasionally, in the daytime, **the face of a beautiful young woman** would appear at one of the windows. That window, in fact, seemed to be her loitering place, for she spent most of her idle time there, sitting behind the partly-closed blind. There was no sign that she enjoyed the luxury around her. Her face had the hard, drawn expression suggestive of "painted misery." Her position in the rich man's house was a guilty one, for she had abandoned a pure home to live on the wages of disgrace.

One morning, while she sat in her usual place, the occupants of a house across the street **observed a carriage stop** at the rich man's dwelling. **A gray-haired man** alighted from it and knocked at the door. The young woman saw him with a start of surprise, but she did not stir from the window.

Rigid and pale, she looked down through the blind lattice, watching every movement, but making no sign. The old man plied the knocker long and loudly—till the neighbors noticed him and wondered. **But he knocked in vain.** No servant would open the door without the mistress's order. She kept her concealment and silently looked on, till the visitor went away. **An hour later, the same carriage stopped again.** The

same gray-haired man knocked the second time at the door. The same unhappy face looked down upon him through the lattice—but there was no answer to his call, and **in grief he went away.** A third time that day the old man renewed his visit. The pale young woman at the window watched him as before, without relenting, without responding. He turned slowly away, and in tears was heard to exclaim: "O Emily! Emily! **My daughter, my poor, dear daughter!"**

That father had traveled a long journey on his sad and eager errand. He had traced his erring child to this house, and, waiting till her destroyer was away, he had hoped that she would see him. She knew his errand. Her heart had beaten more quickly as she looked down upon his gray hairs. Her pale cheeks and rigid mouth told of a conflict within. Perhaps the old love of her pretty, wayward childhood, that had seemed dead for many days, came to life again, and pleaded for him, and for God, as he stood there at the door and knocked. **But enslaved and helpless,**—with eyes from whose troubled depths looked forth a ruined soul—**she let him go without a word or sign.**

SPECIFIC DUTIES, PRIVILEGES AND GRACES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

(871–2839)

Confessing Christ.

(871–906)

871. When **Nelson was asked** by his friend, Hardy, **to put on a cloak to hide his stars** which made him a mark for the French sharpshooters, who were huddled in the rigging of the man-of-war, he answered, **"No; in honor I got them, in honor will I wear them, in honor I will die with them, if need be."** And the sun glittered on those stars, and Nelson became a mark for the foe. Duty to Christ is the way to glory. Do not fling on **the cloak of compromise,** and in a sneaking way **hide the uniform** that you wear as a child of God. Let it be seen by men, by angels, by devils. "Put on Christ," says Paul. Let him be your uniform, your livery, your lodestar that will lead you home.

872. One of the reasons for public confession is the usefulness of the act. How much more one's zeal is drawn out when he has declared himself for any cause, and he partakes of the spirit of the party! **That which is kept concealed within is apt to lose much of its hold upon us;** it is by speaking of it and acting upon it that we feel most of its impression and influence. There is no feeling more strengthening to anyone than the feeling that he is not standing alone. So it is a joy to feel that one is **part of a system working for one end,** to feel that he is a fellow-laborer with apostles, martyrs, prophets, saints, even with Christ himself.

873. A young lady in a fashionable home had been brought to Christ, and had been enabled for some years, amid much opposition, to **faithfully witness** for him. She was invited **to visit friends** whom she had never seen, and who knew but little of her; and she resolved that while there she would **not openly speak of her Saviour.** Her visit passed away; and, not happily to herself, she was enabled to keep her resolution. Upon the day of her leaving for home, a most attractive and accomplished lady, a fashionable woman of society, while walking alone with her, suddenly asked her: **"Where is your sister, and why did she not come here? I mean your religious sister, the one who is known as the 'religious Miss J.'** It was because I heard that she was to be here that I too accepted an invitation to come and spend the holiday. I am tired of the empty, unsatisfying, life I am leading, and have **longed to talk with a real Christian."**

With shame and confusion the faithless witness was obliged to confess that she had no sister; that she was the one who had been sometimes called the "religious Miss J.", and that **shame had led her to hide her light.**—Whittle.

874. In times of persecution **many a martyr might have escaped death by avoiding the assemblies of Christians,** but hostility from without only forced together more closely the ranks that love had drawn together from within. Loyalty to the Master, too, was at stake, for union with the church has always afforded one of the most natural and appropriate means of confessing the Lord before men. The very name for church indicates something belonging to the Lord, and **profession of membership in the church is acknowledgment of Christ as King.** Even to the heavenly powers is God's wisdom shown through the church.

875. An eminent jurist of New Jersey, who was an unbeliever, stepped into a prayer-meeting room to see a man on business. It was a testimony service, and as he waited a number of his neighbors testified concerning the reality of Christian experience. He reasoned: "If these people were my wit-

nesses in the courtroom I should win the case. **If their testimony is reliable in other matters, why not concerning spiritual things?"** He rose and confessed his doubts and asked for help. He is now a class leader in that very church.

876. It is both a daring and a dangerous thing to try to live secretly for Christ. It breaks off the sprouting tendrils of the new life, and so there can be neither bud, blossom, nor fruit. **A light shut up tight in a lantern only soots and burns** that which contains it. So it is with the soul. It is its nature to shine forth, but turned back upon itself it dims and dies. There are some in every congregation who are trying in a half-hearted sort of way "to be good." That is too indefinite. There are no sharp outlines to it. It does not mean anything that is humble or heroic. The result in almost every such case is disastrous.—E. P. Ingersoll.

877. In the picture of the creation of man on the Sistine Chapel ceiling, says Dr Burrill, the man is represented as lying upon a mossy mound reaching up his hand towards another stretched down from heaven, and **from the hand of the Creator an electric spark is passing to him. The beginning of life is to be thrilled through by the life of God, and to proclaim the fact to the world by lip and life.**

878. At West Point, three flags are used on the high flagpole at the north end of the parade ground. One is **the storm flag,** about eight by four feet; the second is **the post flag,** twenty by ten feet; and the third is **the holiday flag,** thirty-six by twenty feet. In bad weather the storm flag flies. Once a cadet's mother, interested in the Christian character and influence of her son, asked him if he kept his flag flying. "Yes, mother," he replied, **"I keep my storm flag flying."** She was satisfied with this reply, not knowing that it signified really that **he was no more pronounced a Christian than he had to be.** He flew his smallest flag. That is the way with some Christians. They don't want to abandon it altogether, but they **don't fly any more colors than they can help.** With some people, going to church once on Sunday is the extent of their open confession of Christianity. With others, it is that, and now and then a Christian utterance. But the kind of Christians Christ wants are the men and women, boys and girls, who will **get out the biggest flag, and fly it before the world.**

879. An humble laborer who was never quite ready to make his confession of faith came forward with resolute earnestness immediately after the death of one who had been a pillar in the house of God, and whose home-going left a great vacancy.

880. A timid woman, with no activities outside her home, and as unlikely to serve in public capacity as could be imagined, was so **stirred to works of beneficence by the death of an only daughter** that she became a member of a board of Overseers of the Poor, and was remarkably efficient during long years. At her own death the whole community were mourners, the town offices were closed, and every respect paid in recognition of her great services.

881. John Bright was enlisted in his long and glorious struggle for the amelioration of the burdens of his countrymen **by the persuasion of Richard Cobden.** The latter called upon him at the time that the wife of his youth lay unburied in his home. There in the chamber of sorrow Bright's spirit leaped to the task which Cobden set before him, and his heart was comforted.—F. Harlan Page.

882. In one village, writes the Rev. Mr. Simpson, of the Wesleyan Mission **in India, we had to baptize some forty people.** Two nights before the baptism the head men of the village came down, angry, furious, because this work had been going on, with all the bitter antagonism of Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen because their craft was in danger. They came down at ten o'clock at night, called the men out of their houses, and said to them: **"Now, then, those men that are going to become Christians, stand on one side;** those who are going to be with us, stand on the other side. From the men who become Christians **we take away work and land;** we deny them the village washerwoman; we deny them the village barber; we deny all we can. Now those who are going to be Christians go on that side." **Every one that was under instruction for baptism went and took his place as a Christian.**

883. "I'll tell you **why you remain out of church,"** said Dr. Chapman, pointing an accusing finger at his audience. "The answer is contained in a single word: **s-i-n.** When you pronounce it, you can hear the hiss of the serpent. **That is your reason for ignoring the church.** There is no other. I will not attempt to name your sin. It may be dishonesty, it may be gambling, it may be drunkenness, it may be impurity; but listen, men: whatsoever a man sows,

that shall he reap. Every man in this building will need Christ when death comes; he will need him badly. Why not accept him now?"

884. It is a mistake to imagine that you can be **as good a Christian out of the church** as you can in it, or that you can be a secret Christian. **The instinct of a new heart is to acknowledge God.** The change effected in a true Christian experience compels confession before men. If one should propose to keep his experience of God's grace secret, he would falsify the very nature of Christian piety. Therefore Christ said, "Confess me before men." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." There is **no encouragement given to the notion of salvation by secret piety** in any scripture teaching or example. David pathetically exclaimed: "I have not hid my righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation. I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." The Master said: "Let your light shine before men."—Presbyterian Standard.

885. Too many persons are represented by **a lieutenant who had gone through many battles,** during three years of war, without a scar, to be **mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a musket,** whereupon he was **brought to deplore the relinquishment of his profession.** He had been an avowed Christian before he had joined the army, but did not display his colors there. When dying, he sent for his fellow officers, told them his mistake, and asked their forgiveness. While dying he said, "Those three last years keep coming back upon me. I would like to forget them."

886. At the beginning of the Reformation, Martin of Basle came to a knowledge of the truth, but, afraid to make a public confession, he wrote on a leaf of parchment, "O most merciful Christ, I know that I can be saved only by the merit of thy blood. Holy Jesus I acknowledge thy sufferings for me. I love thee! I love thee!" Then **he removed a stone from the wall of his chamber and hid it there.** It was not discovered for more than a hundred years. About the same time **Martin Luther found the truth as it is in Christ.** He said: **"My Lord has confessed me before men; I will not shrink from confessing him before kings."** The world knows what followed, **and today it reveres the memory of Luther; but as for Martin of Basle, who cares for him?**—Burrill.

887. Just as physical forces were so combined that New York harbor could be cleared of its obstructing rocks by **the pressure of a child's finger upon an electric button,** so the spiritual forces of the universe are all arranged with reference to **making the testimony of an obscure individual Christian produce results** of a magnitude out of all proportion to the immediate cause.

888. I was converted when a young fellow of twenty. I had gone to a meeting to see the mourners, as we called them, go up to the front bench, and to generally make fun of the whole affair. But it pleased God to send the word home to my heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, and I had to give myself up to Christ. In that same little Baptist church there was a member, a peculiar old man, **a Scotch weaver,** who kept a number of handlooms in his house, and spun, carded, and wove wool, making an honest living by his industry. He was a man of so many peculiarities that every one made fun of the queer little Scotchman with the cross eyes, but they never made fun of him in his presence, for he was one of those men who command respect. **He was a real Christian.** I had never spoken to him before, but the morning after my conversion I went up to him and reaching out my hand, said, "Good morning, sir." He looked surprised, and I hastened to explain: **"I thought you would like to know, sir, that I have given my heart to God, and for Christ's sake he has forgiven me."** A bright look came over his face. Thus while "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin", one touch of grace makes all Christians kin and feel that they are brothers.—Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost.

889. A faithful pastor in Los Angeles came to know a man who had for some time been in the city. He was invited to call. He did so. The pastor asked if he was a professing Christian. "Oh, yes," said he, "I was a member of a church in Ohio, and when I asked for my church letter on coming west I sat down and wrote out my Christian experience, and it was a good one. **I took the church letter and the Christian experience and put them in a little box, and I have had them ever since.** Would you like to see them?" On examination he found that **a mouse had eaten up his Christian experience,** and to his great confusion he had to say to the pastor, "I have lost my Christian experience, and also my church letter." How like many others who put off the question of finding a new church

home when they find a new home for their family.—The Ram's Horn.

890. The Governor of a great State found himself rather unexpectedly, one day, in the midst of **a Sabbath-school convention.** As soon as it was known that he was in the house there was a desire to have him address the meeting, and he was called upon. But he felt himself utterly unprepared; he had no speech ready, and he simply responded: "Friends, I really have nothing to say, but I am heartily in sympathy with your work, and **I can at least stand up and be counted."** Standing up to be counted does not require any great genius or brilliancy, but there are many times when it does require courage — a courage in which many gifted ones may be found sadly lacking.

891. There are secret disciples scattered up and down throughout the whole of India. We stumble upon them sometimes without knowing it, and we see what astonishes us. I remember I had a large meeting one night in a village to the north of Jeypore. For a couple of hours, seven or eight hundred had been sitting, looking at the magic lantern, and drinking in the precious truth I had to tell them. After the general company were gone, some came into my tent to hear a little more. My servant came in and said, **"An old man wishes to see you alone."** I said, "Gentlemen, retire, please, that I may see this old priest—this philosopher." **He came in, and taking from under his coat a little parcel, he unrolled it, and out of the sacred cloth, came—what? Just the Gospel of John.** Laying his hand reverently on it, he said, **"This is the food of my soul,** and it has been so for years, and I am teaching it to those around, and more know of it than you have any idea of; but I must go. **I do not want to be seen with you,** in case the people should think that at your instance I am promulgating some British manufactured religion. I want them to know it is the religion from heaven." Out he went into that darkness, but it revealed to me what surprised me at the time, and what I desire to bear testimony to before this meeting. —Rev. John Traill.

892. One of the most distinguished men in this country, who was **formerly Postmaster-General** of the United States, the **Hon. Amos Kendall,** when he was seventy years of age, after having lived a life of probity for many years, came into a church in Washington, and, standing with tears in his eyes, said he wanted to make a confession. He said that for those **seventy years he had been trying to live a good moral life;** that he had said to himself that he could be a good man and a Christian and yet not be a member of the church. He had heard recently of some one that, by his **example,** had been led to turn his back upon the church, and so, being weak, had been led down until he had died a wretched death. And that set him to thinking, and he could think of **twelve persons who had died without hope who might have been saved if he had been a consistent Christian.** He made a very humble confession, and asked the members of the church to forgive him; and he united with the church.—Mills.

893. At a grand encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic two thousand children of the public schools were **dressed in red, white and blue** caps, toques and other garments in such a way that, when massed together and deployed, they formed **a living representation of the stars and stripes.** Marshalled upon a slope, the veterans of the Grand Army, as they passed on parade, saw and saluted with the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" this copy of the flag for which they had fought, made up of the very flesh and blood of a rising generation. This was to them not only an impressive spectacle, but a significant emblem. **The men and women who accept and confess Christ form a living banner — the true banner of the cross.**

894. By simply neglecting to confess Christ you are counted with those who deny him. The more upright and respectable you are, the more effective your denial. No example is more used in excusing unbelief than that of Christians who do not confess Christ. And on the other hand, the open confession of Christ is often effective in leading others to think upon their ways. This power is in your hands, and you neglect to use it.—Rev. Calvin Cutler.

895. If you rob yourself of Christ you **rob life of its highest usefulness. If you decide to wait until you have nothing left for Christ, but the decrepit frame and exhausted heart you insult him! A dying soldier** once said to his chaplain in the hospital: "Chaplain, I have done many wicked things in my past days; but **I am too much of a man to fling the fag-end of my life into the face of the Almighty."**

896. In the wonderful old Church of St. Mark's, at Venice, is placed an **alabastar pillar** said to have been saved from the ruins of **Solomon's temple,** and now used as part of the support of the high altar. It is cut in a beautiful

spiral shaft of graceful proportions, and blossoms out at the top into an exquisitely carved capital. It stands bravely in its place, and bears its share of the weight. But your first thought is, "How beautiful!" **Does not Jesus mean that we shall be beautiful as well as strong in his service?** And do we take enough pains to make goodness attractive, and so adorn his doctrine "in all things"? Christ says, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Ought not we Christians to **have more of this drawing power,** not that we may draw others to ourselves personally, but through us to him whose image we daily pray to bear?—Marian Deming.

897. On one occasion I was called to help a friend who was conducting a series of meetings in a large city. Shortly after my arrival a bell-boy brought up to my room **the card of a reporter** from one of the daily papers. I told him to show the gentleman up. He came in, was kindly received, and had all his questions answered. When he rose to go, I said to him, "Since you have interviewed me, would you have any objections to my interviewing you?" "O, not in the least," he replied. "Well," said I, "take a seat." He sat down, and I asked him, **"Are you a Christian?"** "No," said he. "It would be quite impossible for me to be a Christian". "Why impossible?" "Well," said he, for the simple reason that the man who is compelled to do the work I do can't be a Christian."

We continued the conversation for a while, when I finally said to him: "You know that we are here to preach the gospel; **you are the first man I have met, and you are unsaved. I should very much like to see you saved,** and God has a much deeper interest in it than I have. As a reporter you could do much good; it may be that sometime during the meetings God will have a message for you. **I trust that you will think seriously about it." He promised me that he would.**

For some days I saw nothing of him. One night he came to my room; it was nearly eleven o'clock; he appeared to be in deep distress. He said, **"I have come to tell you something about myself."**

It was a sad story. He had deserted his wife and children; they were living in a distant city. For years he had been **living in sin,** but now, under the discipline of the Spirit of God, he was **utterly wretched.**

It was long after midnight when we **knelt together and he gave his heart to God, and later, confessed Christ before men by uniting with the church.** When I left the city, on a midnight train, he was the last to shake my hand and say good-by.—Ford C. Ottman, D. D.

898. Spurgeon said: "At first **Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides were dressed anyhow** and everyhow, but in the melee with the Cavaliers it sometimes happened that an Ironside was struck down by mistake by the sword of one of his own brethren, and so the general said, **'You wear red coats,** all of you. We must know our own men from the enemy.' Now, you that are Christ's, do not go about as if you were ashamed of his Majesty's service. Put on your red coats: I mean, **come out as acknowledged Christians. Unite with a body of Christian people,** and be distinctly known to be Christ's."

899. An inventor was talking about electric conduits. "Do you know that great power house of the traction company on the avenue? Well, the manager will tell you that **forty per cent. of the electricity generated there is lost because of imperfect conduits.** Think of that for prodigious waste! Almost half of the product of that great plant counts for nothing."

Well might the inventor wax emphatic over this excessive waste of energy. But while he was talking our mind turned to a similar waste of greater power, and for the same reason. **God designs to transmit his power through men. Only as they yield themselves to him in conversion, confession, and full surrender can they become efficient mediums for transmitting his power to others.**

900. A young man, who was a Christian, brought an unconverted friend to one of our meetings. The service was a very solemn one, and the young man was very much impressed, but came to no decision. At the close of the meeting the two young fellows went out together. **The young Christian was greatly concerned for his friend,** and concluded that the best thing to do was to intercept me on my way home and introduce his friend. His intention remaining unsuspected, he induced his friend to walk around the block; at the street corner we met, and I was introduced. The unconverted young man turned to his companion and said indignantly, **"I believe you brought me around here on purpose to meet this man."**

"Well," said I, "suppose he did; I'm not a bear."

"That may be," he replied, "but I didn't want to meet you."

I said, "Neither do you want to meet God, but some day you will have to do

it." We conversed for some time longer, and when we parted **he had surrendered to God. At the next communion he united with the church.**

901. There is said to be a very odd tree in an orchard near Milwaukee. It is an old apple tree that was planted twenty-eight years ago, with **its limbs in the ground and its roots in the air.** It still lives to bear an occasional apple and to sprout and bear branches where roots should be, and roots where twigs and leaves should be; but it is really of **no use, except as a curiosity** to beholders. The farmer was induced to make the trial through an old German legend, in which such an inverted tree played an important part. So we say the **people who try to live Christian lives without being planted in the Christian Church,** and letting their roots run down into the responsibilities of church life, are very much like that inverted tree. The Christians who really bear fruit are those who are **rooted deep and solid in the garden of the Lord.**—Hallock.

902. A young Christian, who had lately accepted Christ as his Saviour, was talking with **J. Hudson Taylor,** the missionary. The young man seemed **reluctant to make a public profession** before he had learned more about his new Master.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "I have a question to ask you. **When you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?"**

"Certainly not," said the other, "but **in order that it may give more light."**

"When does it first become useful—when it is half burned down?"

"No; as soon as I light it."

"Very well," said the missionary promptly; "go thou and do likewise: **begin at once."**

903. A minister conversed with a man who professed conversion. **"Have you united with the church?"** he asked him. "No, **the dying thief never united with the church and he went to heaven",** was the answer. "Have you talked to your neighbors about Christ?" "No, the dying thief never did." "Have you given to missions?" "No, the dying thief did not." "Well, my friend," said the minister, "the difference between you two seems to be that he **was a dying thief, and you are a living one."**

904. When Lincoln reprieved William Scott, condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post, he said to him: **"I am going to trust you,** and send you back to your regiment. My bill for this is a very large one. I have left my work, and have come up here from Washington on your account. There is only one man in all the world who can pay the bill, and his name is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty so that if I were there when he comes to die, he could look me in the face as he does now, and say, **'I have kept my promise,** and have done my duty as a soldier,' then the debt will be paid. Will you make that promise, and try to keep it?"

The promise was made and kept. The soldier **lived a life of courageous helpfulness,** and died while rescuing wounded men. Every pardoned **sinner is pledged to the Master for life.**—Christian Endeavor World.

905. A young lady was deeply concerned about her spiritual welfare, and after a severe struggle started **to visit her pastor** to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered the horse-car, in carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked where she was going. The tempter immediately said: **"Don't tell them where you are going,** but answer them in some evasive way." At the same time the Spirit whispered to her: "Be brave and conscientious about this. **Tell them of your purpose,** and ask them to go with you." **She obeyed the voice of God.** Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went on alone. When she came to the minister's house he came to the door to meet her. She paused from embarrassment for an instant, and then said: "Doctor, **I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ: but now that I am here I have come to tell you I have found Christ."** It was with her as with some whom Jesus healed during his ministry on earth—**"As they went they were cleansed."**—Mills.

906. At a religious meeting in the south of London **a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for;** she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the Christian man who was conducting the meeting, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? **But do not mention my name."** In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed and there was perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said, "O Lord, **there is a little girl who does not want her name known,** but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!" There was stillness for a moment, and then away back in that congregation a little girl rose, and a pleading little voice said, **"Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me."** **She did not want to have a doubt.** The more she had thought about it the hungrier her heart

was for forgivenes. She wanted to be saved, and she was **not ashamed to say, "Jesus, it's me."**—Pentecost.

The Church, Its Place and Claims. Public Worship. (907–925)

907. We can never be fully aware of the usefulness of the ordained means of grace. The public worship of God is of inestimable value to mankind. In the midst of the cares and toils of life God is known in his palaces for a refuge. There the **tempted are succored, the weak are strengthened, the wandering directed, and the oppressed relieved.** According to his promise, **Jesus is with his church to the end of days;** there he is most often found of his people, and draws most graciously near to them, supplying all their needs with the riches of his grace. It is a source of strength to feel, therefore, that we have a place there as well as safety.

908. All believers are to sow the seed for the coming harvest; **all believers are to build away at the spiritual edifice of Christ's church,** whose top stone will be laid at last at the great day, with the shout of "Grace, grace!" unto it from an adoring universe. . . . To each is assigned some duty, which shall express his love for the brethren, his zeal for Christ's cause. The duty will be according to his ability. It may be feeding the lambs; if he be one of stronger texture, like Peter, it may be the tending and feeding the sheep. But there is the flock, consisting of old and young, experienced and inexperienced, tough and tender, prejudiced and plastic. Somewhere, my Christian brother, my Christian sister, among them is your vocation. Influence, example, instruction,—Christian feeding of some of them belongs to you. **If you do not feed as a shepherd, you cannot eat as a sheep.** If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. This is the law of Christ's church. If you do not **help your brethren,** you will get no help yourself. Every part of Christ's church must be alive for the good of the rest.—Howard Crosby.

909. They tell us that when, **a few years ago, the German Emperor visited the seven-hilled city,** and stood at night on the crest of the Palatine Mount,—Tiber and Via Sacra, Capitol and Coliseum, Arch of Titus and Arch of Septimius Severus, Forum and Temple of Peace, alike hidden in darkness,—**the whole was suddenly made visible.** Floods, coruscations of light, of apparent flame, turning arch and temple, palace and ruin, into one vast, resplendent glory! Then, when the colored gleams began to fade, there shone forth, from above the Capitol's summit, **a majestic star, pure and white,** emblem of Italy's hope, of Italy's' patriotic devotion; its beams reaching far out, over both land and sea, still steadfast, though all other lights had paled and disappeared.

Let the church be your "City of God"; let Christ himself be your Light, your Star; and for you the glory shall break forth, the desire of all nations shall reappear.—L. T. Chamberlain, D. D.

910. "The Lord be with you," "And with thy spirit." Be assured that **where there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers** are offered for each other, there the holy angels look down from heaven and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and he is ready to recover them; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God with one heart and one voice, look as beautiful as Jerusalem that is at peace with itself.—George Herbert.

911. Institutions, even of Christianity, will perish. Knowledge shall vanish. The blessed seals of the new covenant will pass away when the kingdom shall have fully come. But **the church is no concession to the lower and weaker human nature; it stands for that spiritual fellowship for which Christ himself yearned,** and the blessedness to be enjoyed in it here is but a foretaste of the bliss to be completed when the Lamb and the Bride shall be forever united.

912. The Christian church,—what is it. The perfection of human society; **human society sunning and blessing itself in the full radiance of Christ.**—Phillips Brooks.

913. The world's obligation to the church is great, Dr. Bushnell answered a rich worldling who questioned the value of the church and refused to contribute to a new church in Hartford; "My friend, I want you to think of something, **what was real estate worth in Sodom?"**

914. The most important task which awaits the Church, is an advance all along the line upon the solid ranks of evil.

On the day of a great battle, upon the issues of which hung the liberties of Europe, the troops on one side were **kept for long hours, chiefly on the defensive.** Grand was the exhibition of unflinching courage, but grander still was the stern self-control which held the ranks in check till the decisive moment came. On an eminence overlooking the field the commander-in-chief

sat upon his horse, silent, immovable, as if man and horse alike were cast in bronze. Right well he knew that every gallant heart in his army was burning with scarce restrained eagerness to charge the foe; but he knew the hour was not yet, and to every appeal for reinforcements, or for permission to advance, he returned but one order, "Steady! stand firm!" But before the shades of night descended, there came a moment when that watchful eye caught a gleam of helmets and a flash of spears which told that reinforcements were at hand. **Then the gaunt form rose in the stirrups, and from the compressed lips came the order, so impatiently awaited through all that terrible conflict, "Let the whole line advance!"**

There is a lesson here for the Christians of to-day. Hitherto the Church has been employed chiefly in skirmishing. She has sent out reconnoitering parties, surveyed the enemy's position, taken some prisoners, and captured a few strongholds; but her forces are scattered, and the advance guard is too distant from the main army. **The Church cannot — dare not—call back the flag, and the only alternative is to bring up the troops.** There are signs that this will be done. The conviction grows that we have been acting too much on the defensive.—Dr. A. Sunderland.

915. I remember going over the Alps in a railway train when there was a great deal of snow. We came to a standstill, although the engine, a very powerful one, was in full work. I looked out of the window, and followed soon after with my body—for I did not like the looks of things — and I saw that, although the engine was making the wheels go around, the lines were so slippery it **could get no grip** upon them, and so the train stood still. **That is what some of us have to complain of in our churches.** There are good wheels going round, but they cannot get a grip. It is the Gospel, but **there is no grip,** and the train does not move. — Spurgeon.

916. When the Church of God makes more of the adjuncts of worship than of worship itself; when the non-essential externals are magnified at the expense of the real essentials of the religious life; when the church is stone, brick, lumber, stained-glass windows, sweetly chanting choir, or eloquent pulpit oration, rather than **a company of true believers bound together by a spiritual affinity having its source and inspiration in Jesus Christ,** and sincerely endeavoring to put into practice his principles, and to follow his commands of self-denial and self-sacrifice — when such a deplorable substitution is made, then a condition of stiffness, staleness, and **spiritual stagnation** is sure to result, and the Church is missing its aim.

917. "When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the Church the leprosy begins."

918. I never feel like exalting my place nor my church, **but I do not see anything in the great city that is so solving its great needs as are those who bear the name of Christ.** At the battle of Gettysburg there was a terrible crush in the wheat field and an orderly rode at full speed across the field to General Hancock, and cried, **"Help for the wheat field;** they are being crushed there." Turning in his saddle the great commander ordered, without further comment, **"First brigade, right face, double quick, march." So the church is the main reliance of every good cause.**

919. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. One summer **Mr. John M. Burgess left Deadwood, S. D., to establish a bank at Edmonton** in the province of Alberta, Canada. After some months he wrote to Deadwood that he was leaving on a long horseback ride, and he has never since been heard from; but on the trail which he took was **found a skeleton,** picked clean by wolves. Near by lay an empty rifle and the **carcasses of five wolves,** indicating a terrible but unsuccessful struggle for life. Just such things were risked in several of the New England States and in many of the Western States; and now and then in the mountains of Pennsylvania and the interior of Maine things of this nature occur. Christ's words, **"Other men have labored, and ye are entered into their labors"** apply to the country at large and to the Church.—Christian Advocate.

920. Church Buildings. The first requisite to the securing **of a noble church building** is that those who have charge of its planning and promotion should themselves be **imbued with lofty ideals.** No man can conceive that which excels the thought and purpose of his heart. **The erection of the Lord's house should be undertaken in a devout spirit** and with pure motives, having always in mind the purpose of the structure, the time it is to continue its mission, and the multitude of people who are to be taught and influenced thereby. Ugliness stands for sin, death, and decay; but beauty inspires to life, health, and purity.

The necessity for better churches increases with the betterment of our dwellings and other buildings. The house in which we worship God and in which our children are taught to know and love him should be as correct in design, **attractive in appearance,** and comfortable in equipment as the house in which we live or do business. With some churchgoing is the habit of their life; they attend and take part in the services because they have been trained to do so, and they are not so very exacting as to the accommodations or the building; but there are thousands of people, especially in our cities, who have no special inclination toward the Church and are critical in their judgment of men and things. To them it appears **inconsistent that the Lord's house should be inferior to the houses of his children.**

A large and important class with which the city church especially must reckon is composed of young men and women who come in from rural districts and smaller towns. These find the city full of attractions to which they were heretofore strangers. The great majority of them have been carefully reared in Christian homes and taught to attend and love their Church, which to them meant the best of their advantages in the way of culture, instruction, and inspiration. In order to attract and retain these very desirable young people, the **Church must keep abreast of other attractions.**—S. R. Badgley.

921. The Church and the community. It is a large **property-holder,** and influences the market for real estate.

It is a **corporation,** and administers large trusts.

It is a **public institution,** and is therefore the subject of protective legislation.

It is a **capitalist,** and gathers and distributes large wealth.

It is an **employer,** and furnishes means of support to ministers, organists, singers, janitors, and others.

It is a **relief organization,** feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and assisting the destitute.

It is a **university,** training children and instructing old and young, by public lectures on religion, morals, industry, thrift, and the duties of citizenship.

It is a **reformatory influence,** recovering the vicious, immoral, and dangerous elements of society, and making them exemplary citizens.

It is a **philanthropic association,** sending missionaries to remotest countries to Christianize savage and degraded races.

It is **organized beneficence,** founding hospitals for the sick, asylums for orphans, refuges for the homeless, and schools, colleges, and universities for the ignorant.—Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll.

922. A man was refused admission to the membership of a church because he **did not pay his debts.** He asked the pastor **if there were no members who did not always pay their debts.** "Yes," was the reply, "and that is **the reason we will not receive you."**

923. That house of God which becomes noted in a neighborhood as a place in which **many sinners have been "transformed** by the renewing of their minds," will, by a certain instinct of our redeemed humanity, soon become a centre of attraction, not only to those who, with scarcely any light, are groping after the truth, but even to men who are still hardily going on in sin. The greatest fame of Christianity is the fame of **the cures she works,** her greatest glory the glory of the saints she trains, her own unshared renown the renown of sinners renewed in the image of God; and wherever works of this kind are noised abroad in any community, there the preacher will not want hearers, there the sower will not be without a field.—Rev. William Arthur.

924. One Monday morning in 1872 I boarded a train bound from **London to Liverpool** to take ship for home, and I found myself facing an old man, who proved to be a **clergyman and an American.** "Were you in London yesterday?" said I. "Yes." "And where did you attend church?" "At Mr. Spurgeon's." "Did you hear that sermon of his in the morning from the text, 'He is a root out of a dry ground'?" "Yes." "And what did you think of it?" Thereupon he was so filled with emotion that he could not reply. But his wife took it up, and said, **"We cried all the way through it."** "And why did you cry?" said I. Then it came out, at last, that he had been a missionary in Turkey all his life, and to come up now, as he had within a few days, out of Turkish surroundings, and all the depressions thereof, where there **is not one Christian to a hundred square miles, and get into that immense assembly with its immense unity in the Holy Ghost,** and hear them singing in a great swing like the final hallelujahs of the redeemed, was more than the old man's heart could endure.—Dr. Burton's Yale Lectures.

925. Church dedication fundamentals. 1) **A church is not completed until it is given to God's worship.** A human life is not rightly rounded out, until it has been consecrated to its proper service.

2) There is **no greater work nor higher honor than the erection of a temple to Jehovah.** It had occupied the chief place in the life of a king and people. The temple, when completed, was to stand for him who dwelt within it. And it would be the material representation of the highest emotions and largest ideals of the people who erected it. **It would embody the very best that there was in themselves.** To what greater work could they devote their energies? It is right that in every age since then, Christian temples and churches should have called forth the best energies of architects and builders. A congregation honors God when it builds magnificently a place for his worship.

3) **No building is truly a temple until God has manifested himself there in some manner.**—Hickock.

Loyalty to the Church. Attendance.

(926-935)

926. A politician, whom I knew, openly, in a precinct caucus, said to a friend, "Professor, you have just moved into our neighborhood, and **I want to invite you to our church."** I knew a young **wholesale merchant,** who "talks up" his church and pastor almost as much as he does his boots and shoes, and urges his customers to come and hear his minister. **A young man who is at the store all day,** spends nearly every evening for his church. The pastor could set him on the track of any young man he wanted to interest in the church, and be sure that all that could be done would be done. Likewise a **young woman** who somehow found out all the strangers of her sex present, and gave them such a warm greeting that they wanted to come again.

927. A poor widow could neither sing nor lead in prayer, but she was always in her place, looking bravely into the pastor's eyes. She was not able to contribute much, but she **sent flowers to the pastor's study. An invalid,** who, though detained at home, always wanted to know the pastor's theme, always **prayed for the services,** and always kept him laden with messages of love for others in the church.—The Golden Rule.

928. There are four classes in every church, the people who are **ankle-deep,** they come once a week to church; one meal a week is enough for them, but they go to the theater as often as they can get there. That is another matter. They are ankle-deepers, they are half-timers. Then there are those who are **up to their knees.** They come twice on Sabbath and occasionally to a week-night prayer meeting. Such miracles do happen. Then there are some who are **up to their loins.** The strength of their moral manhood is Christ. Then those **up to their necks;** dear true people who live to come to church. They come whenever the doors are open. They keep the church machinery running. They are all in, and it is the people who are all in that God can depend upon.—"Gipsy" Smith.

929. One Wednesday evening a stranger in a town asked a lad, **"Where can I find Mr. Joslyn?"** The boy turned, and pointing to the prayer-meeting room of the church said, **"You'll find him in there,"** though he had not seen him enter the building.

930. Gladstone's rule, even in his older years, was that of **a "twicer",** as he termed it, at public worship. Churchgoing, he said, was not a matter of fancy for a Christian; it is his duty for the work's sake. No public-spirited disciple had a moral right to be absent except for a good cause, he often asserted, from public worship. **I am a regular church-goer.** I should go for various reasons if I did not love it, but I am fortunate enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept all their creeds or not. For I find that there is in the corner of my heart **a little plant called Reverence, which wants to be watered about once a week.**—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

931. Henry Ward Beecher was a great lover of a fine horse. He was sometimes disposed to compare the faithfulness of a man's dumb servant with his master, to the disadvantage of the latter. A good story is told that once when about to take a ride behind a horse hired at a livery stable Mr. Beecher regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked: "That is a fine looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?" The owner replied: **"Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do."** The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then humorously remarked: **"I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church."**

932. The clerk in a Broadway hotel is seeking information in regard to church services. "It is a new question our guests are putting to me that has made me turn inquirer myself," he said. **"Many of them want to know in what church they can hear old-fashioned congregational singing** and join in, if they feel like it, without attracting undue attention to themselves. That is a

poser. I know where crack quartets, sextets, octets and full choruses can be heard, but I don't believe there is a church in town that makes a specialty of congregational singing." (Norfolk Sun.) There is a deeper loyalty to the old and simple forms of worship, than we sometimes imagine.

933. An invalid detects the first symptom of returning health in the new relish for the once loathed bread or bacon. He craves food. So does a healthy child of God. He **enters church on a Sabbath morning positively hungry**—not for an intellectual tickle or a spiced pastry, but for the simple bread of life, Christ Jesus, for truth to grow by, for the strong meat of the Word of God.

934. Some churches are like wells—artesian wells — whose spiritual life springs up continually to bless the world. The first church at Jerusalem was an artesian church. Spontaneously its stream of influence went out to all the people. In what marked contrast are those modern churches whose life must be continually pumped in order to keep them from dying. What is more deplorable than **the frantic effort at pumping up a revival?**

935. A janitor of one of our city churches was once showing some old-fashioned visitors through his new building and describing its many features with pride, when one of them criticised **the extravagance of such elaborate buildings**; to which he replied that, being only the janitor, he did not know much about such things, but he had **heard of a church built by a man named Solomon** which was said to be quite as expensive and elaborate as any of modern date. It is well understood that the temple to which our janitor referred was in every detail designed to promote religious development in the Jewish heart and life. Love, sacrifice, reverence, and devotion were taught and fostered by this great object lesson, the architectural features of which were inspired and approved by God himself.—S. R. Badgeley.

The Sacraments. (936–942)

936. Baptism does not save people from sin and punishment. One is not a Christian because he is baptized, but is baptized because he has received Christ, and rests upon him for salvation.

937. The Lord's Supper may be called **the "Home Gathering" of God's children** in commemoration of Sacrificial Love for the saving of the world. No act of the Christian is more solemn or more significant than this remembrance of the Crucified. Calvary is the one supremely sacred spot in all the earth, and the death of Christ the one divinely sacrificial death of all the ages. He who approaches the table of the Lord with ordinary feelings may well question his personal relation to Christ and his personal interest in the wonderful provisions of redeeming grace.—Twitchell.

938. The blessing of the Lord's Supper depends very much on **preparation** within the inner chamber; on the hunger and thirst with which one longs for the living God. Do not imagine, however, that the Supper is nothing but an emblematic token of what we already have by faith in the word. No; it is a **spiritual, actual communion** from the exalted Lord in heaven of the powers of his life, yet this only according to the measure of desire and faith. Prepare for the Lord's Supper, therefore, with very earnest separation and prayer. And then expect that the Lord will, with his heavenly power, in a way to you incomprehensible, yet sure, renew your life. "If there is therefore any comfort in Christ, if any consolation of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any tender mercies and compassions, fulfill ye my joy, that ye be of the same mind, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind; doing nothing through faith or through vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind, each counting others better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of other."

939. Christ has to be appropriated—"Except ye eat . . . . ye have no life in you", and assimilated, even as food is taken into our natural system and becomes a part of ourselves. "He that eateth . . . . dwelleth in me and I in him." The feast then is an acknowledgment that Christ Jesus is necessary for our spiritual life, that all depends upon him; and that so appropriating him and assimilating his life with ours, he and we become one—the Head and the members, the Vine and the branches."

940. "This do in remembrance of me. These words **reveal at least three things,** (1) The intense reality of **the Lord's love** for his disciples. "Having loved them, says the Apostle—John, "he loved them to the end." Those disciples were very imperfect, even as we are; yet, Jesus loved them. He loved them not for the perfections of their character, but for the reality and simplicity of their faith in him, though their knowledge and conception of him were limited and crude. (2) The reality of his

humanity. His human heart yearned for the loving response of these disciples, imperfect as they were. (3) The breaking of bread and pouring of wine, **so vividly reproduces the crucifixion of Christ,** that in order to awaken suitable feelings of love and gratitude and devotedness to him he has ordained throughout perpetual generations that his disciples should "do this in remembrance" of their loving Redeemer.

941. Christ's word is, **"If ye love me, keep my commandments."** It does not say, "Wait till your love is strong, seraphic, unabated, a love as deep as that of the beloved disciple"; it says nothing about the measure of it, but, "If ye love me, then keep my commandments." And one of them is, "Be not ashamed of me and of my words." Another is, **"Come to my table in remembrance of me."** Even love that is weak cannot excuse itself from complying with these requests; if intelligent, it would not wish to. Here is a plain duty before the feet of those who have any love to Christ. They cannot advance a step yet they remain waiting to advance, without taking the first step. Obedience is the condition upon which blessing is bestowed.

942. Some professedly Christian people urge that they cannot come to the table because there are certain persons there who, in their judgment, should not be allowed to come. **Is the Lord's table to be a judgment-seat,** whereat we are to revise the verdict of the church? "I cannot," said one to me, "join a church, because I cannot find one that is perfect." No, I said, and if you do not join a church till you do find a perfect one, you must wait till you get to heaven; and, besides, my dear friend, if you ever find a perfect church they will not take you in; for I am sure they would not be perfect any longer if they did. One sickly sheep would then have passed into the fold. **So it is idle for you to be looking out for perfection.**

Music. Hymns. (943–964)

943. President Finney was walking about his grounds on the night just before his death. In the church where he had been preaching for almost forty years, the evening service had begun, and he heard **"Jesus, Lover of my soul",** out in the air as it floated to him from the distance. **He caught up the familiar strain** and sang the verses with the choir clean on to the end. **Before the next morning he was in heaven singing with the saints.**

944. A touching little incident occurred not long ago in the woman's prison on Blackwell's Island. It happened at a Sabbath afternoon service in the chapel of the prison. The first part of the service was a sermon. It was short and simple and full of earnest feeling. But it seemed to fall like good seed upon the stoniest ground.

The hundreds of poor, wretched creatures ranged before the preacher apparently lost none of the hard, desperate look that sin and despair had stamped upon their features. They sat bolt upright, seemingly hearing nothing that was going on before them. After the sermon, two lady visitors present **asked the privilege of singing a few hymns.** This request being granted, they began with that sweetest spiritual song, "Jesus, lover of my soul," which they sang with much expression.

"Very soon" said one who was present, **"I noticed the faces begin to soften.** And in a moment's time the heads began to go down, and before the verse was finished they were sobbing aloud in all parts of the room."—The Good Way.

945. Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; Agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;" and when Christ came the angels greeted his birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fullness and strength of voice with each century. —Advance.

946. Beethoven **lifted mortals up.** Mozart **brought angels down.**

947. A noted musician was invited to play at Baden-Baden, the great gambling resort. The hall in which he played was close by the gambling house. He played for one or two nights, and **the gambling tables were altogether deserted.** The owners protested against having music that destroyed their business, and finally hired the hall out from under his patrons, and made him move further down the street. But that didn't do any good, for **as long as he stayed there and played, the gambling was largely forsaken,** that they might listen to the music, that their hearts and souls might be stirred to their depths, that they might be lifted above these mundane vices.

948. A New York City missionary tells how a little **street waif** once came to him, bringing a torn, dirty piece of paper on which the hymn, **"Just as I am,"** was printed. "Please, sir," said he, **"father sent me to get a clean paper**

like that." Upon inquiry, the missionary found that the child's sister had learned the hymn at a mission school, and had loved to sing it again and again as she lay sick and dying in her dreary home. After she did, her father found in her pocket the crumpled bit of paper on which the words could hardly be distinguished. "Ask the missionary for clean verses just like these," he said, "and we will make a frame for them and learn to sing them, too."

949. The son-in-law of the poet Wordsworth once wrote to Miss Elliott, thanking her for the hymn "Just as I am" and saying that it had afforded comfort to his wife on her dying bed. "When I first read it," he says, "I had no sooner finished than she said very earnestly, 'That is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day she asked me to repeat it, and every morning from that day until her decease, nearly two months later, the first thing she asked for was her hymn. **'Now, my hymn,'** she would say; and she would often repeat it after me, line for line, in the day and night."

950. The hymnology of all modern languages has been absolutely created by the Hebrew psalmody. The ancient classics have not, so far as I know, contributed a stanza to it. Not a line of it lives, through two generations, in which the genius of the **Psalms of David** does not overpower and appropriate all other resources of culture. The old English and Scottish ballads never exerted on the national mind a tithe of the influence of the Hebrew psalm. The commonwealth of England owed its existence, in part, to the psalm-singing of Cromwell's armies. On the continent of Europe, also, the whole bulk of the despotism of the middle ages went down before the rude imitations of the Hebrew psalmody by Clement, Marot and Hans Sachs. The **battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus** was originally published, with this title, "A Heart-cheering Song of Comfort on the Watch-word of the Evangelical Army in the Battle of Leipsic, September 7th, 1631. God with Us."—Bible Record.

951. A German soldier once said to me that his commander never feared the French army **excepting when their bands were playing their national air.** Then they were the very incarnation of courage.

952. The citizens of Antioch revolted against the exactions of the Emperor Theodosius, and dashed to pieces his statue and that of the Empress, together with those of his two sons. Subsequently they repented and sent Flavius, their bishop, to Constantinople to appease the wrath of the emperor. Theodosius repelled the bishop, declaring that nothing but the infliction of a severe punishment would satisfy him. **The Emperor was fond of music,** and while feasting had a choir of boys sing to him. The bishop took charge of these choristers and taught them to sing a choral composed by himself, which in mournful strains described the sorrow and despair of the Antiochians. The pathos of **the music interested the Emperor;** the words fascinated him. At last, much affected, he called out, **"Antioch is forgiven!"**

953. Some time ago **a railroad disaster** occurred—even more horrible than the usual tragedy of this kind — and the cars, piled on top of each other, took fire. The heat was so great that no one could approach the wreck. Then it was learned that several people, hopelessly pinned between broken timbers, were being slowly burned to death. This awful fact was not announced by oaths or frantic cries for help, but **by the chords of a hymn that reached the stricken crowd.** Started by a masculine voice—some thought it the engineer's — the sacred song was taken up by another, and then another, until the chorus swelled above the horrors of the scene:

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me—

Soon one voice dropped away, and then another, and then the third, so that the agonized bystanders knew the very moment when the sufferers had passed into eternity.

954. A little while ago there was one of those **colliery accidents** which make a sensitive person almost shrink from the sight of burning coal. This time the shaft in the **Dolcath mine in Cornwall** collapsed, and **eight men were entombed.** After the rescuing party had been at work many hours clearing away the rubbish, they stopped and listened. It is a well-known fact that sound penetrates long distances in the body of the earth. As they put their ears to the ground in breathless expectation, **a faint sound of human voices was heard.** Overjoyed to find their comrades still alive, the men were about to utter a shout of encouragement, when the foreman put his finger to his lips with a warning gesture, for the sounds from the imprisoned miners increased in strength until they resolved themselves into song.

From the depths of the earth, from the darkness and despair, there came the strains of **"Nearer, my God, to Thee".** Reverently the rescuers listened to this sublime death-song. The hymn was followed by another—stronger in

tone: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The rescuing party looked at each other in the dim light of the lamps. Tears were trickling down each miner's grimy face.

"Now, boys," cried the foreman, raising his pick, **"that's the music to work by!"**

955. A story is told of **Mozart's unknown and mysterious visitor who commissioned him to write a funeral mass.** As the great composer devoted his talents to the work, it became deeply impressed upon the artist that the score was ordered for and would be used first at his own burial. Into it therefore he poured all his penitence, his faith, his hope. The sorrows of death compassed him, but only to shut out the discords of sin and shut in the harmonies of heaven. And those who have listened to the requiem so composed, understand that the Christian musician like the Hebrew psalmist reached the vale where pleasant waters flow because he gave his hand to One who was his heavenly Shepherd and who **led him through the valley of the shadow** out into the land of peace.

956. One of the most beautiful examples of **the power of Christian song** occurred at **the fall of the Pemberton Mills** in Lawrence, Mass., many years ago. Suddenly, without warning, in the afternoon of a January day, the mill collapsed. It was filled with operatives. The ruins caught fire. Over eighty people were entrapped among the beams and girders, and were crushed, suffocated or burned to death. After the first cries for help, and the first wails of agony, when the hopelessness of their position became manifest to them, **the doomed girls began to sing.** Hymn after hymn rose from their parched throats. Voice after voice broke and was silenced. "Shall we gather at the river?" "Rock of ages, cleft for me," rose distinctly above the roar of the flames. Thus the poor girls sang their way into death, by the sacred words that they had sung at church and Sunday-school, at home and among their looms.

957. The influence of soul songs has been one of the great beneficent forces in human life. It is almost impossible for us to overestimate it. Literature and art and oratory influence the emotions and conduct of men. Noble poetry haunts and inspires us. But in the trying crises of life—in temptation, or misfortune, or sickness, or sorrow, or even death — myriads of souls have been comforted and helped by the sustaining influence of Christian song. Many a boy, in his first battle with the evil of the world, has been morally arrested and **saved from ruin** by the providence of hearing in a critical moment the strains of **some old hymn,** often sung in Sunday-school, or with mother and sisters on a Sunday night in the dear old home. "That is music to live by."

958. A new story is now told of the first time "Home, Sweet Home" was sung in public. When the Government attempted to harmonize the contending factions in the dispute on the Georgia-Tennessee boundary line by establishing a trading-post there, **John Howard Payne** was accused of inciting the dissatisfied Indians and half-breeds, and was arrested and carried to the council-house.

An Indian, who committed suicide on the grave of his wife and child, was buried in the presence of a number of men, among whom was Payne. As the body of the Indian was lowered into the grave, Payne hummed to himself the song that has become so famous.

General Bishop called the young man to him and said sternly:

"Where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote it myself," answered Payne.

"Where did you get the tune?"

"I composed that also."

"Will you give me a copy of it?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said the old Indian fighter, "appearances may be against you, but **a man who can write a song like that is no incendiary,** and I am going to set you free."

Payne had been living in the house of a neighboring family, and on his return he related the circumstance, and showed the pass that General Bishop had given him. That was the first time that "Home, Sweet Home" was ever heard in public.—Saturday Evening Post.

959. Duncan Matheson, a Bible reader to the soldiers in the Crimea, was returning one night to his lodgings in an old stable. Sickened by the sights he had seen, and depressed with the thought that the siege of Sebastopol was likely to last for months, he trudged along in the mud knee-deep. Happening to look up, he saw the stars shining calmly in the clear sky. Weariness gave place to the thought that in **heaven is rest,** and he began to sing aloud the old hymn:

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?

The next day was wet and stormy. While going his rounds Matheson came upon a soldier standing under the veranda of an old house. The man was in soiled and ragged clothes, and his shoes were so worn that they did not keep his feet

from the mud. The Bible reader drew him into conversation, cheered him by encouraging words and gave him money to buy shoes.

"**I am not what I was yesterday,**" answered the man, his heart opening to Matheson's sympathy. "Last night I was tired of life and of this blundering siege. I took my musket and went down yonder determined to blow out my brains. As I got round that hillock **I heard some one singing,** 'How bright these glorious spirits shine!' It recalled to me the Sabbath-school where I used to sing it and the religious truths I heard there.

"**I felt ashamed of being such a coward.** I said to myself, 'Here is a comrade as badly off as I am, but he is not a coward—he's bearing it!' I felt that the man had something which I did not possess to make him accept with cheerfulness our hard lot. I went back to my tent, and today I am seeking that thing which made the singer so happy."

"Do you know who the singer was?" asked Matheson.

"No."

"Well, I was the singer seeking comfort and hope in that song you heard."

The tears came into the soldier's eyes as he thrust the money into Matheson's hands, saying:

"After what you've done for me, I can't take it from you."—Youth's Companion.

960. The Minneapolis Tribune relates a pleasing **anecdote of the great Swedish prima donna, Christine Nilsson.** Miss Nilsson was accustomed, when in New York, to attend service at the humble little Swedish chapel on East Thirty-ninth street. She was very regular in her attendance, and usually occupied a pew near the center of the church. Never elsewhere did she seem to sing so sweetly. One Sunday afternoon she was present at the funeral of a generally beloved young lady who had been prominent in the church and Sunday-school work, and whose death occurred under peculiarly harrowing circumstances. At a point in the ritual where a hymn is sung, just before the body is borne away to the cemetery, Miss Nilsson slowly walked from the pew down the aisle, paused on the platform at the side of the casket, and laid upon it a simple but beautiful wreath of flowers; then facing the congregation, with her arms crossed upon her breast, she sang in her native Swedish tongue, with almost unearthly pathos and artless simplicity, a beautiful funeral hymn:

"Oh! angels of immortal light,
In robes of dazzling radiance bright,
On wings of love, come! bear away
Our sister's form of senseless clay;
Waft, kindly wings, oh! waft away.
Our sister, to eternal day."

When she had concluded, and the notes of the organ accompaniment had died away, there was **a silence so profound as to seem awful.** It was some moments before the pastor could recover from the spell and utter the few closing words of the service.

961. While **Rev. W. J. Davis** was living in Africa, his little son John, a boy of four years, **went too near a chained lion** in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of its beat.

The unsuspecting child stumbled within its reach, and **the lion instantly felled him** to the ground and set its huge paw on his head. There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. African News tells the story of his escape, which seems equally due to the lion's love for music and a young woman's presence of mind.

Miss Moreland, seeing the peril of the child, ran upstairs, seized an accordeon and hastened to a window which looked out upon the lion. There, with a shout to arrest its attention, **she began playing a tune. The lion at once released its prey,** went the length of its chain toward its fair charmer, and stood in rapt attention. The boy, in the meantime, got up and ran to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house and saw how excited every one was; then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account.

962. Madame Pauline Lucca, the Prussian songstress, rented a villa near Berlin. One evening, as she sat writing, she caught the reflection of a man's face, in a small mirror, glaring at her through the window. She was alone in the house, and had valuable jewels. Instinctively she thought of her great power of song. She began crooning a Russian lullaby; and then, singing louder as she gained courage, another, and another. The face had disappeared, and she was not disturbed. Three days later Madame Lucca **received an unsigned letter** which she read to her maid, and often to others as the years went by:

"Madame Lucca: The night you sang the lullaby song **you saved me from crime** and maybe saved your own life. I knew that the jewels were there, and I came desperately determined to have them at any cost. **Your singing drove me away;** but flatter not yourself that it

was your power of song. It was the trembling voice of my dear old mother that I heard, coming from your lips, singing the lullaby of my babyhood. It made me feel that my angel mother was there and I was powerless to commit any crime, so I went away."—Lippincott's.

963. How do you make "smoking flax" burn? You give it **oil,** you give it **air,** and you **take away the charred portions.** And Christ will give you, in your feebleness, the **oil of his Spirit,** that you may burn brightly as one of the candlesticks in his temple, and he will let air in, and take away the charred portions by the wise discipline of sorrow and trial sometimes, in order that the smoking flax may become the shining light. But by whatsoever means it may be, be sure of this, that he will neither despise nor neglect the feeblest inclination of good after him, but will nourish it to perfection and to beauty.

The reason why so many Christian men's Christian light is so fuliginous and dim is just that they keep away from Jesus Christ. **"Abide in me and I in you.** As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me."

How can the temple lamps burn bright unless the priest of the temple tends them? **Keep near him.** (Maclaren). **Let the songs of a true and living faith ever sound forth from your heart, rising above earth's din and clamor.**

964. I remember hearing a **stage driver's story of Jenny Lind.** A bird of brilliant plumage on a tree near as they drove by trilled out a compliment of sweet notes that astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially; then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat, and **sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands** in ecstasy, and quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, she gave some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up, and sang and trilled till Jenny in happy delight, **acknowledged the warbler decidedly outcarolled the Swedish nightingale.**— Ram's Horn.

Christ Our Friend. (965–1007)

965. It is said that the sweetest side of any fruit or vegetable is **the side which grows toward the sun.** There is no doubt that the sun has a great deal to do with the beauty and flavor of the fruits which are the delight of man. In this casual observation, as in so many facts from nature, rests a beautiful spiritual lesson for us all. **What the sun is to the natural world, that, and much more, is Christ to the world of spiritual things.** As the sun influences the fruits and vegetables of the earth, giving them beauty and lusciousness, so Christ sheds an influence over the life of many and gives them beauty of character and purity of heart. And as the sweetest side of a fruit or vegetable is the side toward the sun, so the best side of man is the side toward Christ.

966. Christ is our good shepherd. An evangelist in Ireland went to visit **a dying boy.** He found him in a wretched hovel. "My poor boy," he said, "you are very ill; I fear you suffer a great deal." The lad replied, "Yes, I have a bad cough; it takes my breath and hurts me." "How did you catch it?" "Ah! it was when one of the sheep strayed. Snow was on the ground, and the wind pierced me through and through. It was morning before I found the sheep and brought it home, and being kept out the whole night I took cold; but **I don't mind so long as the sheep is saved."** The Father sent the Son to seek you. Gladly he went, though **it cost his life.** Won't you accept him who made this great sacrifice?"

967. Heinrich Heine found himself in Paris during the scenes of the **Revolution** of 1848. Weary, unbelieving, almost helpless in his endeavors to escape, he entered a room of the Louvre, and fell down before that wonder of ancient art, the Venus of Milo. He looked up with almost worship of its divine beauty, and a vague desire for help. But, though an object of exquisite beauty, **its arms were broken off, and it could not reach down to his aid:** the ears were marble, and could not hear; the heart was stone, and could not feel. So are those who turn to reason or science or the world for help. These have no arms to reach down to the soul in distress; their ears are marble, and can not hear our cry; their hearts are stone dead, and they can not sympathize or aid. **Only Christ,** the living One, the perfection of moral beauty, the wonder of the world, **can help the soul in need,** and with power say, "Come unto me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

968. One of the most engaging of all **the catacomb testimonies** to this faith, in the kindness, grace, love and faithfulness of the Good Shepherd, is known as **the Good Shepherd and the Seasons.**

In the center stands the strong, stalwart Shepherd with a lamb upon his shoulder; one hand holds a crook, the other the legs of the lamb, as if to secure the recovered creature from fear of being lost again; on either side of the Shepherd are the **figures representing the seasons.** Spring has roses in bloom, summer has fruits, autumn ripened ears, while "winter as an old man burns the leaves." The meaning is that the Good Shepherd **cares for his sheep the year round,** is with them "all the day."

969. A friend of mine was staying near Mont Blanc. He had been there for a fortnight, but **had not seen the "monarch of the Alps."** Nearly out of heart with waiting, he was preparing to leave. Going up to dress for dinner, he passed a window and saw that **the monarch was still veiled in mist.** Having dressed, he came down stairs, passing the window again. **Every vestige of mist had now parted, and Mont Blanc stood revealed** from base to snow-clad peak. So there comes upon us a breath of the Holy Ghost, before which the misconceptions of life pass, and God reveals his Son in us as the center of our life.—Dr. F. B. Meyer.

970. Christ is with us always. It is not holiness, but it is **Jesus** the holy one. It is not meekness, it is **Jesus** the meek one. It is not purity, it is **Jesus** the pure one. Jesus, Jesus, **Jesus!** not it, not an experience, not emotion, not faith, but **Jesus.**

You have been worrying about your faith. Give it up! **Do not think about your faith; think about Jesus, and you will have faith without knowing it.** You have been worrying about your feeling. It does not matter, it goes up and down with the barometer. Have done with it, and live in the presence of Jesus.—Meyer.

971. A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling, went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page she wrote, five minutes she worked, ten, half an hour. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around, and, with a shock of joyful surprise, **looked squarely into the smiling face of her dearest friend,** lying on the lounge by her side.

"Why, I didn't know you were here!" she cried. "Why didn't you speak to me?"

"Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me."

So with Jesus. **He is here all the time.**

972. Some one asked Coleridge if he could prove the truth of Christianity, and he said, **"Yes, try it." "Taste and see that the Lord is good."**

973. The ancients used to marvel at the mystery of the bubbling spring; some went so far in their awe as to worship fountains and flowing streams: others peopled them with mysterious spirits. Much is made clear, however, when we know that **behind these welling springs are great reservoirs of water,** far back in the hills, whose power explains the single fountain. **God is the great reservoir of the ages.**

974. It is said that on one occasion **Seneca,** the great philosopher, said to **Polybius,** who was complaining about his condition, **"Never complain of thy hard fortune so long as Caesar is thy friend."** To those who complain about hard fortune, about hard times, about loss of health or loss of wealth, let us say, **never complain of your condition in life, so long as Jesus is thy friend.** It is well to remember that he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, "and that all things work for good to them that love God." The only thing that we need to do is to keep loving God with all our might.

975. A large number of runaway slaves have sought refuge at the Church Missionary Society's stations in East Equatorial Africa. In some cases we have been legally accorded permission to retain **these fugitives,** and in other instances the masters have been afraid to claim their lost property. There are hundreds of these men and women on our stations; but many of them have come to us as a warped material, moulded, and shaped, and twisted by the debasing vices of slavery, and the influence of their Mohammedan masters. Some of them have turned out well, and and have rewarded us for our care, and others have proved responsive to our teaching, and have settled down as decent and orderly members of society and law-abiding citizens.—Rev. Thomas Wakefield.

976. One evening a student asked **Phillips Brooks** this question, in a perplexed and serious tone: **"Is conscious personal fellowship with Jesus Christ a part of Christianity?"** Phillips Brooks was immediately as much in earnest as his questioner. He hesitated, reflected, and replied decisively: **"Conscious personal fellowship with Jesus Christ is Christianity.** That is what differentiates the religion of the Bible from all others. A man is a Christian in so far **as he knows Jesus Christ."**

The answer was an echo from Christ's own prayer at the communion table:

"This is the life eternal, that they know thee, the only true God, and him whom thou hast sent—Jesus Christ."

977. One of the greatest writers of last century has told **of a forsaken wife dying poor, heart-broken, lonely, and unloved.** She had no one with her but her little son, whom she had taught to pray. When the end came very close, **there fell a strange clearness into her soul, which calmed every fear,** and hushed the voice of every passion, and she lay for a season as if entranced. Then she spoke to her child, and charged him all his life to say every morning and every night **the prayer and hymn** he had just been saying. **"They are all I have to leave you;** but if you only believe them, you will never be without comfort, no matter what happens to you." **The hymn was:**

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of **Friend;**
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end."
—British Weekly.

978. After the battle of Gettysburg as we were following Lee's shattered, retreating army, I learned that Major ——, a friend of mine, lay mortally wounded in a certain farmhouse some little distance from the road on which we were marching, and I determined to call and bid him good-by. While walking up through the yard the thought occurred to me, Now **what can I say to this dying Christian soldier** in the few minutes I can be with him that will be **most comforting to him?**

Then I thought of my little Testament which I carried in the inside pocket of my coat, and I took it out. On entering the room where the dying soldier lay, he looked up, recognized me, smiled, and taking my extended hand, he pressed it gently, tears filled his eyes, and he said: "General, I'll soon be gone. Sorry I can't live to fight for my country."

I said: "Yes, that is sad; but do not worry; others will fight, and with the help of God, the Union will be saved."

"Thank you, thank you," he said, "that is my faith and hope."

Then I said: "Major, I must be going, but I wish to leave with you a few of the comforting words of our divine Lord." He nodded his assent, and I read slowly and softly from the **fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel:** "Let not your heart be troubled." When I stopped reading, he said with great fervency, **"Oh, so comforting! so comforting!** Thank you, General, thank you," and I left, not to see him again, until we meet around the great white throne.—Gen. O. O. Howard.

979. The circulation of the ocean constitutes a plain and permanent picture of the relations between a human soul and a redeeming God. The sea is always drawing what it needs down to itself, and also always sending up of its abundance into the heavens. It is always getting, and always giving. So, when in the covenant the true relation has been constituted, the redeemed one gets and gives, gives and gets; draws from God a stream of benefits, sends up to God the incense of praise.—Arnot.

980. A faithful preacher was once lying dangerously ill, and the members of his church were praying earnestly at his bedside that the Lord would raise him up, and preserve him to them. In doing so they made mention, among other things, of his tender watchfulness in feeding the lambs of his flock, making use of the expression, "Lord, thou knowest how he loves thee." At this the sick man turned to them and said, "Ah, children, do not pray thus. When Mary and Martha sent to Jesus, **their message was not, "Lord, he who loveth thee," but, 'Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick.'** It is not my imperfect love to him which comforts me, **but his perfect love to me."**—Words and Weapons.

981. Unless you obtain God's leading for all the little things of life, you are not likely to obtain it for the great trials when they come. It is the path that you tread often in the sunshine that you speed to in the storm.

982. Sheridan comforted his defeated army in the Shenandoah by adding the strength of his presence. The extra locomotive comforts the stalled train by adding its strength. God is the God of all comfort, because he is the **God of all strength;** he comforts us by sharing his life with us. The Holy Spirit is Comforter because he ministers God to men. He is not a sleeping potion to lull to inactivity, but **heavenly ozone** to quicken spiritual circulation, to renew the blood of the soul, to arouse and stimulate.—Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D.

983. At the closing service in a series of **evangelistic meetings** in Newark, N. J., a **man of 45 years** said to me: "At the service for men last Sunday afternoon I became persuaded that the right thing for me to do was to accept the gospel of salvation. I concluded to think the matter over, which I did. I did not attend any of the services until last Wednesday evening, when **I definitely accepted Christ** as my Savior. I

made no declaration of this, but have come now to thank you and to say that I am going to enter into the membership of the church at once." We talked with the man about his life, which had been lived far from God. I said to him: "The devil is not going to let you go if he can help it. He will have a time with you, and you must be careful and spend much time in prayer and in communion with God and in the fellowship of God's people." The man replied: "I know that the devil will seek to hold me to the old way, but I have now a lead on the devil that I never had before." "What is that?" I asked, and he answered: **"By accepting of Christ I am now in him, and if I continue to walk with him the devil will never be able to overtake us."**—John F. Carson, D. D.

984. A German professor who had spent years in compiling the arguments of skepticism was suddenly converted. In reply to the question, "What led you to change your mind so quickly?" he stated that in all his thoughts on religious subjects he had never before consulted **the want of his own heart for the assurance of divine grace and communion,** and that from the moment when he looked at the matter from that standpoint he could have no doubt that Jesus Christ was the Son of God.

985. One of the heathen converts in Canton, China, going into the home of a missionary, found her in trouble. Her first question asked in real sympathy was, **"Have you told Jesus about it?"** With shame the missionary was obliged to acknowledge that she had not, and the look of painful surprise that came into the Chinese woman's face was a keener reproach than the most bitter words. The missionary then threw herself upon her knees and told her Father all the trouble, and begged his forgiveness for her ingratitude, and humbly thanked him for the unconscious rebuke the young convert had given her. **"He will make it all right now,"** said the Chinese woman in a voice of real pleasure. And he did.—Arnold.

986. He will gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom. I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat bent far outward, and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of apparel, and said to the dragoman: "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" and the dragoman said: **"It is a very young lamb he is carrying;** it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock". At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom, and I said: "There it is now, Israel's description of **the tenderness of God."**—Dr. Talmage.

987. Have you ever seen, or perhaps made **one of a party going to explore some deep, dark cavern** — Mammoth Cave of Kentucky or the Catacombs of Rome? They all stand out in the sunlight, and the attendants, who know the journey they are going to make, pass round among them and put into the hands of each a lighted candle. How useless it seems! How pale and colorless the little flame appears in the gorgeous flood of sunlight! But the procession moves along. One after another enters the dark cavern's mouth. One after another loses the splendor of daylight. In the hands of one after another **the feeble candle-light comes out bright in the darkness,** and by and by they are walking in the dark, holding fast their candles as if they were their very life, totally dependent now on what seemed so useless half an hour ago. That seems to me to be a **picture of the way in which God's promises of consolation,** which we attach but very little meaning to at first, come out into beauty and value as we pass on into our lives.—Phillips Brooks.

988. When Jesus sits in the ship, everything is in its right place. The cargo is in the hold, not in the cabin. Cares and gains, fears and losses, yesterday's failure and to-day's success do not thrust themselves in between us and his presence. The heart cleaves to him. "Goodness and mercy shall follow me," said the psalmist. Alas, when the goodness and mercy come before us, and our blessings shut Jesus from view! Here is the blessed order—the Lord ever first, I following him, **his goodness and mercy following me.**—Mark Guy Pearse.

989. The way to realize the Divine Presence is to practice it, to believe it, and put it to the test. Suppose we begin to-morrow morning and try all day to live as if Christ were visible with us. It will keep us patient and sweet at breakfast time, even if the cereal has been scorched, or something has gone wrong in the kitchen. It will keep us kind and gentle when people jostle against us and do not do just as we would have them do. **It will make us strong** to endure temptation when we are put to the test in any way. We will do our work better, more honestly, more conscientiously, more skillfully, because the eye of the Master is on us. It should be possible to **practice the presence of Christ for one little day.** If we do this we can do it for a second day, and then a third day. It will bring a new

power into our lives, new energy, new fidelity, new joy.—Wellspring.

990. Cling fast to the hand that is leading you, though it be in darkness, though it be in deep waters; you know whom you have believed. Yield not for a single moment to misgivings about future storms.—J. A. Alexander.

991. The Syrian shepherd has two implements of his calling, neither of which is wanting when he is on full duty. His dress consists of an unbleached calico shirt, gathered in at the waist by a strong, red leather belt. Hung to the belt, the "leathern girdle" of Scripture, besides his rude clasp-knife and small leather pouch, or "scrip", is a formidable weapon of defence, **a stout bludgeon** now called in Arabic "naboot", used to protect himself and his charge from assailants. It is generally made of a species of oak, is about two feet long, and often has a large number of heavy iron nails driven into its rounded head, which render it a very deadly weapon. Sometimes it is fashioned from a species of willow which is peculiarly light, and at the same time exceedingly tough and strong. The club is easily attached to the belt, being furnished with a noose of cord passed through a hole in the end by which it is grasped.

The staff is generally a straight, strong rod. Its use answers to the English shepherd's crook, to guide the sheep, to recover them from danger, to rule the stragglers into order, and at times to chastise the willful.

Thy club and thy stay, they comfort me. Jehovah's club — that is, his arm of power—will battle down every foe. He guides us by the way, helps our infirmities, chastens us when we wander, rescues us from peril and leads us back into the "paths of righteousness."—James Neil, "Palestine Explored."

992. Dostoieffsky, in his powerful romance, The Idiot, describes **two Russians stopping before Holbein's picture of Jesus being lowered from the cross,** with mangled body, and traces of pain, wounds, and bruises on his limbs. **"I like looking at that picture,"** says one. "That picture!" exclaims his friend. "That picture! Why, **some people's faith is ruined by that picture!"** He goes on to explain that it is a representation of death as **a blind, implacable force,** working its will on this grand, priceless Being, himself worth more than all nature and all the earth. But as an evidence of Christ's great love his death utters a blessed message to his followers.

993. In some parts of India there are provided along the road resting places for those who carry heavy loads on their heads. **Such a resting place is called a Sumatanga.** These rests have a shelf where the traveler can easily drop his burden. Beneath is a shady, recessed seat where he can quietly rest. Referring to one of these a native Christian said, "Christ is my Sumatanga."

994. A repulsive-looking old woman who, after a life of unbelief, had been converted, became the subject of **persecution at the hands of her godless neighbors.** One venomously exclaimed, "I think you're **the ugliest old woman that I ever saw."** To which the old woman, her face beaming with a light that made her beautiful, replied in tears, **"Wasn't it wonderful that Christ could have loved an ugly old woman like me?"**—New York Observer.

995. In 1863, in the crisis of our Civil War, there was **an interesting phenomenon that took place in Virginia City in Nevada.** One day the **bright summer sky was suddenly overcast** with dense masses of threatening cloud, and the lightning played vividly. Suddenly on Mount Davidson's eastern slope that confronted the city, **a delicate golden tongue of flame was seen swaying in the wind.** For an hour that flame continued to sway to and fro on the mountain's brow. The explanation of it was simply this: there was **an unseen rift** in those dark, dense masses of cloud, **and through that rift the evening sun flung his luminous beams and lit up the American flag** that was raised on the summit of Mount Davidson. It was the national emblem that was glowing in the burning beams of the setting sun. The people stood there wrapped in admiration and entranced in astonishment. That flag was the **unknown signal of two victories that had taken place that day**—Vicksburg had yielded, and Gettysburg was won. Often there are dark, dense masses of cloud in our firmament; but, blessed be God, **there is a rift in the storm-cloud, and the Sun of righteousness shines forth with healing in his beams, and they rest on the flag of the Cross raised on the very mountain heights of the strongholds of Satan.** Let us stand and look at that symbol with thankfulness that Christ is not dead and never can die, and **by that sign shall we conquer.**—Dr. A. J. Pierson.

996. I have heard of a story of **a visitor who was supposed to be a resident of heaven,** who spent some time with a family on earth. People noticed that he seemed to find even in the **lowliest and most repulsive** men and women

something that was exceedingly attractive and toward which his heart went out. Upon asking him what it was that **caused him to love these seemingly unlovely persons,** he answered, "I have spent all my time with Jesus, and I love him with all my heart and soul. I have been with him so much that I have come to know the demeanor of his form and the look of his eye and almost every one of his gestures; and **as I looked at these people** that seemed to you so repulsive I could detect in every one of them some gesture or some expression of the face or voice that **reminded me of Jesus,** and I could not help loving them."—Mills.

997. There is a fresh-water fountain near the mouth of the Columbia River, where there is a large rise and fall of the tide. Twice a day the salt tide rises above that beautiful fountain and covers it over; but there it is, down deep under the salt tide, and when the tide has spent its force and gone back again to the ocean's depths, it sends out its pure waters fresh and clear as before. **So if the human heart be really a fountain of love to Christ it will send out its streams of fresh, sweet waters even in the midst of the salt tides of politics or business.**

998. When the freed slave, Sojourner Truth, was telling the pathetic story of her child who had been stolen from her and sold, she said "I didn't rightly know which way to turn; but I went to the Lord and I said to him, 'O Lord, if I was as rich as you be, and you was as poor as I be, I'd help you, you know I would: and oh, do help me!' and **I felt sure he would, and he did."** She was doing just what the New Testament exhorts us to do. "We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. **Let us therefore draw near with boldness** unto the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy, and may find grace to help us in time of need."—Monday Club Sermons.

999. Christian men and women, do you go through the world with your lips closed about him whom you say is your one true love, with lips locked concerning him that you regard with your deepest and strongest affection?—Alexander McLaren.

1000. We remember hearing a speaker tell how in his youth he and a young companion became **lost in the maze at Hampton Court;** they wandered about, tired, discouraged, but they felt sure they would find their way out presently, and they thought it would seem foolish to ask directions, though they saw an old man working not far off. All their efforts, however, proved unavailing, and at last they came with red faces to ask the old man if he could possibly tell them **how to get out** of the maze.

"Why," he answered, "that's just **what I am here for;** why did you not say you wanted to get out before?" And he put them at once on the right track.

There is One who stands ready to be **our Counsellor, our Guide, our Light,** in every labyrinth; instead of yielding to worry, let us simply ask him to take us by the hand and lead us through.—The Quiver.

1001. A train was descending the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains. Just as it was entering a deep cut, the brakes were suddenly set. Passengers looked from the windows to discover the cause. The engineer saw a little girl and her brother playing on the track. Close to the rail was a niche, out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant **the baby was thrust into this niche,** and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out: **"Cling close to the rock, Johnny! cling close to the rock!"** And he snuggled in and was saved. In a few hours the cars stopped at a station, where **an old man and his son got out.** The youth was going to an Eastern city to live, while the father was to turn back to his home. As the father stood holding the hand of his boy, tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was: **"Cling close to the Rock, my son!"**

1002. When **Omar Khayyam** was a pupil of the Imam Howaffah at Naishapur, he struck up a **friendship** with two other pupils who were of his own age, Hasam and Nizam. One day they **made a covenant** and pledge with one another that **whoever should gain a high position, should share his good fortune** with his less favored companions. The vow, it seems, was kept. **Nizam became vizier, and did not forget his friends,** both of whom received from him or through him what thy desired. **So Christ remembers his followers, when on his throne.**

1003. In England I was told of a lady who had been **bed-ridden for years.** She was one of those saints whom God polishes up for the kingdom. She said that for a long time she used to watch a bird that came to make its nest near her window. One year it came to make its nest, and it began **to build so low down she was afraid something would**

happen to the young; and every day that she saw the bird busy at work making its nest, she kept saying, **"O bird, build higher!"** One morning she awoke, looked out, and she saw nothing but feathers scattered all around, and she said: "Ah, the cat has got the old bird and all her young." It would have been a kindness to have torn that nest down. That is what God does for us very often —just snatches things away before it is too late. **If you build for time you will be disappointed. Build up yonder.** —Moody.

1004. Communion cultivates spiritual powers. The most beautiful things open not to the eye, but to the soul fitted to understand them. "Well, I do not see that she is much superior to other women," said a man to Newhall as he stood **in rapt admiration before the Sistine Madonna** in the Dresden gallery. Dr. Newhall says: "I made no reply; much less did I think of arguing the matter with him; for why should I attempt to prove beauty to a man on whom the Sistine Madonna had failed?"

1005. How truly Charles Kingsley's word-picture of "a friend" describes Christ. "One human soul whom we can trust utterly; who knows the best and worst of us, and who **loves us in spite of all our faults;** who will **speak the honest truth** to us while the world flatters us to our face, and laughs at us behind our back; who will **give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity** and self-conceit; but who will **comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty** and sorrow, when the world leaves us to fight our battle as we can."

1006. Christ's friendship costs quiet and ease oftentimes. There is an apocryphal saying, attributed to Christ, **"He that is near to me is near to the fire." He that is nearest to God will find Satan nearest to him.**

1007. An old English fisherman, a devout Christian, **anxious to hear Spurgeon preach,** went to his church. They were seating pew-holders first. An usher asked him if he belonged there. He said, "No, but do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I do," said the usher. **"Well he's my brother." They took him forward to a good seat at once.**—Major Whittle.

Prayer. (1008–1087)

1008. In all of our praying, said Dr. George Matheson, we must remember that there are **special seasons for the gifts of the heavenly Father.** Many a man asks in **April** a gift of Divine fruit that will only be **ripe in June.** Take the case of **Paul.** Immediately after his conversion he **prayed for a mission,** "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" He was answered by being **sent into the solitudes of Arabia.** Was the gratification of his prayer denied, then? No, it was postponed. He had asked at an unacceptable time. He had desired for April the fruits of June. **He was not ready for a mission.** The light from heaven had overheated him. He needed to be cooled down ere he could deal with the practical wants of men. Accordingly God prepared for him a place in the wilderness where he could rest and ponder. The mission was coming, but it was coming with the developed years; **it was hid in the bosom of the Father till the acceptable time.**

1009. Once **a sturdy Scot,** valiant in speech as in deed, British Ambassador to the Court of Prussia, sat at the table of **Frederick the Great,** then meditating a war whose sinews were to be mainly formed of English subsidies. Around the table sat French wits of the infidel sort. Suddenly the talk changed to war and war's alarms. Said the long-silent Scot, **"England would, by the help of God, stand by Prussia."** "Ah!" said infidel Frederick, **"I did not know that you had an Ally of that name;"** and the infidel wits smirked applause. "So please Your Majesty," was the swift retort, **"He is the only Ally to whom we do not send subsidies."** England's best ally is God; the times of her heroism and magnanimity have been the times when she was most obedient to him.— A. M. Fairbairn.

1010. James Hamilton tells of a gallant officer pursued by an overwhelming force, when he discovered that **his saddle girth was loose. He coolly dismounted,** repaired the girth by tightening the buckle, and then dashed away. The wise delay to repair damages sent him on in safety amid the huzzas of his comrades. The Christian soldier who hurries away in the morning **without stopping for prayer and Bible study** will be apt to ride all day with a broken buckle, and should he be pursued by the enemy, will **meet with defeat and disaster.**

1011. Delays are not denials. They have preserved in Bedford, England, the door of the jail which was locked on John Bunyan. I looked at it long and earnestly. I thought of the many prayers which Bunyan must have pleaded behind it that that door might swing open for him. Yet for **twelve years the bolts of that door stood undrawn.** But the delay was how affluently fruitful! Dreams were going on behind that door,

and the world needed them. When **"The Pilgrim's Progress"** of which Bunyan dreamed had taken shape and tangibility, **Bunyan's Lord, who had never for an instant forgotten him** while the slow years passed, **swung that jail door wide.** Let us give God time. **Sometimes quick answer would be worst answer. Let us learn delays are not denials.**—Wayland Hoyt.

The Puritans said that **"God answers prayer in kind or in kindness."**

1012. When Robert Morrison was on his way to China he was entertained in New York by a friend. As the notice of his arrival was short the friend gave up his own bedroom for the first night. **His child was left in the crib by Morrison's bed.** Awakening early, and expecting to see her mother, she was surprised to see a stranger. Fixing her eyes steadily on him she said, **"Man, do you pray to God?"** "O yes, my dear", he answered, "God is my best friend". At once reassured, she turned and fell quietly asleep.—N. Y. Observer.

1013. "The first sign that light is breaking in upon these dark hearts," writes Mrs. Winterbotham of Tientsin," "is that **something of the meaning and value of prayer is understood.** A woman told me that one bitter night, when the children could not sleep for cold and hunger, and she could no longer bear to hear them cry, she went to the door, and looking up to the stars, said, 'My Father in heaven, these are thy children as well as my children, and thou dost love them far better than I do.' 'After that', she said, **'I felt comforted, and they fell asleep.'"**

1014. Dr. McAfee says: "I wish it were wise to give the name of a **much-loved and well-known pastor,** whose long service in his present field began with failure and distrust. The wisest of his people came together after the first year, and faced their mistake in calling him. Manifestly, **he was not the man for the place,** for their church was 'peculiar,' as all churches are. Some one said, 'Are we sure he will fail? Have we done our part? Let us rally to him. **Let us pray for him;** let us see his good qualities, first and most, **let us pray him up.'.** To that they agreed, and **twenty-five years of happy pastorate have followed.** His friends say the change is greatest in himself. **Prayer was the power that changed preacher and people.**

1015. "Does your general abuse you", said one to one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers, "does he swear at you to make you march?" "Swear!" answered the soldier—"No: **Ewell does the swearing: Stonewall does the praying.** When Stonewall wants us to march he looks at us soberly, just as if he were sorry for us, and says, 'Men, we've got to make a long march.' **We always know when there is going to be a long march and right smart fighting, for old Jack is powerful on prayer just before a big fight."**

1016. "The great men of God in all ages have been men of great prayer. Few men enjoy the nearness to God enjoyed by **Brainerd** and **Spurgeon, Rutherford** and **Luther,** for the simple reason that few men are willing to undergo the sweat of the soul in prayer. Read this leaf out of the diary of **Brainerd:** 'Lord's Day, April 25th. This morning spent about two hours in sacred duties, and was enabled more than ordinarily to agonize for immortal souls. Though it was early in the morning, and the sun scarcely shone at all, yet my body was quite wet with sweat!' **Luther** in prayer the night long, before he appeared before the Diet at Worms, teaches how to gain strength to confess Christ.

1017. A fishing boat was caught in a heavy storm. The captain put the speaking trumpet to his lips and shouted to his men: **"All hope seems to be over;** let us prepare for the end," but when the boat righted itself and came again to the crest of the wave, he shouted: **"Lads, there is some one praying on the shore for us to-night,** and we will weather the storm," and sure enough there was. The fisher folk had gathered with their minister to pray to him who holds the wind in his fists and the seas in his hands.

1018. Constantine the Great was one day looking at some statues of noted persons who were represented **standing.** "I shall have mine taken **kneeling,"** said he, "for that is how I have risen to eminence." Thus it is with the Christian.

1019. It was while seated under an elm tree on the lawn at Reigate Priory, one day in June, and pondering on her doubts and fears as to the future life, that **Lady Henry Somerset heard,** as she believed, a voice deep down in her soul say to her, **"My child, act as though I were, and thou shalt know that I am."** That moment consecrated and shaped her life.

1020. When I was a boy away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I knew an old infidel who was eager to argue against the existence of a God. A young preacher resolved to visit him. He was sitting in his sawmill, just over the lever that lifts as the saw leaves the log, and while denouncing the Deity, that

lever sprang, catching him under the heels, and flinging him backward and downward, **headlong into the stream!** As he plunged, however, he shrieked out as loud as he could yell, **"God have mercy!"** The preacher ran around, waded into the water and drew the struggling man ashore. Said the pastor, "I thought that you did not believe in a God?" As soon as the infidel stopped strangling, he said in a subdued voice, "Well, **if there is no God, there ought to be, to help a man when he can't help himself.**"—Vanguard.

1021. In the pictures of St. Gudule she is always **represented as shielding a lantern with her hand.** The story runs that being compelled to **pass through a dense forest** on her way to the chapel an evil spirit met her and **blew out her light.** She uttered a swift prayer; **"Lord, help,"** when straightway a warm breath from above rekindled it. Once more it was blown out, and again prayer rekindled it. **And so on until she reached the chapel.** Prayer and vigilance are the conditions of spiritual safety.

1022. 'Tis the fire that will burn what thou canst not pass over,
'Tis the lightning that breaks away all bars to love,
'Tis a sunbeam, the secret of God to discover,
'Tis the wing David prayed for—**the wing of the Dove.**

1023. A young man, a lieutenant in the army, said an evangelist, sprang to his feet in one of our meetings and said, "In the last letter I got from my mother, she told me that every night as the sun went down **she prayed for me.** She begged of me, when I got her letter, to go away alone, and yield myself to God. I put the letter in my pocket, thinking there would be plenty of time." He went on to say that the **next news that came from home was that that mother was gone.** He went out into the woods alone, and cried to his mother's God to have mercy upon him. As he stood in the meeting with his face shining, that lieutenant said: **"My mother's prayers are answered;** and my only regret is that she did not live to know it; but I will meet her by-and-by". So, though we may not live to see it, the answer to our prayers will come.

1024. Some years ago an infidel English gentleman visited America and spent some days with a pious friend. Four years afterward he returned to the same house—a Christian. He told them that when he was present at their **family worship,** on the first evening of his former visit, and when, after the chapter was read, they all knelt down to pray, the recollection of such scenes rushed on his memory so that he did not hear a single word. But the occurrence made him think, and his thoughtfulness ended in finding a quiet rest in the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ.—Christian Advocate.

1025. In the autumn of 1882 the King Binoka of the Sandwich Islands, dispatched an open boat containing nine men and three women to one of the neighboring islands on business. In returning the current drifted them to the west, and they found themselves on the wide ocean, without compass, with a few gallons of water and a small supply of food. Six weeks later seven had died of thirst and exposure. On December 9th rain fell, and they caught the water in their mats. On December 10th, 1882, seven hundred miles away from Apemama, the "Northern Light" merchant ship from New York hove in sight, and **rescued the five survivors.** The captain says: **"A more devout band of Christians I never met.** When first hauled out of their cheerless cockleshell, more dead than alive, and placed safely on board a comfortable ship, **a man who appeared to be the leader gave thanks to God with becoming reverence.** They then fell on the deck in a state of utter exhaustion. Brandy and other stimulants were administered, but their leader refused them, repeating his only words of English, 'Me Missionary.'" These waifs were taken first to Yokohama, thence to San Francisco, and then to Honolulu, so that in three nations they might be seen as **illustrations of the power of the Gospel over the hearts of the heathen, and the value of the Gospel to the most benighted.**—E. W. Gilman, D. D.

1026. Nothing like this calm drawing near to God, in heart, and resting under the sense of his presence, can arm us for holy living, and the way of approach to this communion with the Father of souls is given by the Psalmist, "I have set the Lord always before me".

1027. In "Daniel Quorm and His Religious Notions," Daniel tells of **staying with a gentleman,** a very religious kind of a man, and of **his family prayer** in the morning, that he might be kept from sin, and might have a Christlike spirit and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus. But all through the day, in the house and in the field, he found **him scolding and finding fault** with everybody and everything. At length Daniel said, **"You must be very much disappointed, sir."** In answer to the puzzled inquiry, he reminded the far-

mer of his morning prayer and **the specific things he asked for,** the Christ-like spirit, the mind of Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in the heart. "He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. **We should stare very often if the Lord should answer our prayers."**

1028. To a distinguished minister in London a few years ago, came a sorrowing father, who said to him: "You meet many young men, and of all kinds. **You may some time meet my son.** He has been gone from home for a long time, and has caused me much pain. If you meet him, say to him that his mother and I will welcome him when he returns." The minister told the story in a sermon, and the sermon was printed and went abroad. **The wayward lad has not yet come home,** and a father and mother with whitening hair still wait and pray. **But far away in America a young man read the sermon, and thought of another father and mother,** his own, and remembered that he, too, was "the child of many prayers;" and he resolved that the upward-rising prayers on his behalf should waste themselves no longer. And the story has not spent itself with the first telling; for who knows but that when it is told again it will **touch the heart of another child of many prayers,** and perhaps even of him for whom they were offered, and are offered still, by the father and mother in the far-away London home?

1029. Benjamin Franklin's prayer.

"From a cross neighbor, and a sullen wife,
A pointless needle and a broken knife;
From suretyship, and from an empty purse,
A smoking chimney and a jolting horse;
From a dull razor and an aching head;
From a bad conscience and a buggy bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee;
From each of these, good Lord, deliver me."

1030. The electro-magnet is a piece of soft iron, like a horseshoe, around which is coiled a fine wire, in many coils. Through that wire passes **a current of electricity.** As this current sweeps around the helices which hold the nerveless, pulseless iron, **it imparts to the iron a strange power**—a power to which it is an utter stranger until this current comes. Our cold, dead hearts lie weak and nerveless before the burdens and conflicts of life; we have no impulse and no energy; the slightest effort is too great to make. And then **we place ourselves within the influence of prayer.** We kneel before the mercy seat, and wrap ourselves around with the currents of spiritual force which prayer affords. And, as those heavenly forces pass and repass through our souls, stimulating and strengthening our irresolute wills, and rousing our affections with divine energy, we find the blessed fulfillment of that long-cherished truth of God's word, **He giveth power to the faint** and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."—A. Nachbar.

1031. One day, while toiling away at my house (Tanna Island), the war chief and his brother, and a large party of **armed men, surrounded the plot where I was working.** They all had muskets besides their own native weapons. They watched me for some time in silence, and then every man levelled a musket at my head. Escape was impossible. Speech would only have increased my danger. My eyesight came and went for a few minutes. **I prayed to my Lord Jesus** either himself to protect me, or to take me home to his glory. I tried to keep working on at my task as if no one was near me. Retiring a little from their first position, no word having been spoken, they took up the same attitude farther off, and seemed to be urging one another to fire the first shot. But **my dear Lord restrained them** once more, and they withdrew, leaving me with a new reason for trusting him with all that concerned me for time and eternity. —Paton.

1032. It is sometimes urged that prayer is mysterious. So is everything, if we stop to think about it. **Matter is a mystery.** Nobody knows what matter is. **Force is a mystery.** Nobody knows what force is. **Gravitation** is a mystery. Nobody knows what gravitation is. Nobody knows what takes place when we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of coffee. Whether the change is mechanical or chemical, the very wisest men are not able to say. We know just one thing, that by dropping sugar into the coffee the coffee is sweetened. For most of us that is enough. We know that **by dropping a prayer into a day we sweeten the day.** How this is brought about we do not know. Who has sight so keen and strong that it can follow the flight of song or the flight of prayer? Why should we not be as reasonable and practical in our religion as we are at the dinner table? —Charles E. Jefferson.

1033. Mohammedans tell us that one prayer offered in Mecca is worth eighty thousand prayers offered anywhere else. The followers of some other religions entertain similar beliefs. Christ clearly taught that there is a place for prayer

to which he attaches special importance. Where is that place? It is the secret place.—Dr. D. J. Burrell.

1034. Prayer is a necessity of our humanity rather than a duty. To force it as a duty is dangerous. Christ did not. —F. W. Robertson.

1035. A youth in a school in Edinburg attended a prayer-meeting, and said to his teacher who conducted it, "Teacher, I wish my sister would read the Bible. I am sure it would do her good, and she would be converted and be saved." "Do you think so?" "Yes, I do, sir, and I wish you would ask the people to pray for my sister that she may read the Bible." **So the teacher asked that prayer should be offered for the sister.** John was observed to get up and go out. The next day the teacher said to him, "John, it was very rude of you to get up in the prayer-meeting and go out." "Oh, sir," said the boy, "I did not mean to be rude; but **I thought I should just like to go home and see my sister reading the Bible the first time."** Thus ought we to believe and watch with expectation for answers to our prayers.—Spurgeon.

1036. Philip Henry upon a studying day wrote: "**I forgot** when I began, explicitly and expressly **to crave help** from God; and the chariot-wheels drove accordingly. Lord, forgive my omissions, and keep me in the way of duty."

1037. The book of Psalms contains about **fifty references to help,** and two thoughts seem to be clearly brought out by them: vain is the help of man; sufficient is the help of God. **An old divine** is reported as saying, **"If God drops not down his assistance, we write with a pen that hath no ink."**

1038. A child might say to a geographer: "You talk about the earth being round! Look on this great crag; look on that deep dell; look on yonder great mountain, and the valley at its feet, and yet you talk about the earth being round." . . . **The geographer's view is comprehensive;** he does not look at the surface of the world in mere detail; he does not deal with inches and feet and yards; he sees a larger world than the child has had time to grasp. . . .And **so it is with God's wonderful dealings with us:** there are great rocks and barren deserts, deep, dank, dark pits and defiles, and glens and dells, rugged places that we cannot smooth over at all; and yet when he comes to say to us at the end of the journey, "Now, look back; there is the way that I have brought you," we shall be enabled to say, **"Thou hast gone before us, and made our way straight."**—Joseph Parker.

1039. The poet who composes a sonnet may not be able to tell you why the inspiration came to him at that particular moment; for it may have been the outcome of his soul throughout the whole of his life. **So may it be with our prayers; they may be the juice of a life-vintage,** the ripened harvest of youth and manhood. In any case, God prepares the heart to be blest when he is prepared to bless it.—Spurgeon.

1040. A young soldier was shooting for a prize. Taking his turn with others, he had waited until his chance had come to fire for the heart of the target. His hand was steady as he drew up his rifle. His eye was clear. **But he failed.** The barrel swerved to one side strangely, and he missed gaining the prize. What was the cause of his failure? A bit of **rust in his gunbarrel!** For several days he had failed to clean the inside of that barrel. **So he missed gaining the trophy.**

It is not all of the Christian life to seem true. Polishing the outside will not keep off the rust within. The heart life must correspond with the outward profession. **Keep the heart right by constant vigilance.**—Kind Words.

1041. An evangelist said, **"A young lady came forward one night to profess faith in Christ** and unite with the church. I did not recognize her, and yet I could see from her manner that she knew me well. She gave me her name, but I had forgotten even that. Then she said: "Do you not remember how, soon after you came to R——, you **came to see a widow and her little girl** in the cabin back of the old hotel?" Yes, I remembered that. It was cold weather. They had but one room; a few lumps of coal and a few sticks of wood in the fire-place; and I had talked with them, cheered them a little, and she said that I prayed with them, though I had forgotten that fact. A few weeks later they left the town, and had entirely passed from my memory. **"I was that girl,"** said the young lady; "and though I have never seen you since, **I have never forgotten that prayer** that you offered for us that day, and the words of that prayer were what led me to give my heart to Christ, though this is the first time I had any opportunity to profess it."

1042. Early in the history of the Fiji mission, according to Rev. James Colvert, they used a printing press to issue the New Testament. In the midst of the work their printer left, and it seemed impossible to secure another. **Earnest prayer** was made for help. Then it

came to pass that **a French count, an infidel, who was wrecked, was deeply awakened,** and sought and found mercy and saving grace. **I taught him printing** and bookbinding, and **just when we were in our deepest need he became a most efficient laborer with us.** He would make our sails, splice a rope, floor a house, put in windows, make a door and put it in. He became **a school teacher and a local preacher.** The people felt he loved them, and the best of our converts from any part of Fiji were ready to settle down and work with him. A new edition of the New Testament, and of the books we required, were well done and quickly supplied, helping on the work amazingly. **A whole-hearted and capable man like that was beyond price.**

1043. Ivan of Russia was accustomed to go disguised among his people, spending hours in the humble cots of the peasants. If welcomed to their poverty **he would return in his chariot,** adopt the youngest child, pay for its education, fit it for the palace. **So Christ enriches and ennobles the lives of those who welcome him to their hearts by prayer and loving meditation.**

1044. Mr. Finney tells how a lifeless prayer-meeting, before his conversion, nearly made him an atheist. He says: "This inconsistency, the fact that these Christians **prayed so much and were not answered,** was a sad stumbling-block to me. I knew not what to make of it." When he was asked if he did not desire their prayers, he said: "No; I am conscious that I am a sinner, but **I do not see that it will do any good for you to pray for me,** for you are continually asking, **but you do not receive."**

1045. Monica, the mother of Augustine, prays for her son. For a time he goes deeper and deeper into sin, and it seems that the mother's supplications are unheard or unavailing. But **she faints not;** she will not give him up; she refuses to be disheartened. For many years **her son wanders from God,** farther and farther but she stays at her altar, undismayed, believing still and pleading with renewed earnestness. **At last all her intercessions are answered in one hour when Augustine falls down at Jesus' feet** in submission, and instantly turns all the wealth of his splendid life into the service of his new Master.

1046. "Mother", said a young collegian one day to his mother as she was taking leave of him, "I cannot tell you how precious Jesus has been to me the last few weeks, since I left home and came to this college. It seems to me that **I had never really known him before. I am led to tell him every little thing** that concerns me; **all my secrets,** and everything I used to tell you; and he seems so near and so real."

When the mother of that lad told us this little story she said, with tears of joy standing in her eyes: **"I am sure I may leave him in peace now.** I dreaded to give him up, for he has never been away from home and its influences before, **but if he turns to Jesus Christ,** and makes of him the confidant which he has ever made of me, then it is good for him that he has gone away from home."—Words and Weapons.

1047. A poor woman left with her eight children and hardly a crust in the house or a coal in the grate **may fall a-praying,** and open the Bible at some grand psalm, and wet it with her tears, **and pledge our God to it;** and somehow, she could not tell how, **but somehow the angel came and help arrived,** and the darkness was mitigated, and the morning dawned upon the far-off hills, and she took heart again; and boy after boy went out, and turned out to be good and useful.—Joseph Parker, D. D.

1048. The Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, was **opened by the touching of a button** in the White House by Mr. Roosevelt. He knew when to touch the button because a message flashed across the continent: "All things are now ready." **God waits,—we say it reverently,—for our message to sweep up to him.**—The Interior.

1049. Prayer attaches us to Christ. The first duty is to attach oneself; **detachment comes afterwards. The chrysalis covering in which the butterfly was prisoned only breaks and falls away when the insect's wings have grown—** it is by opening that these burst their melancholy integuments. We only begin to detach ourselves from the world when we have **learned to know something of a better.** Till then we are but capable of disappointment and weariness, which are not detachment."—Alexander Vinet.

1050. Men make rope out of many fine threads. One thread alone will not bear much stress; but **a thousand threads twisted together make a mighty cable** which will hold the ship against the storm. **So home prayers may seem weak threads** as they are breathed out from quivering, trembling lips; **but thousands of them make a mighty cable which binds the child to the throne of Christ** so firmly that no blast of evil can sweep him away. Every prayer makes the cable stronger. The parent

may die without seeing his supplications answered, or his child converted; but **his prayers die not with him.**—Presbyterian.

1051. A friend of mine faced the question of the ministry. His inclinations were to secular pursuits. His mental gifts promised him wealth and position in business. He was a Christian, and he inquired of the Lord. There followed evidence, clear and distinct to him, of the Lord's will. **As he prayed, there came a letter that called him to preach.** As he saw it, it was either "give thyself to the ministry, or disobey thy Lord and forfeit life with him." His ministry has been a blessing to numbers and a joy to himself.—Augsburg Teacher.

1052. We see **the products of vegetative-vital forces taken possession of by animal-vital, and grouped into still more strange and higher compounds,** and the chemic compelled to play a part foreign to their first estate. We find that **we can by sheer will-power compel even the higher forces of animal vitality,** and through them the lower, **to do our bidding.**

If the vegetative forces can thus dominate over the atomic, the animal over the vegetative, and the will of man over all, **what valid objection can science urge to the Christian's creed, that God's will can, by direct impressment, effect combinations in the elements,** which nature's forces, indirectly, and uncompelled, bring about by slower processes, according to the terms of their divine commission.—W. H. Kingsley.

1053. Daniel was systematic in his religion. At nine and at twelve and at three o'clock he was accustomed to pray. It may seem absurd to talk about **system in piety,** and method in holiness, but we propose to stand by this absurdity and push it. You may call it **clockwork Christianity if you choose.** The old dispensation was inlaid with method, exactness and precision. Daniel not only **prayed regularly** three times a day, but he was accustomed to go to a particular room, before a particular window, and kneel down with his face towards Jerusalem. And **Daniel was a safe man to trust in times of emergency.**—Parkhurst.

1054. "Some time after the war with Spain I was at Wilmington, Del., on business, and I asked the clerk at the hotel what ship was there. He said it was the **Texas.** 'And Capt. Philips commands her,' said I. 'I wish I could see him.' 'He sits there,' said the clerk, and pointed across the hotel lobby to a man who fitted perfectly my idea of the American sailor. I walked over and introduced myself. We breakfasted together, and afterwards he took me to the ship, where I spent the entire day. I asked him about that prayermeeting after the battle of Santiago He said: **"When I was a boy up in New England my mother taught me to pray,** and I can repeat to you today whole chapters that I then learned from the Bible. Men say sailors are wicked; perhaps they are; but there never was a man so wicked who forgot the teachings at his mother's knee when a child, or who failed to support himself with the recollection in crises. Well, sir, it is true. **When the battle ended and the smoke lifted** from the face of the water and revealed the power of Spain crushed for the sake of humanity, and **we were overwhelmed** with the knowledge that the rain of the shot and shell had passed to the right and the left and over and under the old Texas, **we did lift our voices in prayer of thanks to the Almighty God whose victory it was;** and I saw tears streaming down the faces of old salts in whose bosoms no man would suspect to find a heart. Why, Mr. Landis, if your hat blows off and a man returns it to you, you thank him; you fall on the street and some one aids you to regain you feet, you express gratitude. It was **the arm of God which won our battle for us,** and we lifted our voices in thanks.' I have been told by men prominent in the affairs of other nations that that incident evoked more interest and exerted a greater influence upon the nations of the world, even than did the invincibility of our arms in the Spanish War."—Hon. C. B. Landis.

1055. Judge James A. Bilbro, the circuit judge now presiding **at Scottsboro,** was amongst the profoundest lawyers in North Alabama. As a circuit judge he had no superior in the State; his clear-cut legal discriminations delighted the legal profession. He adopted the practice of **opening his court every morning with a short lesson read from the Bible, and prayer.**—Scottsboro Age.

1056. Take **a common result of prayer, transformation of character.** You remember in **Tennyson's "Holy Grail"** how Percival tells of **the maid who prayed** that it might be given her to see the vision, and through prayer her eyes became

"Beyond my knowing of them beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness."—Henry Sloane Coffin.

1057. Before musicians begin to play, they attend to their strings and see that their instruments are in order; you wish that the operation could be dispensed

with, but it cannot be, and it is one of the most needful parts of the musician's work. Until he has learned to tune his instrument, what does he know? Until he has tuned it, what can he do? **So must we be in the spirit of prayer if we would pray aright.**

1058. There is power in united prayer, in united purpose. Says **Froude:** "The minds of men are like a train of **gunpowder,** the isolated grains of which have no relation to each other, and no effect on each other while they remain unignited; but let a spark kindle but one of them, and **they shoot into instant union in a common explosion."**

1059. True prayer is sure to be marked by deep reverence. There will always be a feeling of awe of God. A short time before his death **Dr. Dale said to Dr. Berry,** who recently joined him in the better world, "Dr. Berry, **no one is afraid of God now."** I fear there is much truth in this utterance. Men can babble, but they cannot pray, when fear of God is gone.—M. Rhodes, D. D.

1060. Dr. Broadus, when pastor near a great university, **called on one of the students to pray.** He says: "In the course of a simple, earnest prayer, such as a truly intelligent and loving soul might be expected to make, he used an expression which sank into the very soul of me, and which I have remembered, I think, dozens of times. He said: **"O Lord, please take us as we are, for Jesus' sake, and make us, by the Holy Spirit, what we ought to be."**

1061. When we had diphtheria here (the Shelter for Destitute Children), there were **twenty cases** among the children, and no one would watch. Our president, Miss Jackson, and Mrs. Searle both knew our need, and both believed we would get assistance. **Miss Jackson went home to pray over it.** Mrs. Searle commended the praying and added, **"A little foot-power will be needed to go with it;** so while Miss Jackson prays, I will furnish the foot-power." Thus, through the prayer of faith and the feet of faith, the necessary nurses were secured.—H. L. Hastings.

1062. A little girl once said to her father, "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. **I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven;** but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took the little girl in his arms and told her that even **though God were surrounded by all his holy angels singing him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he would say to them, "Hush! stop the singing for a while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."**—Drummond.

1063. Humboldt describes his sensations during an earthquake experienced in one of the cities on the west coast of South America. He says there was first that mysterious shiver of the earth accompanied with a rumbling sound, which startled everyone and sent them flying out of their houses into the streets. Then came the long, swelling movement, **as though the very earth were turned into the moving and rolling ocean.** Then the people fled in wild confusion from the city to the hill country lying about. The ocean felt the earthquake, and rolled its waters up like **a mighty tidal wave,** tearing the shipping from their anchorages and casting them high upon the shore. The very mountains seemed to move on their bases. In fact, look where he would, out to sea or inward toward the mountains, everything was shaking and rocking under the mighty power of the earthquake. It was **a moment of awful and indescribable terror, until he chanced to look upward to the sky,** where the serene and cloudless vault of Heaven overspanned the earth, unaffected by the agitation that was moving everything on, and the very earth itself. **This look into the quiet and peaceful Heavens brought peace** to his involuntary terror, and enabled him to recover his presence of mind. Sometimes it is even so with the Christian. The very earth and everything that belongs to earth and time are moved by some mighty spiritual convulsion. Nothing seems certain but death. **Then we look up to Heaven in prayer and see the face of Jesus Christ. This brings quiet to our hearts.**—Words and Weapons.

1064. E. P. Allen relates the story of **a veteran missionary** who, on returning to China after a long absence from the field, received, on the very day of his return, **a visit from a former convert.** The Chinese Christian **brought with him six countrymen who had been led to Christ** out of the horrible filth and degradation of the opium habit. **"What remedy did you use?"** asked the rejoicing missionary. **The Chinaman's only answer was to point to his knees!** Ah! he had prayed for them; he had induced them to pray for themselves. **And as a result, here these six men were, clean and sound** in body and mind, and songs of joy and praise to God were upon their lips.—"The Fisherman and His Friends."

1065. Pastor Gossner single-handed sent into the field 144 missionaries; including the wives of those married, 200. Besides providing outfit and passage, he had never less than twenty missionaries depending directly on him for support. **How did he raise the necessary funds? "He prayed up the walls of an hospital and the hearts of the nurses;** he prayed mission stations into being, and missionaries into faith; **he prayed open the hearts of the rich and gold from distant lands."**—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

1066. Luther draws a beautiful **parallel between Paul's entreaty with Philemon for Onesimus and Christ's intercession with the Father for us,** adding, "For we are all his Onesimi, to my thinking." The great Missionary "who went about doing good" is the great Intercessor; and from Pentecost down he has stamped that characteristic on his work. If a man believes himself Christ's Onesimus, he will have no doubts about prayer in his name. **If one prayer is answered, every prayer must be.**—Missionary Review.

1067. Professor Austin Phelps quotes **a letter of Sir Fowell Buxton's on a parliamentary vote important to West India emancipation:** "What led to that division? If ever there was a subject which occupied **our prayers,** it was this. Do you remember how we desired that God would give me his Spirit in that emergency; how we quoted the promise, **'He that lacketh wisdom, let him ask it of the Lord,** and it shall be given him'; and how I kept open that passage in the Old Testament, in which it is said, 'We have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee'—the Spirit of the Lord replying, 'Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the **battle is not yours, but God's'?** I sincerely believe that prayer was the cause of that division."

1068. Prayer lifts the soul above life's fogs. An Alpine traveler has told us how one day he set out from Geneva, **in a dense fog,** to climb the Alps. After ascending for some hours, he came out above the mist, and saw **the cloudless sky above him,** and around him on every hand the snow-capped peaks shining in the sunlight. In the valley below lay the fog like a waveless ocean, and as he stood on the overhanging crag, he could hear the chime of bells, the lowing of cattle, and the sound of labor coming up from the villages below. And now and then out of the cloudy sea below a **bird would shoot up, which, after rejoicing in the sunshine and singing a sweet song,** would dive down again and disappear.— Taylor.

1069. I like to imagine that there is **an invisible telephone line stretching between my Father's house and me.** As early as possible in the morning, I like to take down the receiver and after saying, "Dear Father, in heaven," wait until the assurance of his presence at the other end of the line fills my heart and soul with peace. Then, waiting **in the hushed joy of the silent communion, I gather strength for the day.**—Harriet Burch Wharton.

1070. The story of the experiences of the Church Missionary Society of England is well known: "Its **first Day of Intercession** was appointed for December, 1872. **The day was spent in prayer** offered distinctly and definitely for **more men."** It was followed by more offers for service than it had ever received. In the five years following "it **sent out 112 men,** whereas in the five years preceding 1873 it had sent out but 51." In 1810 special prayer was offered for **money,** for which there was great need. In a few months **$135,000 was raised** "to wipe out the deficit; and this was followed by **$150,000 specially contributed** for extension, as well as by other special gifts and a substantial advance in the ordinary income." In the latter part of 1884 men were sorely needed, and a day was appointed to pray for them. The previous evening Mr. Wigram was summoned to Cambridge "to see a number of graduates and **undergraduates who desired to dedicate themselves** to the Lord's work abroad." More than a hundred university men met him, and he returned to the prayer-meeting next day to prove to his colleagues the promise, "Before they call, I will answer."—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

1071. Dr. G. F. Pentecost's retort to an educated Buddhist who was swinging his prayer-wheel and repeating meaningless words: "What are you praying for?"

"O, nothing."

"Whom are you praying to?"

"O, nobody."

"And that is Buddhism. Praying for nothing—to nobody."

1072. I am reminded of the words of **an old Methodist minister:** "If you have so much business to attend to that you have **no time to pray,** depend upon it **you have more business on hand than God ever intended you should have."**—Moody.

1073. Two boys, belonging to the chaplains of two different men-of-war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living,

"How often, Jack", says one of them, "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Ay", says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea."

1074. A successful pastor said: After I had preached my **first sermon** and the people had presented themselves to say kind words of cheer **an old man** came walking down the aisle, leaning upon his staff because of his age, and he said to me: "We have always had a man of large experience, and the church is large." Then he came nearer and said: **"But I have made up my mind to help you."** I wondered in my own mind what he could do. He added: **"I have determined to pray for you every day** that you are pastor of this church, and I have covenanted with **two other men** to pray for you." The three men soon grew to **ten,** and the ten to **fifty,** and the fifty to **two hundred,** until in these days from **350 to 500 consecrated men bow their heads in prayer with me every Sunday morning at 9:45, praying God's blessing upon me as I preach, and upon the people as they listen.** The most wonderful place in all the world to preach is in a church where the atmosphere is permeated with the petitions of faithful Christians for God's blessing upon his ministers.

1075. A great banquet was given at Leeds in 1881, at which Mr. Gladstone was to make an important address upon the Irish question. By arrangement he did not dine with the public company, but came in quietly when dinner was done, and took his seat by the side of the chairman. He had hardly done so when **he covered his face with his hands and remained with his head bowed for several minutes.** The next evening Mrs. Gladstone said to me: "Did you see him last night when he came to the dinner-table, and how he covered his face with his hands?" I said I had done so. "Well," she said, **"he was praying."** That was the most important speech of all, and he was so **anxious that he might do good** rather than harm by what he was about to say."—Religious Herald.

1076. The prayer that has power with God must be a prepaid prayer. If we expect a letter to reach its destination we put a stamp on it; otherwise it goes to the Dead-letter Office. There is what may be called a **Dead-prayer Office,** and thousands of well-worded petitions get buried up there. **All of God's promises have their conditions;** we must comply with those conditions or we cannot expect the blessings coupled with the promises. **In prayer, we must first be sure that we are doing our part if we expect God to do his part.**—Independent.

1077. A business man in a large city tells of his perplexity when a young man. His partner, who had been connected with the firm for many years, was taken ill and compelled to take a sea voyage. **The entire responsibility of the business was suddenly thrown on the young man,** whose experience was limited. He trembled when he thought of the disaster which might come to the business in the absence of his senior partner. When they separated the young man went to a vacant room in the building, locked the door and **prayed fervently for divine guidance and help.** This he did every morning, and when his partner returned it was found that the business had prospered more in his absence than in his presence. All this might have happened if no prayer had been offered, and it might not. The morning prayer, his confidence in the help of God all tended to encourage his heart, to strengthen him for the burden. And who shall say that his success was not a direct answer to prayer?

Prayer and Disease. (1078–1087)

1078. There is no more evidence that God means to heal us whenever we are sick, precisely as he healed Peter's wife's mother on that memorable Sabbath, instantaneously, miraculously and without use of means or medicine, **than there is that he expects to feed us as he fed the five thousand,** or to pay our ordinary taxes as he once paid Peter's, with money from a fish's mouth.—Monday Club Sermons.

1079. The value of a vital religious life for health and happiness: In a time when so much is being made of suggestion and auto-suggestion is it not opportune for the church to declare that **whatever else prayer may be it is auto-suggestion** under the most favorable circumstances? The man in prayer is quiet, calm, absent-minded to all that can disturb because he is in communion with his God. In other words, **he is in an attitude which every successful practitioner of psychotherapy regards as absolutely necessary before suggestion can become effective.** When in this attitude every petition is an unconscious auto-suggestion and the more faith behind the petition the more powerful it is as auto-suggestion. Furthermore, prayer creates an attitude of mind and a condition of spirit in which alone certain

diseases can be overcome and harmony of body and mind restored.—Rev. Chauncey F. Hawkins.

1080. Two women were conversing on the front porch.

"**I am so nervous,**" said one, "and I have so many little things to worry about. These little worries seem to me to be important, too; and often cause me a great uneasiness and anxiety."

"Too bad," murmured the second woman.

"You never worry, do you? Perhaps you have nothing to worry about. I don't see how you can keep so calm at all times. What do you do with your perplexities?"

The other woman hesitated before replying, and then said: "I'll tell you just what I do. **Whenever anything bothers me, I go straight to my bedroom, enter in and shut the door; then I kneel down before my bed, and talk to God.** I tell him all about it. Oh, what a comfort it is! I tell him what bothers me, and how anxious I am; and I ask him, if it is his will, to deliver me, to comfort me, either by answering my prayer in a wonderful way, or by lifting my burden."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the nervous lady.

"**You would laugh, perhaps, if I would tell you of the little things about which I pray,** but which are so necessary to my happiness, or the happiness of others, perhaps. Jesus comes very near to me at such times, and treats me so much better than I deserve. **Prayer, or talking to God, is a sure cure for worry; try it.** Although he may not always answer my prayers in the way I ask, yet my mind is relieved of my burden.

1081. Because occasionally an insane person, in his incoherent essays, dwells chiefly on **religious questions,** the unthinking jump to the conclusion that often **religion is responsible** for mental unbalance. Some one wrote Dr. A. B. Richardson, the **superintendent of an insane asylum in Ohio** for information, perhaps expecting to get confirmation of the notion that religion and insanity are closely related. The doctor's answer is worth quoting: "You have asked me a very easy question. I have tested that matter thoroughly. There are **only two patients in the hospital whose insanity has any relation to religion,** and I think, from their predisposition to insanity, that they would probably have become insane on some other subject, if they had not on religion. Now, if you had asked me how many people in Ohio are **kept by religion from insanity** and out of these hospitals, you would have given me a question hard to answer, for they are a multitude. The good cheer, bright hopes, rich consolations, good tempers, regular habits, and glad songs of religion are such an antidote for the causes of insanity that thousands of people in Ohio are preserved from insanity by them. **But for the beneficial influence of religion, Ohio would have to double the capacity of her hospitals in order to accommodate her insane patients."**

1082. We believe that **all help possible should be derived from medicinal remedies.** But the instances are numerous enough in which medicine can go no further, and the doctors surrender the case with the confession that they can do no more. In such instances **God no doubt often interposes in answer to believing intercession and restores the sufferer.** Here is the peculiar sphere of the prayer of faith for the sick, in which, we boldly say, the healing ministry of Jesus Christ should not be despised. For now it is possible, since the hand of man failed, that the hand of the Lord should be recognized, and glory won for his name. Missionaries are naturally shy of revealing their experiences in this field, if they have such, owing to the opprobrium attaching to so-called **"faith-healing."** But the writer, from the fact of his views on this subject being known, has had the honor to be much confided in by missionaries, especially those of the China Inland Society, who have made successful use of intercession for the sick. Their testimony as to the impression of **supernatural cures** upon the heathen is very strong.—Gordon.

1083. The firmament of Bible story blazes with answers to prayer, from the days when Elijah unlocked the heavens on to the days when the petitions in the house of John Mark unlocked the dungeon and brought liberated Peter into their presence. **The whole field of providential history is covered with answered prayers** as thickly as bright-eyed daisies cover our Western prairies. Find thy happiness in pleasing God, and sooner or later he will surely grant thee the desires of thy heart.—Independent.

1084. Dr. Mackenzie told how he and his colleague, Bryson, prayed day after day for two months for a hospital in Tientsin; and then, by means of a remarkable cure wrought through prayer by skill for the wife of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, that statesman was led to offer a temple and an income for the now successful hospital.—Pierson.

1085. On every hand, there is testi-

mony that a close relation exists between the Christian faith and physical and mental soundness. Christian faith carries self-control in proportion as it becomes a dominant factor in the life. It prevents excesses, it produces quiet and normal habits, it tends to equanimity of mind, and gives an inspiration in the direction of better things generally. Faith is confidence in God. It recognizes him as the ruler of all and as having beneficent purposes toward men. It, therefore, provides a solid basis for life, and produces that confidence in the general outcome which exhibits itself in a well-balanced mind. Extremes are avoided, and violence to the established laws of life is in good measure prevented. **The average life of Christian people is longer than the average of others. Ministers,** who are special representatives of the religious life, are especially accepted as among the best risks of insurance companies.—United Presbyterian.

1086. When Melanchthon was seriously ill at Weimar in 1540 Luther audaciously stormed the heights of heaven, came back, took Philip's hand and thundered in his ear the words: **"Be of good comfort, Philip, you will not die! Our Lord God must hear me! I have pleaded all his promises on prayer in the Holy Scriptures that I could remember; so that he must hear me!"** Melanchthon awoke as out of a deep swoon; began to breathe deeply and regularly; new life burst through his veins; and he became well. He afterward said: "I would have died had I not been snatched by Luther's coming and petition from death's grasp."

1087. There are those in every community who carry with them, wherever they go, an influence of healing and blessing. They bear into a sick room a delicate sympathy which not only enters into the experience of the suffering, but puts new cheer and hope into the heart of the sufferer. They speak encouraging and inspiring words. Their face has in it a message of cheer wherever it appears. They bring some promise of God, some word of hope and encouragement.—Forward.

Christian Love. (1088–1142)

1088. Spurgeon's famous illustration of the relation of our love for God to our love for man was the **fountain with an upper and lower basin.** The upper represented our love to God. **It's overflow is our love to man.** Only that love to man which has its origin in, and is the surplusage of our love to God, is of the highest type. **Philanthropy must be rooted in religion** to endure.

1089. Gladstone in his criticism of **"Robert Elsmere"** used **the oak tree illustration.** A farmer seeing a flourishing oak in his field conceives the notion that the foliage does not need the roots. So he **girdles the tree,** and returning next day, before the foliage has had time to wither, exults in the apparent confirmation of his theory. Gladstone says, let him wait a little longer and he will soon see the disastrous results of his obstruction of the flow of sap from root to leaf. And **so with philanthropy. Disconnect it from its roots in supernatural religion and it will soon die. Love for God alone will keep alive love to man.**

1090. "They were building a great bridge across a river", wrote Amos R. Wells, in the Christian Endeavor World, "and the structure was carried from both sides **to meet in the middle.** But some way, when the central span was swung into place, they found that it did not fit; **it fell short by two inches,** and no ingenuity could bridge that little space. In dismay, they **telegraphed to the designer** of the bridge, and in great impatience awaited his reply. When the reply came it was enigmatical, for it merely said: **"Wait till tomorrow noon."** To-morrow noon the mystified beholders found that **the sun's rays had expanded the metal** so that, section to section, it precisely matched, and there was no crack at all, the bridge was one. **So love solves the hard problems of the Christian life.**

1091. When a man is told that **the whole of religion and morality is summed up in the two commandments to love God and to love our neighbor,** he is ready to cry, like **Charoba** in Gebir at the first sight of the sea, "Is this the mighty sea? **Is this all?"** Yes, all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it; you will find **it has no end;** it will carry you round the world.—British Weekly.

1092. "No bacillus has been discovered that can survive the sunlight." No evil can survive the sunlight of the love of God aglow in the heart of man.

1093. Christianity alone teaches that salvation is of grace, and that a loving faith is the sole condition of acceptance with God. Sir Monier-Williams said: "I met **an intelligent Sikh** from the Punjab, and asked him about his religion. He replied, "I believe in one God, and I repeat my prayers, called Japji, every morning and evening. **These prayers**

occupy six pages of print, but I can get through them in little more than ten minutes." He seemed to pride himself on this rapid recitation as a work of increased merit. I said: "What else does your religion require of you?" He replied, "I have made one pilgrimage to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five steps lead down to it. I descended and bathed in the sacred pool. Then I ascended one step and repeated my Japji in about ten minutes. Then I descended again to the pool and bathed again, and ascended to the second step and repeated my Japji a second time. Then I descended a third time and bathed a third time, and ascended to the third step and repeated my Japji a third time; and so on for the whole eighty-five steps, eighty-five bathings, and eighty-five repititions of the same prayers. It took me exactly fourteen hours, from 5 p. m. one evening to 7 a. m. next morning." I asked: "What good did you expect to get by going through this task?" He replied, **"I hope I have laid up a great store of merit, which will last me for a long time."** This, let me tell you, is a genuine Hindu idea. It is of the very essence of **Brahmanism**, of **Hinduism**, of **Zoroastrianism**, of **Mohammedanism**, of **Buddhism**.

1094. When Louis IX of France was young he married the Princess Margaret of Province. On the wedding ring that he wore from that day there was engraved: **"God, France, Margaret"**, and he was wont to say, "I have no love outside that ring." This was the secret of his being known to history as Saint Louis.—Martin.

1095. When Moffat proclaimed God's love to the degraded Bechuanas, they awoke from the slumber of generations. Their hearts responded to the appeal; and it was proved that even in their souls there lay unextinguished, though unexercised, **the most distinctive character of humanity, the faculty of knowing, loving, and serving God.** Many of them are now enlightened and spiritual worshipers of the Most High.

1096. It is said that **the way to tell genuine gold quartz is to examine it from every direction.** If it is the genuine article it will glisten and sparkle no matter what the position. There is a commodity that resembles gold, and under certain lights only will shine, but it is not pure. So it is with **the real Christian** and the nominal professor. The one will shine wherever he is and Christ will be lifted up. The other only looks well under certain lights, and will not bear close scrutiny at all. There is no shining, because the pure gold of a **sincere Christian life is not there.** — Zion's Herald.

1097. When faith grows faint and feeble, and hope droops her wings, **love toils on.** It is a perennial force, unwasting, undying. Neither time, nor age, nor circumstance, nor death itself can quench it. **Browning,** in his poem **"A Death in the Desert,"** imagines the aged apostle **John** sinking into his last sleep from which no words nor cordials could rouse him. At length one read into his ear the words of Christ, **"I am the resurrection** and the life," whereat he opened his eyes wide at once, sat up of himself and looked around. Dead to everything else, **his ear was still responsive to the voice of Divine Love.**

1098. There was a girl whose wonderful grace and purity of character charmed everyone who knew her. One day a friend touched the spring of a little **gold locket** which she always wore on her neck, but which she would let no one see, and in it were these words: **"Whom not having seen, I love."**

1099. The wife of Dr. Belfrage, the Scottish divine, died after less than one year of singular and unbroken happiness. There was **no portrait of her,** but he resolved that there should be one. Though ignorant of drawing, he determined to make it himself. He procured the pigments and the canvas, and **shut himself up for fourteen days.** He came out of the study wasted and feeble, but with a portrait full of subtle likeness, drawn and colored as no one could have dreamed. Every one said it was perfect. Why was it perfect? **It was the product of love.**

1100. "Why must you polish that lens with the palm of your hand?" asked a man in a telescope factory.

"There comes a time in the making of a fine lense," the workman replied, "when **nothing can be substituted for the human touch."**

It is so with our effort to help men and women to lead a better life. The reading-matter, of itself might have done good, but how blessed was the letter that brought with it the sense of companionship and sympathy. **Christian love is an incalculably mighty force.**

1101. Scientists of most recent research **tell us that the basal emotion**— one of those instinctive feelings shown earliest in life, in the case both of infants and of animals — **is fear.** This emotion **shows itself sometimes so early** as to astonish us, displaying itself sometimes as early as at the age of three weeks in infants. When we consider **what a gamut of feeling stretches be-**

tween fear and love, and how persistent the fundamental emotions are throughout life, having the perdurable quality of the things earliest built into our natures, fear seems a long way off from love! The saying of the apostle, "Perfect love casteth out fear," becomes more astonishing to us than ever. This is the point aimed at and attained by the Christian. This is the mighty reconstructive work grace is to do for us. Perfect love to us works perfect love in us.

1102. The glory of Christian love is its refusal of monopoly. The spiritual artist—the man who paints Christ in his soul—wants no solitary niche in the temple of fame. He would not like to hear any one say: "He is the first of his profession; there is not one that can hold the candle to him." He would be very sad to be distinguished in his profession of Christ, marked out as a solitary figure. The gladdest moment to him will always be the moment when the cry is heard, "Thy brother is coming up the ladder also; thy brother will share the inheritance with thee."—George Matheson.

1103. When the venerable Professor Nitsch had reached his 80th year, he said to a friend; "I can no longer see. I can no longer hear. I am not able to work, but I can still love. Love never faileth."

1104. A Japanese traveler was calling upon the celebrated Russian Count **Tolstoi.** When the count asked his visitor what were the ideals of his nation, the Japanese replied, "Reverence for the Emperor, and love of country." To which the sturdy old Russian answered: "Too low! too low. There is no hope for a nation which does not love God, and that has not religion for a basis."

1105. The remark was attributed to **Col. Ingersoll,** the sceptic; "I love Judge ——, and hate God." We who love God ought to know it and rejoice in it. If we love God he will be often in our thoughts.

1106. Talk we of morals, O, thou bleeding Lamb!
The great morality is love of thee.

1107. If a man is to exist millions of years after his death, to be himself he must be able to remember himself. Let a man now think what will probably be the precious things of memory a myriad of years hence? Will it be the accumulation of a few poor, pitiful millions of dollars, most of which he could not use even while in the flesh? Will it be that his name was in the newspapers of his day? Will it be that he held a momentary thrill of physical enjoyment? What will it be? It will be life's deeds of love to which Christ's love constrained us.—Deems.

1108. Not long ago **a young man, who had just been recovering from a severe attack of sickness,** was walking along the bank of the Ohio River to regain his strength. He saw a man drowning in the stream. He forgot his own condition and saved that man. O, that we may forget ourselves in the love and service of God!—Herald and Presbyter.

1109. When Napoleon first started to fight England and Austria, do you know what the soldiers called him? It was "Wee One hundred thousand men." It was a grand testimony to the power of the little Napoleon in the midst of his army. They asked one another, "Is 'Wee One hundred thousand men' in the army to-day?" He was worth that number of men. The man whose heart is aflame with love is a spiritual Napoleon.

1110. The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining sea, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.

1111. Bunyan says that the hen has four different calls to her brood: one when twilight begins to darken toward night; another when she has come across some dainty for their food; another of danger, when the hawk is hovering in the air; and yet another of yearning desire. It is thus that he calls, in whose nature every kind of love has its origin and fount.—F. B. Meyer.

1112. An old minister of a small church in a country town had one day in his audience a very distinguished statesman. The service went on about as usual, and the old minister preached with his accustomed earnestness and plainness of speech. At the close of the service, several members of the congregation gathered about him and said: "Brother, we had a distinguished visitor to-day, but you did not seem at all embarrassed." Thereupon the old man replied, "I have been preaching in the presence of the Almighty God for forty years, and do you think, with him as one of my constant hearers, any man can embarrass me by his presence?"

1113. Baron Von Welz was so mastered by the missionary idea that, after pleading pathetically, but in vain, with the state church to give the gospel to the heathen, he renounced his title and his estates, and gave himself, going at

his own charges to Dutch Guinea, where he soon filled a lonely missionary grave. He vindicates his renunciation of his title thus: "What to me is the title 'well-born,' when I am born again in Christ? What to me is the title 'lord', when I desire to be a servant of Christ? What to me to be called 'your grace', when I have need of God's grace, help, and succor? All these vanities I will away with, and everything besides I will lay at the feet of Jesus, my dearest Lord, that I may have no hindrance in serving him aright."

1114. In the center of London, says Rev. Ashton Oxendon, stands the great **Cathedral of St. Paul.** The last time I passed by it, I saw numbers of people in the street with their **eyes directed towards something high up on the steeple.** I stopped and looked also; and there, far aloft, almost out, of sight, could be seen **a man working in a kind of cradle.** It seemed as though **he was in the utmost peril; but in fact he was secure.** It made one giddy to watch him; but he was quite safe. There was a strong rope to which he was slung, which passed upwards, and entered through a trap-door above him; and this rope was fastened to a stout beam within. The wind might whistle around him, but he had nothing to fear. He could look upon the dizzy crowd below, **but he felt no alarm; he was safe.**

What a picture of the Christian! In the hour of his greatest weakness, he looks up to heaven and feels that all is secure. There is his Father, seated on his eternal throne!

1115. A man was the possessor of a large tract of land. To the outward eye it seemed much like other land. But one day **a bed of metal, called manganese, was discovered** in one of his fields. From that moment the value of **the field was increased twenty-fold in his eyes.** The rich mine had existed there all along; but he knew it not. **God's great love, when once discovered, calls forth man's love, and gives to life a new and glorious meaning.**

1116. God must come first. Our forefathers in the **"Mayflower"** began their famous **"compact" with the words;** "In the name of God, Amen." **Daniel Webster** called this **"the first clause of the American constitution."**

1117. A lobster, when left high and dry upon the rocks, has not the energy to creep back to the sea, but waits for the tide to come back to it. If the tide does not rise high enough, it remains where it is and dies. When the tide of love—my love to God, God's love to me —rises high in my life, it floats my soul out to safety and spiritual abundance.

1118. Our love responds to God's love realized. A newsboy was in the habit of running after a gentleman on the ferry boat and brushing his coat with affectionate fondness. One day the gentleman asked him, "Why are you so careful with me every morning?" The boy answered, "Because once, when you bought a paper, you said, **'My child!' No one ever called me his child before.** That's the reason. I love you for saying that to me." It was the first love the boy had found in this world, and it was like heaven to him. It is a blessed moment to us when we **first realize that God is our Father,** and calls us his own children.—J. R. Miller.

1119. A young girl, saved out of African heathenism, brought a generous offering one Christmas day for the Lord. **The missionary was amazed at the magnitude of it** and he first refused to accept it. She explained to him very simply that **in order to give to Christ an offering that satisfied her own heart, she had gone to a neighboring planter and bound herself out to him as a slave for the rest of her life,** and had brought the whole financial equivalent of her life of pledged service and laid it down in a single gift at the feet of her Lord!—London Missionary Chronicle.

1120. In crossing the Atlantic, our **steamships** have to calculate each day, and make allowance for the **"magnetic variations"** of the compasses by which they steer. It would be well if all of us understood just **how far from the true meridian our moral compass needles were deflected by the attractions of gold, or pleasure, or appetite, or ambition, or love, or hatred,** or by the social atmosphere of our immediate neighborhood.—Trumbull.

1121. A man traveling on horseback, accompanied by his dog, dismounted for some purpose, and **dropped his package of money.** His dog saw this, but his master did not. The dog stayed for a time beside the lost package, then running on ahead of his master, began to bark vigorously and to try to stop the horse and to turn it back toward the missing treasure. The man feared that the dog had gone mad, and **he drew his pistol and shot it.** The poor, faithful, wounded creature dragged itself back to the place where the lost pocket book was, and, **lying down beside it, died. Love never faileth.**

1122. The mate of an American whaler, Mr. Whalon, was captured by the cannibals of Hiva-Oa, one of the Mar-

quesan islands, and rescued bravely by the intervention of a native Christian, Kekela, who was subsequently rewarded by President Lincoln for his gallant charity. Mr. Stevenson, in his "In the South Seas", quotes an extract from Kekela's letter of thanks, adding, "I do not envy the man who can read it without emotion." After telling of the rescue, Kekela proceeds: "As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by a certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the best of all that is good and true, which is love."—Literary Illustrations.

1123. God is all for quality; man is for quantity. But the immediate need of the world at this moment is not more of us, but, if I may use the expression, a better brand of us. To secure ten men of an improved type would be better than if we had ten thousand of the average Christians distributed all over the world. And our first consideration is our life—our own spiritual relations to God—our own likeness to Christ. "Thou shalt love", comes first.

1124. "Love never faileth." Knowledge shall vanish away. You put yesterday's newspaper in the fire. Its knowledge has vanished away. You buy the old editions of the great encyclopaedias for a few cents. Their knowledge has vanished away. The greatest living authority on electricity and on physics — Sir William Thomson — said one day in Scotland at a meeting at which I was present: "The steam-engine is passing away." At every workshop you will see out in the back-yard a heap of old iron—a few wheels, and a few levers, all rusty. Twenty years ago that was the pride of the city. Men flocked in from the country to see this great invention, and now it has been superseded and has vanished away. And all the boasted science and philosophy of this day will soon be old. It is not going to last. Only love endures.—Drummond.

1125. Why does the world listen to the story of the Cross? The reason is that God has so builded man that there is a place in his heart which nothing but the Cross of Christ can fill. Therefore, if you present the Cross of Christ and the kindred doctrines (for they are all united in one arch), men will listen, in heathen as well as in Christian lands. The author of Christianity is the author of the human heart; they must fit each other.—Townsend.

1126. "I hold with Algernon Sydney," said Thomas Arnold, "that there are but two things of vital importance—those which he calls Religion and Politics but which I would rather call, our duties and affections toward God and our duties and feelings toward men; science and literature are both but a poor make-up for the want of these."

1127. Love means surrender: "I gave my sins to Jesus two years ago; I gave myself to him only a few months ago;" so said a young girl recently, who was asked how long she had been a Christian.—Pentecost.

1128. And only the master shall praise us, and only the master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money; and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of the Things as They are.
—Kipling.

1129. An exquisite little Hindu poem was given in substance by Rev. G. M. Cobbam, as follows: "You are going to worship, are you not? and you have brought flowers from your garden, and you are going to offer them, but that idol is not God, and these are not the right flowers. God is a spirit. God wants a flower; but the flower that he wants is the flower that grows in the garden of the heart, the flower of love. That is the flower you must bring."

1130. Luther said: "My coat of arms shall be a heart that has the color of human flesh upon it, warm with human love, and in it shall be planted the cross, the black cross, that shows the sacredness of sacrificial suffering, and that shall be set in a rose of the purest white—the purity and strength of character that God can give to those that suffer—and back of it all shall be that ground of blue that brings heaven nearer to earth, and around it shall be the golden ring of perfectedness and eternity as a symbol of what Jesus Christ has done for men."

1131. The Buddhist says, "Think of Buddha and you will become like Buddha." Aye, and if we think of Christ in loving loyalty we shall become like him.

1132. Personal love for Christ is the sure and unfailing mark of a disciple. "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." Love is the infallible sign of spiritual life. Where love is, there is life. Where there is no love there is no life. —J. F. Carson, D. D.

1133. "Go a little deeper", said a **French soldier of the Old Guard** to the surgeon who was probing a wound in his breast, **"go a little deeper and you will find the Emperor"**—intimating that in the innermost sanctuary of his heart the Emperor was enshrined. It was that spirit that made that Old Guard so irresistible.

1134. Raymond Lull, the first missionary to the Moslems, showed **the marvelous power of love,** which transfigured his life and placed no limit on his desire for the souls of men. His vow of consecration reads thus: "To thee, Lord God, do I now offer myself and my wife and my children and all that I possess; and since I approach thee humbly with this gift and sacrifice, may it please thee to condescend to accept all that I give and offer up now for thee, that I and my wife and my children may be thy humble slaves." Later he wrote: "I see many knights going to the Holy Land beyond the seas, and thinking that they can acquire it by force of arms; but in the end all are destroyed before they attain that which they think to have. Whence it seems to me that the conquest of the Holy Land ought not to be attempted, except in the way in which thou and thine apostles acquired it, namely, by love and prayers, and the pouring out of tears and of blood."

1135. Our business is, not to build quickly, but **to build upon a right foundation** and in a right spirit. Life is more than a mere competition as between man and man; it is not who can be done first, but who can work best; not who can rise highest, but who is working most patiently and lovingly in accordance with the designs of God.—Joseph Parker.

1136. Whole-hearted love to God means joy and peace. Why is it that you think of your childhood's days as your happiest days? Simply because they were your purest days. Who are the happiest persons you know? They are the holiest and purest. When have you known the purest joy? When you have been longing most to be like Christ. "Blessed are **the pure in heart,** for they shall see God"—that's heaven, and we can have it this side of the grave.—Religious Herald.

1137. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost **every pleasure** that God has planned for man; and yet I can look back, and I see standing out above all the life that has gone **four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine**—and that is the thing that I get comfort from now. When I think about my past life, everything else has been transitory—has passed away. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or will ever know about—**they never fail. The test of religion**—the final test of religion—is not religiousness, but love.—Drummond.

1138. To see the beauty, fruitfulness, and sufficiency of **love** is easy, but to have it as **the mainspring of our own life,** most difficult,—indeed, the greatest of all attainments. This we instinctively recognize as the true test of our condition. Have we that in us which really knits us to God and our fellow-men, and prompts us to do our utmost for them? Have we in us this new affection which destroys selfishness, and brings us into true and lasting relations with all we have to do with? This is the root of all good, the beginning of all blessedness, because the germ of all likeness to God, who himself is love. —Marcus Dods, D. D.

1139. Nothing is harder than to try to be **a Christian with half-hearted desire.** But to one in whom the love of Christ is fully formed, who panteth after righteousness as the hart panteth after the water brook, nothing can be more easy and natural than to be a child of God—especially if this love was formed in the heart before the love of the world had an opportunity to choke it. It is then as easy to be a Christian as it is to repose in a loving father's arms, or to run his errands. **When the love of Christ once constrains us,** his precepts are easy and his pathway a delight.—The Lutheran.

1140. There comes an end to all these things which you are doing now! Not because God snatches them out of your hand, but because **they exhaust themselves** and expire, because they are by their nature temporary and perishing, they die. You follow out any of them a little way, and you come to this inevitable epitaph in their mortality, **"Then cometh the end."** How is it then with you? **Have you anything to which there comes no end?"** "What?" you say: "What sort of thing?" And I reply, **"Any passion for character and love of God!"** Those are eternal. There comes no end to those. You may change your dress, your name, your habits, your companionships, your work, — everything that you do,—but your **passion for character and love for God, if you have them, you never change; they are the same forever.**

1141. There is nothing so faithful in this world as sincere love! A young **Englishman** came to California and became very wealthy by his good fortune in the mines. He **sent a large nugget** of gold to England to the woman to whom he was engaged. In an evil turn of fortune, he lost his wealth. He wrote to the lady informing her of his change of fortune and releasing her from all obligations. But what was his surprise and joy to receive, as soon as an answer could come to his letter, **a gold ring, made of the nugget he had sent, engraved with these words: "Entreat me not to leave thee."**—Banks.

1142. It was once a problem in mechanics to find a pendulum which would be of the same length in all weather, and move at the same rate through the heat of summer and cold of winter. The problem was solved. **By a process of compensation the rod is made to lengthen in one way as much as it contracts in another,** so that the center of motion is always the same and you have the same number of beats on a day in January and a day in June. There was **a like problem in religion:** to find a motive, a principle of action, sure, steady, unvarying, to move men to righteous and holy living and to noble, unselfish service of God and their fellow men. The problem is solved by the Gospel. **The motive is found in that love for Christ which is awakened and sustained by the Holy Spirit in the believer's soul** in response to that infinite love wherewith he has loved us.—Preacher's Magazine.

Gratitude. (Thanksgiving Day.)

(1143-1170)

1143. Thanksgiving is the natural outcome of thoughtgiving. **"Thank"** and **"think"**, the philologists say, are **the** same word at the bottom.

1144. A little boy who had been operated upon by a great surgeon, said, as soon as he came out from under the anaesthetic, **"My mother'll never get done talking about you."**

1145. The visitor who walks down Front Street, **Exeter,** N. H., will be reminded of **a sailor who had his own way of keeping God's mercies ever in mind.** On the lawn at the residence of the late **Captain John Chadwick** he will see a fine flagstaff made up like a ship's mast and topmast — the mast crossed by a slender yard just below the top. That yard is a precious souvenir. It was a studding-sail yard of the ship "Sunbeam" and on it **Captain Chadwick and his son were saved** when the "Sunbeam" was burned in the South Pacific Ocean. **That little spar, to which two men clung for dear life** in mid-ocean until rescue came, stands to-day as **a memorial of God's mercy and a motive for thanksgiving.**—The Sea Breeze.

1146. Travelers among the mountains of the East, as they wend their way between the rocks or through narrow and intricate paths, notice their guides every here and there **placing a stone on a conspicuous bit of rock,** or two stones one upon another. At the same time they are heard uttering words which we learn are of thanksgiving—thanks to God for help so far and prayer for safe return. **We should rear memorials like these to God's goodness.**

1147. "We all sat together in prayer-meeting," says a writer in the Interior, "and **the sweet old saint** who had not seen the face of man or woman for fifty years sat . . . on the front row. The pastor gave out the hymn, **'Count your many blessings one by one.'** Now we all knew the dear old man had blessings; we had heard him say so. But none of us thought he had so very many. It was just after he was married that **an accident had cost him his sight.** He had earned a living for himself and his wife through nearly the whole of a half-century by **scrubbing** other people's clothes clean at the washtub in their little kitchen, the wife standing by to tell him when they were made spotless. Not content to provide this way for two—they were childless — he adopted and raised an orphan niece. Now in his old age he had lost his wife and about the only earthly satisfaction that remained to him was the faithful care of this foster child and her husband. But they were not rich, and what they so gladly shared with him could not be more than a sufficiency. But the pastor had given out, 'Count your many blessings one by one.' We heard the blind saint sigh: **'I can't do that!'** What calamity had befallen here? Had the blind man lost his faith? No,—wait,—he is finishing his sentence: **'I can't count them that way; I'd never get through if I did!'"**

1148. A boy was bringing home a loaf of bread, and one said, "What have you there?"" "A loaf." "Where did you get it?" "From the baker." "Where did the baker get it?" "He made it." "Of what did he make it?" "Flour." "Where did he get the flour?" "From the miller." "Where did he get it?" "From the farmer." "Where did the farmer get it?" Then the truth dawned upon the boy's mind, and he replied, **"From God."** "Well, then, from

whom did you get the loaf?" "O, from God." Here is a boy who, in the last resort, acknowledges God to be the giver of good. In this **materialistic age,** a man says, "My business supports me and my family." It is a lie; **God supports you and your family.** Men deal with God only as a last resort, and yet go on hoping to sneak into God's heaven when they have done with his world; but the God of Sinai is thundering out to this age, **"Thou shalt put me first and the baker second."** We may not sacrifice to the net, nor may we burn incense to the drag.—J. Campbell Morgan, D. D., Record of Christian Work.

1149. A poor German boy whose foot was twisted out of shape, was operated on successfully. When the plaster cast had been taken off from his foot they called his attention to the hospital, and the boy admired it, but he said, **"I like the doctor best."** He said the nurses are **nothing compared to the doctor.** They went to his Missouri home, and stepped out at the station together, and the old German mother was waiting to receive him. She did not look at her boy's face nor at his hands, but she fell on her knees and looked at his foot, and then said, sobbing, "It is just like any other boy's foot." Taking him in her arms, the minister said, all the boy kept saying to her over and over was, **"Mother, you ought to know the doctor that made me walk."**

And then my friend said, "There is not one of us but for whom **Jesus Christ has done ten thousand times more** than the doctor did for this boy, and we have **never spoken for him,** we have not yielded ourselves to him.

1150. He who does not feel that no blessings could come from heaven **unless forgiveness cleared the way** for them, has yet to learn the deepest music of thankfulness.—Alexander McLaren, D.D.

1151. Our praise is in the nature of a debt. That man who **declines to meet his obligation to his God, repudiates an honest debt,** and, however he may rank in Bradstreet's, he is not, in the last analysis, an honest man.—Rev. D. F. Burrell, D. D.

1152. Our memories can do much to make or mar us. They can make cowards or heroes of us all. And it is in the great hours of our career, when we are called to act or to decide, that memory wakes up in her strange power to help us upward or to keep us back. There was a note of triumph about David, when he recounted to Saul his past deliverances, and Saul could say nothing to the lad save: **"Go, and the Lord be with thee."** Have you no memories like that of David? God has never freed you in an hour of need? Cherish the thought of it as David did; be sure it will be wanted by and by. Some day you will be face to face with your Goliath, some day for you there will be a giant to fight, and it will fortify and garrison your heart to have remembrances of help from God.—G. H. Morrison.

1153. My little daughter said: "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," I said, "go on." By and by I heard her counting, "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five, Oh, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many!" I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am **going to count the benefits."** Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, **"I had no idea that there were so many."**—Mark Guy Pearse.

1154. All the best things in this world are scattered with a lavish hand, and we do not know how rich we are until we sit down to reckon up our treasures. The love of parents, the affection of brothers and sisters, the help of teachers, the sympathy of friends, the companionship of books, the gift of children, the joys of home are given to all sorts and conditions of men. If those you love and who love you have been spared to you another year, there ought to be **a thanksgiving season in your home.**—Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.

1155. Professor Agassiz once approached the instrument of the celebrated microscopist, but paused and said, "Tell me what I am to see." The microscopist, delighted, answered, "You are a man after my own heart. You recognize that there must be a **prepared mind** to enable the eye to see rightly." We shall see what we expect or desire to see. **Thousands have eyes but see not God's goodness to them.**

1156. Out of our pain and struggle,
Up from our grief and dole,
We are swift to cry to the Healer
For the touch that makes us whole.

. . . . . .

Alas! we are not so ready,
In the day of our joy and crown,
With the palms and the fragrant incense
Laid at his altar down;
And **how it must grieve the Master**
That his own are so slow to praise,
In the flush of their peace and gladness,
The goodness which brims the days!
—M. E. Sangster.

1157. During the war with Spain, when the American Army was **supplying the starving reconcentrados of El**

Caney with food, a storm made the roads impassable, and the order was given that the people might walk to the camp, six miles off, for their rations. When Lieutenant Brooke was returning to camp one day he saw a six year old lad lying in the mud by the road utterly exhausted. The **Lieutenant leaped from his horse, picked the little fellow up, and carried him to camp.** There he saw that he was well fed and cared for until his strength returned. When the boy was able to travel he was given a supply of food to take back with him to El Caney. Two days later the little fellow, still pale and weak, appeared at the camp. **He had walked back over six miles to bring his only possession, a small chicken, to Lieutenant Brooke,** because he had been so kind to him. The Lieutenant took the chicken to General Shafter and told the story of **the lad's gratitude.** When the army entered Santiago the chicken entered, too, and perched each night on a gilded chandelier in the governor's palace. She traveled wherever General Shafter's baggage did, and was finally brought to the United States and taken to his home in San Francisco.—Tarbell.

1158. Why offer unto God thanksgiving? Because the faith is indestructible in human hearts—both that God is, and that he cares for and guides the world; and that, bereft and isolated as our lives may sometimes seem, no more than he forgets to send each year, the water fowl through "pathless sky with certain flight," does he forget to cause to fly to us, from bounteous hand, mercies multitudinous.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

1159. In 1908 150,000,000, Christians in all the world gave $17,000,000 to foreign missions, and the liquor dealers in the State of New York, ministering to 8,000,000 people, gave $17,000,000 for licenses; and that was a part of the first investment. Louis XI. of France gave the magnificent Province of Boulogne to the Church, but pocketed the income. **We give ourselves to Jesus Christ, we consecrate ourselves to our Redeemer,** we give the great provinces of the soul to our king, and **then absorb the income on our pleasures and in our savings.**—O. P. Gifford, D. D.

1160. Praise God that you do not lift blind eyes to a sky you have never seen. Be grateful for your sight, through which so many of your pleasures come. Praise the kind Father in heaven, too, for your hearing and speech. How shall we do all this praising? With our lips. In our hearts. By our lives.—William T. Ellis.

1161. Thanksgiving is, or should be, made one of the most uplifting anniversaries in the year. An "anniversary" is literally the turning of the year—the axis of its rapid revolution. Praise, which is the main business of Thanksgiving Day, should be axial in all the activities of the twelvemonth. Thanksgiving should be life's keynote.—New York Observer.

1162. Daniel Quorm quaintly tells the truth: "We do want a bit o'prunin' now and then, I dare say, but don't 'e go a-thinken' about the dear Lord as standin' only over us for that. A standin' there with **all his kindness and care.** Why, he is trainin' the branches and is watchin' over us and wardin' off blights and keepin' off enemies — slugs and snails, and such like, that do harbor in a man's soul, and his gentleness and loving care have a deal more to do with the fruit than the knife has."

1163. He who thanks God only in retrospect gives God only half thanks. He who finds his heart swelling with gratitude only when he looks backward or around him at the material benefits which have come to him, is in danger of being selfish as he is grateful. If three times a day he bows his head and thanks God for his food, he looks forward thrice each day to the coming of more blessings from the same bountiful hand of Divine Providence. His own selfish gratification is his uppermost thought.—F. H. Hays, D. D.

1164. Ninety million miles come the sunbeams through space before they touch the roots and grasses and the flowers in the spring days, warming and quickening them into life and beauty. Through thousands and thousands of years out of the great past comes **the love of Christ** that today touches our hearts and blesses them with its divine tenderness.

1165. And have you been thankful enough and praiseful enough for the great national leaders with whom God has blessed us?Not more really were Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, lifted as leaders for the ancient Hebrews than have been leaders for us, divinely given in great emergencies. No nation has been so signally favored with great leaders as has our own. Call the shining roll. **Washington, Lincoln**—under whose superb and patient leadership it was at last effectually declared that our government "of the people, by the people, for the people" should not perish from the earth; of whom Secretary Stanton so truly said, as he gazed upon his dead body, **"There lies the most perfect ruler of men who ever lived"**; "Unconditional Surrender" **Grant**—on whom the great

Lincoln leaned; **McKinley**—so beautiful in spirit, and yet withal so firm and strong; **Roosevelt**—the Ajax for righteousness, national and civic. And these are but scant specimens from a crowding list.—Christian Work.

1166. The Supreme Being once gave a banquet in his azure halls. All the virtues were invited to it—none but the virtues. Many of these were assembled there, great and small. The smaller virtues were more agreeable and amiable than the great; but all seemed in good spirits and conversed very politely with one another, as beseemed such near relations and acquaintances. Then the Supreme Being noticed **two beautiful beings who did not seem to know each other.** The host took one lady by the hand and led her to the other. **"Benevolence,"** said he, pointing to the first. **"Gratitude",** added he, introducing the second to her. Both virtues were much surprised to make each other's acquaintance. **For the first time** since the creation of the world, and that was a long time ago, they now met, face to face.

1167. May you not also appropriately give thanks even for Divine denials? An eight-year-old boy was asked to write out what he thought a good bill of fare for a Thanksgiving dinner. Thus he wrote: "Furst corse, mince pie; sekund corse, pumpkin pie and turkey; third corse, lemon pie, turkey, cranberries; forth corse, custard pie, apple pie, mince pie, chocolate cake, ice cream, plum pudding. Desert, pie."

But what would have become of the boy could he have had all that? Surely, for that boy, some denial would be blessing.—Christian Work.

1168. A score of women were helped off the car in one day by a **street-car conductor; only one of them remembered to thank him,** though he had carried their luggage and got off the car to assist them in alighting. Two dozen people had packages weighed in a store that sold stamps, and **only one thanked the clerk, though** it was no part of his duties to weigh their packages. The sun shines upon eighty millions of people, but how many go to the church at the end of the year to give thanks to him who rules the sun? We are all fed and clothed by the same hand, yet where one acknowledges the debt **a hundred forget it** or pass it lightly.—Herald and Presbyter.

1169. It is said when the last rays of the sun touch the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who lives on the highest peak takes his Alpine horn and, using it as a speaking-trumpet, cries with a loud voice: **"Praised be the Lord."** Others farther down take up the refrain, the very rocks echoing and re-echoing the name of God. Silence at length succeeding, the shepherds bend their knees and **pray** in the open air, and then retire to their huts for rest.

1170. Hard as your lot may have been, it might have been worse. If you would take the trouble to inquire into the **misfortunes of thousands of others,** you would find that their lot has been even harder still. **Thank God for your afflictions,** and while in the act of thanking maybe the chastening hand will be lifted. When humility in its lowliest form has taken the place of resentment and complaint, then there is **no more need of the crucible,** for only the pure gold remains.

Consecration. Holiness. Otherworldliness. (1171–1229)

1171. One of the futile methods of sanctifying ourselves, said Prof. Drummond, **is trying—effort—struggle—agonizing.** I suppose you have all tried that, and I appeal to your own life when I ask if it has not failed. **Crossing the Atlantic, the Etruria, in which I was sailing, suddenly stopped in mid-ocean**—something had suddenly broken down. There were a thousand people on board that ship. **Do you think we could have made it go on if we had all gathered together and pushed** against the sides or against the masts? When a man hopes to sanctify himself by trying, he is like a man trying to make the boat go that carries him by pushing it. It is impossible. We are transformed by beholding.

1172. It was on Advent Sunday, December, 1873, that I first saw clearly the blessedness of **true consecration.** I saw it as a flash of electric light; and what you see, you can never unsee. **There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other.** He himself showed me this most clearly. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending conventions and conferences; man's teaching has consequently but little to do with it. First I was shown that the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin; and then it was made plain to me that he who had thus cleansed me, had power to keep me clean; **so I utterly yielded myself to him and utterly trusted him to keep me.**—Frances Ridley Havergal.

1173. Consecration is the surrender of a shadow for a substance; a silicate for a

diamond, bubbles for jewels! **When a wave of happy sunlight rolls in from the East, then the lamp loses its meaning.** When the ear is attuned to high-grade music, it will not listen to ragtime. **When the heart finds Christ, the world is empty.** Cicero tells of a prisoner who had spent most of his life in a dungeon, who was distressed when told that his prison wall was to be torn down. **A Colorado silver miner** thought he was ruined when the white metal depreciated, until one morning his chemist chanced on his slag heap and **discovered evidences of gold.** It was found that **the veins beneath were fabulously rich in gold.**—McLeod.

1174. An English lady who often gave gifts to our mission in India, said Mr. Robert Wilder, was **one day thanked by my mother** for some act of kindness. With an earnest look she said: **"You are under no more obligation to go down and teach the women in those huts than I am."** All of Christ's followers are under equal obligations **to consecrate their lives wholly to him and his service.**

1175. In 1835 and 1836 the missionaries, forbidden to preach and teach, withdrew from Madagascar, leaving behind them the printed Bible, complete, in the hands of one thousand adherents, two hundred of whom were communicants. Death was threatened to any native who should read the Bible. For a quarter of a century persecution raged, and **ten thousand persons were sentenced to penalties of different kinds,** including torture and death. Worship was held in secret; the Scriptures were buried for safety, and read only by stealth; and when the supply of printed Bibles failed, many busied themselves by copying out portions with the pen. **During those twenty-six years of persecution, the Christians increased in number from one thousand to seven thousand,** and the actual communicants from two hundred to one thousand.—E. W. Gilman, D. D.

1176. A man was driving with his wife along a dangerous road. At a very narrow place the wife became frightened and seized the rein nearest to her. Her husband quietly passed the other rein over to her and let go. Then she was more frightened than ever, and said, "Oh, don't you let go!" He answered, **"Two people cannot drive one horse; either I must drive or you must."** Then she gave him the reins and he drove safely past the danger. **If we wish God to rule over us we must give everything into his hands** and let him manage for us. **Either God must be our King or self will rule our lives.**—Black.

1177. There is a little water-beetle with two pairs of eyes, one above and one below the waterline, **so that it can see two worlds at once.**

1178. A wise headmaster of a school, noted both for the scholarship and the manly qualities of the boys, whom it sent out, due to him, once said to the boys, when the Sunday afternoon Bible lesson was half over: "Boys, I want you to do something for yourselves which will help you more than I can. Please go to your rooms and spend the remainder of the hour in just thinking. **Listen to your own heart-beats for a while; I mean your conscience.** No matter what you want to be; no matter what you have been; let each one try to say, 'I am going to be just right.' To your rooms, boys, and God bless you!" **The result of that "think" was the Christian consecration of several of the class, hitherto the most heedless.**

1179. A certain minister was wont to explain his success, under God, in a long pastorate, by referring to **two men and two women who emphasized his preaching by their pious lives.** One of these, when asked as to their minister's success, said he was a "very godly man." **"His life emphasized his preaching."** All can not preach from the pulpit, but all may emphasize the Word. They may thus be living witnesses, known and read, and by their example may turn men to Christ.—Sermons for Silent Sabbaths.

1180. At the **bedside of a dying mother,** in the hour when watching hearts dread both speech and silence, a son whispered; "Don't worry, mother; **we'll all be good."** And the wan lips answered feebly: "Yes, my son; **just be good; be good; nothing else counts."**

1181. A noted **infidel in England** made sport of Christians. One Sabbath he met **a plain man with a Bible under his arm,** going to church. So he put this question to the Christian, "Where are you going?" The answer was "To church." "And what do you do when you get there?" **"I worship God."** "And what kind of a God is he, a great God or a small God?" With great reverence the Christian man replied, **"God is so great that the heavens and the heaven of heavens can not contain him, yet he is so small that he lives in my small heart."** This answer closed his lips.

1182. At the foot of a cliff, under the windows of the Castle of Miramar, formerly the residence of the Mexican Em-

peror Maximilian, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the clear waters of the Adriatic, there was years ago a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rock. In that cage were some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belonged to the Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time, the gems lost their color, and the experts were unanimous in declaring that the only means by which they could be restored to their original brilliancy was submitting them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea. For some years they were kept lying in the crystal depths and gradually regained their unrivalled beauty and splendor. The only secret of regaining the lost luster of the inner life, the high desire, the fuller insight, the more alluring calm, the richer hopes and the loftier moral determination, is to get back again to those blessed depths from which the soul first received its bright touch of divine and holier things.

1183. In 1884, it was our privilege to climb the Righi of Switzerland. Our little party started up the western slope. After a time we found ourselves coming into that which seemed like a fog, or mist, but which in reality was a cloud. With greater zeal we pushed on, saying, "Let's get out of this," as we were assured it was better farther on; and so, on we went, until at last we stood upon the summit and in triumph, upon the solid rocks, watched the sun as it went down over and beyond the great sea of floating clouds, above which we had climbed. So let us mount upward in our Christian life, and if, at any time we find ourselves being surrounded by clouds, let us say as we said upon the Righi "Let us get out of this", and make it cause us to push upward with greater haste.—Harold F. Sayles.

1184. It was on one of his birthdays that David Livingstone said: "I will place no value on anything that I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything that I have will advance the interest of that kingdom it shall be given or kept as by giving or keeping it I shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes, both for time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this."

1185. One day in pastoral visitation I called upon a washerwoman of my congregation. I found her finishing her day's work, and as the clothes hung upon the line in the little yard they impressed me as unusually clean and white.

"An uncommonly fine wash you are hanging out," I said. I stepped inside, and talked with her while she brewed a cup of tea. Meantime there came a flurry of snow, which soon passed; but when I rose to go the ground was white, although the air was clear.

"Ah," I said, the clothes do not look as white as they did!"

"O sir," she said, "the clothes are all right, but what can stand against God Almighty's white?"

God "knoweth our frame," and "remembereth that we are dust," and he does not expect from us an impossible goodness, but to be content with too easy goodness is to grow worse and worse. The Divine spotlessness is our pattern and ideal, and our lives grow whiter in its light or not at all. We may not be able to match it in degree, but we can in kind.—F. B. Meyer, D. D.

1186. The Earl of Shaftesbury said: "During the latter part of these centuries, it has been in the power of those who hold the truth, having means enough, having knowledge enough, and having opportunity enough, to evangelize the globe fifty times over." It was wholly a question of the consecration of men and means.

1187. The gold and diamonds of Brazil are of immense value; they are earnestly sought and much talked about, they afford fine material for romance; yet the exports from that country of vulgar articles like sugar and coffee are of more value than all the gold and jewels found in that territory in fifty years. It is much the same with our moral life; the major profit lies in the wise handling of daily homely things. The consecration of common relations. W. L. Watkinson.

1188. Consecration implies a willingness to discard the less for the greater. One day Dr. Charles A. Berry was passing a cotton-mill. He saw pieces of machinery being thrown out of the upper window and falling in shattered fragments. In answer to a question, the manager remarked; "You see the mill does not run for the machinery; it runs to make cotton."

1189. During a visit to Southern California I was feasting my eyes on the beauty of the orange orchards and the lemon groves. I was especially interested in a dwarf orange tree in front of my window at Redlands. The little fellow was not higher than my head, but he bore golden fruit with all his might and main; not an ounce of sap ran to waste, and not one tiny branch was idle. He shamed some of the bigger trees, which, with larger opportunities, were yielding smaller reven-

ues. As I looked at that brave and bountiful little tree, I saw a fine illustration of the Master's declaration, **"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."**—Cuyler.

1190. A young man had just taken a **physical examination** in a gymnasium. His lungs, heart, and muscles had been thoroughly tested. That night he dreamed he had been summoned to appear on a certain day **to have his soul tested** in the same way. Suppose our patience, our faith, our liberality, our purity could be tested as accurately as our bodily powers—how many of us would dare to take the test? But God does so test us, and measures our growth constantly.—Christian Endeavor World.

1191. A legend says, that **on a certain feast day** all the people in a little **Italian town** were bidden to come to the great cathedral and lay upon the altar **a gift for the Lord;** and to him who should offer the most acceptable gift, **heaven would grant a sign.** The people came, and they bore in their hands costly spices, rare laces, vessels of gold, **proudly** and in deep expectation, looking to see the sign; but as one after another reached out his hands over the altar to lay down the gift, lo! **it disappeared.** With terror-stricken faces they went back down the other long, dim aisle and out into the sunshine, hardly daring to look at one another. At last **a maiden poorly clad** went slowly down to the altar and knelt there. While the curious crowd wondered, they saw her **stretch out both hands and lay them on the altar** for a long time, and when she rose and came out into the sunshine **her face wore a look of peace and great joy.** Then the people looked back at the altar where nothing had been, and there saw **two beautiful white lilies** which had burst into bloom upon the altar and filled the cathedral with fragrance.—Margaret Slattery.

1192. Take our use of money. Every dollar represents so much energy of mind or body, or both, treasured as the light and heat in the coal. In spending that dollar **I spend just so much of my life,** of the treasured energy which I hold in trust, and **I set it free to go on forever in a right or wrong direction.** I can never recall it. If I spend a dollar in rum, I invest just so much capital in the traffic, and, aside from the influence of the rum upon me, **I become a perpetual stockholder** in the trade. If I go to a theater, the tendency of which, on the whole, if not always, is evil, beyond and above its influence upon myself and of my example upon others **I put that much stock into the theater business,** and my liability remains unlimited to all eternity, for I cannot sell out my interest in that concern.—Rev. S. A. Dyke.

1193. One day a number of years ago **a thoughtful girl was reading an old book.** As the girl read her eyes lingered on one sentence which seemed to have a special message for her that day. As she pondered it it took fast hold of her thought until she began to breathe it as her own. It was a prayer—**"God make me beautiful within." It was the beginning of a new life** for the earnest-hearted young girl. God had found her and touched her heart.—J. R. Miller.

1194. In the practice of the **photographer** we see two things: **faith in the power and effects of light, and the wise adjustment of everything in obedience to its laws.** With what care the tenderly sensitive plate is prepared to receive the impression; with what precision its relative position to the object to be portrayed is adjusted; how still and undisturbed it is, then, held face to face with that object! Having done this, the photographer leaves the light to do its wonderful work! his work is indeed the work of faith. Let us believe in the light, in the power of the light of God to transcribe Christ's image on our hearts. **"We are changed into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord."** Let us not seek to do the work the Spirit must do; let us simply trust him to do it. Our duty is to seek the prepared heart, waiting, longing, praying for the likeness; to take our place face to face with Jesus, studying, gazing, loving, worshipping, and believing that the wonderful vision of that Crucified One is the sure promise of what can be. Not more surely or wonderfully than in the light printing which is done here on earth, **will our souls receive and show the impress of that wonderful likeness.** —Andrew Murray.

1195. What call did Maria Mathsdotter receive as she followed the reindeer over the silent hills around her father's house? The needs of her people called her. She wept and prayed for the ignorant Lapps, until their condition forced her to decide. Their need was the voice of God calling her. **It took her three years to learn the Swedish language.** Then, clad in otter and reindeer skins, with Lapland skidders on her feet, **she walked in winter six hundred miles to Stockholm.** It was a long journey over the dreary mountains and dismal forests. But success crowned her efforts. **The Lord was with her.** The King of Sweden granted her request. Her people were provided with

schools and churches. **Her consecration won.**

1196. We are living in an intense age. The trouble with a great many men is that they **spread themselves out over too much ground.** They fail in everything. If they would only put their life into one channel, and keep in it, they would accomplish something. They make no impression, because they do a little work here and a little work there. They spread themselves out so thin that they make no impression at all. **Lay yourselves on the altar of God, and then concentrate on some one work.**—Moody.

1197. A beautiful and profound **parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen** tells us that one knocked at the Beloved's door; and a voice from within asked, "Who is there?" And he answered, **"It is I."** Then the voice said, **"This** house will not hold me and thee." And **the door was not opened.** Then went the lover into the desert, and fasted and prayed in solitude; and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door, and again the voice asked, "Who is there?" And he said, **"It is thyself."** And the **door was opened to him.**—Lowell.

1198. It chanced to the writer of these lines to be for a short time during the Civil War in the military family of our brave Christian soldier, **General Howard,** who is now almost the last surviving general of that war in the Northern army. It was in the midst of the hurried campaign of the summer of 1862, which ended in the battle of Antietam. He had just lost his arm in the battle of Fair Oaks, and was learning the use of his left hand. All was confusion, day and night, but wherever we were the general was the same Christian man. If we ate our breakfast, seated on a stump in the woods, **the blessing was asked,** and, after coffee and hardtack, the little **Testament came out of his pocket,** and a few verses were read. In order and disorder the same course was followed. **God was remembered and honored.** So it was with **General Gordon** at Khartoum. "Be thou **faithful unto death,** and I will give thee a crown of life," is the promise for us all.—Packard.

1199. Dr. Hodge, in his "Popular Lectures on Theology", has given us **a marvelous picture of the revelation of the resurrection morning.** He pictures **Laura Bridgman,** the noted deaf-mute, who was also without the sense of sight, placed on some central tower in some great city, touching the universe round about her only through the soles of her feet and the zephyrs that fan her cheek. And then he **pictures an angel** coming from the throne of God and placing his fingers on the soundless ears and saying, **"Daughter, hear!"** touching the sightless eyes and crying, **"Daughter, see."** And instantly into that irradiated consciousness there **flow all the sights and sounds of the earth and sea and sky.** O beloved, you need not wait until the resurrection morning for an experience like that. Into **the heart fully surrendered** unto God will God pour the illimitable treasures of the revelation of himself.—Mills.

1200. You will ask, **"When and where was your conversion?" I do not know.** I have never been able to date it. I can not tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure that at some time in past years to what my parents told me of my relation to God **I said, "Amen."** If you put the question back on me, "How do you know you are born again?" **I do not know how I am born again by any experience of thirty years ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul,** his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now. I am his, and none can deny me the witness of his Spirit. And I think there is nothing more dangerous than that people should build upon an experience thirty years old, and think they are Christians now because something happened to them then.—Campbell Morgan.

1201. The electrician cannot charge your body with electricity **while a single thread connects you with the ground** and breaks the completeness of your insulation. The **Lord Jesus cannot fully save you while there is one point of controversy between you and him.** Let him have that one last thing, the last barrier and film of a life of blessedness, and glory will come filling your soul.—F. B. Meyer.

1202. A girl of fourteen felt that she had experienced a change of heart. Her pastor asked her: "What makes you feel that you are now a Christian, Mary?" "Well, for one thing **I do all my work better than I did before."** It was a wise reply, and it proved the sincerity of her desire to lead a better life.

1203. One day my friend Oliver White said, "Munhall, I would to God I had your physical powers, because I have such large purposes; but I am so weak physically that I can't do the work I should be glad to do if I had the strength." I said: "Oliver, **how big a man do you think Samson was?"** "Well," said he; "I think he was about six feet across the shoulders and about fourteen feet high, with muscle, layer

on layer" "Why," said I, "my dear brother; **that is abominable legalism—to suppose that Samson did the work and that the Lord had nothing to do with it.** There is nothing in the Bible to show that he might not have been the puniest, scrawniest individual in all Jerusalem—no bigger than you. **It was the power of God in him that did the work.** It wasn't Samson that did it, except as he was the willing instrument."

1204. A young Christian went to visit some friends at some distance from her home. While visiting, arrangements were being made for a ball, and the new disciple of Jesus was asked to assist the daughters of the house, which she did. In arranging one of the rooms as the ballroom, a discussion arose respecting **a picture of Jesus** which hung on the wall. One girl said, **"Let us cover the picture over."** Another suggested, "We could turn the face of the picture to the wall." Another said, "Let us take the picture out of the room." But they could come to no decision. The father of the girls was called in and asked what they should do with the picture, and he impatiently said, **"Take the picture out of the room."** Realizing what this all meant, the Christian girl thought, "What! Take the picture of my Saviour out of the room lest his pure eyes looking down on the enjoyment of the evening should spoil it? If that is what it means, **I will never be found in a place where I shall be ashamed for the eyes of Jesus to see me."**—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

1205. It is said that **a farmer once called on an infidel neighbor** and told him that he had just been awakened to a sense of his sin, and **wanted to restore to him four sheep** that ought to be in his neighbor's pasture, with the offspring of these sheep for the past four years. The infidel was much disturbed, and said: "Go away; don't bother me about the sheep; you are welcome to keep them. **If you go on this way much longer I will believe** there is something after all in your religion. Keep the sheep, and don't disturb my peace of mind." This is the gospel our conscienceless age needs, and that is the sort of repentance and practical righteousness that will make people want the fullness of Christ and lead the world to believe in Christ and his people.

1206. A learned Chinaman passed as I was proclaiming the Gospel. He heard of Christ's love and said, **"If there is a Saviour like that there is not a man in this world who does not want him."** He accepted him there and then, and after a time he came to my friend to learn more about Christianity. Shortly after that there were fifty Christians in that town as the result of that man's work.—J. Hudson Taylor.

1207. A famous statue in a Paris gallery was the last work of a great genius. When the clay model was almost done, a heavy frost fell one night. The sculptor, poor, in his fireless room, fearing it would freeze, heaped the bedclothes around it. In the morning the old man was dead from exposure. But the statue lived. **All else must give way to Christ's image forming within.** — Drummond.

1208. Tokyo has a custom of having an annual house-cleaning. The city is taken by sections and every man who lives in that section must put all his furniture and household effects out on the street, take up the mats from the floor, clean out all the trash, dust and sprinkle lime all around. I went to the dentist one day last week and found his neighbors all cleaning house, while the policeman had left him quite undisturbed to continue his business. "Why is it you are not house cleaning to-day?" I asked. **"I clean house every day, not once a year,"** he replied. "The policemen only come and look in and pass on, saying I'm all right." **So those who try to be Christians only now and then will be subjected to a test.**

1209. The bells in Christian towers and the lights in Christian chapels are almost within sight and hearing of each other around the whole globe, and this has been made possible because the lives of consecrated missionaries were laid on God's altar, and noble and devoted souls lived for Christ instead of self.

1210. Moffatt told how, wandering in an out of the way part of Bechuanaland, his party found **a woman who was a Christian.** They asked her how she, surrounded by heathen, **had kept the flame alive.** She showed them a little Dutch Testament, given her when a girl, and said, **"That is what keeps the oil burning within me." The flame of consecration must feed upon the oil of God's Word.**

1211. In the last persecution of the pagans against the Christian Church there was in the Council of the Emperor, **an apostate Christian.** They were considering **how best to crush Christianity** out of the Roman Empire, when this apostate said, **"It is of no use to burn the Christians, for if you burn every Christian alive to-day, and leave a single copy of the Scriptures remaining,**

the Christian Church will spring up again to-morrow." Accordingly the Emperor issued a decree ordering the destruction of the Scriptures. **The Bible in the heart is sure to secure consecration in the life.**

1212. A great editor of a secular paper, who was an inveterate and incorrigible cynic, once said: "If Christians are to be regarded as more trustworthy, and as living on a higher moral plane than the rest of the world, **they must furnish stronger evidence of their sincerity** than is now exacted from them in the shape of plain and open self-denial. The Church, in short, must be an organization held together by some **stronger ties than enjoyment of weekly music and oratory** in a pretty building, and almsgiving which entails no sacrifice, and often is only a tickler of social vanity."

1213. The 11th Indiana Regiment in the Army of the Mississippi, said Dr. Munhall, was engaged under Grant at Vicksburg. Among them was a strapping, manly boy—by the name of **Peter Apple.** During the siege of Vicksburg **a certain outwork had to be taken,** and the 11th Indiana was detailed to undertake the business. The word of command was given. They sprang forward up the hill, and the enemy opened a withering, galling fire upon them. The ranks wavered, were broken, and fell back to the cover of the woods. Peter didn't hear the order to fall back, but **kept on going right to the top of the hill.** A Confederate gunner was ramming a charge home in the piece he was firing, and was leaning out of the embrasure. Peter struck him across the head with his gun, which stunned the gunner; and then Peter, dropping his piece, sprang into the embrasure, and **seizing this fellow by the coat-collar, pulled him out and marched him off down the hill, a prisoner.** The Confederates didn't dare to fire on Peter, for fear of killing their own man. By the time he got to the foot of the hill, Colonel "Dan" McAuley had re-formed his men. Seeing Peter coming with the prisoner, he said: "Peter, **where in the world did you get that man?"** Said Peter: **"I just got him up on the hill, and there are lots of them up there. Every one of you could have had one if you had kept on going."** Consecrated persistence will take the world for Christ.

1214. People say that **"it does not make any difference whether a man keeps the Ten Commandments or not, he will go to heaven anyway."** If that is the kind of a place heaven is, it is scarcely worth while for anybody to go there. **It is simply this world over again.** For myself, though I love my kind and my own redemption, I pray my God to keep heaven as it is; to change me, change the world, not heaven; to bring me to the feet of the Lord and Savior of heaven, and then I shall walk among all the stars with their glory undimmed, and I shall know the meaning of that highest of my Lord's beatitudes, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."—Alexander McKenzie.

1215. One evening in a parlor at a summer watering-place the young people were dancing. **One young lady was not taking any part.** "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother. "No," was the reply. "Why, how will she get on in the world?" **"I am not bringing her up for this world,"** was the quiet answer. **That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city.**—Words and Weapons.

1216. Carey and his associates in India translated the Bible into several score of tongues, and put it within the reach of 300,000,000 people. Whenever a volume was completed, **they laid it on the communion table and dedicated it to Christ.**

1217. Of a **Chinese convert** it was said after his death, "There is **no difference between him and the Book."** A Brahman once said to a missionary: "You Christians are not as good as your Book. If you were as good as your Book, you would convert India to Christ in five years."—The Revivalist.

1218. Writing of the converts in Madagascar, Rev. A. Merencsky said: Their stores of corn and their cooking utensils were destroyed by the order of the king, with the exclamation, "We will see if your God will save you from starvation;" **but they took joyfully the spoiling of their possessions.** Then came the most bitter cup. Thirty of our Christians were surrounded by order of the king by warriors, and **fearfully beaten** with clubs and sticks, some of them within an inch of death. When the executioners approached them **they all knelt down and received their bruises for the sake of Christ.**

1219. In driving between Melbourne and my home I often stop at a wayside **trough** to give the horse a drink. I notice that the trough is quite full of water and that there is a box in one end of it. As the horse drinks the wa-

ter is lowering and presently I hear a sound as of a **running tap.** Yes, the sound is coming from the box. That box is covering a piece of mechanism that needs explaining. Within it there is a tap **connected by pipes with the Yan Yean Reservoir up in the Plenty Ranges.** Attached by a lever to the tap is a metal ball, which rests on the surface of the water. As the horse drinks, the water on which the ball is floating is lowered, and thus the ball opens the tap and the **Yan Yean begins to pour in;** so that, although the water is being withdrawn by the thirsty animal, a **fresh supply** is being poured in, the trough is "being filled," so that it is always "full." **Thus may it be with the soul of the believer.** No matter what the outflow into the surrounding emptiness may be, or the withdrawals by thirsty, needy souls, **there is the continual inflow,** so that there may be the constant "Fullness." Indeed the outflow depends directly on the inflow; one can only give as he gets. **It is ours to see to the connection between us and the infinite Reservoir away up among the hills of God being kept open.**—McNeill.

1220. An able preacher, settled over a large church, lamented that **his preaching resulted in no conversions.** He sought a remedy in additional years of theological study, but still **his spiritual sterility remained.** When, finally, the Holy Spirit revealed to him **his own worldly, ambitious heart,** and he went to his room and to his knees, **yielding all to Christ,** the power of God came upon him and he said, **"Now, Lord, I will go anywhere and do anything for thee." He became a blessing to multitudes. Which is your choice, God or self?**

An unbelieving native who was sick, asked for the prayers of a missionary. He was told **to give up his idols.** He did, **except one little one of gold, to which he clung.** Not until that cherished thing was yielded could his friend pray in faith for his recovery. **When he surrendered all, the prayer was offered and answered.** The disease left him.

1221. When the Bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my evil heart doth not deceive me, **I offered up my whole spirit, soul and body, to the service of God's sanctuary.** Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforth live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church. **I can call heaven and earth to witness that, when the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up, to be a martyr for him who hung upon the cross for me.** Known unto him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfolded, and I trust without reserve into his almighty hands.—Whitefield.

1222. A noble Christian man lay dying. His pastor asked him: "Are you willing it shall come out just as God wills, your life to go out or to stay here?" and he answered: "Of course. **I have no use for my life but to serve the will of God with it."** That was the answer of a crown prince. He was God's own son. He accepted God's will and lived to God's glory.

1223. When MacGregor's boy was stolen during the war between the Scottish clans, and made to exchange his clothes with a peasant boy, he **revealed his identity,** even in peasant clothes, by the way in which he used the things of the palace. . . . **We are known by the way we appreciate and use our Christian privileges.** Among our privileges is access to the face of Jesus Christ. If we avail ourselves of this privilege frequently, if we are often found studying this face in its different aspects, we indicate that we are born from above and are the sons of God.—David Gregg, D.D.

1224. A woman who had become an earnest Christian, visited a worldly sister, at a distance, whom she had not met for years. When she returned she said, "I have been much cheered by my visit. While my sister is worldly, she said, **'I do not know what has happened to you, but you are a great deal easier to live with than you used to be.'"** As Dr. Clarke says; **"Sanctification is the Christianizing of Christians."**

1225. A missionary in India tells a pathetic story of **an old man who has been sitting upon a stone outside the city of Allahabad, for a great many years, patiently awaiting his change.** During all the long period he has been looking toward an unseen existence. His mind has dwelt upon God and the mysteries of his government; and, as a result, we are told that those who visit him perceive a peculiar light upon his face — an apparently supernatural radiance. **How true it is that the Christian who lives in loving contemplation of Christ comes to reflect his image.**

1226. In excavating the houses at Pompeii, the pick of the workman sometimes finds its way through the fused and solidified volcanic mass into **a hollow space.** He announces the fact

to the director of the works, who then **prepares plaster of Paris**, and pours it into the vacant space. After the plaster has set, the ash is broken away, and **an image or perfect cast is found** of some Roman man or woman who perished there twenty centuries ago. Every trace of the body has gone, clothes, flesh, bone, are all destroyed, but the lava hardening round the place where the figure once lay has **shaped itself into a faultless mould.** And do we not know of **spiritual processes very much like that?** Let the Spirit of God diffuse life, love, sanctity, into our buried capabilities that wait to be filled, the abyssmal wants that wait to be satisfied, and **the picture of all that was Divine in unfallen man comes back again. "Filled with all the fulness of God,"** the lost symmetries of five or ten thousand years ago are revived for the wonder of the world and the glory of God's power. **"The new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him."**—Rev. J. G. Selby.

1227. John Howe tells of a **devout French nobleman who made a quit-claim deed of himself to God, and signed the document with his own blood**—"whose affection I commend," he adds, "more than his expression of it." And well he might. When God takes security he wants a good name, and trustworthy signature. We are **only safe when we present "the name above every name," and trust alone in "the blood of the New Testament."**—A. J. Gordon.

1228. "What a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost mine I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires, but that God's will may be accomplished." "Christians might avoid much trouble if they would **believe what they profess**, viz: that God it able to make them happy without anything but himself. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or etc., etc., they would be miserable; whereas God can make them **a thousand times happier without them.** To mention my own case; God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as everyone was removed, **he has come in and filled up its place**; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, **I am happier than ever I was in my life**, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago I might have been spared much anxiety." —Dr. Payson.

1229. Tauler, the mystic, tells of a poor peasant, a man of deep consecration, from whom he gained deep instruction in spiritual things. To his searching question, **"But what would you say if God should damn you?"** "If God would damn me?" said the poor man; "verily if he would use me so hardly, I have two arms to embrace; the one whereof is a deep humility by which I am united to his holy humanity; the other is faith and charity which joins me to his Divinity, by which I would embrace him in such sort that he should be constrained to descend with me into hell, **and I had rather without comparison be in hell with God, than without him in Paradise."**

Obedience. (1230–1272)

1230. After I had gone through the great shops with the master mechanic and was chatting in the plain but well-appointed office, I said to him, **"How did you get this position?"** He had told me that he had begun work in this great shop as a laborer at a dollar and a half a day, and as I saw the vast amount of ability which must have been developed in order that he might do what was now being done, I was interested to know by what process he had climbed up the ladder of responsibility and success. Turning to me simply he replied —and I shall never forget that answer— **"I have reached my present position by doing what I was told."**

1231. Dr. Robert Bruce, whom Alexander Whyte called the most finished divine of Scotland, was educated for the bar, but against the wish of both parents the Lord had set him apart for the Edinburg pulpit. Listen to what he says; **"I would rather walk through a mile of burning brimstone every night than spend over again those midnight hours when I fought against the call of God.**

1232. "I'll try, sir." When Gen. Scott met the British at Lundy's Lane, there were three times as many British soldiers as American, but Scott was determined to fight. If a battery on a hill belonging to the British was not captured, the victory certainly would be lost. General Brown just then arrived on the field, and took Scott's place. **"Can you take that battery?" he asked of Colonel Miller.** The prompt reply was, **"I'll try, sir."** Miller then charged up the hill with three hundred men as brave as himself, and gained the coveted battery. The contest ended at midnight, July 25, 1814.

1233. A man may take large blocks of granite and he need not be careful in working at them; but with the diamond polishers it is a very different thing:

they put on their glasses, and take out their instruments, and with fear and trembling they set about their delicate work. **We are working with diamonds, not with granite blocks,**—with diamonds that are going to shine in the diadem of Christ for ever and ever. **We cannot, therefore, be too careful;** we cannot have too much fear, not too much trembling, **lest the diamond should not come out nicely edged,** lest the gem should not have all the clearness of the glory of God.—Mackay.

1234. Ruskin prided himself upon the discovery, of **that famous inscription** in the Church of St. Giacomo in Venice; "Around this temple let the merchant's laws be just, his weights true, and his agreements guileless." **True righteousness is loving obedience rendered as to our Lord.**

1235. A Londoner who had lost his faith, went to Jerusalem, hoping that by visiting the actual scenes of Christ's earthly life they might renew for him his lost sense of the reality of spiritual things. He stood on what is supposed to be the site of Calvary. He visited the Holy Sepulchre, but **all in vain.** In despair he returned to London. As he neared his house, he **saw a poor outcast soul** haunting the vicinity. With tenderest pity and Christ-like compassion **he ministered to that soul's needs, and in that ministry he found the Christ he had lost.**

1236. He had heard much of the wonderful chimes of St. Nicholas in Amsterdam, so one day he went up into the tower of the church to hear them. There he found a man hard at work before an immense key-board, **thumping and pounding the keys** with his hands incased in wooden gloves. The traveler was **almost deafened by the rattle** of blows on the keys, and the harsh discordant clangor of the bells above his head, and hurried away, wondering why people talked so much of the beautiful chimes of St. Nicholas. The next day at the same hour, he was in a **distant part of the city,** sightseeing, when suddenly the **air was filled with the mellow music** of marvelously clear and full-toned bells. "We hear the chimes of St. Nicholas," said the guide in answer to his question, and the gentleman wondered no longer why travelers spoke enthusiastically of their melody. But he thought of the man in the tower, and **wondered if he ever knew how beautiful his hard work became in the distance.** And if in gloomy moments the thought ever comes to you that your life is shut **up to a narrow round of hard work** which has in it no beauty or sweetness for you or any one else, let the story of the chimes teach you better. **The noise and clatter and fatigue of life's tasks are not all there is of their doing.**

1237. The subscription of the Scotch people to their National Covenant:— The keynote of this pledge to defend their land and church from political and ecclesiastical tyranny was scored in the declaration that they **"joined themselves to the Lord in an everlasting covenant, that shall not be forgotten."** The leaders met in Greyfriars church in Edinburgh. After a solemn appeal to the Searcher of Hearts, **the multitude, following the example of the venerable Earl of Sutherland, set their names to this article of consecration.** It was then spread upon one of the flat tombstones in the graveyard and subscribed by the people, who afterward stood together with tearful eyes and right hands lifted to heaven. Copies were sent to all parts of Scotland and the scene was repeated everywhere in the churches. **The first result was a widespread revival of true religion.**

1238. The Christian is like the pearl-diver, who is out of the sunshine for a little, spending his short day amid rocks and weeds and dangers at the bottom of the ocean. Does he desire to spend his life there? No, but **his master wants him to.** Is his life there? No, his life is up above. A communication is open to the surface, and the fresh, pure life comes down to him from God. Is he not wasting time there? **He is gathering pearls for his Master's crown.** Will he always stay there? When the last pearl is gathered, the "Come up higher" will beckon him away. **Until then he will simply do the Master's will.**

1239. After Dr. Charles H. Hall's ordination, when most of his classmates had been called to minister to intelligent and cultured congregations, he went to preach to the ignorant negroes **living on one of the sea islands off the coast of North Carolina.** The responsibility of these ignorant, groping souls, for whom he was the only teacher, aged and sobered him, and **drove him to Christ for his sole companionship and help.** He remained eight years on the island, struggling to rise to the height of the duty required from him by these degraded brethren. At the end of that time, when he was called to leading city churches, **he influenced the most thoughtful and strongest men and women** to a remarkable degree. He "knew Christ;" he had lived with him in a way that no other man who spoke to them had done; he had come close, too, to human nature stripped of disguise and

conventionalities. **The lessons he had learned in his work of eight years with the poor negroes enabled him to help every class of men.**

1240. Devotion to duty: — General Elliott, governor of Gibraltar during the siege of that fortress, was making a tour of inspection when he suddenly came upon a German soldier standing at his post silent and still, but he neither held his musket nor presented his arms when the general approached. Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, he exclaimed, "Do you know me, sentinel, or why do you neglect your duty?" The soldier answered respectfully: "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket." "Why do you not go and have them bound up, then?" asked the general. "Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany a man **is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."** The general instantly dismounted from his horse. "Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you. Go and get your wounds attended to." **The soldier obeyed,** but went to the nearest guardhouse, where he told how the general stood at his post; and not till then did he go to the hospital and get his bleeding hand dressed. This injury completely unfitted him for active service; but the news of it having reached England, whither the wounded man had been sent, King George III, expressed a desire to see him, and for his bravery made him an officer.—Dr. A. T. Pierson in Homiletic Review.

1241. The church, in the period of her deepest degradation, was not all bad. Hence we find in her bosom **noble spirits, devout and learned men,** self-denying, and laborious missionaries, **obedient to the heavenly vision.** Such men as **Patrick** and **Columban,** as **Fulgentius** and **Severinus, Germanus** and **Lupus, Caesarius** of Arles, and **Eligius,** Bishop of Noyon, the venerable **Bede, Gallus** the apostle of Switzerland, the **Abbot Sturm** of Fulda, **Martin of Tours, Anschar** the apostle of the north, who in his dreams heard a voice urging him to preach the gospel in Scandinavia, and saying, "Go, and return to me crowned with martyrdom."

1242. One noon General Havelock left his son on London Bridge, telling him to stay there until his return. The father intended to be absent but a short time, but he was kept busy with one affair after another, and forgot all about his boy. Not until he went home at night, and his wife inquired, "Where is Henry?" did he recall his order. Hastily calling a cab, he drove down to the bridge in great anxiety, and **found there his boy standing where he had left him.**

1243. During the centuries designated by historians as pre-eminently "dark ages," some faithful Christian men and devoted missionaries were at work, in various countries, **sowing the seed** of life "beside all waters." All around them lay the thick shadows of ignorance and superstition; but by the blessing of Heaven, **they kept the lamp of truth bright and clear,** until the day dawned, and the day-star arose upon the nations.—Turnbull.

1244. Now these are the laws of the jungle, and
Many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the law, and
The haunch and the hump is—**Obey!**
—Kipling.

1245. A prince went into a vineyard to examine it. He came to a **peach tree,** and said, "What are you doing for me?" The tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace for you." "Well done!" said the prince. To the **chestnut** he said, "What are you doing?" "I am making nests for the birds and shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." And the prince said, "Well done!" Then he went down to the meadow and asked the **grass** what it was doing. "We are giving our lives for others, for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished." And the prince said, "Well done!" Last of all he asked the **tiny daisy** what it was doing, and **the daisy said,** "Nothing, nothing. I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter for the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even give food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." **And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than thou." All that God asks is cordial obedience.**

1246. A young woman came to me in distress over her failure to fulfill the religious duties of life. I was aware that at this very time she was **living a life of sacrificial devotion** to a blind father. I asked if this service of hers was not a religious duty. She answered, "Oh, no! it cannot be so, because that brings me such joy; it is the delight of my heart

to serve my father!" I scarcely knew whether I was amused or not. To any parent of earth the child's service is precious in proportion as it is painless. —George Matheson.

1247. Dean Stanley did well to put on the **memorial tablet** raised to the honor of **John Wesley** those memorable and characteristic words, **"The world is my parish!"** He that loveth father or mother or country more than Christ is not worthy of him.—Hoar.

1248. God knows; we do not. The secret of a truly successful life lies in **minute and unswerving obedience to God's directions; in following his pattern. As Oliver Wendell Holmes** said; "Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; **it will come out a rose by and by.** Life is like that—**One stitch at a time** taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery."

1249. Obedience insures spiritual illumination. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The Spirit shows the things of Christ to them that love him. Not the trained mind, but **the devoted heart, gives the clearest insight** into the deep things of God. As Neander was wont to say, **"The heart makes the theologian."**

1250. At Muckross Abbey, says Dr. Hoyt, **I saw a yew tree hundreds** of years old, as old as the crumbling abbey rising round it, yet still growing bravely on. **It was growing, because, standing on the past of gnarled trunk and spreading branches, it was using the present,** forming its leaf buds every season, and drinking in the dew and light. But the abbey in whose court it stood was **only a disintegrating pile** of crumbling stone, because it had ceased relation with the present. **Implicit obedience day by day is the condition of all spiritual life and progress.**

1251. There was a woman, during the war, who had one son, and when the conflict was fiercest, with heroic patriotism she called him to her and said: **"Son, our country needs you; go!"** He went; and she, pressing her lips a little firmer together, went on with her work. Three days later a soldier came to her door and told her that he **had seen her son shot down in the midst of the battle.** Again she went on with her work, with her lips a little more firmly pressed together, and now and then a tear in her eyes. But she said: **"God needed him. His will be done!"**

1252 A friend told us that he was visiting a **lighthouse** lately, and said to the keeper; "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in."

"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid; **we never think of ourselves here."**

"Never think of yourselves! how is that?"

The reply was a good one: **"We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps brightly burning,** and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved.—The Quiver.

1253. Beecher said, "The Elect are the 'I wills', and the Non-Elect are the 'I won'ts.' "

1254. No man can live in perfect contentment whose life contradicts a fundamental instinct. The man born to be a great **poet** or **artist** or **statesman,** with intuitive qualifications for enchaining a multitude can never find satisfaction in an obscure sphere in which those instincts were mortified and suppressed. A man with **social dispositions** and leanings can never find rest of soul as solitary anchorite or Trappist monk, or fakeer vowed to life-long dumbness. **Romulus,** with great imperial instincts in his soul, could never have passed a contented life in the mountain lair, where the she-wolf is said to have suckled him. **All these might more readily attain rest and contentment of soul than you who are made in God's image without daily speech and companionship with God.**—Rev. T. G. Selby.

1255. On **John Ruskin's** desk was a **paper-weight** made of a block of chalcedony. Deeply carved upon it was the word **"To-day."** The great prophet of modern life used to-day. To-morrow could bide its time, while to-day was on the throne. To-day is always here. **To-day is the only opportunity we have for life's work.** We never work to-morrow. Action belongs to the present. Whatever is the duty for to-day, let us do to-day.—"The Call of To-day."

1256. Each week is full of hours for spending and being spent out. If we don't find time, we shall be **caught sometimes unawares,** and have to look our Master in the face with our lamp unlit and our loins ungirt. "I trust that when my time comes," wrote Lewis Carroll, **"I may be found working."**—Speer.

1557. As the acorn cannot grow without appropriating the elements already prepared for it in the soil and the sky; and as **the carbon cannot burn** without laying hold of the oxygen already existing for it in the atmosphere; and as **the fish cannot swim** without utilizing

the water already adjusted to its fins; **so man cannot fill out the possibilities of his being without obeying the laws he finds already ordained to his will, when he comes into the world.**—"The Makings of a Man."

1258. The heavenly bodies serve God with an undeviating obedience; to them he has given a law which cannot be broken. But the obedience of a little child in some trifling matter is something infinitely higher, because it is **a moral act** of surrender of will to will.—A. C. A. Hall.

1259. A child was forbidden by her father to go to the shore of a lake. But some fascination drew her to the forbidden place, **she gathered a number of beautiful shells,** of which he was a great admirer, and carried them to him. But, when she put them in his hand, he dashed them away from him, simply saying in explanation, "My child, **to obey is better than to sacrifice."** The lesson was never forgotten.—C. E. World.

1260. Francis Xavier had early risen into brilliant reputation; and crowds are thronging his lectures day by day. Who has achieved success if he has not? But in the throng of his hearers appears the sombre figure of **Ignatius Loyola.** Disliked, ridiculed, repulsed at first, he does not leave the object of his solicitude; but after each splendid success he plies him with the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" At last, under this searching inquisition, Xavier is driven into retirement and his ambitious thoughts are remanded to the cloister of his penitent heart, there to **be trained into obedience to the cross of Christ. When he comes forth he is girded for service.**

1261. "Well, have you got any religion today?" asked a Christian friend of a Vermont shoemaker, somewhat noted for the simple and joyous earnestness of his religion. **"Just enough to make good shoes to the glory of God!"** said he in reply, as with an extra pull he drew his thread firmly to its place. That's **the kind of religion we want!** A religion that makes each one faithful to his work; that rules behind the counter as well as in the church; that guides the poor cobbler as he patches the old shoe of his customer, as truly as the visitor of the "sick and in prison," and that never puts the big potatoes only on top, nor all the large apples in the last layer at the top of the barrel.

1262. "My will, not thine, be done" turned paradise into a desert. **"Thy will, not mine,** be done," turned the desert into a paradise and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven."—Pressense.

1263. Zinzendorf said to a Moravian brother at Herrnhut, "Can you go as a missionary to **Greenland?"** "Yes." Can you go to-morrow?" "If the cobbler has finished my shoes I can go to-morrow." That was a quick, willing-hearted response. **Wesley** said: "If I had three hundred men who **feared nothing but God,** hated nothing but sin, and were determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, I would set the world on fire." "Send us men," said a heathen convert, "with hot hearts."

1264. Most of us are more eager to obtain God's' power in order to push our plans, than we are to learn God's will to adopt his plans.—Murray.

1265. In one of Browning's poems is the **beautiful story of a boy working at his poor trade** and praising God morn, noon and night. But one whispered in the boy's ear a word which left in his mind a feeling of **discontent** with his lowly place and work, and started in his heart a desire for something great and conspicuous. He craved now to praise God on the Pope's throne. **He left his poor trade and became a priest.** Meanwhile Gabriel took up the boy's tastes and played the craftsman well, praising God in his place. At last Theocrite realized his early dream—**he was Pope** now in St. Peter's. But Gabriel appeared to him, saying:

"I did not well when I took thee from
thy craftsman's cell and set thee here.
Go back to thy cell and thy poor employ;
Resume the craftsman and the boy."

He seemed to be serving God now in a far grander way than when he was working at his trade in his lowly place. But really he pleased God better in those early days than now, amid splendor and pomp. **God had missed the boy's song** all the years—his place had been really vacant since he left it. Only when he went back to his poor employ was he fulfilling the divine plan for his life. . . . Not the making of a fine career, therefore, but **the simple doing of God's will, is the one true aim in living.** Thus only can we achieve real success. If we do this, though we fail in the earthly race, we shall not fail in God's sight.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

1266. An artist pupil had wrought long over his picture and was weary and discouraged, as it seemed to him he could never work out his ideal. He sank into sleep one day by his easel, and while he slept an angel came and

finished the picture in a matchless way. So when we are faithful, striving, at our best, to learn the lesson of peace and get it into our life, though seeming to fail, **the Master will come and finish it for us.**

1267. It is not said that **after** keeping God's commandments, but **in keeping them there is great reward.** God has linked these two things together, and no man can separate them—**obedience and peace.**—Robertson.

1268. Florence Nightingale said: "If I could give you information of my life it would be to show how **a woman of very ordinary ability** has been led by God in strange and unaccustomed paths to do in his service what he has done in her. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and **I have never refused God anything.**"

1269. The spirit to obey is a ready solution of most of the practical problems of obedience. Once come to regard yourself purely in the light of a servant of Christ, with absolutely no desire but to know his will and do it, and what room have you left for any anxious thought concerning your future?

1270. We can claim God's protection only so far as we obey his commandments. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee," says Isaiah. But the staying of the mind is our work. It is like the staying in the cars which the railroads require. **We cannot wander from God and yet expect that God will bless us and keep us.**

1271. Everything, for time and for eternity, depends upon our readiness to render implicit obedience to our great Commander. A ship was breaking to pieces on the rocks. A life-boat came as near as it dared for rescue. A woman stood on the tossing deck prepared to **leap for her life.** The captain of the life-boat was waiting to receive her, but there was a watery gulf between. He told her to leap when the wave rose high above the rock, and it would float her safely to the life-boat, but not to leap when the rock was bare, as she would then be dashed to pieces. At length the moment came; he called to her to leap; the flood was high; it was perfectly safe. **She hesitated;** she held back, and then she ventured to the edge, but **it was too late, and she was lost. She did not obey at the moment of command.**

1272. I am free to obey or disobey. God lovingly warns me of the consequences of disobedience, but he **will not compel** me to obey. He will not force the door. One of our most eloquent senators once said that an **Englishman's cottage was his castle.** The winds may whistle through every crevice, and the rains penetrate through every cranny, but into that cottage the monarch of England dare not enter against the cotter's will. This is just the state of the case between **Christ and the human soul.** He has such a respect for the will of that immortal tenant that he has placed within us that he will never force an entrance.

Trust. Assurance. Freedom from Worry.

(1273–1382)

1273. Muller's Orphanages. We have received altogether, simply in answer to prayer and the exercise of faith, without applying to any one for anything, about $4,000,000. 60,000 children or grown up persons have been taught in the various schools entirely supported by the funds of the Institution, besides the tens of thousands who have been benefited in the schools which were assisted by its funds; above 9800 now frequent the schools; above 113,000 Bibles, above 295,000 Testaments and smaller portions of the Holy Scriptures, in various languages, have been circulated since the formation of the Institution, and above 60,000,000 of tracts and books, likewise in several different languages, have been circulated. There have been likewise, from the earliest days of this Institution, missionaries assisted by its funds, and of late years more than one hundred and seventy in number.—Muller's "Life of Trust."

1274. To my mother when dying one of her sons said, "It is a dark valley, mother." "No, my laddie, there's a bright light at the other end!" Be of good cheer, Christian; a few more trials, then the shadowy valley, then the rolling river, **then a welcome on the other side.**

1275. Two Christian gentlemen sat in a parlor car, communing of him who had been **a Comforter** through lonely years since each laid away his wife. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a poor, sad-faced man slowly scanning each passenger. The grief in his face touched them. "What is it?" they asked. The stranger stopped. "Yes", he said, "I guess you can tell me where it is. **My wife is in the baggage car.** I'm taking her to the old place. She wa'n't one bit afraid to die. She kept sayin' something 'bout 'Let not

your heart be troubled,' and I've been thinkin' if only I could find the words it wouldn't seem so awful lonesome. I've been lookin' all through the book, but can't find 'em. It 'peared like there was somebody in this car could tell me where they be." Kindly the place was found, and the desolate heart pointed to the Christ who first spoke the words to bereaved ones.

1276. We put our cares into God's hands, with a prayer that he free us from the load. But the cares do not seem to become any less. We think there has been no answer to our prayer. But all the while **an unseen hand has been shaping, adjusting, disentangling the complex affairs of our life** and preparing a blessing for us out of them all. —Dr. J. R. Miller.

1277. I do not trust you as a stranger. But as I come into contact with you, and watch you, and live with you, **I find out that you are trustworthy, and I come to trust myself to you, and to lean upon you. The way to trust Christ is to know Christ.** You cannot help trusting him then. You are changed. By knowing him faith is begotten in you, as cause and effect.—Drummond.

1278. Dr. Louis Harms was a man of high culture, but he was strongly moved to encourage artisans and farmers, men of humble educational attainments who felt a distinct call to go to the heathen with the gospel. He could get no sympathy for his idea; on the contrary, he was much spoken against on account of it. Thus **he was straitly shut up to God,** and thus was he brought into that travail of decision whose crisis he has so vividly described; "I knocked at men's doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. What was to be done? "Straightforward makes the best runner." **I prayed fervently to the Lord,** laid the matter in his hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said in a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, **"Forward now, in God's name." From that moment there never came a thought of doubt in my mind.**

1279. When **Luther** was asked, in a time of great trial; "Now, with Pope and cardinals, priests and kings all against you, what will you do?" He answered; **"Put myself under the shelter of him** who said; 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' "

1280. Some men believe easily; some do not. Edison (in relation to the value of his own inventions) seems to have been one of the latter class. The way in which he was convinced of the worth of a check given him was told by himself to a friend, and re-told in "Success" lately. The check was for forty thousand dollars. **General Lefferts** told him to go to the Bank of America in Wall Street and he would get the money. The inventor went, but with **so little real faith** in that paper promise that he says he would have sold out on the spot for two crisp thousand-dollar bills if anybody had offered them to him. A little fumbling or delay at the desk and a request from the cashier which Edison, being hard of hearing, did not understand, convinced him that the check was worthless. A clerk was then sent to the bank to identify him. It was not till he had the forty thousand dollars "in two wads of twenty thousand each, one in each trouser pocket," that he really believed in the check. He missed the serene content of the nobleman who **"believed the word . . . and . . . went his way. God's promises are like checks.** Most of us are as incredulous as Edison was.

1281. Someone once came to **Brother Giles,** a saintly follower of the good Francis of Assisi, saying, "Father, **if in our time there should fall some great adversities and tribulations, what should we do then?"** Whereunto replied Brother Giles, saying, "My brother, I would have thee know, that if the Lord were to rain down stones and lightning from heaven, they could not hurt us nor do us any harm, if we were such as we ought to be; for if man were truly what he ought to be, every evil and every tribulation would be turned into blessing. For we know what saith the apostle, that **'all things work together for good to them that love God'.** And so likewise to the man of evil will, all good things are turned to evil and to judgment."— Margaret E. Sangster.

1282. There was a beautiful engraving on the wall of **the Matterhorn Mountain.** We were remarking that the wondrous works of God were not only shown in those lofty snow-clad mountains, but also in the tiny mosses found in its crevices. A friend present said, "Yes, I was with a party at the Matterhorn, and while we were admiring the sublimity of the scene, a gentleman of the company produced **a pocket microscope,** and having caught a **tiny fly,** placed it under the glass. He reminded us that the legs of the household fly in England were naked, then called our attention to **the legs of this little fly, which were thickly covered with hair;"** thus showing that the same God who made those lofty mountains rise,

attended to the comfort of the tiniest of his creatures.—Newberry.

1283. The sin of the world is a false confidence; of the Christian, a false diffidence.

1284. That will break a worldly man's heart which will not break a godly man's sleep.—Matthew Arnold.

1285. In the summer of 1879 **I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of Swiss guides.** Beyond the services of the day, he gave me, unconsciously, **a lesson for life.** His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his own shoulders. In doing so he called for all; but **I chose to keep back a few for special care.** I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to where I was resting for a moment, kindly but firmly **demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock.** Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction, he led the way. **And now, with my freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety.** Then a voice spake inwardly: "O, foolish, wilful heart! hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountainside, I said within myself: And **ever thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me.**—Sarah Smiley.

1286. A sparrow had built its nest in a freight car that had been ordered to the shops for repair. When the car was in order and started again into service, **a nest full of young sparrows** seemed about to be robbed of a mother's care. But though the car traveled several hundred miles, the mother bird would not desert her young. The sympathy of the trainmen was touched, and they notified the division superintendent, who **ordered the car out of commission until the little birds were able to care for themselves.** If a great railroad system can be ordered so as to protect helpless sparrows, is it hard to believe that the great Superintendent of the universe orders all things for the good of his children?

1287. Sometimes faith is little more than a **simple clinging to Christ:** a sense of dependence, and a willingness so to depend. When you are down at the seaside, as we might all of us wish to be, you will see **the limpet sticking to the rock;** you walk with a soft tread up to the rock with your walking stick and strike the limpet with a rapid blow, and off he comes. Try the next limpet in the way. You have given him warning; he heard the blow with which you struck his neighbor, and he clings with all his might. You will **never get him off.** Strike, and strike again, but you may as soon break the rock. Our little friend, the limpet, **does not know much, but he clings.** He cannot tell us much about what he is clinging to, he is not acquainted with the geological formation of the rock, but he clings. **He has found something to cling to,** that is his little bit of knowledge, and he uses it by clinging to the rock of his salvation; it is the limpet's life to cling. Thousands of God's people have no more faith than this; they **know enough to cling to Jesus** with all their heart and soul and this suffices. Jesus Christ is to them a Saviour strong and mighty, and like a rock immovable and immutable; they cleave to him.—Spurgeon.

1288. I was in a provincial town some time ago, when I was told of a **nobleman who for many years worked as a porter in the railway station, because he did not know his true position in the world,** till one day a gentleman entered the station, and after saluting him said, "Sir, may I ask your name?" "John ——," was the answer. "I have come to tell you that **you are the Earl of ——, and entitled to a large estate," replied the visitor.** Do you think that man stood about the station touching his cap for tips any longer? Not he. **He took possession of his inheritance at once.** That is just what we Christians should do.

1289. He was sitting by the bedside of his little girl. She had been lying there helplessly a year through an injury to her hip. Angrily, he exclaimed that day: **"Do you think I could love a God who would send such trouble upon my little girl?"** Tears began to trickle from beneath the closed lids upon the child's face. "My dear child," the father said, "I ought not to have brought my anger here to you. You have been so patient, so brave. I ought not to have added to your burden."

"It isn't that, papa," the little girl said. "But I couldn't help thinking while you were talking—I've tried so hard—I haven't always been good, but I've tried. You know better than I do, but I was thinking—**if I hadn't believed all the time that God had something to do with it, I don't think I could have borne it."** Be you sure the child's faith was the truer. Thenceforward **the child's faith became the father's too.**

God's hand is somewhere in our circumstances.

1290. Noticing over the chemist's table **a magnet** which hung loaded with a collection of various tools and weights, I asked, "What is the magnet doing?" **"I am loading it up,"** the chemist answered. "It has been lying round on the table doing nothing and losing its power; so now I am **giving it something to do,** a little more every morning, and it's gaining, it's growing stronger every day," and he added a small file to the clump attached to the magnet. **True faith must never lie round doing nothing.** Every day a little more, and every day gaining a little in power to hold to God and his promises.

1291. The traveler in Switzerland, in the train to Geneva, creeps along the base of a gigantic mountain peak which towers, bare and stern, thousands of feet above him. **On the very crest are the remains of a rugged stone building.** From this airy height can be seen most of the lakes of Switzerland, Mont Blanc, the Alps of the Valais and the Bernese Oberland. The old convent is **reached by steps** cut in the almost perpendicular face of the rock, and concerning these steps a legend is told. **In the sixth century,** it is said, **a godly old man taught a few boys in a hut in the valley.** The hut was dark, being windowless, and damp as it stood in a swamp full of mire and fetid water. So poisonous were the air and stagnant pools of the valley that the people had inherited for generations a kind of idiocy called **cretinism.**

The good old clergyman resolved to rescue the children whom he taught and loved. He gave all of his time for rest to the **cutting of these steps in the mountain side.** The work was slow, the people jeered at his endeavors, even the children for whom he worked laughed at him; but he persevered. After years of work, he reached the top of the mountain and built there a little house, to which he retired with his pupils, **living above the world,** as the peasants tell us, "alone in God's sight." The building afterward was enlarged into a convent. It is now in ruins; but the story has its useful meaning. **Life may be low and miry for us, but it is always possible to cut a stairway, up which we can climb into clean, healthful air and sunshine.**

1292. A writer in the Biblical Treasury says: "When one asked **Alexander** how he could sleep so soundly and securely in the midst of danger, **he told him that Parmenio watched.** He might well sleep when Parmenio watched. **The Christian lives a charmed life because the Omnipotent Arm is around him.**—Ernest Gilmore.

1293. I used to visit **a woman engaged in a "sweated industry."** She lived in a small, ill-lighted, unsanitary room in a slum. She worked through the weary days, and knew nothing of holidays. Her wage was small, her occupation precarious, and her health indifferent; yet **she would work away, singing hymns,** her favorite hymn being:

"I feel like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a friend of mine,
I'll serve him all the day."

This "sweated" was **one of the happiest beings I have ever known.** What was her secret? What prompted her happiness? It was religion—the religion of Christ. And the religion of Christ is the supreme factor in inspiring cheerfulness in adversity.—Rev. G. Ensor Walters.

1294. "I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know **I cannot drift**
Beyond his love and care.

"And so beside the silent sea
I sit with muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."—Whittier.

1295. "Help yourself to God." The late **Dr. Benjamin M. Adams,** one of the purest and noblest of Christian ministers, awoke one night, several years ago, and as he lay there thinking it seemed to him he heard a voice say, **"Help yourself to God."** At first he was almost shocked. It seemed irreverent, and yet the words repeated themselves over and over again, "Help yourself to God, help yourself to God, help yourself." Gradually **a sense of peace and joy** filled his heart, and he realized as never before how near God is, how he stands at our very side, waiting to give us abundantly of his Spirit, his love, and his help—we have only to help ourselves. That evening he preached in a New York church, and told this experience of his. Afterward he learned that **a lady in the congregation had come to New York to undergo a severe surgical operation.** She had come into the church feeling greatly burdened with anxiety and shrinking from the ordeal before her. Dr. Adams' words seemed like a message from God to her, and she said her last conscious thought as she lay on the operating table was that God was beside her with help and strength sufficient for all her needs—she had only to take all she wanted. She had found the "Bread of Life."

1296. It was up in the Adirondack

Mountains. **A boy had gone from the home early in the sixties—gone to the war.** Day after day **a mother had prayed**—prayed with such importunity, prayed with such faith, that the boy might come home—but the winter of 1865, in March, the snow had fallen so deep that it covered the fence, and then a thaw, and then a frost, and the crust was so thick that a beast could walk over it without breaking through. In the early days of March **a friend walked fourteen miles over the mountains** and brought a paper, and said: "A battle has been fought, a battle down on the ocean at Fort Fisher, and a stronghold has been taken." And then his voice grew hoarse. He said the battle had cost us much, and then a tear came into his eye, and then he read a long list of the slain, and when his voice spake one word it read: **"Charles L——, killed in the fort,** buried in the trenches." And the woman did not cry out, but **went upstairs and stayed there** all the rest of the day and that night, and until the afternoon of the next day. We thought she might never come down, for we had learned of Moses in the presence of God. But in the afternoon she came down, and **her face shone like the face of an angel.** In the secret of the great sob you may learn the secret of God. **The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him,** and he will show them his covenants.—Brooklyn Eagle.

1297. I remember the funeral of Moody's brother. After they had finished the usual services and the coffin-lid was about to be put in its place, **Mr. Moody arose, and, stepping forward** from the seat where he had been sitting, with a shining face, he **laid one hand upon the coffin,** and then lifting the other he poured out such **a stream of thanksgiving** unto God for the life that was gone, and for the wonderful comfort and joy and hope that came to him in Jesus Christ, that it was said by this onlooker that it almost seemed as if the heavens were opened and they could see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man. At last he ceased, the coffin-lid was placed in its position, and the body was carried out and laid in the grave. On one side of the sepulcher stood **fifty young men,** many of them **led to Christ through the influence of this one who was gone,** and they held in their hands beautiful white flowers, which they cast down upon the coffin in token of the glorious resurrection. And on the other side of the grave stood **Mr. Moody;** and he said that as he stood there and thought of how his brother, being dead, was yet speaking, he felt that if he were silent the very stones would cry out, and he cried with a loud voice, **"Glory to God! Glory be to God! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"**—God's World.

1298. The way of **loving trust** in the Saviour may thus be illustrated. A lady is the wife of the most eminent physician of the day. She is seized with a dangerous illness, and is smitten down by its power; yet she is wonderfully calm and quiet, for her husband has made this disease his special study, and has healed thousands similarly afflicted. She is not in the least troubled, for she **feels perfectly safe in the hands of one in whom skill and love are blended** in their highest forms. Her faith is reasonable and natural. This is the kind of faith which the happiest of believers exercise toward Christ.—Spurgeon.

1299. In one of his books of travel, **Du Chaillu speaks of the horror that seized upon him when he shot his first gorilla. The cry of the poor creature was so human,** its attitudes and expressions of pain so like those of a suffering man, that he imagined he had perpetrated something not far short of murder. He could scarcely acquit himself of blood-guiltiness. **The tie that binds us to God is inexpressibly higher** and more sacred than the tie which binds the most human-like brute to man. No cry, however plaintive and piteous, that has ever risen from the world of animal life to a kindly human heart **can compare in its melting persuasiveness and its poignant appeal to my prayer, as it wings itself to the attending ear of the Eternal. He will hear and heed.**—Selby.

1300. Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

1301. A gentleman in the East heard of **a shepherd who could call all his sheep to him by name.** He went and asked if this was true. The shepherd took him to the pasture where they were, and called one of them by some name. One sheep looked up and answered the call, while the others went on feeding and paid no attention. In the same way he called about a dozen of the sheep around him. The stranger said: "How do you know one from the other? They all look perfectly alike." "Well," said he, "you see that sheep toes in a little; that other one has a squint; one has a

little piece of wool off; another has a black spot; and another has a piece out of its ear." The man knew all his sheep by their failings, for he had not a perfect one in the whole flock. I suppose our Shepherd knows us in the same way. —Moody.

1302. Dean Farrar tells how an English clergyman visited two fine ships about to sail on their voyage of Arctic discovery into the land of snow and darkness. He found the brave captains full of confidence, and, raising his eyes in the cabin, he saw there, as almost its only ornament, an illuminated text, which read, **"Have faith in God".** "Ah, there," he said, pointing to the text, "there is the true pole!"

1303. "My mother had the joy of life. I think no moment ever passed her by without being seized in all the eagerness of acceptance. I never knew her when she was not delicate, but I never heard her complain; she was always happy, with **a natural gayety which had only been strengthened into a kind of vivid peace by the continual presence of a religion at once calm and passionate.** She was as sure of God as of my father; heaven was always as real to her as the room in which she laughed and prayed... To her the past, the present and the future were but moments of one existence; life was everything to her and life was indestructible."—Arthur Symonds.

1304. The disciplined soul thinks of possible evils just so much as is needful for practical action, and no more. It will not dwell under cloud when it knows its way to the clear sky. One of the best bits of history we know is that of **Quaker John Woolman,** who, on one of his missionary expeditions, being overtaken in the forest by night and by the rain, with no habitation at hand and no means even of kindling a fire, tells us how he allowed his horse to graze, while he himself, sitting under a tree, **"found great comfort in meditation upon the love of God."** He had learned the secret. It is worth knowing.—Rev. J. Brierly in Congregationalist.

1305. A very beautiful thought is brought out by the French translation of a verse in the First Epistle of Peter. The words are: **"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."** Where our version reads "casting" the French translation is **unloading** (dechargeant). The difference of meaning is made plain by an illustration we have somewhere seen. Have you ever seen a coal cart unload? The man took out of the front of the heavy cart a little iron pin, and the cart was so balanced on the axle that then, with **a slight pressure on the back of the cart, it would tip up and the whole load slide off** to the ground, and the pony would trot away with a light step. You do not have to take it up.

1306. Some time ago **a boy was discovered in the street,** evidently bright and intelligent, but **sick.** A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there. **"Waiting for God to come for me,"** he said. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tones of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face he saw evidences of fever. "God sent for mother and father and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up into the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion, **"He has sent me to take care of you."**

Then his eyes flashed, and a smile of triumph broke over his face as he said: **"Mother never told a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way!"**—Words and Weapons.

1307. A man comes to me and asks **if I am married.** I tell him **I hope so;** at times I feel that I am. Sometimes I think I am. Do you not see what a reflection that is on my marriage vows? Some one asks me **whether I am an American,** and I tell him **I hope so.** Don't I know that I was born on American soil of American parents? Spurgeon said that he did not want any man to tell him how honey tastes; he knows.—Moody.

1308. There is an Arabian proverb which says: "**He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not,** is a fool; shun him. **He who knows not, and knows that he knows not,** is simple; teach him. **He who knows, and knows not that he knows,** is asleep; wake him. **He who knows, and knows that he knows,** is wise; follow him." Happy is the man who has arrived at certainty; who knows, and knows that he knows. He shall be like a house that is built upon a rock. He shall be stable, serene, secure. He shall be strong and a source of strength to others. Men will listen to him and will follow him; for he will speak with the tone of certainty, with the accent of conviction.

1309. Faith in laws of nature or of human action comes by experience; **faith in persons is easier and instinctive.** The child begins to show faith in its parents long before it can utter its thoughts. That faith is widened so as to include friends and teachers. It is the basis of much of the knowledge gained in school. However many times one may have been deceived in others, it is well-nigh impossible not to continue to believe one's fellow men. This faith strengthens with the goodness and the wisdom of the one that is its object. **Faith in God,** then, is not the hard, strange, unnatural feeling that many would make it; it **is the most natural of acts.** If we can trust in a fallible and fickle human being, even in an impersonal and invisible force like electricity, it surely is no great task to trust in a loving God who reveals himself in so many ways.—Golden Rule.

1310. Those who seek to tempt emigrants have told of lands in whose climate consumption dies, where east winds are unknown; and spring and autumn have joined hands and thrust out the unkinder extremes of summer and winter. **But who can find us a land where worry cannot thrive?** Who can tell us where the old croaking raven Care cannot build his nest? Why, worried soul, **such is the very land which the Lord would have thee go in to possess,** where care is killed, for **the Lord careth for it:** where troubled worry cannot set its foot, for the eyes of the Lord are always upon it from the beginning of the year even unto the ending of the year.—Mark Guy Pearse.

1311. Some years ago, when a pastor in Detroit, I got word one Sabbath morning that a **boy of our Sabbath-school had died.** So after the morning service, I went around to try and **comfort the mother.** She was a faithful member of the church, but very quiet, I had never heard her utter a word in the public services. She had two noble girls and the boy who died. As I walked up the steps leading to their door, **I heard singing;** and through the open window I caught sight of the mother and her two daughters, sitting by the coffin of their boy, and they were singing softly:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast."

I dared not interrupt the beautiful scene, so I slipped down the steps and tip-toed away, leaving them with their dead, for though I came to comfort them, I saw that they **had already found the hidden springs.** And so there come to millions of toilers and sufferers the world over strength and comfort and beauty from the springs of God. "The secret of the Lord" is with them. They reflect the beauty of lives sunk deep in God.—Wilbur F. Sheriden.

1312. The Spectre of Brocken. Up among the **Hartz Mountains,** in Germany, there is a spot to which tourists are often asked to climb in the after part of the day that they may **see this spectre.** A vast ridge of hills appears extending away into the distance; across this blue expanse, a great figure in human shape is seen to move. It requires some little attention before it is discovered that this is **only one's own shadow** projected by the sun behind his back; and that the brow whose nod seems as if it might shake the universe is only his own forehead; and that the hand which might grapple with the Titans is only his own with his staff in it.—Dr. Banks.

1313. Some people have their **trouble three times;** first in **anticipation;** second in actual **realization,** and lastly in living it over and over again in morbid **retrospection.**

1314. An old Methodist preacher once offered this prayer in a meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our **souls."** Many voices responded "Amen!" He went on: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our **bodies."** The response was vociferous, "Amen!" Then with still more warmth he said, "and, Lord, help us to trust thee with our **money."** **Not an amen was heard in the house, except that of an old and poor lady.** Is it not strange that **when religion touches the pocketbooks of some people it seals their lips?**

1315. Stephen Shultz, the noted missionary to the Jews, was a man of firm trust. The principal of the school which he entered, when he was preparing for the work, asked him, "What do you wish to study?" "Theology." "My son, you are probably not aware how expensive it is to study; are your parents able to bear the expense?"

"No, sir; this is impossible for them."

"What, then, do you intend to do?"

"The God who made the heaven and the earth will have left a few pence to enable me to study."

"My son, **if you thus trust in the Lord, you will find help."**

And the Lord did help Stephen Shultz. **Everything needful was provided,** so that he could prosecute his studies, and equip himself for a successful life-work.

1316. A friend one day asked me to take a drive and spend the day with

him. I accepted his invitation. He paid for everything. As we neared the town, we had to pay a toll. Another friend beside me, thinking I was about to pay the toll, said: "Mr.—— will pay." **"I should think so," I replied. "After having paid for everything, I didn't think I would insult him by paying the few pence of toll."**—Mackay.

1317. We look too much at the working side of life, instead of the outcome of life. Were you ever in a manufactory where pianofortes are made? Of all places in the world, don't go there for good music. I have been there, and of all the places of discord — tuning, tuning, tuning, and thump, thump, thumping, you ever heard,—it is dreadful. But if you want music, go to the band, and orchestra in its force. **Down here is the place for tuning and making the instruments.** By-and-by we shall have such a concert to the glory of God; every one of us, small and big instruments, sounding to his praise and glory. **Trust anticipates the outcome.**

1318. On the keystone of a bridge over a little stream in a beautiful Scottish parish we have read the words, **"God and We."** The tale is interesting. A girl in danger of perishing in the storm, when the stream was in flood, **vowed that if God would save her life** and help her in the future, she **would build a bridge** over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. The inscription on the bridge gives the secret of success. **"Fellow-workers with God,"** ever depending on him.

1319. A venerable clergyman, moved by my sermon, said, "Your words recall **an incident of my early life.** I was at that time quite **a worldly man.** I was **traveling through a wild part of Ireland,** through a fine mountain pass: I had never seen such scenery and such splendour of vastness. I journeyed on quite overpowered with the beauty of the view I was gazing at, when all at once I chanced to turn my eyes from the hills, and I found close to me **a vast bed of what is called 'London Pride,' one of the most minute of flowers:** there in all its beauty it was spread all around my feet. Worldly man as I was, the contrast between the glory of that vastness and **the beauty of that littleness of God's work** so weighed upon me, that I dropped on my knees in that bed of flowers and burst into tears." I am not surprised at it. The greatness of God impressed him all the more because it was contrasted with his interest in littleness. **You are not too small for God to think of you; not too insignificant for God to love you.**—Rev. W. H. Hay Aitkin.

1320. I saw in Kensington Garden a picture of Waterloo a good while after the battle had passed, and the grass had grown all over the field. There was a dismounted cannon, and **a lamb had come up from the pasture and lay sleeping in the mouth of that cannon.** So the artist had represented it, a most suggestive thing. Then I thought how the war between God and the soul had ended, and instead of the announcement, "The wages of sin is death," there came the words, **"My peace I give unto thee,"** and amid the batteries of the law that had once quaked with the fiery hail of death I beheld **the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.**

1321. Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of **rest.** The **first** chose for his scene a still, lone lake among far-off mountains. The **second** threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam; at the fork of a branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, **a robin sat on its nest.** The first was only **Stagnation;** the last was **Rest.** For in rest there are always two elements — tranquillity and energy; silence and turbulence; creation and destruction; fearfulness and fearlessness. —Drummond.

1322. A bit of wholesome philosophy is bound up in the terse epigram of **Admiral Bob Evans,** when he said: "There are two classes of things **I never worry about—those things I can't help, and those I can."** It is sheer folly to worry over what we **can't help.** It is cowardice to worry over what we can help. With a will we should go to work to help it. When tempted to worry, first **classify your worry** either into the class you can help, or the class you can not.

1323. The soul fearless with its trust in God, alone but unterrified amid dangers and snares, may walk, as **did the blind girl Nydia** through the showering ashes of Vesuvius; the boiling torrents touched her not, huge fragments of scoria shivered the Pompeian pavements before and beside her, but spared her frail form, and when the lesser ashes fell on her she shook them off and dauntlessly went on her way.

1324. Xenophon tells us that when **Cyrus** gave **Artabasus,** one of his courtiers, **a cup of gold,** he gave **Chrysantes,** his favorite, nothing at that time but a kiss; which occasioned this speech from Artabasus to Cyrus: **"Sir, the cup you**

gave me was not so good gold as the kiss you gave Chrysantes." God gives wicked men many times gold, but without kisses; and godly men kisses without gold; yet the godly may say, "There's more gold in their kisses than in the others' gold. Trust rejoices in God rather than merely in his gifts.

1325. A building was being torn down, and a laborer, who was noted for his lack of intelligence, was set to pull at a rope attached to the top of the wall. "Do you think," a passer-by asked, "that you are going to pull that thick wall down that way?" The man continued his tugs as he replied: "It doesn't seem so to me, but I guess the boss knows what he is about." After an hour's pulling, the wall swayed and fell. The man who gave the order knew that it would, although the man who pulled at the rope did not. If more faith were exercised in Christ's commands now, we should be astonished at results, although "surprise" should have little or no place, since God hath said, and will he not do it?

1326. I remember once swimming with some friends in Scotland; I had not measured the current, and they had got across; and I found my strength was giving way. My two friends saw the condition which I was in, and at once sprang in from the bank to my rescue. When they reached me where I was—just in time, for my strength was exhausted—they each put a hand under me. I at once stopped all my efforts to save myself, and I was carried to shore in that position. I was saved from under. That is just where Christ saves from, beneath; He saves from under. You must let go the last rag, the last tatter, the last hope, and let yourselves be saved from under; "for underneath are the everlasting arms" of salvation.—W. P. Mackay.

1327. Faith realizes the presence of the living God and Saviour and thus it breeds in the soul a beautiful calm and quiet, like that which was seen in a little child in the time of a tempest. Her mother was alarmed, but the lassie was pleased; she clapped her hands with delight. Standing at the window when the flashes came most vividly, she cried in childish accents, "Look, mamma! How beautiful! How beautiful!" Her mother said, "My dear, come away, the lightning is terrible;" but she begged to be allowed to look out and see the lovely light which God was making all over the sky, for she was sure God would not do his little child any harm.—Spurgeon.

1328. Be faithful in sowing and trust God for the harvest. Some years ago Dr. Antliff went to preach in a small Derbyshire village, in a farmhouse kitchen. The congregation was composed mainly of a number of boys and other young people. On returning home at night, his wife said, "Well, Samuel, what sort of a day have you had?" "Only a poor day," he replied, "hardly anybody present, but a few boys." But God graciously blessed that service. Three of the boys, who dated their conversion from that afternoon, are now ministers. He told the incident in a sermon. As he mentioned these names a young minister in the congregation became deeply moved, and rising and interrupting the preacher said, with tears rolling down his face, "Forgive my intruding on your sermon, Dr. Antliff, but I am another of those boys who were led to Christ at that service in the farmhouse kitchen."

1329. There is often a great impression made on heathen hearts by the fearless way in which Christians enter the valley of shadow. During an outbreak of smallpox in a mission institution, a heathen woman was engaged to help in nursing. She was filled with wonder because not one of the Christian girls had been afraid to die, and all the Christians were bright and happy. She returned to her village but the impression remained, and she came back to learn of that Savior who had robbed death of its sting. Having found him, she openly confessed herself his disciple; she became a teacher, and now, under the superintendent of the missionaries, she is telling her own people of him whose "perfect love casteth out fear."—Missionary Comments.

1330. I draw out from my pocket a little miniature, and look upon it, and tears drop from my eyes. What is it? A piece of ivory. What is on it? A face that some artist has painted there. It is a radiant face. My history is connected with it. When I look upon it tides of feeling swell in me. Someone comes to me and says, "What is that?" I say,, "It is my mother." "Your mother! I should call it a piece of ivory with water-colors on it". To me it is my mother. When you come to scratch and analyze it, and scrutinize the elements of it, to be sure it is only a sign or dumb show, but it brings to me that which is no sign nor dumb show. According to the law of my mind, through it I have brought back, interpreted, refreshed, revived, made patent in me, all the sense of what a loving mother was. So I take my conception of Christ as he is painted in dead letters on dead pa-

per, and to me is interpreted the glory, the sweetness, the patience, the love, the joy-inspiring nature of God; and I do not hesitate to say, "Christ is my God," just as I would not hesitate to say of that picture, "It is my mother." —Beecher.

1331. Some naturalist, in the Scotch highlands, desiring to secure a rare flower, growing down on the side of a cliff, offered to pay a boy liberally if he would consent to be lowered. At first he hesitated, but finally said, **"I'll go down if father holds the rope."**

1332. After the battle of Gettysburg Lincoln told Gen. Sickels that he had had no doubt as to the result. When asked why he felt so confident, he said; "I knew that defeat in a great battle on Northern soil **involved the loss of Washington,** to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Confederacy. **I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer.** Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer. I felt that I must put all my trust in Almighty God. I asked him to help us and give us victory now. **I felt that my prayer was answered.** I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgivings as to the result at Gettysburg."

1333. In 1865, the cholera was prevailing in Northern Syria. I happened at that time to be in Mount Lebanon. We had a community of about one hundred and fifty Protestants in the city where the cholera broke out. They became alarmed, and they **sent a messenger** five days' journey with a note saying, "Our dear doctor, the cholera has broken out in our city, and we are afraid that we may be attacked. Will you please send us a bottle of medicine, and if you can, doctor, will you come yourself?" I took with me a young man who was a teacher in the theological seminary. He was not a physician. We traveled over the blazing plain of Caele-Syria five days, and we reached the outskirts of the city. My companion said to me, **"Doctor, we might go in there to-night, but I want to tell you something: I know you will despise me for it, but I am afraid of the cholera."** He said, **"I mean to go into that city, but I want to spend this night in prayer and fasting, that God may give me strength."** He went into his tent and spent the night wrestling on his knees. The next morning, when I woke up and came out of my tent, I found that young man with **his face glowing like the face of an angel.** I knew that it was all over. He said, "Doctor, let us strike our tents and go into the city; **I have found rest, I do not care a particle now for the cholera; I am ready to go."** We went into the city, and were met by our brethren there. We saluted them and inquired about the health of the community, and found that no one had yet been stricken with cholera.—Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Post.

1334. Possibly no Bible chapter has exerted a greater influence on the world's leaders than Isaiah 40. Handel begins his **"Messiah"** with "Comfort ye etc." **Luther** pored over it in the castle at Salzburg; **John Brown** read it in prison at Harper's Ferry; **Oliver Cromwell** went to it for help in time of storm; **Daniel Webster** read it again and again when he was crushed and broken in spirit; **Tennyson** called it one of the five great classics in the Old Testament record.

1335. Dr. Francis E. Clark tells an interesting story of **a young man** living in Maine, who was **out in the woods one day with his camera** taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the **mouth of a little cavern** between the rocks, and he said to himself, "I will see what sort of a picture I can get out of that cave," and as it was a dark day he decided to take a "time-exposure" instead of a "snap shot." Steadying the camera at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within, went upon his way through the woods, and after a few hours returned to his home. Several weeks afterward, in a leisure day, on developing his picture, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture in the very center of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur, a huge Canada lynx, that might easily have destroyed his life. We walk in the midst of physical and moral perils every day we live. How splendid the promise, **"He that keepeth thee will neither slumber nor sleep."**

1336. One night I was trying to reach along the coast of England in a yacht; we could not weather the point, and our good captain said we would have to go under the lee, and **cast anchor;** and having let out a long length of chain — we had to do that because there was such **a storm blowing**— our men got ready, and when they were cleared they said, "Let go the anchor." **My anchor is Christ.** My anchor cannot fail until his power, and my Bible fail. I shall anchor fast to the eternal Rock of Ages, and stand the storm, and **live by faith.**—Mackay.

1337. A medical friend of mine in Edinburgh had a patient once who

wrote him a long letter, in which he gave a very elaborate account of his ailments, and made an appointment to meet him. When he came to his house, he went over the whole story again, and then said, "Doctor, don't you think such and such medicine would do?" "Oh, very well," said the doctor, "there it is, that is what you want." He went away, but he did not get any better. At last he wrote another letter, in which he said, "The last time I wrote to you I told you all about myself, and the medicine I thought I should have; but I am no better, so the next time I come I want you to tell me what you think, and give me the medicine you think I ought to have. That was the proper thing to do. When you go to a doctor it is not for you to prescribe for yourself, you must let him find out the disease and apply the remedy, and then trust him for results.

1338. Trust hears heaven's melody. One of the sweetest of Roman legends is the pure and lovely story of Saint Cecelia, whose one absorbing passion was for music. One day while playing on her instrument she heard another music overhead, finer and richer than her own, seeming to drop from the skies. Recognizing it to be celestial, angelic, divine, she hushed her own music that she might listen to the nobler strains that floated down upon her ears.—Kelly.

1339. A Dutch scientist has completed five years study in South America. He took some insects from Holland into the rich tropic atmosphere, changed their environment, put them in a friendly environment, and gave them the best food. He expected to modify their coloring, having exchanged the damp, foggy sky of Holland for the brilliant hues of the tropics. And lo! these insects doubled their size; the dim subdued tints became gay and brilliant. At last he discovered that insects that in Holland crawled, in the South spread their wings to fly and meet God's sun. More marvelous still is the way the soul can grow. Last year you lived in the damp, foggy miasmatic levels of selfishness; sordidness, like a cloud, wrapped you about. Suppose you take down your tent, and move into the tropic realm of love and trust and hope. Open the soul's wings to the light, the sun and dew of God's spirit.

1340. Mr. Moody used to say, "The only way to keep a broken vessel full is to keep it always under the tap."

1341. Does the doubter say, "Ah, but some of the birds do perish!" They do not perish because of their lack of distracting care. Christ does not say they shall never perish; but that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of God. To fall, under his guidance, is as fortunate as to rise. You also, he implied, are helpless in his hands. you cannot make, or prolong life one moment. You cannot add a single step to its journey by worrying.—Monday Club Sermons.

1342. Dr. Arnot describes a plant, which is sometimes found in the great deserts, rooted in the arid sand, yet with leaves full of sap, whose veins yield water to the thirsty traveler. This lowly herb, though chained in the midst of the Great Sahara, has all the waters of the ocean at its disposal. It has a multitude of microscopic mouths which suck the moisture from the air: and the air, thus robbed of its moisture, draws from the distant ocean to supply its need. So does the child of God, however far he may be from what he needs, draw through his Father to satisfy his needs.

1343. Trust finds its name in the Bible, and responds gladly to the Bible's personal call. Dr. Trumbull said; "When I was in Libby Prison, an order came that one person was to be released. Every one wished and hoped that he was the one. When the inspector came in the morning and the name was called out, 'Chaplain H. C. Trumbull,' I can assure you I never valued my name as I did at that moment."

1344. Mr. Wilkinson started the Mildmay Mission to the Jews after the pattern of George Muller's work in Bristol. "Ask the Lord and tell his people" became the watchword of the Mildmay Mission. The plan was to ask the Lord to reveal his will, and make a simple statement to God's people as he gives opportunity, and then ask him to move the hearts of his children to give of their substance. The contributors thus become real sharers in the blessing of God upon the work, and the gifts themselves bring a blessing with them. Thus was the work begun and thus for some thirty years it has been supported. The missionary property is vested in trustees, and the accounts are carefully audited. The mission has medical work, and has about 5,000 patients each year. Besides the larger missions in London, the Mildmay Mission has three stations in Russia.—Missionary Comments.

1345. I had a letter lately from one at a far distance. She was about to undergo a severe operation and stated the day and hour when it was to take place. She said she would like at that

day and hour to have the knowledge that some one was thinking of her, that **some one was praying for her,** that some one was, spiritually, holding her hand. She recovered. Will anybody say that the strength by which she bore the strain was purely physical? Will anybody say that the song in the heart went for nothing? In any crisis moment I should say it would turn the scale.—Geo. Matheson, D. D.

1346. The tourist who goes up the Matterhorn must not tell the guide the route or what implements it is safe to carry. If he is not **willing to trust his guide,** he would better stay at the base of the mountain. For there will come many an emergency in which nothing but that guide's steady brain and stout arm will lie between him and certain destruction. Can you grasp a stiff hold on the loving hand of your Guide and say, even on the dizziest places, **"I will trust?"**—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

1347. The other day I took up a strong magnet. It lifted a piece of steel several times its weight. **But when that steel was covered with tin or nickel it did not pick it up.** There is then no connection between them. Christ is the great magnet of spiritual power. But if severed from us by a coating of unbelief he cannot lift us up.—Broughton.

1348. A root set in the finest soil, in the best climate, and blessed with all that sun and air and rain can do for it, **is not in so sure a way of its growth to perfection as every man may be,** whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches toward him with half that certainty, as **God,** the source of all good, **communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him.**—Wm. Law.

1349. Indulged sins of omission or commission will hinder assurance. No backslider can have it. Some resemble the little girl who prayed, "O Lord, make me good—not too good—but **just good enough not to get whipped;** Amen." —Rev. E. P. Marvin.

1350. Gounod, the celebrated musician, tells how in his earlier life he thought highly of **himself.** Later it was **Gounod and Mozart.** Still later it was, **Mozart and Gounod. Finally his mind settled on Mozart and him only. So trust, imperfect and divided at first, may at last rest on Christ solely.**—Wilson.

1351. A certain judge said; **"My wife has something that keeps her; all I have been able to do is to get something that I keep."**

1352. It was once said of a certain man with reference to the fretting **worry** which moved his spiritual life, **"He is pulling at the chariot: I want a man who is riding in it."**

1353. A dying Scotch woman was twitted, by a friend, concerning her faith. The friend said, "Suppose that, after all, this God in whom you trust should not keep his promise to save you." She answered; **"E'en as he likes, but he will lose more than I will. I will merely lose my soul, but he will lose his veracity."**

1354. "I found the air so different," said a pedestrian, "when I changed and walked **on the road along the top of the hill,** instead of by the road in the valley below. It was so much more exhilarating. I could speed along without half the sense of weariness." Is not that the way with many Christians? Some travel always by the valley road, and miss the joys and privileges of the few who journey on the crest of the hills.—East and West.

1355. In one of the **German picture galleries** is a painting called **"Cloudland."** It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive **daub of confused color,** without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, the picture begins to take shape; it proves to be a mass of exquisite little **cherub faces like** those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto." If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim. How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, will only **draw up near to God, it will soon discover that the cloud is full of angels of mercy.**—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

1356. "It was now **(in a time of special trouble;** her parents dying, etc.) that I could try whether the path which I had chosen was **the path of phantasy or truth;** whether I had merely thought as others showed me, or the object of my trust had a reality. To my unspeakable support, my soul, when all was pressing on me from without, **hastened to the place of refuge, and never did it return empty."**—Confessions of a Beautiful Soul. "Wilhelm Meister", Goethe.

1357. God gives to his people the propensity to cling. Look at the sweet pea which grows in your garden. Perhaps

it has fallen down upon the gravel walk. Lift it up against the laurel or the trellis, or put a stick near it, and it catches hold directly, because there are little hooks ready prepared with which it grasps anything which comes in its way, it was meant to grow upward, and so it is **provided with tendrils.**—Spurgeon.

1358. A tribe in Sumatra was, until a few years ago, given up to **cannibalism,** and the sacrifice of human beings was no rare occurrence. When the first missionary settled among this tribe, he was asked by the natives how soon he would be going away. "I shall not go away," he replied; "I have come to stay." "Do you know that you **are like a grain of corn** thrown on a beaten path, which the birds will soon eat up! You had better go away." **"He who has thrown me on the path,"** replied the missionary, **"can keep me from harm."** As the result of his **trust and zeal** the station today is the center of seven communities, in which **the Christians number fully 3,000,** and almost the whole population of the district is under the influence of the Church.

1359. Never try to arouse faith from within. You cannot stir up faith from the depths of your heart. Leave your heart and look into the face of Christ, and listen to what he tells you about how he will keep you."—Andrew Murray.

1360. Trust is loving confidence in Christ. Spurgeon summed up the experience of the greatest hour of his life in the little Chapel at Colchester, in three words; **"I found him."** Andrew **Bonar** told the story of his conversion with equal simplicity; **"I did nothing but receive the Saviour."**

1361. At a dark time, during the Civil War, Gov. Yates wrote a despairing letter to Lincoln. His brief reply was; "Dick, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."—Speer.

1362. About the year 1247, Joan of Arc, in the fields of Domremy, **saw visions** and heard voices. The neighbors gravely whispered and the parents were mightily disturbed. But these voices became so peremptory that she entered the army, forced the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and finally succeeded in effecting the coronation of Charles at Rheims. No lasting results were effected by the maid, but the immediate results were startling and emphatic. **The great mind must ever see visions.** They may not be unreal, uncanny sights, but they are the unproved and the unknown. **Columbus had a vision** of a continent before he saw San Domingo, or even before he had conclusively proved to his own mind that there was a new world. The first thought of the new world was visionary. Then he sought to prove by the aid of scientific laws then known that there was a real continent. Having proved it, he set out to discover it. How that vision haunted him on that eventful voyage! Could it be possible that it was all vain imagination? Could it be that his scientific premises were wrong? Could it be that his computations were wrong? No land was in sight. Sailors on the verge of mutiny! Officers disheartened! Pitiable plight! Yet the **vision of that new world was as clear to Columbus as the stars of a cloudless night,** or as the sight of a thousand villages is now to the inhabitants of that land.—Hillis.

1363. A Swiss martyr turned to the judge who had condemned him to be burned at the stake and said; "Sir, I have one last request. **Put your hand on my heart** first, and then lay it on your own, and tell the people which beats the more violently." He died amid the flames, secure and tranquil.—Speer.

1364. On hearing of the death of his son, **Barbarossa** exclaimed; **"Alas, my son is slain! my son is slain! But Christ still lives. Forward then soldiers! March!"**

1365. The ear of trust hears music to which doubt is deaf. Many years ago some **skylarks** were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day **a lover of birds** journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old **Irishman** came along and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat and turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of science, **"If I could only hear that song with his ears!"** To the man of science it was only a bird-song to be critically compared with a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills.

1366. The comforting influence of the precious truths of the Bible at a dying hour, was manifested in the case of a **soldier who was mortally wounded at the battle of Waterloo.** His companion conveyed him to some distance and laid him down un-

der a tree. Before he left him the dying soldier entreated him to open his knapsack, and take out his pocket Bible, and read to him a small portion of it before he died. When asked what passages he should read, he desired him to read **John xiv: 27:** "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Now," said he, **"I die happy. I possess the peace of God which passeth all understanding."**

1367. It was said of one, inclined for a time to yield to **depression,** that, **"He put a saddle and bridle upon depression and rode it to immortality."**

1368. An old Methodist, a singer of no mean order, was afflicted with **cancer** on his tongue. He went to a hospital for an operation, and there a pathetic incident occurred. Holding up his head, he said, "Wait a bit, doctor; I have something to say to you." The operator waited, and the patient continued, "When this is over, doctor, **will I ever sing again?"**

The doctor could not speak; there was a big lump in his own throat. **He simply shook his head,** while the tears streamed down the poor fellow's face, and he trembled convulsively. The sick man then appealed to the doctor to lift him up. The physician complied. He said: "I have had many a good time singing God's praises, and you tell me, doctor, I can never sing any more after this. **I have one song to sing,** which will be the last. It will be a song of gratitude and praise to God as well." Then, from the operator's table he sang; "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

1369. After all, the troubles you anticipate may never really befall. 'Tis a long lane without turning. The dreariest day has some glints of light. How do you know that some spell of good fortune may not be about to befall you? In any case, **worrying will not mend the matter.** It will not rob to-morrow of its difficulties, but it will rob your brain of its clearsightedness and your heart of its courage. **Turn from it to God with faith and prayer;** and look out for the one or two patches of blue which are in every sky.—F. B. Meyer, D. D.

1370. Your anxiety does not empty to-morrow of its sorrow; but, ah! it empties today of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it if it comes.

1371. Faith carries present loads, meets present dangers, feeds on present promises, and **commits the future to a loving Heavenly Father.** Again I say, take short views. Do not attempt to climb the high wall till you get to it—or fight the battle till it opens—or shed tears over sorrows that may never come. **Be careful lest you lose the joys that you have by the sinful fear that God may have trials awaiting you.** He promises grace sufficient for to-day—but not one ounce of strength for to-morrow. You cannot create spiritual sunshine any more than you can create the morning star; but you can put your soul where Jesus Christ is shining.—Cuyler.

1372. Worry must not be confused with anxiety, though both words agree in meaning, originally, a "choking", or a "strangling," referring, of course, to the throttling effect upon individual activity. **Anxiety** faces large issues of life seriously, calmly, with dignity. Anxiety always suggests hopeful possibilities; it is active in being ready, and devising measures to meet the outcome. **Worry** is not one large individual sorrow; it is a colony of petty, vague, insignificant, restless **imps of fear,** that become important only from their combination, their constancy, their iteration.

When Death comes, when the one we love has passed from us, and the silence and the loneness and the emptiness of all things make us stare dry-eyed into the future, we give ourselves up, for a time, to the agony of isolation. This is not a petty worry we must kill ere it kills us. This is the awful majesty of sorrow that mercifully benumbs us, though it may later become, in the mysterious working of omnipotence, a re-baptism and a re-generation. It is **the worry habit,** the magnifying of petty sorrows to eclipse the sun of happiness, against which I here make protest.—Sat. Evening Post.

1373. There is a saying old and rusty
(But as good as any new):
'Tis—"Never trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles you."

If care you've got to carry,
Wait till 'tis at the door,
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.

1374. All fussing and fretting spill the costly spirits life is made of.—W. T. Clarke.

1375. Dr. Schweinfurth, the distinguished African explorer, traveled for thousands of miles, alone, on foot, into the interior, gathering plants. After two years' work, and the gathering of a priceless collection, it was destroyed

by the burning of a native village. **Fearing his reason might give way; in order to keep his mind in action, he began keeping a record of his footsteps along his dreary march. In several months he made an actual count of 1,250,000.**—Dr. Henry M. Fields.

1376. There are two handles by which one may take hold of our tomorrows; anxiety and faith.

1377. One of the old **Schoolmen** said; **"I entered this world in lowliness; I have lived in it in anxiety; I shall leave it in fear."**

1378. Pastor Harms and his single church of poor peasants at Hermannsburg did a foreign missionary work almost equal to that of any of our largest societies, **sending out and supporting 357 missionaries in thirty years.** We read the story with astonishment, and ask again, "And how did you get the money for all this?" His reply tells us only that the Divine draft, "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory," was promptly cashed whenever presented. It is so artless, the way in which he jots down his transactions with the Lord. "Last year," he writes in 1858, "I needed for the mission 15,000 crowns, and the Lord gave me that and 60 over. This year I needed double, and the Lord has given me double and 140 over." "I needed," and **"my God shall supply all your need!"** No mention of what he had as a basis for his enlarged undertaking, but only of what he must have, making that the schedule of his expectation from God.—Dr. A. J. Gordon, in Missionary Review.

1379. Two of Muller's long-associated co-workers were asked in substance the following question: "You have seen **Mr. Muller** of Bristol, England, in all circumstances; when there was plenty of money in the bank and plenty of food in the larder; have you **noticed any difference in his composure** and calmness of spirit at these different times?" One of these intimate co-workers responded, **"Not the slightest difference!"** the other replied, "If possible, his composure seems rather the greater when all supplies of money and of food are exhausted." Then followed another question, "How do you account for this? Any father would feel natural and unavoidable solicitude if his entire supplies for his children were exhausted; how much more the father of 2,000 orphans?" Then came another answer, never to be forgotten: "The only way I can account for this is Mr. Muller's own philosophy of holy living, which is that **the beginning of anxiety is the end of faith, and the beginning of true faith is the end of anxiety."**—Pierson.

1380. The worrying, anxious mind can find pessimistic suggestion in earth's brightest blessings. Heine, in his "Confessions", tells of an interview he once had with **Hegel.** After supper the poet, looking out of the window, began to speak sentimentally of the stars as the dwelling-place of the blessed. Hegel muttered, "Hum! hum! **The stars are simply a brilliant leprosy on the face of heaven."**

1381. There is a legend along the Rhine that on a dark and cold night a thinly clad, **half starved man** was toiling along one of its rugged paths. He looked with wistful eye at the bright light that streamed from the windows of the mansion, and listened to the sounds of feasting and strains of music. He had left the home of his youth in early life, and heard nothing from it for many years. **He knew not that the magnificent property was his father's, and that he was the heir.** Desperate, he asked for shelter there. At its gate he found an old servant, who discovered who he was. Instantly he was ushered into the gayety. His robes were changed to those of the heir. He had found his heritage. **And so the Christian is often ignorant of all the blessings of the sons of God.**

1382. Do not borrow trouble. We do not trust enough in God's care. We are all in this respect too much like the great Carlyle, who had a reputation for "nerves." It seems that when he lived in London he had a neighbor possessed of an interesting coop of chickens, whose male member disturbed **Carlyle's** slumber by his loud crowing. The owner of the fowls was expostulated with. He replied that there ought not to be any complaint, as "the cock crew but three of four times during the night." "That may be," replied Carlyle, **"but if you only knew how I suffer waiting for him to crow."** That is our trouble, we think too much of what is going to trouble us, and so worry ourselves into early graves waiting for it to happen.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The Promises. (1383–1399)

1383. The saintly **Miss Frances Ridley Havergal** literally lived and moved in the Word of God. It was her constant solace, delight and inspiration. It is related of her that **on the last day of her life** she asked a friend to read to her the forty-second chapter of Isaiah. When the friend read the sixth verse,

"I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee," Miss Havergal stopped her. "Called — held — kept — use," she whispered. **"Well, I will just go home on that."** And she did "go home on that," as on a celestial chariot, and the home-going was a triumph, with an abundant entrance into the city of God. What word of God have you to go home on?—Epworth Herald.

1384. Every promise is built upon four pillars: God's **justice,** which will not suffer him to deceive; his **grace,** which will not suffer him to forget; his **truth,** which will not suffer him to change; and his **power,** which makes him able to accomplish.—Salter.

1385. "Felt much turmoil of spirit at having my plans for the salvation of this region knocked on the head by savages to-morrow," wrote **Livingstone,** in his diary. [At Loangwa it seemed certain that he and his band must die.] "But I read, 'Go ye and teach all nations. **And lo, I am with you alway.'** It is the word of a Gentleman of the strictest honor, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as I intended. I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night though they may be the last."

1386. When Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was taken from the Tower to be put to death for the testimony of Christ, as he beheld the scaffold a fearful trembling seized him, but he took out his Greek Testament and prayed, **"O, God, send me some particular Word** that will help me in this awful hour," and he read, "This is eternal life, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." He read this passage hundreds of times, but now it was the living Word to his soul and he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, this will suffice for all eternity." **So God will give living messages from his word to all that find themselves in seasons of doubt and darkness.**

1387. The promises are not made to strong faith, but to true. The promise doth not say, he that hath a giant faith, who can believe God's love through a frown, who can rejoice in affliction, who can work wonders, remove mountains, stop the mouth of lions, shall be saved; but, Whoever believes, be his faith never so small.—Watson.

1388. Never was **"A Prayer of Moses, the man of God," the ninetieth Psalm,** read amid more solemn circumstances than on the occasion of the **burial of one of the victims of the accident upon the Matterhorn in 1865.** Three English gentlemen and their Swiss guide lost their lives. The almost formless bodies of three of them were found on the glacier below the mountain, and on one, that of the Rev. Charles Hudson, was found his prayer-book. Taking it reverently in his hands, a clergyman, present with the searching party, **read from it the ninetieth Psalm.** The mourners stood around the grave in the center of a snow-field, never before trodden by man. Above was the frowning mountain and the cloudless sky. Bronzed-faced guides and sorrowful friends leaned on their alpenstocks, while the minister read the prayer-book version of the Psalm: **"Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.** Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou are God from everlasting, and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men." —Youth's Companion.

1389. Heaven does not leave man's nobler nature in its most perilous emergency to fall a victim to rampant and ungoverned passions, as Gladstone's government left Gordon at Khartoum to be slain by savages, says Dr. Kelly. **God has arranged for punctual support with a sufficient force, so we may be able to fight the good fight and lay hold on eternal life.** The promise is, **"Fear not for I am with thee."**

1390. God's promises have played a conspicuous part in salvation; they have been instruments of application. As when seizing the handles of an electrical machine, the current of electricity thrills throughout the entire body, so when **grasping the promises,** the Spirit becomes operative upon the soul. The promises thus become instruments of transformation.—R. A. McKinley, D. D.

1391. A daughter, on her death bed, having exhausted every means to win her ungodly father to Christ, with painful effort **wrote him a long letter of entreaty.** That letter was received by him in due course of mail, glanced at and put away. Years rolled by; **he sickened and wasted away,** but would hear nothing of God or death. In glancing over his papers one day to make a final disposition of them, his eye fell on this letter. For the first time he read the dying words of his favorite child, long since dead and well nigh forgotten. A voice as from the grave pierced his stony heart. **He fell upon his knees in the quiet of his chamber and for the first time in his life prayed.**

1392. The Huguenots, before the bat-

tle of Coutras, knelt and chanted the 118th Psalm. Seeing their attitude of supplication, some courtiers cried, "Behold, the cowards are already begging for mercy!" "No," answered an old officer, who knew their way, "you may expect a stern fight from the men who sing psalms and pray."

The anecdote illustrates the part the promises have played in history, especially in the throes that accompanied the Reformation.

The 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength," is the basis of the battle-hymn of **Luther,** "A strong tower is our God." The 68th was known among the Huguenots as the "Song of Battles." **Savonarola** chanted it as he marched to the most precious pyre ever lighted in Florence. After the victory of Dunbar, **Cromwell** and his army sung the 117th Psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye people." No man knows what a great part the Psalms have played in the lives of men. These poems, which reflect every praiseworthy human emotion, have associated themselves, like the rain and the sunlight, with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. The penitential groanings of the **sixth Psalm,** "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger," have been sobbed out by **Catherine de Medici, John Calvin,** and **Mrs. Carlyle.** It might be properly called the "Universal Psalm of the Penitent."—The Youth's Companion.

1393. There is nothing greater than the promises except God himself. Caesar once rewarded a man who said: "This is too great a gift for me to receive." Caesar's reply was, **"It is not too great for me to give."**—R. A. McKinley, D. D.

1394. When the eloquent, erratic **Edward Irving** was dying, he gathered up his strength and chanted, in Hebrew, the **twenty-third Psalm;** so did Scotland's greatest metaphysician, **Sir William Hamilton,** and then breathed out his spirit. The parting word of **Luther,** of **Knox,** of **John Huss,** of **Jerome of Prague,** and of countless **martyrs** and saints, was **the fifth verse of the 31st Psalm:** "Into thine hand I commit my spirit." The northernmost grave on the surface of the earth is near Cape Beechy, on the brow of a hill covered with snow. In it is buried the body of a member of the Nares expedition. A large stone covers the dead, and on a copper tablet at the head is engraved: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

1395. Many Christians are **like the drowning man** who looked at the spar floating beside him. He believed that it was able to save him, but he still struggled with the waves, clung to little fragments of the wreck and neglected to grasp the spar. What he needed was to let all the fragments go, to give up his vain struggles, **to throw his arms around the spar, to clasp it to his heart.** And that is just what all must do, or they will perish.

1396. The promises of God are to the believer an inexhaustible mine of wealth. They are an **armory,** containing all manner of offensive and defensive weapons. . . . They are a **surgery** in which the believer will find all manner of restoratives . . . The promises are to the Christian **a storehouse of food.** They are as the **granaries** which Joseph built in Egypt, or as the **golden pot** wherein the manna was preserved.—Spurgeon.

1397. The monks of the Greek Church monastery at the base of Mt. Sinai sought **Mahomet's** protection from wandering tribes which infested that region. He gave them a pledge. He could not write, but **dipping his open hand in blood gave the imprint of his palm.** It is said that the original is still in Constantinople.—Dr. H. M. Field.

1398. A drummer boy lay dying in the City Point hospital. The words "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," etc., were read to him. He asked that they be repeated again and again. Blindness came to him. He asked that his hand might be placed on those words. Then he wanted the promise laid close to his breast, so that he could press it close to his heart. And thus **clinging to the promise he entered into his rest.**

1399. Every one carries some burden. It may be an affliction in the home. It may be a lurking disease. It may be a wandering son, whose way the father deplores, and whose doom he dreads. It may be a financial calamity, which has swept all away. But **whatever the trouble, there is a message in the gospel to meet the case.** There is a **bright promise for the darkest day.** God has not forgotten the troubled soul. He has remembered him in his will, saying, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Christian Advocate.

Hope. (1400-1418)

1400. In terrible agony a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him: "What Church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor. "Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked

heavenward, beaming with love to the Savior, **"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life,** nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things present, not things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, **shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."**

1401. When Alexander the Great set out from Macedon he made such **lavish presents** to his friends that one of them protested, saying; **"But what are you leaving for yourself?"** His memorable reply was, **"My hopes."**

1402. Our hope is not hung upon such an untwisted thread as, "I imagine so," or "It is likely;" but the cable, the strong rope of our fastened anchor, is **the oath and promise of him who is eternal verity;** our salvation is fastened with God's own hand, and Christ's own strength, to **the strong stake of God's unchangeable nature.** — Rutherford.

1403. They that know thy name will put their trust in thee. Trust rests on knowledge. It is the superstructure, not the foundation; it is the flower, not the stem. The abutment must precede the bridge, the root the rose, the wall the tower. **"My faith is born of love, and my love is born of light, and my light is born of experience, and my experience is born of nearness. These are the golden steps an which I mount to thee."**

1404. A minister once went from a town into the backwoods to preach to the settlers, and found it necessary to return at night, when it was very dark. A backwoodsman provided him with a **torch** of pitch pine wood. The minister, who had never seen anything like it, remarked, "It will soon burn out." **"It will light you home,"** answered the other. "The wind may blow it out," said the preacher. "It will light you home," was again the answer. "But what if it should rain?" "It will light you home," was again the insistent answer. Contrary to the minister's fears, the little torch gave abundant light to his path all the way home. **So the Lord, who is our light and our salvation, will never fail.**

1405. In a bitter January **a schooner bound from Fernandina for Demerara sprung a leak** in heavy weather and settled in the sea till her decks were all awash. **The captain's wife,** lashed to the top of the deck house, kept watch for a sail. On the third night, falling asleep from exhaustion, **she saw in a dream a great ship coming to their rescue.** Awaking at daylight, she opened her eyes **on the fulfillment of the vision.** A towering mass of canvas stood up against the southern sky; a big ship sailing northword from far Cape Horn was bearing straight down upon the water-logged schooner. **Approaching deliverance cast its shadow before;** the shadow fell upon the sleeping woman; she came through her dream to the salvation as foretold. So runs the story. Whether true or not, it may introduce pictorially to the mind **the moral certainty that humanity is to be saved by the coming true of its happiest dreams.**

1406. A Frenchman saw a ragged pauper spend his last few cents on a lottery ticket, and asked him how he could commit such a folly. "In order to have **something to hope for,"** he said. And from this point of view the outlay had the semblance of an excuse. **It is literally hope which makes the world go round,** and one of the hardest things which an educated man who opens his mouth about public affairs has to do, is to say anything to dampen it.—E. L. Godkin.

1407. The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and be not defrauded. So he who has **the God-given light of hope** in his breast can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.—Beecher.

1408. Hope is one of the foremost elements in human character. Garfield said that our American life differs from European and Asiatic civilization in this, that they, like the strata of the earth, lie in layers that are comparatively fixed and impenetrable; whereas, our American civilization is **like the water of the sea**—the drop that touches the sandy bottom today **may sparkle from the crest of the topmost wave tomorrow.**

1409. It is currently said that **hope goes with youth,** and lends to youth its wings of a butterfly; but I fancy that **hope is the last gift given to man, and the only gift not given to youth.** Youth is pre-eminently the period in which a man can be lyric, fanatical, poetic; but youth is the period in which a man can be hopeless. The end of every episode is the end of the world. But the power of hoping through everything, the knowledge that the soul survives its adventures, that great inspiration comes to **the middle-aged;** God has kept that good wine until now. It is from the backs of the elderly gentlemen that the wings of the butterfly should burst. There is nothing that so mystifies the young as **the consistent**

frivolity of the old. They have discovered their indestructibility. They are in their second and clearer childhood, and there is a meaning in the merriment of their eyes. **They have seen an end of the End of the World.**—G. K. Chesterton.

1410. The air we breathe has much to do with health; in a relaxing atmosphere it is difficult to work; in an atmosphere of vitality it is easy to work. **Men are stimulated or depressed by the atmosphere which envelopes those with whom they associate.** We never meet some men without going away from them with our ideals a little blurred or our faith in them a little disturbed; we never part from others without a sense of increased hope.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

1411. It is said that **Lake Geneva,** at a point just below the castle of Chillon, **is of unknown depth.** And as that pure deep was ever near to the prisoner of Byron's song, while he drank the foul water of a dungeon, **so the precious promises of Scripture are ever over against the prisoner of religious despair.**

1412. "Though shore or sea affords
no pass
There's still a starward way."

1413. In the Pitti Palace, at Florence, are **two pictures** hanging side by side. One represents a **stormy sea,** with its wild waves and black clouds and fierce lightning flashing across the sky. In the waters a human face is seen, wearing an expression of the utmost **agony and despair.** The other picture also represents a sea tossed by as fierce a storm, with as dark clouds; but out of the midst of the waves **a rock rises,** against which the water dashes in vain. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers, and in a sheltered place in the midst of these **a dove is seen sitting calmly** on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm. The first picture represents **"Distress,"** and fitly sets forth the sorrow of the world, where all is helpless and despairing. The other is a beautiful representation of **"Peace,"** fitly showing forth the sorrows of the Christian, no less severe, but in which he is **kept in perfect repose, because he nestles in the bosom of God's unchanging love.**

1414. Some people ride all through the journey of life with their backs to the horses' heads. They are always looking into the past. They are forever talking about the good old times, and how different things were when they were young. There is no romance in the world now, and no heroism. The very winters and summers are nothing to what they used to be. This brings a kind of paralyzing chill over the life, and petrifies **the natural springs of joy that should be ever leaping up to meet the fresh new mercies** that the days keep bringing.—Brooke Herford.

1415. A newsboy, thinly clad and drenched to the skin by the soaking rain, stood **shivering in a doorway** on a cold day in November. First one bare foot and then the other was lifted from the pavement for a moment and placed against his leg to get a little warmth. Every few minutes his shrill cry could be heard as he shouted, "Morning papers! Morning papers!"

A gentleman, well protected by oilcloth and umbrella, in passing, stopped to buy a paper, and, noticing the boy's plight, said: "This kind of weather is pretty hard on you, my lad."

Looking up with a cheery smile, he replied, **"I don't mind this much, Mister. The sun will shine again."**

What a philosopher the boy was! How much better would it be if we all could learn to look at things from this standpoint. When the tasks come and the path of life is difficult, **cheer up. Keep a bright face and a brave heart. "The sun will shine again."**

1416. The Christian's hope is well grounded. At the **battle of Sadowa,** July 3rd, 1866, when the pickets closed in the morning, **Von Moltke saluted King William** and said, "To-day **your majesty will win** not only the battle, but the campaign. At noon it did not seem so. Prince Frederick Charles' corps were withering under the hottest artillery fire of this century save that at Gettysburg, just three years earlier to the hour. In a few minutes they must give way. Hark! what means this cheering on the left? New cannons boom, and the Austrian fire slackens. Ah! **Von Moltke knows.** The Crown Prince has arrived with his fresh corps. He has stormed the heights of Chlum; he enfilades the whole Austrian line; Benedek is beaten; on, on to Vienna; the war is ended!

Brothers, **let us away bravely,** each to his place in Jehovah's hosts! Our Crown Prince, with fresh forces right from heaven, has reached the field.—E. Benjamin Andrews, D. D.

1417. Napoleon once contemplated suicide. The Duke of Wellington, in despair of promotion, determined to leave the army, and actually applied for some inferior government office. **Never despair.**

1418. Could a more inspiring picture

of a soul illumined by hope amid a life's dark shadows, be given, than that one in Milton's "Letter To A Foreign Friend?" He wrote: "They charge me with poverty, because I never desired to become rich dishonestly; they accuse me of blindness, because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty; they tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and my sword I never feared the boldest among them; finally, I am upbraided with deformity, while no one was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night with which I am surrounded the light of the divine presence shines with a more brilliant luster. God looks down upon me with tenderness and compassion, because I can see none but himself."

Happiness. Peace. Contentment.

(1419–1468)

1419. A lady advertised for a young woman to act as her traveling companion, closing the advertisement thus: "Christian wanted; cheerful, if possible." There is a serious flaw in the Christianity of people who are morose. Gladness is the Christian's birthright.

1420. A little girl, with a quaint old face showing the too early care marks, always had a smile when she spoke of her teacher. When asked why she loved her so she said, "Because she's glad to me," her childish way of telling how that young teacher, out of the gladness of her own heart gave happiness, and a corresponding gladness that warmed the heart of the little one every time she remembered her. The trouble with so many of us is, we have forgotten how to be just glad of the fact that we are in God's beautiful world.—N. W. Advocate.

1421. No one can get joy by merely asking for it. It is one of the ripest fruits of the Christian life. There is a clever trick in India called the mango-trick. A seed is put in the ground and covered up, and after diverse incantations a full-blown mango-bush appears within five minutes. I never met any one who knew how the thing was done, but I never met any one who believed it to be anything else than a conjuring trick. Men may not know how fruits grow, but they do know that they cannot grow in an hour. Some lives have not even a stalk on which fruits could hang, even if they did grow in an hour. Some have never planted one sound seed of joy in all their lives; and others who may have planted a germ or two have lived so little in sunshine that they never could come to maturity.—Drummond.

1422. A lady walking with her husband, and seeing a carriage go by, said to him: "Look at the splendid carriage Judge H—— and his wife are driving about in. I only wish we could be so lucky." Up in the carriage the Judge's wife was saying to him: "I am getting positively ashamed of this old rig. Look how the people stand and look at us with contempt. If you do not wish to drive me to despair you must buy a new turnout."

In each case the lack was only of a contented mind.

A philosopher who was passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, we are told, made himself perfectly happy with this simple yet sage remark: "Lord, how many things there are in the world of which Diogenes hath no need!"—Hallock.

1423. One of Haydn's friends asked how it happened that his Church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even festive quality. The great composer replied: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

1424. A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. One day Little Broomstick (that was her street name) whispered to the nurse: "I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse; "I know Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you knew about Jesus bein' born."—Faith and Works.

1425. No juggling with latitude and longitude will itself produce your inner sunshine, and the same is true of all other manipulations of circumstance. Men wear out body and soul in their struggle for wealth and position, to find, often enough, when they have reached them, how infinitely duller they are than

when they started. **Napoleon** at the height of his powers was called "the unamusable." It was a saying of **Bismarck** that while he had known many a contented forester, he had **never met a contented diplomat** or minister of state. **Creevey**, in one of his gossiping volumes, speaking of a **certain English nobleman and his wife**, says: "They are rich much beyond their desire of expenditure; they have the most elevated rank of their country; I know of nothing to disturb their happiness, and yet **they are apparently the most miserable people I ever saw.**" Sainte-Beuve points the same moral in his comparison of **La Rochefoucauld** and **Vauvenargues**, where the former, born into the first rank, dowered with great fortune, weighted down as it were with prosperities, "brings from the voyage of life only **a bitter experience and a disdainful pessimism:**" while the latter, poor and aways suffering, preserves through all "the equity of his judgment and the serenity of his soul."—Rev. J. Brierly, in Congregationalist.

1426. In a public park in Manchester, England, is a statue to the memory of **Joseph Brotherton**, who represented that city in Parliament for many years. On it is this inscription: **"My wealth consisted not in the abundance of my riches, but in the fewness of my wants."** —Hallock.

1427. Cheerfulness will not come either at the bidding of genius or of high mental gifts. To read the lives of **the poets is to make one thankful for plain prose and obscurity.** And the **philosophers** are not much better. Think of the glooms of **Byron**, and even of **Tennyson! Carlyle** had in many ways the first mind of his time, and—if, indeed, we are to take his moanings seriously—his dog was, as a rule, a good deal the happier of the two. Melancholy has, perhaps, never been more realistically depicted, or from more terrible experience of it, than by that wonderfully dowered spirit, the poet Gray.—Rev. J. Brierly.

1428. "God meant it for good." Samuel Longfellow, the poet-clergyman, brother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, once gave this **prescription for "the blues":** "Whatsoever it be that disorders, annoys, grieves you, makes life look dark, and your heart dumbly ache, or wets your eyes with bitter tears, **look at it deeply; look at it in the thought of God and his purpose of good, and already the pain of it will begin to brighten.**"

1429. Goethe had wealth and genius, yet he says he never experienced five weeks of genuine pleasure. Carlyle's mother wrote to him, **"Oh, Thomas, become a Christian, and if you repent of it I will bear the blame forever."**

1430. George MacDonald once said to a large audience of the poorest of London. "It is not being poor that makes you unhappy. It isn't being rich, or even good that can make you happy. **It's only knowing your Father that can make you that.** You are little children hunting in the gutter, for things. Behind you is a King's Palace—finer than Buckingham. In it your Father is waiting for you. He is sending out his messengers to bid you come. But you won't listen. You keep on hunting in the gutter for things. **They cannot make you happy without your Father.**—Schuyler.

1431. Let man beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames. If his looks curdle all hearts, let him not complain of a sour reception. This was the pith of the **inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn: "You will find at Trochate excellent bread, meat and wine; provided you bring them with you."**—Thoreau.

1432. "Ah, if the rich were as rich as the poor fancy riches!" exclaims **Emerson.** It is well known that **men do not feel happy in proportion to the amount of their possessions.** A reporter asked Mr. **Blaine** what he considered the happiest period of his life. He said it was before the people became interested in him; before he was watched and followed and persecuted; when he was a plain young lawyer, happy over a five dollar case.

1433. There is just one way to keep the sunlight from warping some kinds of boards. That is to put them down into some place where they will be **in use every day and every hour.** That will hold them firmly where they belong and keep them straight and smooth. So it is with you and me. Out of the place where God wants us to be, the **very sunshine of his love will warp us and make us crooked and ugly.** Service keeps us true and beautiful. It and it alone, brings **true rest of heart.**—E. L. Vincent, in Epworth Herald.

1434. How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way! How often do we try, and per-

severe in trying, to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to make a pretty show for the hour. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own pleasure. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.—George Eliot.

1435. The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—Samuel Smiles.

1436. A missionary in central Wisconsin tells of a little hunchback woman of about forty, who has been a great sufferer all of her life, and who thought that she had been a great sinner, and who also had a very bright conversion, and said, in almost her first testimony, with her face shining: "I have often asked God why he allowed me to be so misshapen and to suffer so, but he has never told me. He has told me, however, that my sins, which were many, are all forgiven."

1437. In one of the country towns in Northamptonshire, England, there is a graveyard, and on a small stone there is this inscription, after the name and date: "She was always pleasant." She had not been rich—the stone was small. The grave is in a retired part of the graveyard, so she could not have been in society, or a prominent woman, but "she was always pleasant."—"The Value of Cheerfulness."

1438. David Hume, the deist, observed that all the devout persons he had ever met with, were melancholy. Bishop Horne replied that this might very possibly be: for in the first place it is most likely that he saw very few, his friends and acquaintances being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time.

1439. A millionaire pays thousands for a gallery of paintings, and some poor boy or girl comes in, with open mind, poetic fancy, and carries away a treasure of beauty which perhaps even the owner himself never saw. A collector once bought at a public auction in London, for one hundred and fifty-seven guineas, an autograph of Shakespeare; but for nothing a school-boy can read and absorb the riches of Hamlet or Macbeth or Julius Caesar.—Hallock.

1440. An old man who evidently had the right sort of faith was asked: "You are on the shady side of seventy, I suppose?" "No," he replied, "I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side nearest to glory."

It is said that the entrance of Charles Dickens into a room was like the sudden kindling of a big fire, so genial was his disposition, so cheery was his presence.

1441. Some people live looking within at their failures. Some live looking around at their hindrances. Some live looking at their Saviour—they face the sunny south.—Mark Guy Pearse.

1442. D'Aubigne tells how he and two friends, Frederick Monod and Charles Rieu, were detained at an inn in Kiel. He says: "We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter, where we read the last two verses—'Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory, etc.' This expression fell upon my soul as a revelation from God. 'He can do by his power,' I said to myself, 'above all that we ask, above all even that we think; nay, exceeding abundantly above all.' A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down, and, although I had never fully confided my inward struggles to my friends, the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose, in that inn room at Kiel, I felt as if my 'wings were renewed as the wings of eagles.' From that time forward I comprehended that all my own efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his 'power that worketh in us,' and the habitual attitude of my soul was, to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to him 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it. Thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.' I was not disappointed: all my doubts were removed, my anguish quelled; and the Lord 'extended to me peace as a river."

1443. "To think that almost within reach of the arm," said Beecher, "separated from us by scarcely a hand's-breadth, is a realm where all goodness springs up spontaneously, and without obstruction; where all the body's hindrances, as well as helps, shall be laid aside; where aches and pains and losses and troubles shall

be unknown; where lower temptations which take hold of us through the portals of the flesh shall be done away; and where everything that is gracious, and pure, and true, and beautiful in manhood shall lift itself up as the plants in the tropics lift themselves toward the sun, that 'mortality might be swallowed up of life,'—**to think of this is enough to wean one from the world. Who that does think of it does not find the thought full of joy and cheer and gladness?"**

1444. Cheerfulness is an antidote to sin. The gloomy and morose man is a more likely prey for the devil than the man of good cheer. It is in times of depression that the wild and delirious excitement of sin is especially attractive. The temptation to yield is terrible and subtle.

1445. Pippa, of whom Browning says that "Pippa passes," is an empress **deciding the destinies of men and women simply by the tremendous though unconscious influence of her innocent cheerfulness.** She is a little obscure Italian peasant girl. She goes to work almost all the days of the year in a noisy, stifling silk factory, in a small Italian town perched among the purple Apennines. It is New Year's Day. A whole day lies before her. She accepts the day as it comes to her from the very hands of a good God in whom she places a simple, girlish trust. **With a merry heart she skips down the hillside** and into the valley, **singing as she goes.** She has the secret of perpetual cheerfulness. And all the valleys in their green depths and the hillsides on their sunny heights are musical with her songs. And all unconsciously that day, by the simple power of her cheerfulness, she arrests the murderer and seducer on the threshold of his sin. **The man who is about to run away from his duty and his destiny, when he hears her merry songs of hope and trust in God and in goodness, resumes his proper mission in the world. The cheerfulness of the innocent is, then, one of the great forces in the world which make for goodness, and therefore it is a religious duty.**—"The Cheerful Life."

1446. A certain heathen man had been a devout worshipper of idols, but his wife whom he truly loved died, leaving their little baby girl in his sole care. With this responsibility resting upon him he began to look about him for help. He noticed **the children of the missionaries'** school as they passed his booth day after day. He noticed, too, that **their faces were brighter and happier than** the faces of the children who attended the government school. Their merry laughter gave him much pleasure. So he took his little girl and brought her to the missionaries, and asked them to take her and make her happy. **We never know how much good we do when we just look happy.**

1447. Russell H. Conwell, in sounding a note of hopefulness some time ago, said: "Have you read that sweet story of **Raphael,** the greatest painter that ever lived, when in the middle of that wonderful painting of the Transfiguration, half completed upon the canvas, **he suddenly sat down and burst into tears and said: 'I am not a painter; I cannot complete it,'** Poor Raphael! Oh, had he stopped then! If he had not then gone on, if he had not gathered himself up again, it would have been the complete submerging of the most wonderful genius of the ages; but, like Peter, he shouted again; **'Lord, help me; I will try again;** I will arise and go on again.' "

1448. When Edward Payson was dying he said: "If I had known twenty-five years ago what I know now I might have walked in the light of the new Jerusalem all these years." **He had just entered the Beulah Land experience.** Many do not enter because, like him, they think that it is only to be obtained after death. But it is the same heaven in both worlds. The only difference is one of degree.

1449. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" said; "I've made it a practice to **put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid and smile."**

1450. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that **much of the noblest work in life is done by ill-dressed, awkward, ungainly persons.** Their glory is that they **have cheerful souls,** whose beauty rags cannot hide, nor awkwardness disfigure, nor ungainliness distort.—J. E. Harlow.

1451. A friend thought to comfort a poor blind man by bewailing his sightless condition—a poor kind of comfort, surely—; but added, "But you have the great consolation; **you will soon be in heaven."** The poor man, raising his sightless eyes, replied: **"Soon in heaven, did you say? Why, I have been there these ten years!"**—Hallock.

1452. Contentment borrows lights from the future. The half starved voyagers can bear up manfully with the harbor in view. The belated Alpine traveler can cheerfully buffet the rain and tempest with the mountain refuge at hand or the radiance gleaning in the chatelet. **The heavenly voyager or wayfarer can sing**

his "song in the night" with the joyous prospect of morning and of home.

1453. It is told of Goethe that he kept two servants busy—one weaving garlands for his head, the other keeping his garments clean. It is the Christian's privilege not only to live righteously—spotlessly—but joyously.

1454. I think I can trace every scrap of sorrow in my life to simple unbelief. How could I be anything but quite happy if I believed always that all the past is forgiven, and all the present furnished with power, and all the future bright with hope, because of the same abiding facts, which do not change with my mood, do not crumble, because I totter and stagger at the promise through unbelief, but stand firm and clear with their peaks of pearl cleaving the air of eternity, and the bases of their hills rooted unfathomably in the Rock of God? — James Smetham.

1455. Full joy does not exclude sorrow, but it is a joy so deep that no sorrow can get below it.—G. H. C. Macgregor.

1456. Is not making others happy the best happiness?—Amiel's Journal.

1457. There is no mystery about happiness whatever. Put in the right ingredients, and it must come out. He that abideth in him will bring forth much fruit; and bringing forth much fruit is happiness.—Henry Drummond.

1458. A wealthy man who owns a country residence recently became dissatisfied with it, and determined to have another, so he instructed an auctioneer famous for his descriptive powers to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two thought that it was just what they wanted, and that they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him that the place he had advertised was such a one as he desired, and he would purchase it. **The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that that was the description of his own house** where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, cogitated over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas", "smooth lawn," etc., and broke out, "Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for **I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."**

1459. The surprise of life always comes in finding how **we have missed the things that have lain nearest us;** how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time. Upon how many old men has it come with a strange surprise that **peace would come to rich or poor only with contentment,** and that they **might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life!** They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stoop to pick it up, lo! it is shining close beside the footprint which they left when they set out to travel in a circle.—Phillips Brooks.

1460. If a merchant has diamonds to sell, he does not shut them up in a drawer nor display them in a rough box. What he does is to put his jewels upon beds of satin, in cases of velvet, using every art to display their beauty. **Your Christian principles ought to be rendered so attractive** by your personality that those who know you will associate goodness with graciousness. — Emily Huntington Miller.

1461. A missionary came among the Kiowa Indians in Oklahoma, and through an interpreter preached to them on **"I will give you rest."** There was an Indian woman whose heart was strangely stirred as she heard. **The word "rest" kept ringing in her ears** and sounding in her heart, and at the close of the service she came up to the missionary, and said, "Sir, did you say that this Jesus about whom you were talking could give rest?" The missionary, encouraged in heart, said, "Yes, he can give rest." "Do you think he can give me rest?" And then the poor woman told of the sorrows of her life, how the messenger of death had come into her tepee and taken away first one child and then another, until she had been left desolate. She showed her hands, from which joints of her fingers had been chopped away as signs of mourning. As she told her tale she lifted up her mutilated hands, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, she said: **"Do you think he could give me rest?"** The missionary told her the story of Jesus; and the old woman opened her heart to receive it, and she knew the meaning of the word "rest". I have been in her home; I have broken bread at her table; I have taken the communion at the hands of **her husband, to-day a deacon in one of our churches in Oklahoma.**—E. E. Chivers, D. D.

1462. No man ever yet said, **"Now I will sit down and be perfectly happy."** Happiness does not come by seeking it, but it **is an accompaniment of a certain condition of soul.** The only happy man in the world is he who seeks to be right, and does not make happiness his chief

aim. He who seeks happiness as his chief object gets nothing, while he who seeks to be right gets that and happiness. —Christian Commonwealth.

1463. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan tells of a man whose **shop had been burned in the Chicago fire.** He arrived at the ruins next morning carrying a table. He set this up amid the charred debris, and above it placed this optimistic sign, **"Everything lost except wife, children and hope. Business will be resumed as usual tomorrow morning."**

The Christian's joy is like this; it rises superior to unfavorable circumstances; it has its sources in God himself.

1464. "Yes, she's just sunshine in any community she's in." One woman was talking to another behind us as the cars sped over the Arizona desert, with its cactus and sage brush. "I knew her first when they lived in New Mexico, in a forlorn little settlement, where they had a very hard time, but where **everybody loved her;** and now they are in California. But it doesn't matter where she is, she is always just the same. Her husband is a man who struggles with a very bad temper, and invariably looks on the dark side of things, so she has always had a heavy handicap at home. But it would surprise you to see how much she has changed her husband for the better in all these years, and how she smooths over the quarrels he feels it necessary to have with his neighbors wherever he goes."

"How about her children," asked the other woman. "I hope they take after her." "There were two, but they are both dead. It was a life sorrow that went deep, but she is so victoriously sunny that, except for the tender way in which she mothers all the young people that come in her way, you would never think how lonely she is for those who have gone. She **turns everything into sweetness,** you see. She is the best Christian I know, and **the 'joy of the Lord'** isn't a figure of speech with her, as it is with most of us."

That was all we heard, but it was something to be remembered long after the journey was ended. The brave soul that is like sunshine—we all have known such a one.

1465. In the story of Rasselas, written long ago by Dr. Samuel Johnson, **Rasselas was a prince of Abyssinia who lived in a beautiful valley called Happiness.** Notwithstanding the valley was beautiful and the conditions favorable for those who longed for happiness, the prince **became restless,** and longed to go abroad in search of something different. In spite of the remonstrances of his friends Rasselas took his sister and set out **in search of happiness** which would fully satisfy his mind. Through many lands he wandered, visiting many cities, everywhere inquiring for the happy people, but everywhere meeting the same spirit of restlessness and discontent. At last he said to his sister, **"Let us go back to our own home in the valley of Happiness, for there is nothing better under the sun."**

We are slow to learn this lesson. There is no better place than this. The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Whatever your calling, whatever your lot, **every day will be a good day if your heart is right with God.**—Journal and Messenger.

1466. A man once defined happiness thus: **"A bit more than we've got."** But unfortunately it is this "bit more" which causes a large part of the misery of the world; it is the will-of-the-wisp that we are forever chasing through life, making us discontented, unhappy, unsteady, and which robs us of much usefulness and culture and character and manhood —things that are really desirable to possess.

1467. There is a **Persian story** that the great king, being out of spirits, consulted his astrologers, and was told that **happiness could be found by wearing the shirt of a perfectly happy man.** The court and the homes of all the prosperous classes were searched in vain; no such man could be found. At last a common laborer was found to fulfill the conditions; he was absolutely happy, but, alas! the remedy was as far off as ever: **the man had no shirt!**

1468. The remark of a child helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible," said Dr. Burt. "I spent a few days with this child's father, a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night, when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the household liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described as to his favorite dish. "And what do I like, Nancy?" he said, laughingly.

"You," said the little girl slowly — **"well, you like most anything we haven't got."**—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Patience. (1469–1487)

1469. Two great lawyers were engaged in a case involving tremendous issues. At a critical point one of the lawyers **lost his patience** and gave expression to discourteous remarks that required apologies later. He weakened his case and

caused the jury to think that he might be as weak in his arguments as he had been in his temper. **His impatience cost him his case.**

1470. When **Marsden** and his co-laborers landed in New Zealand, through the good offices of a native whose good will they had won in Australia, **a cordial welcome** was given them. Several hundred cannibals, almost naked, and fearfully and wonderfully painted for the occasion met them, and greeted them by "dancing, shouting, and yelling in a fashion most bloodcurdling." This reception was not prophetic of a spiritual awakening. **For more than a decade there was not a single convert.** Another half decade went by and only one soul had been won for Christ. But then the showers began to fall, and ere long the floods of grace had risen high, and **throngs were saved.**

1471. Patience under abuse. When **Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked why he didn't reply to some anonymous letter writer** who attacked him, he said that "when he was a young man he was crossing a field one evening with a pile of books in his arms, when he suddenly **met a small animal and hurled at it several volumes, resulting in so bad a smell** that he had decided ever after during his life to **let such animals alone."**

1472. James Gilmour labored in Mongolia for 21 years and had for his harvest **just one doubtful sheaf.** Mark Mongolia today. **Henry Martyn** toiled to little purpose, seemingly, among the Persians, **Keith Falconer** sowed the good seed on a stony ground among the Arabs. **MacKenzie** was the first missionary to step ashore on the soil of Korea. He broke up a little patch of ground, and lived just long enough to scatter a handful of grain. Witness Korea today. The Presbyterians alone have over 300 churches there.—McLeod.

1473. "We do not hear," says George Eliot, "that **Memnon's statue** gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of the morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that **some of those cunningly fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of music,** and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture and quivering agony."—Rev. Frank Johnson.

1474. The grandest engineering achievement of our time was inaugurated by Royalty amid flying banners and universal congratulations; but **the architect of that gigantic bridge which spans the Firth of Forth never lived to see its completion.**—Kelly.

1475. I wonder if every admirer of **Bret Harte** knows **how serious were the obstacles in the way of the success** of his first and really most famous story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The lady proof-reader on the Overland Monthly, of which Harte was editor, raised her voice against the admission of the story into the pages of the magazine, while the **publisher himself had grave doubts** as to the wisdom of allowing the story to appear in his publication. But at last he decided to have his wife read the story in manuscript, and she was delighted with it, so much so, indeed, that Mr. Carmany at once decided to allow the "Luck" to appear in the "Overland." And so it was published, and its advent made not only the "Overland" famous, but gave its young editor a reputation as the Dickens of America.—G. N. Lawson.

1476. Patience is a prime requisite in spiritual development. The patience of God is written in all the world. Science in these latter days has opened up the long ages in which God was building the world, as though to emphasize for us in this feverish, impatient period that the beauty and goodness of this world can only be secured by patience like his. **"A single coal-seam six inches thick,** says one, **"contains more vegetable matter than a thousand years could possibly grow.** The coal period alone counts up among hundreds of thousands of years." **God is illimitably patient.** We must learn to be like him in this respect.

Someone says: **"We can make the clock strike before the hour by putting our hands to it, but it will strike wrong."** We can tear the rosebud open before the time when it would naturally open, but we destroy the beauty of the rose. **So we spoil many a gift or blessing** which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He would weave all our lives into patterns of loveliness. He has a perfect plan for each. It is only when we refuse to work according to his plan that we mar the web. **Stop meddling with the threads of life as they come from the Lord's hands.** Every time you interfere you make a flaw. **Keep your hands off and let God weave as he pleases.**

1477. The Chinese tell of one of their countrymen, **a student,** who, disheartened by the difficulties in his way, threw down his book in despair, when seeing a **woman rubbing a crowbar** on a stone, he inquired the reason, and was told that

she **wanted a needle**, and thought she would rub down a crowbar till she got it small enough. Provoked by this **example of patience** to "try again," he resumed his studies, and became one of the foremost scholars of the empire.—Nixon Waterman.

1478. Charles Lamb, writing of his cousin James, said; "It is pleasant to hear him discourse of **patience**—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the **last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready.** Nature never ran up in all her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favorite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it may be, that we are placed in."

1479. Patience means the readiness to wait God's time without doubting God's truth.—Arthur T. Hadley.

1480. There is **great danger in impatience**, and commonly great sin also. "Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees, and kill themselves in stinging others."—Lord Bacon.

1481. "Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." So wrote **Fenelon** two hundred years ago. Nor is there even in "The Imitation of Christ" a caution more helpful to our poor, weak nature. When a man's temper gets the better of him, so that he explodes in anger, as soon as he begins to recover from it he is apt to go to the other extreme and be **in a rage with himself,** which may satisfy his sense of justice, but does not help him to be a better man.

1482. Be patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They can not see your heart, and they misunderstand you. They do not know what is best for you, and may select what is worst. Their arms are short, and they may not be able to reach what you ask. What if also they lack purity of purpose or tenacity of affection; **do not you also lack these graces?** Patience is your refuge. Endure, and in enduring conquer them, and if not them, then at least yourself. Above all, be patient with your beloved. Love is the best thing on earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.

1483. How disturbed and distressed and anxious Christian people are about their growth in grace! Now, **the moment you give that over into Christ's care**—the moment you see that you are being changed—that **anxiety passes away.** You see that it must follow by an inevitable process and by a natural law if you fulfill the simple condition.—Drummond.

1484. Kepler exclaimed reverently, in the moment of his great discovery, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!" Later he said: **"If the Almighty could wait six thousand years before the laws of his universe were discovered, I can wait a thousand years until they are believed."** It was the certainty of the vision from the mountain-top.

1485. Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

1486. The most important work upon the famous Eddystone is not visible, even at low tide. For a few hours each day **patient workmen labored,** anchoring to the rocks those immovable blocks on which rises and rests that symmetrical cone that Smeaton built. That work was slow and is now unseen; yet, but for that work, there would be no "Laus Deo," graven on the face of that beacon which still stands, after 130 years, off Ramhead, "to give light and to save life." It was not the quick explosion at Hell Gate that cleared that channel; but **the long under-water toil of miners** who wrought out of sight and hearing.—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

1487. The first fourteen years at Tahiti passed without one convert or sign of success; yet on the work of those fourteen years rose the structure of Polynesian missions! There were **nearly fifty years of fruitless toil** among the Telugus before the "Lone Star" at Ongole blazed forth like the sun; but then in one year there were ten thousand converts, and the Lone Star became a constellation. Isaiah's barren ministry prepared the way for Paul's fruitful evangelism. **Captain Allen Gardiner's** death at Tierra del Fuego was **the burial of a seed that in the next generation bore such fruit that even Charles Darwin** declared that he "could not have believed that all the missionaries in the world" could have wrought such results. God leaves none of his faithful servants to spend their strength for naught. Our work is his work; it is from him, for him, with him.—Missionary Review.

Humility. (1488–1505)

1488. False humility. In a convent near Rome there was **a nun who seemed to have rare gifts of inspiration** and

prophecy, and her abbess had reported to the pope wonderful stories of her power. **Philip Neri,** a man of rare discernment, visited the pope, and hearing about the nun, volunteered to find out the truth of the reports. "He threw himself on his mule, all travel-stained as he was, and hastened through the mud and mire to the distant convent. He told the abbess the wishes of His Holiness, and begged her to summon the nun without delay. The nun was sent for, and as soon as she came into the apartment, Philip stretched out his leg, all bespattered with mud, and desired her to draw off his boots. **The young nun, who had become the obect of much attention and respect, drew back with anger, and refused the office.** Philip ran out of doors, mounted his mule and returned instantly to the pope: "Give yourself no uneasiness, Holy Father, any longer; **here is no miracle, for here is no humility.'** "

1489. Lowell, in his poem, **"Dara,"** tells the story of **a shepherd ruler in a humble place** under an ancient king of Persia, who, because of his reputation for wisdom and justice, was **exalted to be the ruler** of a province. In that higher station he ruled with his former simplicity and faithfulness. It was observed that wherever he traveled he carried with him **a mysterious chest;** and the envious and jealous gave it out, and the rumor reached the ears of the king, that Dara was gathering into that chest gold and jewels representing great wealth wrung from the people or kept back from the revenues of the king. The king suddenly visited Dara and in great wrath commanded him to open the chest into which no one had been permitted to look. When the lock was turned the astonished king saw that the chest contained nothing save **the rude vestments of a peasant,** and Dara declared that he had carried these **simple reminders of his former humble life** in all his journeys of rulership, that he might keep his soul true and unstained in his high office, breathing ever the mountain air of his youth and the freedom of his former obscurity. He said to the king:

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That scepter kept, I could not lose my way."

And the king, amazed and touched by this evidence of simple integrity and absence of pride, added two other provinces to Dara's sway.

1490. In all ages the happiest souls have been **those that have lived in little cottages, where love dwelt,** while the inmates have trained a few vines over the window, who have had a few friends, who have loved a few books and each day have enjoyed a little simple music, and on Saturday night have knelt to pray the Cottar's prayer, and have slept the sleep of innocence and integrity, and have wakened to love and worship and pray.

1491. One who had beeen listening while a bright girl announced most ambitious aspirations and purposes for her own life, answered gently: "You may be right, dear child, but do not forget that **"the singing birds build low."**

1492 A colporteur writes that he was once in an out-of-the-way country town where **Bismarck** had a country house, He was told that anyone might go to **Bismarck's house** to evening prayers. He went, and found a spacious room filled with farmers, keepers and villagers. Soon the great man entered, and, nodding affably to one and another whom he recognized, walked to the reading desk and opened the Bible. Glancing over the company, his quick eye detected the presence of a stranger, and he turned and asked someone near who the newcomer was. Being told, he said, "I understand we have a Bible man with us tonight. I want him to come here and conduct the service." The stranger protested that he had come to listen, and could not think of displacing his highness. **"Highness," nonsense," said the prince. "We are in the presence of God,** and in his sight what difference is there? **We are all sinners,** and he regards us all in the same light. Come and lead the service."

1493. To have a great surgeon like **Dr. McBurney** probe and wash a loathsome wound, to have a great minister like **Phillips Brooks** hold your hand and bathe your brow in a surgical operation, to have **General Grant** spring from his carriage, pick you out of the wheel that broke your leg when you tried to climb up and shake his hand, and then hold you in his arms until the doctor came (as he did once), is to be **exalted into humility.**—C. E. World.

1494. There is a **legend** of a man so much beloved of the angels for his saintliness that they **asked God to bestow upon him some new power.** They were permitted to ask him to make the choice of a gift. He said he was content and wanted nothing. But on being urged to make some request, he asked for the **power to do a great deal of good in the world without knowing it.** Ever afterward his shadow, when

it fell behind him where he could not see it, had wondrous healing power; but when it was cast before him, where he could see it, it had no such power.

1495. The consciousness of personal faults should make every one charitable and tender. "I never ask their crimes, for we have all come short," said **Elizabeth Fry** to some one curious about a prisoner's offense. "Commonly," it has been observed, "the best people are the most kind and gentle, and they are the most apt to blame others who deserve worse themselves."

1496. And know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in his own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy.—Wordsworth.

1497. Where have you been, my brother,
For I missed you from the street?
I have been away for a night and a day,
On the Lord God's Judgment Seat.
And what did you find, my brother,
When your judging there was done?
Weeds in my garden, dust in my doors,
And my roses dead in the sun.
And the lesson I brought back with me
Like silence from above,
That upon God's throne there is room alone
For the Lord whose heart is Love."

1498. Michael Angelo, when a young man, wrote in a letter to his father as follows: "It is enough to have bread and to live in the faith of Christ, even as I do here, for **I live humbly,** neither do I care for the life or honors of this world."

1499. A young clergyman who was sent to a modest country church, as he looked out over his poorly clad, illiterate audience, could not help saying to himself, "Dear me, what a dreadful thing to have to bury my talents here for any great length of time!" At the close of the sermon, an old deacon made a prayer. **He asked the Lord that this inexperienced and unprofitable young minister might improve** and become so proficient that in time he would be worthy of remaining as the permanent pastor of the church.

1500. At the coronation of Edward VI, when the swords of the three kingdoms were carried before him, he observed that **one was still wanting, and called for the Bible.** "That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and **ought in all right to govern us,** who use them for the people's safety, by God's appointment. **Without that sword we can do nothing:** from that, we are what we are this day. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatever we have of divine strength." **Such indeed was Edward's regard for religion,** and his humility, that it was **usual to compare him to Josiah;** and he had also acquired the characteristic appellation of "Edward the Saint."

1501. George Muller once remarked to me that he foresaw that **Mr. Moody** was to be greatly used of God, because in his first visits to England he came to see him at Bristol, and exhibited such singular docility and **humility.** But it was **not the humility of diffidence** or morbid self-distrust. He was not lacking in a proper self-confidence, nor did he shrink, like Moses, from any work to which God called, or hesitate to appropriate a promise of God. **His humility was that of dependence on God.** He had learned that it is "not by might, nor by power," but by the Spirit of God, that all great results are secured, and he constantly urged men to be filled with the Spirit.—A. T. Pierson, D. D.

1502. Many a poor man makes a bright Christian. God keeps him humble that he may dwell in his heart, and that the beams of his grace may shine in his heart. See yon **evening star** — how bright it shines, how pure and steady are its rays; but look! it is lower in the heavens than those stars which sparkle with a restless twinkling in the higher regions of the skies. God keeps you low that you may shine bright.—Salter.

1503. When the poet Longfellow visited England he was invited by the queen to Windsor Castle and royally entertained, yet when asked, on his return, what honor had most pleased him, he replied that an **English hod-carrier** had asked him as he was waiting in his carriage at Harrow, if he were the author of "The Voices of the Night," and then had asked permission to shake hands with him. **"His modesty was perfect,"** said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "he accepted praise as he would have accepted any other pleasant gift—glad of it as an expression of good will, but without personal elation.—Tarbell.

1504. When **General Washington** had closed his campaign in the French and Indian war, and become a member of the House of Burgesses, the Speaker was directed by the House to **return a vote of thanks** to him for his services in

saving the colony from danger. As soon as Washington took his seat, the Speaker arose and delivered an address of thanks, praising him for his ability and bravery, so that the young hero was quite confounded. He rose to return his thanks; but **such was his confusion that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable.** He blushed, stammered and trembled for a second, when the Speaker relieved him, saying, "Sit down, Mr. Washington; **your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."**

1505. It was told of David Livingstone that so great was his humility that **he never read or preserved any words of praise lest they might awaken self-complacency and pride;** and **Carey,** in his **splendid humility** said; **"When I am gone speak not of William Carey but of William Carey's Savior."**

Chastening. Affliction. Adversity

(1506–1596)

1506. During Dr. Payson's last illness a friend, coming into his room, remarked sympathetically, "Well, doctor, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

"Do you know why God puts us on our back, at times?" said Dr. Payson, smiling. "No," was the answer." "**In order that we may look upward."**

1507. The **crosses which we make for ourselves by a restless anxiety as to the future are not the crosses that come from God.** We show want of faith in him by our false wisdom, wishing to forestall his arrangements, and struggling to supplement his providence by our own providence. Let us shut our eyes, then, to that which God hides from us, and keeps in reserve in the treasures of his deep counsels. Let us worship without seeing; let us be silent; let us abide in peace.—Fenelon.

1508. In the great iron foundries, in making Bessemer steel, the process of purification is watched through a spectroscope, in which **the changing colors of the flames show exactly when the metal is perfectly ready for its uses.** When the flame becomes a certain precise shade of color then the great crucible is tilted and the metal poured into moulds. **So the great Divine Refiner,** the loving Christ, sits down by the crucible of our discipline and chastening, watches intently to see when the fire has done its work; and when this is reached, the metal is removed from the flames. Not a pang, a pain, or a sorrow that is not necessary to our purifying, will he permit.

1509. The home and mill of a poor man were washed away by floods. As he stood on the bank after the water had subsided he was heartbroken and discouraged, for all his worldly possessions were gone, as he thought. However, he chanced to see something bright on the bank washed bare by the flood, and said to himself, "It looks like gold." He examined it. **It was gold, and he was rich.**

1510. "Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience," says Dr. Payson, "if they would **only believe what they profess**—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine, if such and such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; but God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case—**God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but, as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place;** and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.

1511. The eternal stars come out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

1512. Eagles tear their eyries to pieces and push the young eaglets over the edge of the precipice that they may learn to fly.

1513. Life is made up of details; of little things; whoever attempts to shirk them will fail. It is **disagreeable to spend a large portion of one's time on the dry, uninteresting items of the routine of business.** They are tedious. But no great success was ever built up without close and careful attention to the little principles upon which success is built.

1514. God has not given man a better helper heavenward than pain. Suffering has led the obdurate to the gates of glory, and caused them to knock often and loud for entrance. It is a hammer on the flinty heart, a sanctifier, a polisher of rough natures and the best teacher of good manners. How gentle the voice of coarse natures becomes under its ministry! How refined hard creatures can be made! How moist dry eyes become!—The Presbyterian.

1515. If I am asked what is **the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart**—what a man should chiefly look

to as the power that is to enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point to something which in a well-known hymn is called **"The Old, Old Story," told of in an old, old Book,** and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—Gladstone.

1516. A few miles inland from Kalapapa, India, is the leper village of Kalawao, which may safely be pronounced **one of the most horrible spots on all the earth,** the home of hideous disease and slow-coming death, with which science, in despair, has ceased to grapple; a community of doomed beings socially dead, whose only duty it is to perish: wifeless husbands and husbandless wives, children without parents and parents without children, men and women who have "no more a portion in anything that is done under the sun," and condemned to watch the repulsive steps by which each of their doomed fellows passes to a loathsome death, knowing that by the same they too must pass.—"Leprosy and Its Story."

1517. Because we cannot see just what God is saving us from, we vent our foolish reproaches; if we could see this we would often kneel down and thank God for certain trials as the richest of his mercies.

1518. God keeps a school for his children here on earth; and one of his best teachers is named Disappointment. He is a rough teacher but his tuition is worth all it costs.—Cuyler.

I had been ruined had I not been ruined.—Themistocles.

1519. A noted teacher of music said of his most promising pupil: "She lacks soul, and she will have to suffer before she can get it. **If only something would break her heart** she would be the greatest singer in Europe."—"Trade Winds."

1520. The best way to meet sorrow is to rise above it. "I have stood," said Henry Ward Beecher, "upon **Mount Holyoke** when I heard the thunder below; and I have seen men traveling up the side and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped both the rain and the wind, and the pelting thunder, and they, going up through the storm, **got on the top, and were also free from it."**

1521. Uninterrupted sunshine makes a desert. Earth's forests and gardens are daughters of the clouds. The sun is beautiful and joy-giving, but the clouds are a necessity also. **Cloudless skies mean barrenness.** So, in our lives, the cloudless life is the fruitless life. The fruitage that gladdens human lives is the offspring of sorrow and pain. Power to help and bless springs from contact with trouble and from stern Appolyon-wrestle. Weariness and woe bend beneath burdens of blessing. **The days that are dark and dreary are not the days that are lost.** They are arches leading to greater light beyond.—Zion's Herald.

1522. Dean Stanley, in his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," relates a little-known anecdote of the **Black Prince,** who fought his first battle at Crecy when he was sixteen. His father, Edward III., clothed him in black armor in the morning, and gave him command of a part of the army. He himself stood during the day on the top of a windmill watching the battle, and when in agony of soul he saw the lad wounded and borne back, he would not go to his relief, but said: **"Let the child win his spurs,** and let the day be his." When the field was won, he led his son rejoicing through the heaps of dead and wounded seen by the light of smoldering fires, and said, "What think you of a battle, boy? Is it an agreeable game?"

1523. Success and suffering are vitally and organically linked. If you succeed without suffering, it is because some one else has suffered before you; if you suffer without succeeding, it is that some one else may succeed after you.—Edward Judson, D. D.

1524. One who had seen a friend passing through a long season of pain with sustained joy, which often broke into song, said: **"Now I know that there is a reality in the religion of Christ.** My friend never could have endured her suffering as she did, if she had not been divinely helped."—J. R. Miller.

1525. Old Thomas Fuller, who had experience in England's civil war, says quaintly: "I have observed that towns which have been casually burnt have been **built again more beautiful than before;** mud walls, afterwards made of stone; and roofs, formerly but thatched, afterwards advanced to be tiled."

1526. A pupil of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, that wise teacher, once **complained to him of certain lessons, which were difficult** and of which he could not see the use. Dr. Arnold put his arm about the boy and said, "I cannot make you understand now of what use these things will be to you, but you know that I am your friend. Well, as your friend, who knows what you are going to need when you are older, I want to tell you to learn these lessons." The boy went away satisfied, without further explanations, because he trusted his teacher. It would

help all of us in life's great school if we recalled, when the Great Teacher lays his commands on us, **he knows what we need** and asks us to obey them for our good; or, when we are placed in strange situations, hard with drudgery, that he assigned these to us.—Lutheran Observer.

1527. Many flowers cannot grow where are the feet of the runner and the strife of the combatants. The first thing done to make an arena for wrestlers is to **take away the turf** and the daisies, then to beat the soil down hard and flat. And so our lives get flattened, stripped of their beauty and fragrance, because they are not meant to be wrestling grounds. ‖ There come to every life that is worth living **hours of sacrifice** when duty can only be done at the cost of a bleeding heart. Every man that is not the devil's servant has to **carry a cross,** and to be fastened to it, if he will do his Master's work. ‖ Besides which crucifixion in service, there are all the other common sorrows storming in upon us, so that sometimes it is as much as a man can do not to be swept away by the current, but to keep his footing in mid-channel.—Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

1528. The worst part of martyrdom is not the last agonizing moment: it is **the wearing daily steadfastness.** There are many Christians who have the weight of some deep, incommunicable grief pressing, cold as ice, upon their hearts. To bear that cheerfully and manfully is to be a martyr. There is many a Christian bereaved and stricken in the best hopes of life. For such a one to say quietly, "Father, **not as I will,** but as thou wilt," is to be a martyr.—G. W. Robertson, D.D.

1529. A minister visiting a once active Christian, said, "I little expected to see you **so patient;** it must be a great trial to one who has been so active as you to lie here so long doing nothing." "Not at all, sir; not at all," she said. "When I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me day by day, **'Betty go here, Betty, go there; Betty do this; Betty do that';** and I used to do it as well as I could; and now I hear him say every day, **"Betty stay here and keep still."**

1530. "Hunger is the teacher of the arts and the bestower of invention," said a Latin poet, and the story of the invention of the revolving inkstand illustrates the proverb. **Bain,** a poor Scotch student at Aberdeen, was desperately pinched for cash. One night he sat down, determined to invent something before he went to bed that would bring him money. Having to tilt his inkstand to get sufficient ink, the thought of a **barrel inkstand** that would tilt itself struck him. He made the patterns, and went with them the next morning to a manufacturer named Perry, who gave him ten pounds for the invention, with a promise of more should it succeed. He put it on the market as Perry's Barrel, and it sold so successfully that he sent Bain subsequently, $500.

1531. A most wonderful degree of perfection has been reached in **the manufacture of fine wire.** Although steel rails are selling at twenty dollars or so a ton, this price for steel furnishes no criterion for the price paid for the fine wires used in hair springs and delicate instruments used by dentists for extracting nerves from teeth. **These last represent a cost of about $1,500,000 per ton.** Thus the process, hard and fiery, by which this change was wrought has increased the value more than one hundred thousand fold.

1532. I remember, years ago, **standing on the bridge over the Harlem,** looking at a vessel passing up the stream, when a friend at my side said, "I can recall the time when no such boat could have come up this river." "Why not?" I asked? "Because," he replied, **"the channel was not deep enough."** "And what deepened it?" I asked. **"Blasting,"** was the laconic answer. When we ask God to give us the power to bear the sufferings of others (the real meaning of sympathy), we may not see at first that this glory of usefulness can only come as the Master's came. **through suffering.** The capacity of the river for bearing its large vessels was made greater only by blasting.—Margaret Bottome.

1533. Dr. Moon of Brighton, England, at the very height of all his mental powers and acquisitions, became **totally blind.** At first there was a constant rebellion against God. "What are all my acquisitions, what are all my powers worth now, when I am shut up here and the whole world shut out?" But Dr. Moon began to ask himself if it was possible that he might help the blind men to read the Word of God; and, **while his own eyes were sightless, he invented the Moon System or alphabet;** and that has gone now into twenty different countries, and has assimilated to itself the languages of those countries, and from three to four millions of blind people all over the world are reading the Word of God in their native tongues because Dr. Moon's eyes became blind under the providence of God. Trouble was sent that he might help other people out of trouble.

1534. Lieutenant Maury rendered in-

valuable service to the sea-going nations of the earth, **but would perhaps never have taken up the work for which his name is noted, had it not been for an accident that crippled him,** and made it impossible for him to continue his career on the ocean. This is the way it came about: For many years every sea captain was **compelled to keep a log-book,** in which he jotted down every day all facts of interest in his sailings, giving the direction of the wind and the currents, and other similar information. When the log-book was full, it was sent to Washington and stowed away among the records of the navigation department. Young Lieutenant Maury, after he had been crippled, and so incapacitated for sea duty in the navy, went to Washington, **got out the old log-books** from the Navigation Bureau, assorted the data from every book and assigned all the information to its respective block on the ocean map which he was drafting. Thus he **discovered the "rivers in the ocean"** and the rivers in the air, making charts by which the sailing time was reduced from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent, and the expenses and perils were greatly reduced.

At that time it took sailing vessels leaving New York or like distant ports from forty-five to sixty days to reach the equator. Lieutenant Maury went before the Board of Trade in New York, and made the startling statement that **the trip could be made in eighteen or twenty days.** The Board, however, was very conservative and refused to entertain the proposition, but dismissed the young man, who, tired, disheartened and hungry, went across the street to get his lunch at an eating-house. **There a brave, clear-headed young sea captain came to him and said:** "Young man, I heard your statements to the Board of Trade, and they impressed me as true. I own a good ship which is loading to cross the equator. Send me your charts; I will sail by them, and we will test the matter." The lieutenant thanked him and sent the charts, and, sailing by them, **the captain in his good ship erossed the line in some twenty days.**—Missionary Review.

1535. Some one having asked **Mr. Gladstone** the secret of **his remarkable activity,** he replied with a story. There was once a road leading out of London on which more **horses died** than any other, and inquiry revealed the fact that it was **perfectly level.** Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles. In his own life **the hills of difficulty he had been compelled to climb had developed all of his powers, and prolonged his vigor.**

1536. Like the **passengers through the tunneled Alps,** from the dark and the cold and the stifling air emerging on the broad, light-flooded plains of Lombardy, it is **often by a way which they know not,** gloomy and underground, that the convoy is carried which God's Spirit is bringing to the wealthy place.

1537. When I was a boy my mother used to send me out of doors to get a birch stick to whip me with, when I had to be punished. At first I used to **stand off from the rod** as far as I could. But I soon found that the whipping hurt me more that way than any other; and so **I went as near to my mother as I could,** and found she could not strike me so hard. And so when God chastens us **let us kiss the rod,** and draw as near to him as we can.

1538. Poverty may keep one down for a time; but **if he is the true metal, he will rise. Jay Gould** was a poverty-stricken surveyor. **George W. Childs** was a bookseller's errand boy, at a salary of four dollars a month. **John Wanamaker** started business on a salary of a dollar and a quarter a week. **Andrew Carnegie** began life on a weekly salary of three dollars. **Abraham Lincoln** was a miserably poor farmer's son. **Andrew Johnson** was a tailor's apprentice boy, and learned to read after he was married.

1539. If we could but see it, believe it, act upon it, the **worries,** the petty annoyances, the gains, the pleasures, the things that we count hindrances, the wrongs and disappointments—**these are all helps, the hands that shape us,** if we will, in God's own image. These are our **opportunities for courage, trust, endurance; for hope, for love** which makes us like God. There are no hindrances to holiness outside us, they are all within; and if Christ dwells within us, reigning there, then all things outside are helps, and cannot be otherwise.—Mark Guy Pearse.

1540. We are here for the development of our spiritual nature. The web of our years is made of dark and sunny threads. The interwoven joy and sorrow, the losses and gains, the triumphs and failures,—all go to the building up of a finer, sweeter, more inspiring humanity. Now that is the only view of life that stands the test of reflection. **Life is worth living if we want to make it so.** Far deeper than the day's events is the life of the spirit, a life that can be lived with high aims, with generous sympathies, and in the ever-deepening conviction that we are set here by God for a purpose; that with his aid we can

live nobly, as disciples of Christ and as those who hope for another and more beautiful life hereafter.—Rev. George Latimer.

1541. The Great Eastern had three hundred tons of barnacles scraped off her. How oftentimes Christian people are hindered in their progress by barnacles. And sometimes when God takes away a man's property it assists his progress; **we sometimes need over-hauling, and an order comes from the admirality for the removal of the barnacles.**—Spurgeon.

1542. Many a mother, when she sees, hears, or reads how some other mother bore herself in quiet, humble **resignation** when husband or child was taken away, **is astounded** and ready to say, "How could she! I could not give up husband or child in that way; I have not **grace enough to do it.**" Very likely she has not, and why? because she does not need it. **When bereavement and sorrow come, grace will be given to suffer in resignation. When the trial comes, Christ will be at hand to help us meet it.**

1543. There are three ascending degrees of faith manifested in **breaking through hindrances.** The paralytic broke through the hindrance of **external things;** blind Bartimaeus, through the hindrance opposed by his **fellow-men;** the Canaanitish woman through hindrances from **Christ himself.**—Archbishop Trench.

1544. On the morning of her execution, **Lady Jane Grey wrote** a letter in Greek to her sister on the blank leaf of a Testament in the same language, and in her note-book three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, of which the last is as follows: **"If my faults deserved punishment, my youth, at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor."** Fuller **says of her:** "She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen: the bust of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet **the death of a malefactor, for her parents' offences."**

1545. No man can long stand the test of being let alone. To remain undisturbed too long means to sink or travel in a rut. And the person who is in a rut seldom knows it. Therefore **the Lord arranges that we shall be jolted** out; and it is good for us that we should, though it is seldom pleasant at the time. The difference between people is that some grumblingly complain at the disturbance, and try to crawl back into the rut as quickly as possible, while others have the good sense to shake themselves together, rub their eyes, **rejoice at the jolt** that got them onto new ground, and then try to stay there. Which do you do?

1546. Our trials are more real to God than they are to us. This is the working of infinite sympathies in the heart of a loving Creator. All that afflicts men here is one dull, dead weight of woe unless it is lifted and upborne by God.—Phelps.

1547. There is no easy way to glory. Tribulation is God's threshing, not to harm us or to destroy us, but to separate what is heavenly and spiritual in us from what is earthly and fleshly. Nothing less than blows of pain will do this. The evil clings so to the holy that only the heavy flail of suffering can produce the separation. **Perfection of character never can be attained save through suffering.**—Maclaren.

1548. I want to be able to go through the valley of the shadow, saying, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" singing:

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.
. . . . . .
On Christ the solid rock I stand —
All other ground is sinking sand."

"How much did he leave?" was the question asked, as two friends turned aside from the grave of a wealthy man. **"He left it all,"** was the reply. Did he not leave it all? I can see him as he goes down to the river brink, his arms laden with riches, his head crowned with worldly honor, only to realize that he has saved his life and now must forever lose it, and to tremble with fear.

On the other hand, there is no break to the Christian when parting from this world. **He knows whom he has believed.** In the midst of trouble, trials, on his deathbed, he can **trust.**—Mills.

1549. It is a characteristic of our discipline under troubles that they come in clusters; they move like the stars in constellation. They sweep upon us like the waves of the sea; one goes over our head, and we lift our face dripping; and another buries us, and we gasp a third and a fourth deluge us, and drowning seems inevitable. So true is this that we have made a proverb of it, and say, "Misfortunes seldom come singly", or in more general language, "It never rains but it pours."

1550. Aaron Burr was one of the most intellectual Americans and one of the most debased, says a recent writer. He is said to have been the most brilliant student that ever studied in the College

of New Jersey at Princeton, but he lived a sinful, selfish life and died **a miserable death. Lord Byron** had the most brilliant brain of any man of his generation; it seemed to be able to shoot off sparks of fire without an effort; and yet this brilliant man, who was known throughout the world when he was thirty, was a decrepit, prematurely old man at thirty-six, and spent the last days of his life in writing words like these:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The fruit, the flower of life are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Unsanctified affliction is hell on earth.

1551. Serving Christ faithfully even amid trials. A man in this country who has won a multitude of souls to Christ, **when he first confessed Christ was in utter darkness, and he stayed there for three weeks.** Yet all that time he was endeavoring to do the will of God and was openly confessing him. The pastor invited those who wanted to join the church to meet the committee, and when the committee met, this man appeared before them and said, "Gentlemen, **it is as black as night;** it is dark all around me. But I have set myself to do the will of God." They said to him, "Suppose it stays dark, what are you going to do?" He replied, **"I am going on to do the best I can in serving Christ."**

1552. "I have never known any human experience of pain or sin that could not be the gate of heaven. Mind, I don't say it always is; but it can be. Has that ever occurred to you?" "I can't say that it has," the doctor confessed. "O you're young yet," Dr. Lavender said, encouragingly.—Margaret Deland.

1553. In the anti-foreign outbreaks in China in 1900 a mob of infuriated **Boxers destroyed an American mission station** only to discover that the missionaries proposed to rebuild on a still larger scale. As the new structures arose above the ruins of the old there were many angry threats of destruction, but the counsel of one wise man prevailed. "Listen to me," he said. "Let us not do this. At first the Christians built but one story; now they are building two stories; **if we destroy again they will build to the sky."**

1554. "One thing has come to me through this sorrow which is a true blessing", said a Christian woman who, for the first time in her peaceful life, had suffered a sudden and great affliction. "I am like a person who has learned a new language. Before this, I could enter into the joys of others, but I had no words of comprehension for their sorrows. I pitied, but I did not understand. But now, when I meet those who suffer, it is not pity, but the fellowship of their sufferings, that I feel—and they feel it, too. I can help where before I was unable to reach or appreciate the need of the soul at all. So, through all my own pain, I can gain this comfort, and feel that God is teaching me needed lessons of sympathy and knowledge."

1555. 'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.—James Russell Lowell.

1556. It is sometimes necessary for God to strip us of every vestige of self-assurance before he can come to our relief. In like manner he seems to try our patience in order that he may distinguish between an empty impulse and a fixed determination, on our part, to secure the blessing. The testing process is not to acquaint himself with our true state, but to convince us of our sincerity.

1557. No suffering of body or mind is an evil which drives you closer to Christ; and which leads you to lean more heavily on him.

1558. Earth's garden spots—the places where the air is most balmy and the skies most sunny, where the ground brings forth abundantly with but little cultivation, and food can be had for the plucking—would seem at first thought to be the most desirable places in which to live. So much of time, toil and worry might be saved in such a paradise. But **ease brings degeneracy, and these places where the soil is richest and the climate kindest do not produce the highest type of manhood.** The place where nature simply opens her hand and pours out her bounty with no demand for an equivalent labor, is not the one where man develops in intellect or enterprise.

1559. We all have seen the blighting influence of uninterrupted prosperity. The heart of the man who has never known the mellowing power of affliction is as sterile as a desert. The sands of that desert, like the placer mines of California may be full of gold; but in them no flowers bloom and no trees grow to furnish shade or fruit. But when a man has experienced **the holy ministry of sorrows,** when disappointment and bereavement have come upon him like the storm that seems sent only to darken, to beat down and to destroy, and when after it has passed by the sun shines again, O how sweet is the shining! —The Interior.

1560. Chastening widens experience, deepens sympathy, enlarges the range of friendship, **invigorates character, throws the soul back upon God in firmer trust** and does a work for the soul so noble that, if its own character alone be regarded, the divine love behind it and pervading it becomes evident. Blessed are they who no longer need to be thus assured, because their own hearts have learned the truth and rest upon it.

1561. I was in a foundry yard; great piles of iron, all ready for the melting, were gathered there. I noticed **one heap of columns,** broken, bent, split, shattered. I went into the foundry. They were "tapping' the furnace, and the molten metal flowed out in one stream of fire, sending up a sputter of sparks whiter than the stars. I knew those broken columns would some day be cast into the furnace, softened melted, to run out in a stream of fire, and be moulded again in tall, shapely pillars. In no other way could they be of use. **They must be melted.** That very afternoon **I saw a mother all bent and broken by affliction.** She had parted with an only child. I pitied that mother. How keenly her Saviour felt for her! And yet perhaps the only way to reach some elements in that mother's character, and change them, was **through affliction.** The character was not worthless; far from it. **It only needed melting.**

1562. You cannot be a man and live a man's life without coming into this world where sin is and where **you must be tried. That great temptation that comes swaggering up and frightening you so, has got the best part of your character held under his brawny arm,** You cannot get it without wrestling with him and forcing it away from him. Ask yourself what you would have been if you had never been tempted and own what a blessed thing the educating power of temptation is.—Phillips Brooks.

1563. Here stands a young fellow who, having a rich father, has never been obliged to exert himself, and, in the careless unconcern of his easy life, he is a good example of the jovial freshness of youth. But there is very little about him to interest us. But ten, twenty, **forty years pass.** He has taken a part in the stern work of life. He has had his conflicts; his reverses. **Care has chiseled finer lines in his brow. Conflict has given a firmer set to his lips. Trouble has touched his glance with a mellower pathos.** He is a handsomer man than he was at twenty. His character is matured. His nature is expanded. **And it is only through his struggles and trials that this has been brought about.**

1564. It is when we have passed through the bitterness of temptation, wrestling with evil and sore beset, victorious only through the grace of Christ, that we are **ready to be helpers of others** in temptation. It is only when we have known sorrow, when we have been comforted and helped to endure, **that we are fitted to become comforters of others in sorrow.**—J. R. Miller, D. D.

1565. Many a great artist mixed his first colors with tears. Heroic **John Todd,** of Pittsfield, when he footed it to New Haven to enter college, was compelled to sleep through a cold night under a bush by the roadside from sheer lack of money to pay for his lodgings. If he had lost heart then, the New England pulpit would have lost the sturdiest Puritan of these modern days.

1566. In the shop of some large diamond dealer will be seen great machinery and much power, and all brought to bear on what seems to be but a small piece of glass. One might be **sure of the value of that transparent morsel if he would but look around** and see what skill, labor and expense are being devoted to it. Let this be remembered when the believer is on **God's wheel that cuts and polishes.**—"The Truth About Grace."

1567. Ten thousand men and women lined the shore at Atlantic City, and rent the air with **tumultuous cheers as Captain Mark Casto,** lashed to the wheel of his fishing schooner, and his brave companions rode out on a wild sea to **rescue sixty-nine people** from the doomed Clyde Liner, **Cherokee,** stranded on the Brigantine shoals. It was magnificent heroism because that little company rode out before the storm-wind to what seemed certain death. Had the sea been quiet, there would have been no cheers. **The roar of the storm-wind is the tumult of conflict and struggle.** It is the shout of God as he makes pigmies into giants; weak, tempted, struggling men and women into heroes.—Dr. James I. Vance.

1568. The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.

1569. "Mrs. Wiggs" wisely says — **"There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself."**

1570. Remember the old Persian proverb, "This, too, will pass." It is as true as it is beautiful and comforting.

1571. God never speaks to us so tenderly as in the hour of suffering and of chastisement. We all know that rain sometimes means just as great a help to a sheaf of wheat as a day of sunshine.

We know that midnight is necessary to unroll the crimson secret of a red rose. We know that no angel was ever made out of a marble statue, by mere love, that always **a man has to lift a hammer and chisel** and make the chips fly. We know that the men who have been the greatest in the history of the Christian Church have been the men who have suffered most. **If we call the roll of the great men of history, we will find that they were all heart-broken;** they all had their lives in some way destroyed through suffering and trouble and were made perfect through trouble.—N. D. Hillis.

1572. The sorrow that is meant to bring us nearer to God may be in vain. The same circumstances may produce opposite effects. I dare say there are people who will read these words who have been made hard and sullen and bitter and paralyzed for good work because they have some heavy burden to carry, or some wound or ache that life can never heal. Ah, brother, **we are often like shipwrecked crews of whom some are driven by the danger to their knees and some are driven to the spirit casks.** Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill-health or similar afflictions that come in your daily life, mar you instead of mending you. See that they send you nearer to God.

1573. Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, once wrote: "I must conclude with a more delightful subject, **my most dear and blessed sister.** I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to **the annihilation of self-ishness,—a daily martyrdom for twenty years,** during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself save only as regarded her **ripening in all goodness,** wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though **never leaving her crib nor changing her posture;** and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work."

1574. The duration of sunshine in the various countries of Europe was recently discussed at a scientific meeting. It was shown that **Spain stands at the head of the list,** having on the average 3,000 hours of sunshine per year, while Italy has 2,300 hours. Germany comes next with 1,700 and England with 1,400.

1575. There is a great deal of persecution still going on in the world. In every city there are works and shops where any one making a decided profession of Christianity has to **run the gauntlet of ridicule** and annoyance; and there are homes, too, in which, under the safe cover of what ought to be tender relationships, **the stabs of aversion** and malignity are dealt in the dark.—James Stalker.

1576. Never shrink from deep devotion because you fear its **trials or its sacrifices.** Paul, in martrydom was unspeakably happier than God's half-hearted servants.—W. R. Huntington.

1577. Where Christ brings his cross he brings his presence, and where he is none are desolate and there is no room for despair.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1578. In the mind of Jesus, **the cross is not a particular misfortune,** but the measure of suffering implied in every act of love and **self-denial;** this is the sense in which it is the very instrument of redemption.—Auguste Sabatier.

1579. Luther Burbank, is said to have grown a **cactus without spines.** It is an especially good food for goats and sheep. **The Lord has always turned the thorny experiences of life into the best of food for his sheep.**

1580. Rightly understood these material things with which we build apparently **are but the scaffolding** upon which we build really. We care not in building for the preservation of the scaffolding after the building is finished. In fact its preservation would only mar the beauty of the building. **We use the scaffolding in order to transfer into the building itself the ideals that we are working out,** and then we dispose of the scaffolding. I make you this proposition: You can find no legitimate or proper calling, profession, or vocation in which you can engage that you may not **build upon the foundation Christ** in such a manner that the building will be eternal.

1581. Grand character is by its very nature the product of probationary discipline. The man must grow into it, by thinking grand ideas and believing grand principles. **He must encounter and master trials,** which, in the Divine decree, are grand opportunities. One

auxiliary to his ascension into moral sympathy with God is **the strain put upon faith by encounter with the mysteries of evil and the shocks of suffering.**—Austin Phelps.

1582. Saved by suffering, not saved from it; that is the law of life revealed in Christ. If the spiritual force of character in you is to be strong, it must enter into conflict with an antagonist. Suffering, then, in some of its forms, must be introduced, the appointed minister, **the great assayist, to put the genuineness of faith to the proof,** and purify it of its dross.—Bishop Huntington.

1583. More than one pastor has been tried in the fire for the profit of his flock. "Six weeks of painful, dangerous sickness did more for me than six months in a theological seminary", said a sagacious minister. The model minister in Rome wrote to his son Timothy: "Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus."

1584. Matthew Arnold had a brother-in-law, Mr. Cropper, who lived in Liverpool, and attended Sefton Park Church, where **Dr. John Watson** ("Ian Maclaren") ministered. Visiting Mr. Cropper, Mr. Arnold **accompanied him to church** one Sunday morning, which proved to be the last Sunday on earth for the distinguished poet. Dr. Watson preached on **"The Shadow of the Cross;"** and the congregation afterwards sang the familiar hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross."

At lunch that day Mr. Arnold referred to the hymn, which he said he considered the finest in the English language. Appreciative reference was also made to the sermon; and the poet mentioned especially an illustration which the preacher had drawn from the Riviera earthquake. "In one village," said Dr. Watson, "the huge crucifix above the altar, with a part of the chancel, remained unshaken amid the ruins, and **round the cross the people sheltered."**

:"Yes", remarked Arnold in speaking of this, **"the cross remains, and in the straits of the soul makes its ancient appeal".**—W. J. Hoyt, D. D.

1585. The wise man, therefore, whether he be the patient or the attendant, will deal with **disease** as with a thing which, while in itself evil, affords an opportunity for gaining vast and various advantages. He will regard **the sick-chamber** as a school where by God's grace one may learn great lessons, as a battle-field where by God's help one may win great triumphs, as a garden where by God's gift one may gather the sweet flowers, and partake of the precious fruits of peace and righteousness. —Samuel Lane Loomis.

1586. There is a story told of a young girl who lived in a beautiful home, where the touch of want never came. So full of gladness was her life, that nothing seemed wanting to perfect it. **By and by sickness laid her low,** and while life was spared, she was many months an invalid. It was **then the comforts of God's word really became her own.** Promises, beautiful before, but meaningless to her, now flashed before her, bearing such wondrous peace and comfort. "I am learning a beautiful lesson," said she; "that God is able to supply all my need. I only knew him in part before." **So she left the sick-room a new creature in Christ,** consecrated anew to his service. **The diamond unpolished, possesses little beauty;** it is only after it has left the workman's hand that eyes are drawn and centered upon it.—Du Bois.

1587. We have read, somewhere, of **a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks.** They had taken possession of a whaling-vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. **The little tacks of life,** scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome **the little worries which present themselves day by day.**—Christian Herald.

1588. The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

1589. God has many ways of using disease. It is frequently employed as **a corrective and preventive of sin.** By sickness evil men are often restrained from plunging deeper and deeper into iniquity; by sickness they are brought to a sense of their own weakness and helplessness, their dependence upon God, and their guilt before him, and thus they are led to repentance. Sickness

sometimes serves to **win us away from the love of the world,** to relax our grasp on earthly possessions, that we are prone to hold with too tight a grip, in order that our hands may be free to receive the spiritual and eternal treasures. It comes to **remind us of the shortness of life,** to give us timely warning of our approaching end, that we may make ready for our great change. It also furnishes opportunities for the **development of some of the highest moral and spiritual qualities** that are known among modern men. All progress in the history of the world has come in the course of the struggle with difficulties and as the best part of the rewards of victory. When the struggle ceases, when difficulties are put out of the way, and the path of life grows smooth and plain, so that no effort is required for walking therein, then progress ceases and decadence is close at hand.—Monday Club Sermons.

1590. How ought a Christian to deal with sickness? He will be following the example of our Lord if he deals with it as an **enemy;** a thing to be avoided, a thing to be overcome, a thing to be cast out. It is the part of a Christian to take every precaution to keep the door of the temple securely barred against the invasion of this foe. Any **intemperance in eating or drinking,** in work or play; any neglect of food, sleep or exercise; any foolish exposure of the person which puts a strain on the vital forces and invites disease is worse than a mistake. It **involves contempt alike for one's own nature and for the law of God.**

1591. Trial brings man face to face with God—God and he touch; he feels that he is standing outside the earth, with nothing between him and the Eternal Infinite. Oh, there is something in **the sickbed,** and the aching heart and the restlessness and languor of shattered health, and the sorrow of affections withered, and the cold, lonely feeling of utter rawness of heart which is felt when God strikes home in earnest, that forces a man to feel what is real and what is not.—F. W. Robertson.

1592. God keeps a school for his children here on earth; and one of his best teachers is **Disappointment.** My friend, when you and I reach our Father's house, we shall look back and see that the sharp-voiced, rough-visaged teacher, Disappointment, was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave us **hard lessons. Dear, old, rough-handed teacher!** We will build a monument to thee yet, and crown it with garlands, and inscribe on it: **Blessed be the memory of Disappointment.**—Cuyler.

1593. Is it not obvious that future crises of moral peril will be met and mastered with most **secure and concentrated virtue, by those who have been schooled into moral repose** by events which have given a shock to their whole moral being?—Austin Phelps.

1594. The immediate object of God's discipline is to form character; to create and develop love, trust, and obedience; to uproot evil dispositions; to break down self-will and self-independence. The ultimate end of it is the service and blessedness of heaven.— James Orr, D.D.

1595. The children of a certain family, during its prosperity, were left in the nursery in charge of servants. When **adversity came,** the servants were discharged and the parents lived with the little ones. One evening, when the father had returned home after a day of anxiety and business worry, his little girl clambered on his knee, and, twining her arms around his neck, said: **"Father, don't get rich again.** You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come round you, and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, father."—Success.

1596. A faithful Christian lay on his dying bed. To his minister he said, **"Why do I suffer so? Is this punishment?"** For reply the minister told of a visit he had paid to a great **flower show at Mannheim** on the upper Rhine, where were displayed millions of flowers in endless profusion of color, fragrance and beauty, and that among them all the gems of beauty, **the most highly prized, were the Alpine flowers, the children of winter and the storm,** and these were perfected in their beauty by the struggle with stern and savage nature. The dying man took in the thought and grew in submission to the "good and acceptable and perfect will of God"—"The Truth About Grace."

Christian Unity. (1597–1609)

1597. Near a certain South African town stands a Wesleyan missionary station, and near it **an Anglican monastery.** Between the two there is little or **no communication.** The old African king who resides there is a heathen. Two of his princely sons are Christians and are anxious for their father's conversion; but he sticks to his heathenism. Speaking to a visitor the old king said: "My sons want me to be baptized. I say to them, 'Christians, here,' pointing to the Wesleyan station, 'and Christians there,' pointing to the Anglican monks. **Christians there won't speak to Christians here.** When one of them has converted

the other, it will be time to come to me." The application is not far to seek.—Evangelical Messenger.

1598. I was in a little town some time ago, when one night as I came out of the meeting, I saw another building where the people were coming out. I said to a friend, **"Have you got two churches here?".** "Oh yes." "How do you get on?" "Oh, **we get on very well."** "I am glad to hear that. Was your brother minister at the meeting?" **"Oh no, we don't have anything to do with each other. We find that is the best way"** And they called that "getting on very well."

1599. A Boston paper inadvertently spoke of **"interdenominational comedy"** instead of **"interdenominational comity."** There have been aspects of the relations of different denominations with one another which have suggested comedy rather than comity.

1600. It was concerning the author of "Rock of Ages" that **John Wesley** wrote in 1770: "Mr. Augustus Toplady I know well; but I do not fight with chimney-sweepers. He is too dirty a writer for me to meddle with; I should only foul my fingers." He also referred to him as a "lively coxcomb." **Toplady paid his respects to Wesley** in a similar strain. He wondered whether there was more of the "insidious" than of "the acid" in the make-up of his opponent; spoke of the latter as "hatching blasphemy;;' said that his forehead was "impervious to a blush;" and that he had penned "a known, willful, palpable lie to the public."

Whitefield as well as Toplady, as everybody knows, taught the doctrine of Election, and Telford's "Life of John Wesley" informs us how he and the Wesleys split over that rock. On one occasion, about 1740, Whitefield "preached the absolute decrees in the most peremptory and offensive manner. Some thousands of people were present, and Charles Wesley sat beside him. **The rupture was soon complete.**—George F. Green in The Outlook.

1601. I was walking in a beautiful grove, the trees were some distance apart and the trunks were straight and rugged. But **as they ascended higher the branches came closer together,** and still higher the twigs and branches interlaced and formed a beautiful canopy. I said to myself, **our Churches resemble these trees;** the trunks near the earth stand stiffly and rudely apart; the more nearly toward heaven they ascend, the closer and closer they come together, until they form one beautiful canopy, under which the sons of men enjoy both shelter and happiness.—Bishop Simpson.

1602. When the tide is out, you may have noticed, as you ramble among the rocks, **little pools with little fish in them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin** of the lurking-place, **one pool joins another,** their various tenants meet, and, by and by, in the place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. **When the tide is out —when religion is low**—the faithful are often insulated; here a few and there a few. They forget for a time that there is a vast expanse of ocean rising—every ripple brings it nearer; **a mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations.**—"Times of Refreshing."

1603. Bigotry erects insurmountable walls. Antiochus Epiphanes, when he had captured Jerusalem, offered swine's flesh on the altar and sprinkled the temple with the blood—an offence for which the Jews would never be reconciled to him; and the **Emperor Hadrian,** anxiously wishing to drive away the miserable remnant who still sought the Hope of Israel amid the ruins of the conquered city, when he found all other means unavailing, accomplished his purpose by **erecting the statue of a marble hog on the principle gate.** The frantic devotees fled from the holy city, as if at length they deemed their cause to be desperate, since God had permitted so great a pollution.—Jamieson.

1604. A slave-holder had committed the care of one of his teams to a faithful slave for some years; at last one of the horses sickened and died. **While the slave was burying the faithful animal, the other horse came across the field and stood by,** watching the operation as a silent mourner.

The master said to the slave, **"I believe Dick loved Billy."** Instantly the slave replied, **" 'Course he did, massa; why, they pulled together for twenty years!" It is the pulling together of the various Christian forces against the** common enemy and for a common cause that will **unite the hearts of the followers of the Master.**—J. W. Kapp, D. D.

1605. "We have been two in white, let us be one in red," was the word sent by **Ridley** to **Hooper,** who, as preachers, had disputed regarding the color of ecclesiastical vestments, but who were during the English Reformation, thrown into prison and awaiting execution. — Truth.

1606. A man sat unmoved during a sermon which made the rest shed tears.

He afterwards explained his indifference by saying; **He "belonged to another parish."**

1607. Every regiment in Britain has **two sets of colors: the regimental flag, and the Queen's colors;** the former different in each regiment, and bearing the names of all the battlefields where the regiment has been engaged; but **the Queen's colors are the same in all the regiments.**—Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

1608. When I was in the army before Fort Hudson, I remember that night after night when our **camp-fires** were built, we boys used to sit around them and discuss various matters, and sometimes **we lost our tempers.** But one night, in the midst of the discussion, there broke upon us **that awful startling sound** which once heard is never forgotten. Away off on the right it began, but it rolled in a thundering, awful echo, until it chilled our hearts. It was the **long roll,** and every man was on his feet, and every man shook hands with his comrade and said: "Forgive me." **When we were idle, we could afford to dispute; but now there is work to do, it found us brothers.**—Hepworth.

1609. An old Scotch woman was walking to church with her family. **The Auld Kirk minister** rode past at a tremendous rate, and the old lady said to her children: "Siccan a wey to be ridin', and this the Sawbath day. Aweel, aweel, a gude man is marciful to his beast." Shortly afterwards **her own minister rode past as furiously,** and the worthy old wife cried: "Ah, there he goes! The Lord bless him, puir man! His heart's in his wark, an' he's eager to be at it." —Boston Journal.

Brotherly Love. (1610–1642)

1610. Prof. Martin G. Brumbaugh, LL. D., in "The Making of a Teacher," gives an illustration of **love , as the controlling factor of a teacher's work.** In Louisiana he met **a teacher who had won the commendation** of her superintendent by her good work. Returning the next year he missed her, and upon inquiry he found the young woman had died. The cause of her death was told by one who loved her. She taught a rural school far back in the pine woods. Her school-house had neither door nor windows. The children sat on cross-sections of trees set on end. The teacher had no chair, no stove, no protection from inclement weather. One day in February, **a severe gulf-storm,** damp and cold and penetrating, swept over the State. Her half-clothed children suffered from the cold. Without a moment's hesitation **she stood in the open doorway,** her face to the pupils, her back to the cold, **that she might in some degree shelter the children. Her love for them cost her life.** Pneumonia was contracted, and in less than a week she was laid to rest in a bower of roses, carried by those who loved her and for whom she had given the highest expression of love—her life.

1611. Abraham Lincoln, on visiting a military hospital, stood at the **bedside of a Vermont boy** of about sixteen years of age who was mortally wounded. Taking the dying boy's thin, white hand in his own, the President said in a tender tone, "Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?" The young fellow looked up into the President's kindly face and asked, **"Won't you write to my mother for me?"** "That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln. When it was finished he rose, saying, "I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" The boy looked up appealingly to the President. **"Won't you stay with me?"** he asked, **"I do want to hold on to your hand."** Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist, so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. **For two hours the President sat there patiently as though he had been the boy's father.** When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so he burst into tears. **With what confidence we may go to Jesus in our distresses,** for he not only has **greater sympathy,** but infinite wisdom and power!

1612. On the Kansas prairie a farmer took a claim and put up a small, rough cabin for his family. But sickness soon came upon him and all winter long he suffered. **In the spring he died.** What would become of his wife and her three little children? After the doctor's bill was paid she had no money left with which to pay for help and she had no relatives to whom she could appeal for aid. Unless a crop was raised she could not hold her claim. One morning she looked out of her window and **saw her fields alive with men and boys and teams.** From near and far they had come, and soon they were busily at work with their plows and harrows and corn-planters. When night came **eighty acres were planted with corn,** and with a promise that they would come again and harvest her crop the tired workers drove merrily away.—Tarbell.

1613. The brotherhood of the races, now and then disputed, is without controversy a tenet of the Christian Church.

Sometimes, however, like other commonwealths, the Church, from lethargy or passion, or other discreditable reason, permits her statutes to be broken and even her fundamental law to be set at naught. **The doctrine of brotherhood has ample advocacy, though not abounding in illustration.** The kinship of the human family is the burden of the song of the **communist**; is the holiday ritual of the **capitalist.** It is the probable result of the studies of the **ethnologist**; is the prophecy, at least, of **comparative philology:** It colors the argument of the **statesman** and it is the eloquence of the **orator.** It is the creed of the **clergyman** and the unction of the **preacher.** It is the implication of **diplomacy** and the only possible nexus of the races. **It is the communion of saints.**

1614. True brotherliness shows an interest in the spiritual welfare of others. Harlan Page had a fixed rule never to be with any one for a few minutes without saying something **to do that person good.** Probably many seeds of truth which he scattered came to nothing; but many others took root and sprouted. He came early to church one evening, and **found a stranger** sitting there waiting for the service. He politely spoke to him and in a few frank, kind words urged the stranger to accept the Savior. That brief talk was the means of the man's conversion; he said that **"Christians had always kept him at arm's length" before.**

1615. Kant, at the age of eighty said: **"I have not yet lost my feeling for humanity."** The rough Admiral **Nelson,** dying, said to his friend: **"Kiss me, Hardy."** When **Father Taylor,** of the **Sailors' Bethel** was tossing in pain, somebody tried to comfort him by saying: "You'll soon be with the angels." He answered petulantly: "I don't want angels, I want folks."

1616. When Louis Agassiz was a boy in Switzerland, he and his little brother one day thought they would cross a frozen lake and join their father. The mother, anxiously watched them from a window till at length they came to a crack in the ice more than a foot wide. Her heart failed her. She thought, "Louis can get over it well enough, but the little fellow will try to do so and will fall in. They were too far away to hear her call. As she watched in an agony of fear **she saw Louis get down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack and his hands on the other, like a bridge, and his little brother crept over him to the other side. So may brother bridge life's dangerous and difficult places for brother.**—Myers.

1617. Ruskin said: "Supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, **to place his son in the position** of an ordinary workman; **as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men."**

1618. A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take the neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—George Macdonald.

1619. The Romans asserted sovereignty over all other races. The fact that a tribe lived on the bank of a river on the other side of which the Romans had settled, made it's members **"rivals",** for the word means dwellers on opposite sides of a stream.—Trench.

1620. To the **Greek** the word **"humanity",** as a term for the wide brotherhood of all races, was unknown. All races, except his own were "barbarians."—Geikie.

1621. The young man was brought up in a Christian home, but was fascinated by cards, and began to follow the career of a **professional card-player.** He visited various parts of the world, and met with phenomenal success as a gambler everywhere. In a certain foreign city a **stranger** approached him and asked the privilege of playing with him. They entered a gambling house and began playing, with the understanding that they should play till one or the other was "broke". The stranger steadily lost, till **all he had was gone.** He went out and borrowed $2000, and returned and lost that. He again went out, and committed suicide. Hearing the report of the pistol, he surmised what had occurred, and went out into the garden where the stranger had gone. He found his opponent lying dead with a pistol beside him. In his pocket were found letters, and the **photograph** of a woman. Our hero **recognized the picture as that of his own mother, and the letters were from the mother to the dead son. The two gamblers were brothers.** They had not seen each other for years, and their meeting at the card-table resulted in the suicide of one of them. This sad event resulted in the **reformation** of the surviving brother.

1622. "A woman in my district, who has but one bed took in a poor woman and her child the other day", said the **missionary.**

"Dear me," said a friend, incredulous-

ly. "But really it is different you know. When one has a nice house, one likes to —don't smile! I suppose this woman— well, it is easier to give when you have not very much, now is it not?" **It is easier to give when one has suffered oneself and knows what it means."**

1623. Christ gave a new meaning to love. "Amor" had come to mean lust. For this reason caritas ("charity") was used in 1 Cor. 13.

1624. During a miners' strike in Colorado, President Slocum, of Colorado College, went into the mining district, and passed the sentries who were posted along the canon, and gained access to the leaders of the armed bands of miners, who were awaiting attack. He was received very kindly and after he told them that **he came upon a mission of peace,** they granted him permission to speak to the men; and several hundred men were gathered before him with angry looks, evidently seeking an opportunity to vent their rage upon the first person who should try to thwart their will. Rifles and revolvers were pointed at the speaker as he commenced to say in the gentlest possible manner that he had come there on **an errand of peace, as their friend and because he loved them;** when one of the leaders cried out, "Boys, this man is our friend." And almost instantly **the guns dropped,** and the ears of the men were opened to listen to his plea. And not only that, but they gladly responded to his proposition, as did also the operators, and the strike was ended.—Mills.

1625. There is a Jewish story of two brothers whose farms lay side by side. On a certain night, after the gathering of the harvest, one of them said to his wife, "My brother is a lonely man, who has neither wife nor children; I will go out and **carry some of my sheaves into his field."** It happened that on the same night, the other said, "My brother has wife and children, and needs the harvest more than I; **I will carry some of my sheaves into his field."** So, the next morning, their respective heaps were unchanged. And thus it happened night after night, until at length, one moonlight night, the **brothers, with their arms full of sheaves, met midway face to face.** On that spot the temple was built, because it was esteemed to be the place where earth was nearest heaven.

1626. Christian love is the only kind of love in which there is no rivalry, no jealousy. There is jealousy among the lovers of **art;** there is jealousy among the lovers of **song;** there is jealousy among the lovers of **beauty.** The glory of natural love is its monopoly, its power to say: "It is mine." But **the glory of Christian love is its refusal of monopoly.** The spiritual artist—the man who paints Christ in his soul — wants no solitary niche in the temple of fame. He would not like to hear any one say: "He is the first of his profession; there is not one that can hold the candle with him." He would be very sad to be distinguished in his profession of Christ, marked out as a solitary figure. The gladdest moment to him will always be the moment when the cry is heard, **"Thy brother is coming up the ladder also; thy brother will share the inheritance with thee."**— George Matheson.

1627. One of the most conspicuous examples of those who go forth to feed the multitude, are the **deaconesses** in our American cities. Whatever help is needed, material or spiritual, they are at hand to aid. One poor woman said to the deaconess, "'You bring God to me. When you are gone long, I don't seem to think much about him and then you comes and talks to me till it seems like e's right here." A deaconess, planning an outing with her mothers' club was besought by **a tired looking woman:** "Oh, don't have it earlier than the middle of June. It'll be the only treat I'll have and after that's over the rest of the summer will seem so long with nothing to look forward to."

1628. A deaconess, one day walking down the street with a rose in her hand, saw the eyes of a poor woman follow her hungrily. The deaconess **gave the flower to the outcast.** Three months after this, the deaconess went to call on the woman, now sick unto death. From beneath her pillow the old creature drew **the skeleton of the rose saying:** "I often look at it, and it makes me think of home."

1629. Lillian W. Betts in her "Leaven in a Great City" tells the following anecdote illustrative of **the ease with which we may touch the heart of many of God's needy children.** A woman of sixty, a member of the mother's club in a large city, came one night to the club leader with money which she had been saving for a year and asked if she could not have **a birthday party.** The woman's husband appeared later and offered five dollars toward the expense. The leaders of the club planned everything with the utmost care, and the first birthday party of the woman of sixty was celebrated with great success and much delight. When the birthday cake, a gift from her husband, lit by the many candles, was placed in front of her, her joy knew no bounds. Her tears fell fast. Raising her hands and face

heavenward, she said solemnly, "O, God, what have I done that you should be so good to me?" **The volume of her life was opened.** A cake with a few shining candles a few friends with their little offerings and the wishes of a few children, and to one woman God had reached out of his high heaven and selected her as the special object of his care and love.—Missionary Comments.

1630. In Victoria I was anxious to go down a gold mine. The very name and sound of the thing was enough to fill the imagination with all sorts of wonders, so I put on the rough dress of the miner, and lit my candle, and went down for some hundreds of feet underground. Then, the thick darkness only slightly disturbed by our candles, we splashed along through the pools that filled the tramways and stooped through low and narrow passages, until we came to the place where the men were at work. Here and there between the darker rock ran a line of white quartz, just like a vein of marble. Not a sign or trace of gold glistened in the candle-light; not a single particle of the precious metal gleamed anywhere. **The gold was in the quartz, but invisible. To me there was no sign, no possibility of gold.** I sighed, and said, "So this is a gold mine; water dripping from above; muddy puddles underfoot, with roof and sides of bare rock." **Yet the expert knew it, and saw in it the treasure,** and from here there went the flashing gold.

What a poor thing is this humanity! So commonplace, so dull; so stupid and mean; so cruel and bad. How hard it is to find in many people any promise of any goodness, any possibility of any worth. But God bends over us, and discerns these possibilities for good. **What God sees in men, human love can discover also.**—Pearse.

1631. Bishop Polk of Louisiana, a slaveholder by inheritance, but a faithful pastor to his slaves, said to one of them who was dying; "Tom, is there anything else I can do for you?" "Yes, Master," he said, "if you will only **lie down by me on the bed and put your arms around my neck** and let me put my arms around your neck, as we used to when we were boys, I could die more easily!" He granted the request at once and **the old negro died in the good Bishop's embrace.**

1632. A man staying over night at an inn, was asked by the landlord where he came from, and what kind of neighbors he had. To the latter question he replied: "Oh, I had very **disagreeable neighbors.** I could not get along with them at all." "You will find just the **same sort of neighbors** where you are going," answered the innkeeper. Another man from the same town, and bound for the same place as the other, was asked the same question. He said: "I had **very good neighbors;** they were kind and agreeable." "You will find your new neighbors just the same," said the landlord. Being asked by the first man how that could be, he replied that **the secret of good or bad neighbors lay in the man himself** more than in his neighbors.

1633. A good man of my acquaintance died very suddenly, and when it came to settling up the estate it was found that, while with his presence and work he was able to get a living for his family out of his equity in the business, with him gone there was **nothing left.** All the children were grown up and able to support themselves, with the exception of one young man who had two years yet to spend in the medical college before he would be able to take up his profession as a physician. It seemed at first that he must drop out and work his way for awhile, saving up money to go on.

But just then **a man came to the front,** who said: "Some years ago I was in a hard place and needed a friend very much. Just at the critical time **your father stepped into the breach,** and in the gentlest, cheeriest way helped me out. I said then if I ever had a chance I should pay that kindness back. Now is my chance. You go right along to the medical school and finish your course, and I will take care of the bills. **You can charge it up to your father's** kindness account." He who sows a kind deed may be sure that it is a long-lived, hardy crop, and certain to bring in its harvest by and by.—Banks.

1634. Lincoln was engaged as one of the counsel in the famous "Harvester Case" of McCormick vs. Manning. He had expected to try the case, but **Edwin M. Stanton was selected to succeed him,** and to take command of affairs. "What does that long armed creature expect to do in this case?" he whispered contemptuously to a colleague. What he did was to **give Stanton his carefully prepared notes** and papers, and retire to a subordinate position. And such was the **magnanimity** of Abraham Lincoln that a few years later he called Stanton into his presidential cabinet.—Spare Moments.

1635. A man once got up in a love feast and told how he had lost his wife and all his children and had **felt as calm and** serene through it as if nothing had happened, not feeling a pang, shielded as he

believed by divine grace. When he ended the sensible preacher said: "Brother! go right home, and down on your knees and never get up till you are a different man. **You have the stoniest heart I ever saw.** Instead of being a saint you are hardly good enough to be a decent sinner. If you had a human heart such trouble ought to melt it as in the fire. Don't ever tell such a story again." **God is not displeased with us for loving those whom he gives us.** He commands us to love them.—Kelly.

1636. Christ, the same yesterday and to-day, would still seek the lost, but he must do it now **on our feet.** He would still minister, but he must do it with **our hands.** He would still warn and comfort and encourage and instruct, but he must do it with **our lips.** If we refuse to perform these offices for him, what right have we to call ourselves members of his body, in vital union with him? . . . Moreover, Christ teaches that the needs of men are his needs; that he is in the world hungry, naked, sick, in prison. If we wish to serve him, how can we do it better than in the person of those with whom he identifies himself? **Self-giving is the law of Christian living;** . . . self-denial for the sake of others is Christ-like, Godlike.—Josiah Strong, D. D.

1637. The brotherhood of man is something more than a beautiful sentiment; it becomes a stern and almost appalling fact when a gaunt pestilence begins to stalk at noonday. What have we in common with the filthy lowermost classes in India, residing near the mouth of the **Ganges?** Is it anything to us what sort of life the outcasts in **Teheran,** Persia, lead? Why should we bother our brains or hearts over the lack of sanitary regulations in the interior of Russia, leagues away from railways, in towns where no European or American tourist ever wanders? "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba," when Hecuba lives in squalor and filth and rags, an outcast Jewess in Russia, and he is a railroad magnate residing on Murray Hill in New York? But **how the pestilence answers that question,** and with what emphasis it repeats the words of Paul, **"and hath made of one blood all nations** of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth!" Once there was elation and rejoicing in this country that whereas we had a tremendous wheat crop, **the crop in Russia was a failure,** and we have been counting up the millions that we made out of Russia's misfortune. Suppose we wait till the chapter is finished. The **failure** of the Russian wheat crop meant **famine;** famine prepared the way for **pestilence;** pestilence later overleaped national boundaries and began its march in Europe. Unless it can be stayed, it means **disordered industries, a collapse for a shorter or longer period in commerce, a greatly diminished demand for American products,** and, possibly, devastation of homes and demoralization of industries in our own land. In the long run will we lose or gain by the failure of the Russian wheat crop? **Throwing aside all sentiment, all moral and religious considerations, all philanthropic feelings, is it not terribly true that the vilest, sorest-eyed sinner begging for backsheesh in the far Orient, without apparently one ray of intelligence to disturb his complacency in the midst of slime and vermin, has a direct connection with every other member of the human race, and in self-defence, it becomes our business, if possible, to improve his condition and enlighten his mind, or that of his child?** We have heard a good many sermons on the brotherhood of man, but when the cholera gets to preaching who can withstand its awful eloquence?

1638. Man's inhumanity to man. Crassus, after the revolt of Spartacus, **crucified 10,000** slaves at one time. **Augustus,** for a political offence, delivered **30,000** to their masters, to be executed. **Trojan** made **10,000** fight in the amphitheatre, for amusement, the slaughter lasting 123 days.

1639. When the German Theologian, Nitzsch, had passed his eightieth year, he had repeated **paralytic shocks,** which all but **separated him from the outside world, without, however, injuring the intellect** that had been one of the strongest of his day. Among his last words to his old friend, Tweslen, were these;—**"I can no longer hear, or see, or work; I can only love."**—Dr. Ker's "History of Preaching."

1640. A great German defined the difference between Socialism and Christianity in a very clever epigram: —**Socialism** says, "What is thine is mine." **Christianity** says, "What is mine is thine." The difference is infinite. But the epigram needs correction. Christianity really teaches us to say, "What seems thine is not thine, what seems mine is not mine; whatever thou hast **belongs to God,** and whatever I have belongs to God; you and I must use what we have according to God's will."—Dr. R. W. Dale.

1641. A woman once visited an institution where homeless and friendless children found refuge, and looked over the little waifs that were gathered there. Among them she found a child to whom her heart went out, and said,

"This is the child I want for my own."
"He is not for adoption" said the person in charge.

One day she came again with tears and said,

"Why can I not have the child I want?"

They told her then the story of the child, and of the **utter depravity of its parents.** There was bad blood in the child, and it would be a terrible risk to take such a child as that. The woman went away sorrowful, but after three or four days she returned and said, **"I have come for my baby.** If you think he will be more likely to be a good boy and man with my mother love, and brought up in a Christian home, give him to me. God will take care of the rest."

Her love prevailed. They gave the ill-born waif into her hands. She took him to her heart. Years have passed since then. Love has prevailed and conquered, and the little helpless hopeless waif she took to her home has **grown up to manhood a faithful, honored Christian gentleman. There is a mighty power in love.**

Forgiving Others. (1642–1667)

1642. Gunner Stevenson was a member of the "Legion of Strangers" in the Boer army. He was **brutally insulted** by a big German officer, and compelled to fight a **duel.** When the word "Fire!" was given his antagonist's weapon rang out, and Stevenson was unhurt, with a bullet still in his gun. His insulter was at his mercy. He saw him kneeling on the ground begging for mercy. The German had fired and missed. Stevenson raised his rifle, and aimed at the squirming wretch but in a moment he dropped it to "carry", opened the breech, and **jerked the cartridge on to the grass at his feet.** That magnanimous act won for him more than if he had sent the bullet through his enemy's heart.—C. E. World.

1643. A State's prison chaplain told about a girl whose father had been murdered by a man awaiting death in the prison. The little girl was motherless, and the father had been everything to her. When he had died from injuries received from the man who wanted to rob him, the child in an agony of grief cried: "The wicked man! **I hate him!"**

She repeated this for several days, until praying the Lord's Prayer one morning, she stopped at the petition, **"Forgive us our debts."**

For days she wrestled with the anguish of her heart, and then she went to the warden, and asked to be admitted to the cell. She stood before him, and with trembling voice, not trusting herself to look into his face, she said: "I forgive you! **I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven!"** The criminal, whom nothing had moved up to this time gave way to tears, confessed his crime, sent for the chaplain, and asked for his prayers. The child had "gained" the wicked man by her forgiving spirit.

1644. A noted evangelist told of a woman who was under deep conviction. She said she was willing to give up all sins but one; **she could not forgive a woman who had wronged her.** I said, "You will have to give that up." She said, "If you knew what that was you would not ask me to do it." "I do not ask you to do it," I said—"God asks you you to do it. There is no other way for you." She said, "I can't forgive that injury." I said, "Does it make you a truer, happier woman?" "No," she said, "it makes me miserable." I said, "Let us kneel down and tell that to God." We knelt together in prayer, and after I had prayed I asked her to pray; and **she told the Lord that if she could she would forgive this injury,** and that she would like to get the bitterness out of her heart. And you know what the Lord did: He opened the flood-gates of his infinite love and poured his forgiving spirit through her heart. And when we rose up she said she would go out and write a letter to this friend and **forgive her heartily;** and **almost immediately she came into the liberty and beauty and peace of a child of God.**

1645. A young girl was persecuted in her godless home because she was a Christian. Quietly, bravely, **patiently she bore it,** rejoicing that she was a partaker of Christ's sufferings. But the struggle was soon ended, the pain over. When they came to robe her for the grave they found written on a paper sewed inside her dress, **"He opened not his mouth."**

1646. An evangelist told how he met six persons within ten days, who were being **kept out of the kingdom of God because they were unwilling to forgive those who had wronged them.**

1647. Why did Christ say that the man that forgave his enemy should be forgiven, and the man that would not forgive his enemy should never be forgiven? **There is one test** by which God and our fellow-men and we ourselves can know whether we are Christians or not, and it is the same test. But here we are face to face with this fact, that **this is the test that God gives us by which he can tell whether we are Christians or not,** and it is whether we have

love to our fellow-men who have injured us.—Mills.

1648. In "The Bonnie Briar Bush", Lachlan Campbell, the stern, exacting Scot, **received his penitent daughter to his home** (which had been as a tomb, ever after her departure to a life of shame) and proudly **walked with her again to the village kirk.** And what is finer than this? "He brought over the Bible and opened it at the family register where his daughter's name had been erased; then he laid it down before Flora, and bowed his head on the bed. "Will you ever be able to forgive your father?" "Give me the pen, Marget;" and Flora wrote for a minute, but Lachlan never moved. When he lifted his head, this was what he read in a vacant space:

"Flora Campbell.
Missed April, 1873.
Found September, 1873.

Her father fell on her neck and kissed her." And this, "There are fifty words for darling" (in the Gaelic), "and my father will be calling me every one that night I came home."

That is not all fiction either. It is the simple, beautiful narrative of **human frailty and human love** never failing and but faintly typifying that of the All-Father.—Monday Club Sermons.

1649. The slave of a great eastern potentate, a Mohammedan in the seventh century, had carelessly dropped a dish of scalding broth on his master. Falling at his feet, the frightened servant repeated a verse of the Koran, "Paradise is for those who command their anger". **"I am not angry,"** the master said. "And **for those who pardon offenses." "I pardon your offense."** "And for those who return good for evil." **"I give you liberty** and four hundred pieces of silver!" —Detroit News Tribune.

1650. During the Russo-Japanese War, Colonel Jokoka was captured by the Russians when about to blow up a bridge on the Manchurian railway. **He accepted his death penalty without a murmur.** "I became a Christian when a boy," he said "and now it is permitted me to do the first truly Christian act of my life. **I wish to give a thousand rubles, to the Russian Red Cross, to be used for our wounded enemies."** The Russian commandant was deeply moved, and remonstrated with him, suggesting that he give the money to the **Japanese Red Cross** work or to his family, but the Japanese colonel was firm in his purpose that it should be used for his enemies, and the commandant accepted the money. When asked what final request he had to make before his execution, Colonel Jokoka asked to see a chaplain, and the Russian regimental pope was sent for, as there was no Protestant minister in camp. **He asked the priest to read the Sermon on the Mount.** When these words were reached, **"If ye love them that love you,** what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" the prisoner closed his Japanese Bible, in which he had been following the reader, and **after a few moments of silent prayer received the fatal bullets.**—Teachers' Guide.

1651. A minister once said to an inquirer who would not forgive an injury: "You can never, never be forgiven unless you can forgive this injury." "Then I can never be forgiven", she said; and the tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks as she sat there. "Many a time after that have I seen that woman sitting in the congregation, and **I could look down through those great open windows into her soul, and I have seen a picture of a soul in hell."**

1652. When **Madame Sontag** began her musical career she was **hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger,** who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little **child leading a blind woman,** and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother, that's **Amelia Steininger.** She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a **vast assemblage gathered at a benefit** for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. **That was what the queen of song did for her enemy.**

1653. Two New England merchants, who lived across the street from each other, had not spoken for years, because of a **business quarrel.** One day one of them, influenced by the Holy Spirit, **went across and knocked at a side door.** The other called "Come in". When he went in the other said, "Why, what in the world are you doing here?" **He told him**

that he had come to ask forgiveness. The other was melted at once, and said, **"I was in the wrong."** He asked "What led you to come over?" The friend said; **"The Holy Spirit."** He then asked his visitor to pray with him and the visit led to his finding Christ.

1654. A well-known evangelist was conducting union meetings in one of our large cities, and all denominations were working together for the salvation of souls. One day one of the workers remarked to another: "I am sure that the churches of this city are to see such an ingathering as they have never seen before." "How so?" asked the other. "I am sure we have had greater preachers than Mr.—— among us."

"That is probably true," said the first speaker. "But let me tell you why I believe there is to be a great ingathering. This morning just as I finished my breakfast my door-bell was rung by a lady whom I had not seen for months. She came to me because she **fancied she had injured me long ago, and because she wished me to tell her that I had forgiven her.** I had harbored no resentment;—indeed, I had forgotten the matter altogether until it was recalled to my mind, and I told her so. "But I had not," she said, with streaming eyes. "And when, last night, the evangelist said that perhaps our sins and wrong feelings were the hindrances that lay between some soul and Christ, I **determined not to live another day without hearing you say, 'I forgive you.'"**

"I tell you," went on the speaker, "when Christian hearts are thus quickened, sinners will surely be reached and saved. Watch, and see if I am not right." **The prediction was justified.** Within the next month a wave of religious interest had overswept the entire city, and **thousands of persons had been added to the churches.**

1655. Probably nothing exhibits the supreme felicity and **worth of friendship** quite so much as the **toleration of faults** which are not simply aggressions, but deficiencies in those we love, which often are seen in a way to try our sensibilities. Certain it is that no one renders a friend quite so good a service or more clearly demonstrates the value of his friendship as when in a kindly and generous way, without wounding his friend's feelings, **he shows that friend a fault,** which may be regarded simply as a blemish upon an otherwise beautiful picture.

1656. The late Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., told of **two Christian men who "fell out."** One heard that the other was talking about him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to **tell me my faults to my face,** that I may profit by your Christian candor, and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it."

They went aside and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me, and **let us pray over it,** that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer."

It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it, **it looks so little that it is not worth talking about.** The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil myself, and **I have need that you pray for me, and forgive me the wrong I have done you."**—Religious Herald.

1657. So forgiving was Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and so careful to return good for evil, that it became a common saying, **"Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you may be sure to have him your friend while he liveth."**

1658. Arrived at the stake, **John Huss,** falling on his knees, prayed fervently, chanted in a clear voice the fifty-first Psalm and cried, "Lord Jesus, I would endure with humility this death for the cause of thy holy Gospel—**pardon all my enemies.**

1659. There **is a false forgiveness** which speaks in this wise: "'I will deal him one more blow and then forgive him." "I will forgive, but I will not forget." "I will forgive him, but he would better not do so again." **True forgiveness is unreserved and promptly extended.** It does not keep the suppliant kneeling in the snow all through a bitter winter's night at the gate of the Vatican, **as the Pope did Henry of Germany,** but even while the prodigal is a great way off it sees him, runs, and falls on his neck, and kisses him.—Bennett.

1660. When Savonarola was burned at the stake, after life had become extinct, by some peculiar action of the heat upon the muscles, **his arm was raised up as though in silent benediction upon his persecutors.** Upon which, though just before they were rejoicing over his death, they were filled with sorrow, and fell on their knees, praying for pardon.

1661. Once in the olden time, and in a far-off country, there lived **a saintly man,** who, because of his constant charities and his kindness to all who were in any kind of need, was called **John the**

Almsgiver. He was bishop of Alexandria, and was continually sought after for his wise counsel and his sympathy. On one occasion **a nobleman** desired to speak with him, and when admitted into his presence poured out an angry tale of one who had grievously offended him. "That man," he cried passionately, "has so deeply injured me that I **can never forgive him—no, never!**"

The bishop heard him in silence, and after a pause said it was his hour of prayer. Would he go with him into the chapel? The nobleman complied, and, following him, they knelt down together. Then the bishop began to repeat aloud the Lord's Prayer, his companion saying it after him. When he got to the petition, **"Forgive us our trespasses** as we also forgive those who trespass against us," he paused, and the nobleman not heeding, went on with the words alone. Finding his voice was alone, he, too, stopped, and there was a solemn silence. Then the message sent by God's grace flashed like lightning through his mind. He was calm; **his anger was gone;** and, rising from his knees, **he hurried to the man who had offended him, and there, on the spot, forgave him freely.**—The Banner.

1662. The lesson of the forgiveness of wrongs is not an easy one to learn. Especially when the injury or offense is repeated over and over again, it is hard to maintain the forgiving spirit. Peter thought forgiving seven times would certainly exhaust the requirement, but Jesus said, "Not seven times, but seventy times seven," that is, without taking any note of the number of times. Forgiveness is to be a fountain of love in the heart, a fountain which is inexhaustible. **Forgiveness** is not a matter that is merely desirable—it is **essential.** When God has forgiven us we must be forgiving to others; otherwise His forgiveness of us will be withdrawn.

1663. John the Almsgiver had remonstrated with the Governor of Alexandria for some oppression of the poor, and the governor, resenting his interference, had dismissed him with anger and bitter words. John was deeply pained, and all day long grieved over the hasty temper of one whom he believed to be a Christian. The evening hour came on; then he took a strip of parchment and sent it to the governor, after writing on it the simple words, **"The sun is setting,"** leaving them to carry their own suggestions with them. Again God sent the message home—we feel sure that prayer had winged it—and the governor, rushing to his friend with open arms, **did not "let the sun go down upon his wrath."**

1664. He lost his pardon simply because when he was forgiven he would not forgive. He had no penitence with which to meet pardon, and no godly sorrow with which to respond to proffered mercy.

This is the story as we find it in the "Richmond Register:" "A man named **Samuel Holmes,** in Frankfort jail undergoing punishment for murder, received a visit from his old schoolfellow **Lucien Young.** The Kentucky Legislature recorded some years ago its appreciation of Young's bravery in rescuing several lives from a wrecked vessel; and when Young, moved by Holmes' condition, made an appeal to Governor Blackburn for his pardon, the governor, remembering his brave action, relented, and **signed the pardon** for his sake. With the document in his pocket, Young hastened back to the prison to tell the good news to his friend. Before telling him, however, that he had come to make him a free man, Young commenced a conversation, and, after talking awhile upon other subjects, finally said, 'Sam, if you were turned loose and fully pardoned, what would be the first thing you would do?' The convict very quickly responded, 'I would go to Lancaster and kill Judge Owsley and a man who was a witness against me.' **Young uttered not a word, but turned mournfully away, went outside the prison walls, took the pardon from his pocket, and tore it into fragments."**

1665. When the Dauphin of France, Louis XVII., was a child, he was torn from the arms of his mother in the French Revolution, and was imprisoned in the temple. He was put **in charge of Simon,** a violent and **brutal Jacobin, who indirectly tried to murder him by cruelty.** He left him, to languish in a cell, without amusement, employment or exercise. The boy had no fresh air, little water, and coarse food flung into the half opened door. He could not even wash himself, his bed was unmade for six months, and for more than a year his clothes were not changed. The child was by this reduced to the borders of imbecility. Yet when there seemed to be a counter-revolution, which seemed likely to put him again on the throne, his brutal jailor, with a satanic leer at him, said, "What would you do with me if you found yourself on the throne?" **"I would pardon you,"** was the angelic answer. Even the jailor showed signs of being touched by the divine pathos of such an answer.

1666. An autograph album, in the possession of a Swedish count, contains three memorable verses, by which their authors, eminent statesmen, expressed

their views on the philosophy of human intercourse. **Guizot**, at the age of 80 years wrote: "During my long life I have learned two wise lessons; one is, to forgive much; the other, to forget nothing." Under these words is the sentence of **Thiers**, another aged French statesman: "I have found that a little forgetting does not harm the sincerity of the forgiveness any." There was an empty space on the page yet, which **Bismarck** filled out thus: "During my life **I have learned to forget much and to have much forgiven me.**"

1667. Jahilo, a New Hebrides chief, shot another chief because he had declared himself a Christian. Fortunately the wound did not prove fatal. The man was taken to the missionary hospital for treatment, where he listened daily to the story of Christ. A few months after this shooting affair, Jahilo was wounded by a chief named Seoul. He was tenderly cared for by the native Christians and the missionaries, and soon gave evidence of a changed life. Hearing that Seoul was very ill, **Jahilo obeyed the Bible injunction, "Love your enemies," and at once visited him.** Seoul was dismayed, and in great fear chided the Christians who were with Jahilo. "Why have you brought him?" he said. "I have no pigs now with which to make peace with him, and why does he come when he knows I am ill?" "You do not need to make peace with me," replied Jahilo tenderly. **"Jesus has made me at peace.** I have come to tell you to go to the mission hospital to learn about Jesus and to get made better, and come back and lead your people to the worship." Seoul went, and in two weeks was quite well.

Kindness. Sympathy. Tact.

(1668–1773)

1668. Sympathy provides a congenial atmosphere for bringing out the best things of which we are capable. Dr. Jowett tells how, when **Ian Maclaren** was in his first pastorate in Edinburgh he was assistant to a man who **chilled his young colleague** with negative counsels and with the cold and blighting atmosphere of constant criticism. The young fellow began to feel that the ministry was not his appointed sphere, and he almost decided to abandon it. Then there came **a call to the secluded ministry of Glenalmond.** The atmosphere became genial and inviting. The young preacher **still stumbled** in his speech, and was **often awkward** in his **delivery.** But mark how **an old Highlander spake to him** after a more than usually difficult morning, **"If you are a-getting fast for a word or a thought, just give out a psalm and we'll sing it, for we are all a-loving you and praying for you." And that atmosphere made John Watson a preacher.**

1669. After one of the battles of our **Civil War,** a member of the government **ambulance corps** was moving among the wounded on the field, assisting in their removal. He came to a **dying Southern soldier,** too far gone for hope through removal. As he stooped over the dying man, with a kindly word, the parching lips asked for water. The lips were tenderly moistened.

"Thank you! Now please lay my cap over my face and let me die!"

As this service was rendered lovingly, there came another call from the dying man:

"Will you please tell me your name, my friend?"

"Why, of course I will; but why do you ask it?"

"Oh, **so I can pray God through all eternity to bless you for giving me that water!"**

1670. A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, to his simple mind, a present fit to offer the Caliph. **So he filled his leathern bottle, and after a weary tramp, laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet.** The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, and filling it, **drank freely;** and with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise **the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop.** Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch thus explained the motive for his prohibition: "During this long journey **the water in this leathern bottle has become impure** and distasteful; but it was **an offering of love,** and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that, if I allowed another to taste of it **he would not conceal his disgust.** Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."—Pierson.

1671. "If I had my life to live over again", said **Horace Bushnell,** in his old age, "there is one thing I would not do —**I would not push.**"

1672. "Just stick it down anywhere.

It will grow." The lady handed a bit of a plant to the neighbor. I watched the progress of the plant, and saw it days afterward when its pure flowers opened their eyes to look up into the face of the sun, and its perfume made the air all about rich as breezes from Arabia. **Stick down kindly deeds.** The soil may seem cold and uncongenial. That does not matter so much as that we do our part. Seeds wafted by the wind have laid on the dry bosom of the desert for years and then, when some gentle shower passed that way, have sprung up to brighten and cheer the waste places for a while. — E. L. Vincent in Epworth Herald.

1673. I went to Music Hall about eight, and saw an **audience of quite two thousand people**—the place jammed, and two hundred and fifty clergymen and bishops on the platform. Cold shudders ran down my back. However, I knew my subject or thought I did, and I was going to speak without notes—something I have never done since. **My turn came after Father Benson, of Oxford.** The whole place looked black to to me; I got up, stammered and sputtered for five or six minutes—my time was twenty-five minutes—and sat down. I am not exaggerating this; I did not say one clear sentence that would parse in that time. I sat down in darkness and the meeting went on. At last people began to go, then men began to leave the platform: I did not know a soul. I sat there utterly cast down—a lonely youth indeed. All at once a large hand was laid on my shoulder, and a big, kind voice said, **"Mr. Rainsford, will you preach for me in Trinity Church next Sunday morning?"** That was my first meeting with **Phillips Brooks. Was it any wonder I loved him?**—W. S. Rainsford.

1674. One day a beautiful girl who was deeply interested in charitable work came to the Reformatory and asked to see the women prisoners. The superintendent himself took her among them where they were at work. She wore a **red rose** in her hair, and the minute the women saw her **"Maggie the Terror"**, as she was called, a woman more dreaded by the other women in the institution than any other, attracted the visitor's attention. Suddenly the girl walked over to Maggie, and, **taking the rose from her hair, handed it to her.** Maggie looked worried and then smiled, and, though the superintendent had known her for years, for the first time he heard her say, "God bless you." **That little deed of consecrated tactfulness changed her life.**

Maggie is **now a faithful servant** in the home of the young woman who handed her the rose.—Ram's Horn.

1675. Many men have come into publicity through their courteous manners. The two representatives of the Russian government who came to this country to inspect our locomotive-works were paid scant attention by the large manufacturers. **Ross Winans,** however, whose plant was small, but whose manners were large, received them cordially and explained how his plant is run. His guests were **captivated by his graciousness,** and in a year or two the Czar invited him to transfer his labors to Russia. He did so, and in a short time his income reached one hundred thousand dollars a year.—The Circle.

1676. A prisoner in a Southern prison during our Civil War, was offered an **opportunity of exchange** three times, and declined in favor of sick fellow prisoners. The fourth opportunity came to him. He had been trying to win a comrade for Christ, but the man repelled him saying, **"I don't believe in that religion, I see no evidences of it."** For the fourth time he relinquished his opportunity of freedom, this time in favor of this scoffer, and by his kindness and Christlike sacrifice, **he broke down the man's opposition, and won him at last.**

1677. They tell a story of **a judge in Aleppo. He had but one eye.** A person was condemned to prison, as he thought unjustly. He rose before the judge, and said, **"O, one-eyed judge,** I am imprisoned here on a false accusation; and I tell you, O, one-eyed judge, that this man who has testified against me has received a bribe; and O, one-eyed judge, if I do not get justice, I will report this case to the Pasha; and if the Pasha does not do me justice, O, one-eyed judge, I will report him to the Sultan himself." **The judge rose from his seat in a rage and said,** "Take the man back to prison. I won't hear him plead before me and call me forever a one-eyed judge." **Tactlessness lost the man his case.**

1678. An old man who, late in life, was obliged to earn his living with his violin, one morning found himself too feeble to play. As he sat by the roadside weeping, a gentleman approached him and said, "My friend, you are old and feeble; **give me your violin."** The stranger played the most **exquisite music,** and the crowd gathered and threw coins into the old man's hat until it was full. Then he gave him back his violin and went away. "Who was it?" they whispered. "That is the great violinist, **Bucher,"** said they who knew him. He had taken the sorrowful man's place and

assumed his burden and accepted his poverty and earned his livelihood. **So Christ comes to us in the midst of our troubles,** "and across the strings of his own broken heart he strikes a strain for us that wins for us the attention of heaven." **He bears our sins, our sicknesses, our sorrows.**—Sunday School Illustrator.

1679. Athens had an altar to Pity but that altar had no worshippers. A recent traveler says that there are **no ruins of hospitals or asylums at Pompeii. Philanthropy was kindled by Christ.**

1680. A friend of mine who had a proposition to place before the public asked me **to recommend some one to handle it for him.** He had **$20,000 to expend** on a "flyer", and wanted a bright advertising man, a man with ideas to inaugurate and carry out the details of an extensive publicity campaign. It was a matter of some importance, and I made careful inquiries for the proper man. The result of my inquiries pointed to a young man connected with one of the leading agencies of Chicago as the man for the job. He was said to be clean, alert, and had made a good record on a similar proposition. **I accordingly called at the office** of the agency, and after due process of red-tape was allowed to go to his stall, where I paused at the open door. The young man was dictating to a stenographer. I handed him my card with the remark: "I see you are busy now. I have a proposition to go over with you and will call again."

Imagine my surprise when, after glancing at my card, he briskly rattled off this: "I don't want you to call again. I am always busy. Put your proposition in writing and mail it to me."

"Thank you, I do not care to put my proposition in writing," I smiled back at him. It was getting positively funny.

"Well, do as you like. I was just giving you a little sound advice—see?"

"All right, I'll put it in writing." And I bade the young man good-morning.

The next day he received a letter stating that he had been recommended to me to take charge of a $20,000 advertising campaign, **but, finding that he was too busy to take the matter up, I had been compelled, to my great regret, to place the business elsewhere.** I hope the jolt did him good, for I am told he has some real brains.—R. A. Haste in Harper's Weekly.

1681. "Wait a moment," said the second party to the conversation; **"I will go and call Jones."** "Call Jones?" exclaimed the first party in amazement; "why should you call him?" "Because you were just about to make **a disparaging remark about him,** and I think it no more than fair that he should have a chance to hear it, unless you intended to repeat it to him."

1682. An incident is told in the life of **Xavier, the great missionary.** He had had a very busy day, so crowded with those who sought comfort and help that he could no longer stand the pressure and strain. **Weary** and exhausted he sank upon his bed, saying to his attendant, "I cannot see another soul. I must sleep. If I don't, I will die. No matter who comes, don't wake me; I must sleep." In a few moments Xavier was seen beckoning to the attendant, and saying, in a solemn tone as of one who had seen a holy vision, "I made a mistake. I made a mistake. **If a little child comes, waken me."** Surely he was right, in the light of Christ's words. In the home, in the class, in our treatment of each other, what comfort and strength in the care of children would be ours if we remembered these words.

1683. Sydney Smith said, "I have been making a calculation; if I make one person happy every day for ten years. I shall have **made 3650 persons happy;** that is I shall have brightened a small town by my contribution to the fund of general joy."

1684. "I do not like to go to your church," said a woman occasional attendant whom I visited in her country home. I thought our members exceptionally informal and cordial to each other and to strangers. "Not I, be sure of that; **I never speak to anybody that does not speak to me first!"** So, unwittingly, she had disclosed her disinclination to approaches, and betrayed that the trouble was with herself and not the unusually friendly membership. **Advances must come from two directions,** though perhaps not to just the same extent. Hand then meets hand, heart greets heart.

1685. A boy of our parish went to the city a few years ago, decided on a church home, attended one Sabbath, "was not spoken to," began running around after a "welcome," and ended by saying he would not likely find welcome anywhere. This in a city! Standing on his dignity among strangers! "Did you seek the pastor and tell him you were in the city to stay, and wished that church for a church home?" "No." "Tell any usher?" "No." Attend young people's religious services and make your purpose known?" "No." Being written this, the minister addressed immediately called at the young man's place of business, notified his young people, and **our boy had a welcome he wondered at.**

1686. During **the famine in India** some of the widows living in one of the rescue homes agreed to live more cheaply in order to rescue some of the poor starving waifs. One girl widow of about fourteen adopted a scrawny babe. The other widows twitted her on its "monkey-face." She replied: "To adopt a nice and pretty child is good but **to take an ugly one is love."**

1687. One beautiful evening we entered the **Golden Gate** and dropped anchor in San Francisco's wonderful harbor. How we welcomed a quiet bed! The next day we boarded the first train to speed across the country. To my dismay, I could secure no Pullman berth for the tedious ride. Woe is me! I wandered up and down the aisle at my wit's end. But to my surprise a friendly passenger approached and said: **"Share my berth, will you not,—for two are better than one?"** How many of us would have put Christ's words to such a practical application as this?

1688. Once upon a time, so I have heard, **some earnest women** went to endeavor **to reclaim one** whose feet **had wandered far from the paths of rectitude.** They found her, young and handsome, robed in costly attire, and living in costly style. They reasoned with her, they prayed with her. She smiled coldly and **repelled them.** She grew only more hard, more distant, more defiant, until one woman with a heart, overflowing with love and sympathy, impulsively pushing aside the others, ran to the side of the erring one, and **throwing her arms warmly about her,** burst into convulsive weeping upon her shoulder. "Oh," she sobbed, as soon as she was able to speak, "to think that she was once **some mother's dear little girl,** and as sweet and pure and innocent as my little Theodora!" That loving, impulsive movement, that warm, close holding embrace, those tender, pitiful words, accomplished what all else had failed to do. **True heart-love had won.**—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

1689. Mr. J. M. Barrie, has a little heroine in one of his short stories who gives to a certain beggar out of the largeness of her own happiness, and who goes out of her way when she is very happy to hear a coin jingle in his cup. **Pleasure can never make anybody selfish when out of it springs this impulse to fill somebody else's cup of happiness.** We pass this way but once, and so many opportunities to gladden and brighten other people's lives disappear with the summer. It is **only the little kindnesses that one can do that really abide;** it is only the people one associates with some little kindness that one is sure to recall in one's retrospect of a summer. —The Christian Advocate.

1690. The soldier that runs away forfeits his life by the law of war. In one of the great battles in which **Napier** was commanding, one of the British soldiers was overcome by fear. His heart quaked, and he saw **a chance to drop out** of the line and run for the rear. So he started; but he was caught by some of his fellow-soldiers and they were **about to shoot him.** Just then Napier came up. The battle was already won at that time, so the great general had an opportunity to stop and consider the case. The soldiers told him about this poor fellow who was running away, and that they were going to shoot him. "No," said the general, **"give him another chance."** And he ordered that when the fight began again, this man should be put in the front rank to have **an opportunity to retrieve his good name** and show that, after all, at heart he was a brave man and a loyal soldier. And **so he proved himself to be,** not only in that battle, but ever after.—Frank T. Bayley.

1691. Discouragement often comes to honest souls trying to live the best they can, in the thought that they are **doing so little good in the world.** Trifles unnoted by us may be links in the chain of some great purpose. In 1797, **William Godwin wrote The Inquirer,** a collection of revolutionary essays on morals and politics. This book **influenced Thomas Malthus** to write his Essay on Population, published in 1798. Malthus' book **suggested to Charles Darwin** a point of view upon which he devoted many years of his life, resulting, in 1859, in the publication of The Origin of Species. These were but **three links of influence** extending over sixty years. It might be possible to trace this genealogy of influence back from Godwin, through generation and generation, to the word or act of **some shepherd in early Britain,** watching his flock upon the hills, living his quiet life, and dying with the thought that he had done nothing to help the world.

1692. Few men with such large interests on their hands ever find so much time for "the **little kindnesses** that most leave undone, or despise," as did **Phillips Brooks.** Perhaps his biographer reveals the secret when he says, **"One of his characteristics was to be ready for duty, and to make his preparations some time in advance."**

1693. A Southerner told the following story: "It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our

men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits. In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw boy, green as grass. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle-pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy. As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, the raw recruit cried out:

"I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm goin' to take that poor feller my canteen."

"For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans: Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. He gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat on the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for giving him his gold watch. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something my mother used to say: **'I was thirsty and ye gave me drink.'** She read it to me out of the Bible. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all."

1694. Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As **Collingwood** never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an **acorn** out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber.—Thackeray.

1695. Some years ago **an elderly lady** living in a city not far from New York invited her **servant girl** to accompany her to church. **The kindness of the lady,** together with the preaching of the Gospel to which she was compelled to listen, **persuaded the girl to accept Christ.** Not many weeks passed before she in turn was the means of leading another girl to the Master; both united with the church. This second girl went to Germany for a visit, and on her return voyage met a young woman and her brother whose destination was the city in which she lived. She cultivated their acquaintance, and was the means of **leading both to Christ.** The brother married into a Christian family, and the sister also married, bringing her husband with her into the fellowship of the church. Every member of this group of persons — the elderly lady, the two servant girls, the brother and sister, and the sister's husband, are still faithful and aggressive workers of the same church, and through their earnest personal efforts others also have been led to Jesus.—Sunday School Journal.

1696. When the English steamer Stella was wrecked in the Casquet rocks, **twelve women** were put into a boat, which the storm whirled away into the waters without a man to steer it, and without an oar which the women could use. All they could do was to sit still in the boat, and let the wind and waves carry them whither they would.

They passed a **terrible night,** not knowing to what fate destiny was conducting them. Very cold and wet, they must have been quite overcome but for the courage, presence of mind, and musical gifts of one of their number. This one was **Miss Marguerite Williams,** a contralto singer of much ability, well known as a singer in oratorios.

At the risk of ruining her voice, Miss Williams began to sing to her companions. Through the greater part of the night her voice rang over the waters. She sang as much of certain well-known oratorios as she could, particularly the contralto songs of "The Messiah" and "Elijah", and several hymns. Her voice and the sacred words inspired the women in the boat to endure their sufferings.

At about four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, a small craft, which had been sent out to try to rescue some of the floating victims of the wreck, coming to a pause in the waters, **heard a woman's strong voice** some distance

away. It seemed to be lifted in song. The men on the little steam craft listened, and to their astonishment heard the words, "Oh, rest in the Lord," borne through the darkness. They steered in its direction, and before long came in sight of the boat containing the twelve women, and they were taken aboard.

If it had not been for Miss Williams' singing they would not have been observed, and very likely would have drifted on to death, as so many other victims of the wreck did.

1697. A child was playing in one of the streets of Glasgow, when a heavy wagon suddenly swung round the corner, and, at the risk of her life, **a woman** darted into the road and **snatched the little one from under the horses' feet.** A gentleman who saw the brave act asked her if it was her child. "Na," replied the woman, **"but it's somebody's bairn."** That woman touched the very heart of the subject. If we would bear in mind that God created all men, and that Christ died for them, we would take far greater interest in all men, even those we do not know or love, and be willing to **deny ourselves for their sake,** as the Good Samaritan did.—Caley.

1698. A certain boy matriculated in one of the universities of the South. He was poorly clad. When this boy paid his board, tuition and the price of second-hand books he had just five dollars left. At the end of the fourth year he took the "A. B." degree, and the next year the "A. M." degree. His poor, old, **widowed mother sold one of the plow horses to carry him through the fifth year.** But at the end of that year he sat up among the graduates dressed in his plain brown linen coat and pants and no vest. But he was the **honor graduate,** and at the head of the class. When a beautiful gold medal was handed to him, he stepped from the rostrum and walked straight to the back of the room, where, right by the door, sat **a homely old woman in black,** and tied the blue ribbon with the great glittering medal around her neck. She buried her wrinkled face in her old, drawn hands, and wept like a child. It seemed the applause would never die away. And now he has a high position at $6,000 a year, **his mother** sits happily in the gloamings of a beyond, and the picture of her noble son hangs on the wall of his Alma Mater.

1699. A Christian lady pleaded with a poor, sinful girl, who had got away from her mother's God, to come to Jesus for pardon and peace. Suddenly the girl turned upon her.

"And have you been to him?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I have," was the reply.

"And has he given you rest?"

"He has. Oh, thank God, he has. He is my Saviour and Friend."

"Then put your arms about me and try to take me with you to him," murmured the girl. "It would be easier to go with one who has been before."

It was the secret of success. Many will resent an attempt to draw them out of evil courses who will be won by that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Let it be rather, **"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."** Another was rescued as she exclaimed, "I don't care what becomes of me!" by a gentle touch on the arm and the loving words of a stranger, who overheard and understood, **"But I do."**

It will be well to remember that Christ himself was "touched with a feeling of our infirmities"—the word used in the original meaning sympathy.—Christian Work.

1700. "There! I was just dying for a word of praise!" laughed a woman in answer to a compliment on some bit of work she had been doing. **"Not much—not very much; just enough to keep me going!"** To one who has ever known **the sweetness of loving appreciation,** there is no hunger like the lack of it. Let this knowledge make us a little tender, a little quick to notice, a little generous and outspoken in our admirations. It is such an easy way of helping.—Wellspring.

1701. I believe that **love is the secret of the world:** it is like the philosopher's stone they used to look for, and almost as hard to find, but when one finds it, it turns everything to gold. Without love man is a brute, and nothing but a brute; with love he draws near to God. When everything else falls away **love will endure,** because it can not die while there is any life, if it is true love, for it is immortal.—Rider Haggard.

1702. Humor at the expense of another is mere brutality. That was a fine tribute which Senator **Hoar** paid to his late friend, Senator **Davis, "No spark from him was ever a cinder in the eye of his friend."**

1703. Courtesy is love in trifles, and where love is not, though its counterfeits may abound, courtesy itself is not. **"Love doth not behave itself unseemly,"** neither in the home, nor toward them that serve us, nor to the poor, nor in any wise. Let us, then, think no more of courtesy as a trifle, nor number it with the "minor morals" of life; rather let us believe that its true place is "with the

great forces of character that ennoble and redeem the world."—Rev. George Jackson.

1704. After the death of the son of the present Queen Alexandra, she passed most of her time at Sandringham. The only thing which seemed to arouse her interest was some case of sorrow or bereavement which she could alleviate.

As the princess was walking one morning she met an old woman toiling along the road to Wolferton Station with a heavy load of packages on her back.

"Why are you carrying those things yourself? It is too much for you," said the princess.

"But it cannot be helped, ma'am" was the tearful reply; "my poor boy Jack used to carry them for me; but he is dead, and I must do it myself, or starve."

After speaking some **kindly words of sympathy the princess** passed on. A few days later a trim little **donkey cart** was sent to the old woman's cottage by the royal lady who too **had lost a son,** and found solace in ministering to the necessities of one similarly bereft. Our royal Lord has passed over the path and through the sorrows that fall to our lot.

1705. A pastor had preached an eloquent sermon about **heaven.** A wealthy member of his church met him the next day, and said: "Doctor, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't **tell us where it is."**

"Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hilltop yonder. **In that cottage there is a member of our church.** She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread.

"Now, if you will go down-town, and buy fifty dollars' worth of things — nice provisions — and send them to her, and then go and say: 'My sister, I have brought you these provisions in the name of our Lord and Savior;' ask for a Bible, and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray, **you will see heaven before you get through."**—Herald and Presbyter.

1706. Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance. A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, had **a legacy of $20,000 and a comfortable house,** left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once **offering her a seat in his carriage.**

1707. Dr. Talmage in a sermon on **"Meanness and Infidelity,"** recalls that Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality", chisel in hand, went through the land to **cut out into plainer letters the half-obliterated inscriptions on the tombstones,** and it was a beautiful mission. But these **infidel iconoclasts** are spending their lives with hammer and chisel trying to cut out from the tombstones of our dead all the story of resurrection and heaven. They are the iconoclasts of every village graveyard, and of every city cemetery, and of Westminster Abbey. Instead of Christian consolation for the dying, a freezing sneer; instead of prayer, a grimace; instead of Paul's triumphant defiance of death, a going out you know not where, to stop you know not when, to do you know not what—**that is infidelity.**

1708. When that great physician, Sir James Simpson, received his baronetcy, numerous **letters of congratulation** poured in from all parts of the world. Perhaps some had envied him his well-won honors, and no doubt many must have thought him one of the happiest of men but at the very time his heart was broken by a great sorrow. The shadow of death had fallen on him, and he sighed out to a friend—

"I receive many letters of congratulation. I have more need of letters of condolence."

And this is no isolated case. Is there any lot in which there is no crook? Is there any cup in which there is no wormwood?

1709. "He that plants thorns should never go barefooted," is an old saying. Of course, you know what that means. The planted thorns are quite sure to come up, and in the path of one who planted them, so that if he goes barefooted he will feel their sharp pricks himself.

There is another way of putting it: **Those who carelessly or purposely make trouble for others find trouble for themselves.**

1710. The imaginative understanding of the nature of others, and the power of **putting ourselves in their place** is the faculty on which the virtue of **sympathy** depends. So that an unimaginative person can neither be reverent or kind. —Ruskin.

1711. There is no **beautifier of complexion,** or form, or behavior, like the **wish to scatter joy** and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be **hospitable to the good meaning and thought,** and give courage to a companion.—Emerson.

1712. During the recent coal strike a driver overtook a woman who was almost exhausted carrying a heavy basket

of coal, and gave her a seat in his cart. He learned that she had just obtained a ton of coal, and was carrying this basket of it to a family entirely out of fuel and with sickness in the house. So the driver **went out of his way to deliver the basket of coal free** of charge, and was kept out so long that he froze his feet. He was a **Good Samaritan.**

1713. Chapman tells us of **a little drummer boy** in our Civil War who was taken into the hospital mortally wounded, and so they sent for his mother from a distant city. But when she came they said to her, "You **cannot go in;** he's too sick; he couldn't stand the shock." And so she stood by the door waiting and weeping and listening. And when she heard him sigh, she said to them, "Let me go in; I won't speak to him. I'll just sit by his bedside." And so they permitted her to pass quietly into the darkened room and **sit beside him.** But as she sat there the mother love was too strong, and, reaching out her hand, she laid it gently upon his aching forehead. He did not open his eyes, but **he knew that touch.** She saw his lips move, and stooping down to him, she heard him say. **"I knew you'd come to me;** I knew you'd come to me." And if you are only willing to welcome him who loves you more than you ever loved your little one, you may know that he will come to you, and **"as one whom his mother comforteth,"** so will he comfort you.

1714. "Oh, how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic **tenement.** The mother was out, but her **twelve-year-old boy was** mounted guard over the other children, as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window-panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his **shirt sleeves,** but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

"Are you not cold, my boy?" I asked. "No," said he, "not very." Yet I noticed how his pretty pearly teeth chattered. I waited awhile and spoke to him; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, **the baby lay covered with the boy's coat.** Talk about the bravery of men who face cannon; in the heat of passion they will do anything; but there was a **hero,** on a bitter day, in his shirt sleeves because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

1715. That modern philosopher was not far from the truth when he said, **"Religion, in its essence, is a deed,** and therefore religion will grow up with the moral quality of one's own life."

And if a whisper in your soul asks you how to obtain the higher good for yourself, I give you this: **Serve somewhere,** share somewhere, and as you serve and share, the royal spirit of God will find its way into the open door of your life and will become the choicest guest of your heart.—Nehemiah Boynton.

1716. In a tenement, of the worst kind, there was a family in direst need. The man was a drunkard. His wife had "seen better days." When the neighbors found out her plight, the most extraordinary season of plenty set in under that roof. At every meal hour someone called at the door of the H——'s, begging the acceptance of this or that article of food, "left over." When Mrs. H— finally saw through the subterfuge, and protested that they were depriving themselves to help her, the answer she got was a half-shamed, "Oh, never mind! You can't stand it as we can, and anyway **we don't want to see you come down."** For "come down" read "ask public relief." They did not see it. The woman got upon her feet. She had known better days—had friends then, who, now that she lived in a tenement—and such a tenement—passed by on the other side. "Which of these, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto her?" — Jacob A. Riis.

1717. We happened to be with **a painter** when he was placing some of his pictures in a room for public **exhibition,** and we noted how particular he was about getting them in the **right light.** "The light," he said, "a painter always has regard for the light." He wanted the light to come from the right direction and to fall on the picture at the right angle. Such light would show the picture in the right aspect so as to bring out its perspective and its lights and shades, and thereby throw into relief the artist's meaning. So necessary a principle in the setting and judging of pictures obviously applies to some other things. For instance, to people. **We can set almost any person, even the best, in such a light as will throw him out of proportion and blur all his proper lights and shadows.** We can thus turn a good man into a caricature and make his best motive wear a sinister aspect, as by setting it in the wrong light we can turn a Madonna into a daub of paint.

1718. One who repeated to a friend a word of praise that had been overheard —a high encomium of his work and

character was somewhat surprised at the sudden light that flashed into the strong face. "Thank you," was the earnest reply. "I'm glad you told me that. **It is something to live up to.**" There was no vain acceptance of the commendation as fully merited; it was only like a bugle call to higher service.

1719. A bronzed sailor crossing London bridge espied the cages of a bird-fancier filled with home birds. He speedily struck a bargain for the lot. Then deliberately opening cage after cage **he let all the birds fly away.** The astonished salesman thought this was a little eccentricity on the part of a tar too flush of cash, and the little group that gathered round enjoyed the joke immensely. But even the tough hearts of the city Arabs were softened, and their eyes moistened, when Jack turned round and said: **"Mates, I've just come out of a dungeon in a foreign land. I know what it is to be a captive cooped up within four walls, and I can't bear to see even a bird deprived of its liberty." They who suffer learn how to sympathize.**

1720. A poor old Russian shoemaker lived alone in a dingy apartment. One night after he had read in his great old Bible he **dreamed that Christ would visit him the next day.** He arose in the morning with a glad heart, set his room in order, and awaited the coming of his royal Guest. The morning was cold and stormy, the snow fell in great drifts, and as the day wore on the storm raged with greater fury; still the old man watched from his little window with anxious heart. Presently he **saw a child** carrying a large basket struggling against the storm; he hastened out, took the child up in his arms, **carried him safely across the great drifts.** Again from his window he watched and waited. **A tottering old man,** thinly clad, shivering in the cold, now engaged the attention of the shoemaker. Again he went out, brought the shivering wanderer into his home, **warmed him by the fire,** and started him on his journey with a heavy outer coat to shield him from the bitter winds. Night came, but **no royal Guest;** with heavy, disappointed heart the old shoemaker read the word and retired. In dreamland a voice spoke again. **"I came and ye knew me not. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."**—Rev. H. M. Bannen.

1721. There are lovely things in every life, in even the unloveliest. There is possible glory enough in the **most depraved soul** to lead Christ to go to the Cross to redeem it. But apart from this fact of the future possibilities in every human being there is no one in whom there is **not just now something good and beautiful.** A mother sees loveliness in her own child however homely it may be. It is love that finds the loveliness. When we love people, no matter how repulsive they may appear to others, for us there is something winning and attractive in them.

1722. The father of Sir Hubert Herkomer, the great painter, was a poor man, and the professor brought him from his native land of Germany to live with him in his beautiful house near London. The old man used to model in clay in his early life, and now that he had leisure he took to it again in his old age. But his hands trembled, and the work showed signs of imperfection. It was his one sorrow. At night he went to bed early, and when he had gone **his son would go into the studio, take his father's poor work, and make it as beautiful as possible.** When the old man came down in the morning he would look at the work and rub his hands, and say, **"Ha! I can do as well as ever I did."** —The Christian Advocate.

1723. A wealthy citizen of Colorado is said to be trying to find the young lady who, when he was a sick soldier, on his way from Cuba to Montauk Point, **put a pillow under his head** on the train at Long Island City. **He wants to reward her kindness.**

1724. We looked up as the door opened shyly and **the Big Boy entered.** "Don't go!" he said, as we started to move aside a little. "I just stopped to look in and speak to mother as I went by the door. **It helps to make the day go easy."**

A word, a kiss, a loving look, "to make the day go easy!" Who has not asked or longed for it? There are people whose cordial greeting in the morning is a benediction for the day; brave souls whose word in passing is like a strong and helpful handclasp in its **inspiring friendliness.** Who would not go out of one's way to meet them of a morning?

We are a needy folk. We go about the streets with set, grim, hungry faces, often not telling our trouble, not even wishing any one to guess it. Yet, all the while, we **wish some word would come—"to make the day go easy."**

1725. Dr. Blair was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had many imaginary ills. He wrote out and left a plain prescription, which ran thus: **"Do something for somebody."** The Doctor heard nothing from his patient till Christmas morning, when he was hastily called to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman. "It's not meself, Doctor,

it's me wrist that's ailing. Ye see I was after going out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannels from Mrs. Walker. She told me that your medicine cured her, Doctor; so if ye'll plaze to put a little of the same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present." **"It is a powerful remedy,"** said the Doctor gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription, **"Do something for somebody."**

1726. Loving service to one another is the best means of real acquaintance. Every nature opens to what it sees to be loving service, and shuts itself against what it esteems to be a selfish demand. **Loving service is the best cement of society.** We can well spare the man who serves himself through ourselves, but we want to retain the fellowship of the man who is constantly serving others. Really our best service to ourselves comes from the service which we render to those about us.—The Examiner.

1727. How we are sometimes repaid for a little care. Suppose you take up from the ground a lot of cast-away rosebuds, put them into your pocket, and when you get home place them in water. Before long you will have **full-blown flowers** in place of the buds, and they will show no signs of the crushing they have received. So with some **crushed souls**—they have been neglected, insulted, spoiled, abandoned, perhaps. **Smile on them,** encourage, help them—give them some ground still to put faith in humanity, and **God will smile on you** even more than if you had preached a sermon.

1728. Since every man is my neighbor, I am bound to think of him, and not only of myself in deciding what I may do or refrain from doing. A Christian man is **bound to shape his life so that no man shall be able to say of him that he was the occasion of that one's fall.** He is so bound, because every man is his neighbor. He is so bound, because he is bound to live to the glory of God, which can never be advanced by laying **stumbling-blocks** in the way for feeble feet. He is bound, because, unless Christ had limited himself within the bound of manhood, and had sought not his own profit and pleasure, we should have had neither life nor hope. —Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

1729. There are some whose lives are so set apart for ministry to others, and so filled with calls for service, that they seem to have no opportunity to be ministered to by others. **They are always giving and never receiving.** They spend their days in helping others, but **no one helps them.** Yet these **find their help in the very serving** to which they devote their lives. In feeding others they are fed. In comforting others they are comforted. In blessing others they are blessed. It matters not that no others come to serve them—**they are served in their service.**

1730. Souls are like sensitive plants that close up quickly in an uncongenial atmosphere. But it is a chivalrous ambition to revive their hope, to bring out their strength and loveliness, to expand the wings of Psyche that she may soar above earth's dust and turmoil. And this task begins, not in some distant region, but **among those who, though we think we know** them best of all, may yet possess an unexplored reminder, full of fine surprises, rich in varied treasure.—William T. Herridge.

1731. Two sisters, actresses, committed suicide in London some time since, because of abject poverty. **At the funeral there were seventy wreaths,** any one of which cost enough to have relieved their wants for weeks, according to the cabled report of the obsequies. "There are no more bitter tears shed over graves than those **for words left unsaid and deeds left undone."**

1732. There is **nothing more hardening to the sensibilities than the failure to translate pity into action.** Christ's pity was practical. We are told that he had compassion on the hungry multitude, and the immediate result of it was that he provided bread.—Rev. Dr. George D. Baker.

1733. A young Sunday-school teacher in Boston thought her labors wasted. One of her boys was sent to prison. But she visited him there. He came out and she lost sight of him. She went to the Pacific slope. She found the town trying to elect a no-license mayor, and was introduced to the candidate. A tall, fine-looking man grasped her hand and said, "Why, you are Miss M——!" "Yes," she answered, "I was." "And **I was your Sunday-school scholar** in the West End —the bad boy of the class."

1734. The back yard had taken a highly military aspect. There were soldiers with broomsticks, an officer with wooden sword, a proud boy with a flag too large for him, and a "band" with a gaily-painted drum, which he was beating furiously. Only little Robbie sat forlornly on the steps and looked on. A treacherous bit of glass had disabled his foot, and he could not keep up with the army.

"I can do nothing," he said disconsolately. "Yes, you can," answered Captain Fred. "You can hurrah when the rest go by." So the little fellow kept his post, and he never failed to swing his small cap and raise his shrill cheer when they appeared. It is not easy to feel like hurrahing for those who can go forward where we must stop, to forget our own disappointment in cheering those who are doing what we long to do and can not.

1735. Blessedness divine and human consists in blessing. I get rich only when I try to make others rich, even at the expense of poverty for myself.—Whaling.

1736. There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.—Jewish Messenger.

1737. The father of Charles Sumner was a sheriff. We are told that once by accident he stepped on the foot of a condemned man. He apologized at once. The man replied: "Sheriff Sumner, you are the politest man I ever knew; and if I am to be hanged, I had rather be hanged by you than by any one else."

1738. "My youngest son has such a talent for getting along with everybody," said a New England mother of the most carefully conscientious type, to a friend. "Sometimes it troubles me. He always takes people on the pleasant side and says pleasant things to them, and it seems as if there must be some insincerity in it."

"Doesn't Tom really like all sorts of people?" asked the friend.

"O, yes. He can get along with persons the rest of us can't stand. I like to see him with people, and yet it worries me now and then. For how can he be quite conscientious or sincere and yet be so pleasant all the time?" Her friend laughed. "I'm thankful that I wasn't born with the New England conscience. Tom's is a delightful nature. He calls out the best in others because he is pleasant through and through. And all you can do is to worry about it! You ought to be proud and thankful instead. Isn't it just as sincere to say a pleasant thing when you feel pleasant as to be antagonistic when you feel irritated?—Priscilla Leonard.

1739. Paradise was a place full of flowers, we say. Well, the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer, the closer. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well, what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade and pure blossom and goodly fruit? But Paradise was a place of peace, we say, and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well, the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery.—Ruskin.

1740. An eminent man was once asked, "What incident in your life has made the most lasting impression upon your mind?" It was expected that he would recur to some circumstance of worldly distinction, for he had associated with both civil and commercial princes. He replied that the only thing he remembered worth mentioning was the giving a breakfast to a poor working-girl who had lost her purse. "I can never forget," he said, "the look of sweet humility with which she said, 'I cannot pay, I can only thank you, and pray for you'. Her voice was like that of a little child saying its evening prayer, and I felt that it was she who was giving, and I was receiving." And I fancy when life's course has been run with us and we have entered, as God grant we may, into the paradise above, if anyone shall ask us what incident in our earth-life made the strongest impression upon us, we will recall some occasion when we put forth our hands for the help of the needy.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

1741. After the sugar-cane harvest on the island of Formosa the stubble-fields were set on fire, as was the custom, to prepare them for another planting. The fire spread and attacked the houses of the only two Christians in all that section. Their owners were away, and one of the houses burned to the ground. The other Chinamen rejoiced, and said that happened because the Christians had left the religion of their fathers and no longer offered sacrifices to their ancestors. One day they saw with astonishment a great troup of men coming, bringing with them bamboo poles, wood, bricks and tools. They laid their things down by the ruined house and began to build another. What could this mean? The Christian Chinese in a neighboring village had learned of the misfortune of their fellow-Christian, and had come to "help him bear his burdens." In a few days the house was ready. The heathen Chinamen had never seen a deed like that be-

fore, they said, and they could not understand it.—Tarbell's Teachers' Guide.

1742. Some time ago **a husband,** going home from business and finding his wife **not as cheerful as usual,** said: "What's the matter, my dear? Can I do anything for you?" She replied: "Yes; I wish you would **write me a letter as you used to** write before we were married." Many husbands would have laughed and called her foolish, but he was a wise man; he went up immediately into his library, locked himself in and **wrote a real love letter,** just as he had written in the long ago—called her his sweetheart as of old and gave her the letter. **Her heart was hungry!**

1743. Kindness is never thrown away. A missionary in China was being pursued by a mob, when he was unexpectedly seized by a man who was standing at his door, and **dragged into the house where the mob could not reach him.** The man who rescued him had been in Shanghai once upon a time, and was taken sick. When he had spent all his money and his landlord had turned him out, he had been **taken to a mission hospital,** and the tender, sympathetic attention he had there received had led him to listen to the gospel. For twelve years the desire to know more of this "heavenly doctrine" had stayed with him. Now was his opportunity, and he seized it, and **while protecting the missionary he heard the gospel explained** to him, and a congregation of believers in that city is the result.—Herald and Presbyter.

1744. "There's glory enough for all," said Perry, when urged, after the victory on Lake Erie, to note in his dispatches the shortcomings of one of his officers.

1745. The only way on earth to reach a man is by Christ's own way, the point of contact — to get near to him with your love. **Personal touch is the essential thing.**—Rev. Cortland Myers.

1746. "My liberty leaves off where the rights of another begin," said Victor Hugo. No man can claim that his liberty extends to that which injures or harms his fellow man. No human being is free from the operation of the law of God that makes men interdependent. **"No man liveth to himself."** To try to do so is to fly in the face of all God's teaching and of Christ's example. Selfishness is a sin so heinous that God and men cry out against it.

1747. At a railway station a benevolent man found **a schoolboy crying** because he had not quite enough to pay his fare, and he remembered suddenly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been **helped by an unknown friend,** and had been enjoined that some day he should **pass that kindness on.** Now he saw that long-expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy aside, told him his story, paid his fare, and asked him, in his turn, to pass the kindness on. And as the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily, **"I will pass it on, sir."** So that act of thoughtful love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay till its ripples have belted the globe and met again.—Dr. F. B. Meyer.

1748. It would not be easy to name a man more thoroughly self-centered and self-reliant than **Napoleon Bonaparte.** And yet it is a matter of history that, while yet a subaltern struggling with difficulties and suffering for lack of sympathy, he turned from life in despair, and was **on the very point of suicide.** As he was gloomily finding his way to the river's bank in the dusk of the evening, **he was met by a kind-hearted physician, who was attracted by the soldier's manner, and moved to speak a cheery word to him.** That word led Napoleon to open his heart to his new-found friend, and the result was a change of purpose—with all its vast consequences to humanity.

1749. When I was a boy, I was accustomed to hold an open-air service in one of the poorest courts in my neighborhood; the inhabitants were mostly Irish Roman Catholics. There was **one man,** however, who adopted against me a form of **opposition** to which I was particularly susceptible and which I personally found excessively distracting. No sooner had I begun to speak than he would start fiddling all the music-hall tunes. I used sometimes to remonstrate with this good fellow, but never could make any impression whatever; I was a Protestant and he was a Roman Catholic, and that was quite enough for him, he would have none of me or of my arguments. It so happened that he was arrested, and was locked up for a few months. **His poor little boy was left** in the court with no one to look after him, and naturally enough I lent the little chap some help to tide him over his "grass orphanhood." For the next few weeks we had an unwonted peace at our meetings, but one fine day in autumn I heard, to my horror, the first few tuning notes to the violin, which always preceded the catgut attack. You may imagine my amazement when my friend came down stairs, and, taking his stand in the court, **actually played on his violin the hymn tune that we were singing;** all through the service we had no interruption from him, and on my going up to him to thank him, and to express my

gratification at the very extraordinary change in his conduct, he contented himself with the remark that **he was not going to disturb me any more for I was "the bloke that had looked after his kid."**—Quinton Hogg.

1750. A great French surgeon once said that if he had four minutes in which to perform an operation on which a human life depended, he would **take one minute to consider** how best to do it. **Evil may be wrought in the world by want of thought as well as by want of heart.** Thoughtlessness, more than viciousness, is responsible for much of the misery, the blighted hopes, the broken hearts, the sad failures, that make this life so different from what God intended. —Rev. St. Clair Hester.

1751. But what is this sympathy which is so constantly craved? Etymologically, it is a **"suffering with another."** Broadly speaking, it is a **fellow-feeling with others,** up and down the gamut of a common human experience. In simple English it is changing places, becoming somebody else for the time being.—Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

1752. Do any hearts beat faster,
Do any faces brighten
To hear your footstep on the stair,
To meet you, greet you, anywhere?
Are you so like your Master
Dark shadows to enlighten?
Are any happier to-day
Through words that they heard you say?
Life were not worth the living
If no one were the better
For having met you on the way,
And known **the sunshine of your stay.**

1753. We cannot relieve our brother of the fatigue and weariness of his journey, nor can we carry for him the burden which is bending down his soul and beneath which he is apt to sink. It is **only a mouthful of water** that we can give, which costs us nothing, and is the commonest of things. Only that, but **the water was a sacramental cup;** it meant that no sorrow could befall this man but it also touched his friend, that **a human heart was beating with his,** in his loneliness, and that behind that heart was the heart of God.—Ian Maclaren.

1754. Pessimism, socialism, anarchism, fling angrily back in the face of the types of civilization and Christianity they encounter the contemptuous challenge: **"Prove your creed by your sympathy!"** "The heart of the world is selfish," they cry, "greed, avarice, and self-seeking rule its inmost life—the conversation of the Christian condemns his creed!" And so from the forgotten corners of the earth, from the alleys and the slums, there echoes back against the neglect of the churches the fierce, despairing, defiant cry: **"You do not care for us!"**— Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

1755. As I stood one evening at the close of a religious service in the city of Boston, my eye fell upon **a plain little woman** who was venturing to speak to a richly-dressed dame, whom she had met face to face in the aisle. I noted that there was no response. The would-be **grand dame** simply drew her furs more closely about her and sailed majestically on, her chin in the air. The little woman blushed, her lips trembled. At that moment a hand grasped her hand warmly, while a sweet voice said, "Mrs. Jenkins, how glad I am to see you!" The speaker was **Mrs. Julia Ward Howe,** the author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," a woman honored and revered throughout the civilized world. The little woman looked up. Her face seemed metamorphosed. **Those few words had changed the aspect of the whole world to her.** Someone did care to speak to her, and someone was glad to see her. As I turned homeward I pondered over what I had seen, and I felt that perhaps there was no better illustration of the difference between the truly great and the would-be great.—Eleanor Root.

1756. "It is such a stony little path between here and Mrs. Harvey's that I can't bear to go over it," said Jim. "And Dick Harvey doesn't like it any better when he comes over here," said Frank. "I heard him say he had got ever so many bruises in that path. He was grumbling about it yesterday." **"Why don't you clear the way between here and your neighbor's?"** asked Mr. Morris. "Much better do that than keep grumbling about it."

"Why we should never get all the stones out of that path," cried Jim.

"Not all in one day, nor by taking all the stones at once," said the father. "But if each of the boys who crosses there would take a stone out of the way every time he goes, the work would be done. Try it." The boys did try it. Half a dozen young lads who used the path helped, and **the path was cleared. This is exactly the way to make it easier and pleasanter for others in this world.**

1757. Tactful courtesy. When **Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe was sent to get the Obelisk,** he met with obstacles of a wholly unusual and unlooked-for character. It seems that certain interested foreigners had incited the Egyptians to rebel against the removal of the great stone from their shores, and a pretty formidable opposition had been secretly or-

ganized. Gorringe's crew was by no means adequate to combat this **unexpected opposition,** and there was no American man-of-war in the harbor to render assistance. **A Russian flagship** was there, however, and the admiral, learning of the plot to defeat the American captain's purpose, sent Gorringe a very respectfully worded note, in which he spoke in very high terms of the unique engineering feat which the Americans were about to undertake in moving the Obelisk, and begged that Mr. Gorringe would do him the very great favor of **permitting his officers and men to witness the great work.** The request was, of course, granted, and early the next morning the wily Muscovite landed **400 men, armed to the teeth** with fixed bayonets and pistols loaded with ball cartridges, who formed a hollow square about the Obelisk. These men really saw very little of the engineering feat of moving the great stone, as they faced out when the mob came, and no one was allowed to go through the square without a pass from Mr. Gorringe. As the Obelisk was landed on trucks and moved down to the sea, the square moved along with it, and not until after it was safely on board did the Russians return to their vessel. **The next day the Russian admiral sent another very polite note to Mr. Gorringe, thanking him for the opportunity** given to his officers and men to see the wonderful work, and stating that not only the admiral himself, but the Russian government, would always remember, with feelings of keenest pleasure, Mr. Gorringe's great courtesy.

1758. We cannot do people much good, we cannot help them in deep and true ways, without cost to ourselves. What costs us nothing is not worth giving. An old proverb says, "One cannot have omelet without breaking eggs."

1759. Were we all to enter into a general conspiracy of kindness, and now I mean commonplace, intangible, inexpensive kindness, we cannot imagine how much of **the weariness of life would disappear.** Suppose, for instance, you and I should only **avoid controversy** of every kind in conversation except in the emergencies of conscience. Suppose we took care not to **tempt** our neighbor to **envy** and **jealousy** by thoughtless references to his rivals or the people he did not like. Did you **congratulate that mother** on her son's success with honesty of warm speech? She had forgotten the cares of the house that day. Did you **tell that father you are glad to hear his boy was doing his work well** in the city? It is curious, but that man would have gone down the street with a lighter step. When your friend acquitted himself well in some public work, had you sent him **a pleasant note** it would have carried him through a week of criticism.—Ian Maclaren in Saturday Evening Post.

1760. In New York a lovely woman, after a short illness, died. One who stood beside her looking at her sweet face in its last sleep, said, "I have known her from early childhood. I have never known her to be other than gentle, kind, and womanly. **Her life has been a continual oblation.** She never said a harsh word. She never did a discourteous thing. She was a Christian of the highest type."—Margaret Sangster.

1761. "I'm more ashamed of myself than I can say," wrote a brilliant public man the other day in **a belated letter of sympathy** to a bereaved friend, "but you must know my apparent neglect was not due to lack of concern for you in your sorrow. Nor do I plead business—to urge which were an insult, in the circumstances. The simple truth, my dear fellow, is that I'm a coward. I've thought and thought about you, and wished I might comfort you—and **kept silence because I didn't know what to say** and was afraid of saying the wrong thing." I wonder if that wasn't the truth about the fellows who were not good Samaritans long ago? Human nature's pretty decently kind, on the whole, and not many men would naturally pass by and leave a poor injured traveler in a ditch. **The trouble with many of us is that we're afraid.** We don't know just what to do nor how to do it, and for fear of blundering, of being misunderstood and rebuffed, we pass by on the other side. — Clara E. Laughlin in The Interior.

1762. A noble woman, the wife of the keeper of a lighthouse on an isolated island, saw her husband and his two assistants swept away by breaking ice-floes, leaving her absolutely alone to face a long and dreary winter, with the memory of the terrible and tragic scene which she had witnessed. It was months after her bereavement that the government supply ship reached the island on its semi-annual visit, to find her still **faithfully staying at her post of loving ministry.**

1763. A little girl stood at the entrance of an alley, looking down the street with a show of expectancy in her bright young face. Somebody was coming, surely, and in a few moments a man wearing the garb of a day laborer came in sight. Instantly the little girl came to his side and looked up into his face with a loving expression which told how glad she was to see her father coming home. **The man glanced at the child, but did**

not say a word, or take the little hand that evidently had hoped to be placed in his. The person who had been interested in this meeting followed them and could not help saying in a cheery voice to the father, "Why don't you speak to the little girl and tell her you are glad she came to meet you and take her hand?" "Oh, she knows it without saying it," he replied in a gruff voice. That is the way we take it for granted our dear ones know the unspoken words we ought to speak.—Christian Work.

1764. A Minnesota farmer was out on the lake one dark evening, when his boat was overturned by a sudden squall. He started to swim for the shore, but **lost his sense of direction.** He gave up at last, and was sinking in the freezing water when he heard **the voice of his little girl calling him: "Father! father!"** He listened. The sound of her voice would tell him which way home lay. It put fresh life into him. **"I turned,"** said the man afterward, in telling the story, **"and struck out in the opposite direction. I had been going away from home.** I reached the shore and home at last. But if my dear little girl had not persisted in calling me, though hearing no reply, I should have died there alone under the ice."

What a multitude of souls about us, like that poor man, have lost their balance, and let go their grip on the lifeboat, and are struggling amid the cold, icy waves of sin, **soon to be forever lost, unless someone goes as near to them as possible, and calls them in the right direction!**

1765. Dr. Marcus Dods, in a sermon on "The Good Samaritan," says: **"Love does not ask, What claim has this man and that man on me, but, What does this or that man need that I can do for him?** It must have been, and it still is, an edifying sight to see the **completeness** of the Samaritan's attentions. **We might suppose he had done enough.** How is his own business to go forward if he thus delays? But love is not so soon satisfied. He sits by him till he is strong enough to be set on his beast, and does not resign his charge to any other. **He does not feel that the robbed man is off his hands when he has got him to an inn.** He has himself to go on his journey, but he will not on that account, nor on any other account, disconnect himself from the man; **he will disconnect himself from him only when he needs no more assistance. This is love's way."**

1766. A little boy, not long since, came rushing into the house with a bunch of flowers which he had gathered for mother. He was only a mite of a boy, and did not know that a bit of golden-rod and a piece of "butter and eggs," covered with the dust, and blighted by the adverse circumstances of growing in a city's vacant lot, could not have much value. But mother was out and the thoughtless sister laughed and said, **"Mother won't care for those things. They are horrid." The child's enthusiasm was chilled,** and he threw his precious offering away. **It is the motive, not the value of the offering, that counts with our loved ones** when they give the best they can.—Christian Work.

1767. A gentleman once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at midday, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays, and other vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, **he exchanged cards with his obliging** friend; and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a **legacy of $5,000 and a gold watch** and chain had been left to him by a gentleman, who "took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will for **one act of unlooked-for civility."**

1768. I ask thee for the **thoughtful love**
Though constant, watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

1769. A student in one of the musical conservatories of Boston, died, and his father received the following letter from an utter stranger: "I am sure that I can tell you something that will put a **drop of gladness in your cup of bitter sorrow.** Your son was nothing less to me than my earthly savior. I was alone, homesick, despairing, facing failure and fighting bitter want—a young lad from the country, ashamed to go home and give up beaten, and yet on the point of doing so unless the tide turned instantly. It did turn. I gave myself just one more day 'for something to happen.' I remember how I came downstairs that morning. I had not slept. I might have said: 'No man cares for my soul or body, either.' **Your son passed me on the stair and said, 'Good morning!' It wasn't much to say, but the very sound of it put heart into me. That day things came my way.** I got a job. That's about all there is to tell. He didn't give me any money. He did'nt put any work in my

way, that I know of. To begin with he just looked in my face and said 'Good morning!' I've a notion there's a way of saying that that makes a morning good, no matter what kind it started out to be."

1770. Have you ever noticed that there is usually a **dearth of good and kind words for the absent one when his name is mentioned in conversation?** There may be words of **criticism and faultfinding,** but how few the words of commendation! The golden rule suggests that we speak of the absent one, as we would have others speak of us.—Dr. Loy.

1771. Sydney Smith said, "Life is in two heaps, of joy and sorrow. If I can on any day take a little from the heap of sorrow and add it to the heap of joy, I reckon that a well-spent day."

1772. There is a legend which tells of a Christian who retired to a hut in a forest that he might **give himself up to meditation and prayer and thus become holy.** In a complaining mood one day he went out, and **met a beggar** sick and weary. He took him back to the hut and ministered to his need. This gave him comfort. Next day he went out and left the beggar in the hut, and when he returned the **beggar had departed and carried with him the saint's silver cup and crucifix.** In anger he pursued him but soon relented and took pity on him. When he reached the village hard by he found a crowd dragging the beggar before a magistrate. He pushed his way to him and whispered in his ear — **"Brother, I will stand by you."** Both entered prison together. There the Christian proposed to the beggar to exchange clothing and escape. Then a strange light filled the prison and the beggar was transformed into the Lord himself, who said, **"I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."** The hermit learned the lesson, as plain for us as it is beautiful. As he turned away, a strange sweet music stole into his soul. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—M. Rhodes, D.D.

1773. There is an old myth of a magic skin, wearing which one got everything he wished for. But each grant shrank the skin, and by and by, when the wearer got what he wished for, the skin squeezed his breath out. The fable is true, and **the magic skin is selfishness.** Every time you get your selfish desire fulfilled you shrink; every time you give there is an expanding of your whole nature—an enriching of your whole being. —A. T. Pierson, D.D.

Friendship. (1774–1785)

1774. Samuel Johnson once said to **Sir Joshua Reynolds:** "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will **soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."**

1775. A young man fell into evil associations, was implicated in crime and went to prison. Some of the people of the church to whose Sunday-school he had belonged believed that he could be saved; they secured for him a pardon, brought him home, and **assured him that they would stand by him,** if he would go right back to his old place in the choir, and in the Sunday-school. The young man rose to be a great manufacturer.

1776. A prize was offered some years since for the best definition of a friend, and this was the one which received the prize: **"A friend is the person who comes in when every other person has gone out."** That is the kind of friend Christ is. **And this is the noble type of friendliness which should characterize us.**

1777. Two men who were bosom friends were at work on a telegraph pole high above a line of railway. A wire had broken, and they were busy repairing the damage. Suddenly a strong wind caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he somehow **pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backward;** he clutched at his friend, and both tumbled over among the wires. For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word; then one of them said, "Bill, I can't reach the post, and I am afraid if I move the wires will break, and as he spoke a wire broke. "Well, it's a big drop down to the grass," said the other man, "but as you are married, and have three babies, I don't see why I should stay here." "No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang on a little longer." But another wire broke, and Bill made up his mind. "Good-bye, old friend," he said to the other, who had tears in his eyes. "Good-bye." **Then he dropped—a fall of forty feet.** He was not dead, and, with his arms broken and two ribs broken, he crawled to the station half a mile away, and not until after he had given the message that saved his friend's life did he faint away.

1778. A young man had worked his way through subordinate positions in a bank to one where almost unlimited trust was placed in him. He held the combination which unlocked the vaults and safes in

which the money and securities of the bank were kept. In the safe a large package of **United States bonds**, never sealed, was kept as a favor for a wealthy depositor. One day the owner found **a certain bond was missing**, and reported the fact to the president of the bank. The president called the young cashier and told him of the loss. The cashier, strong in the knowledge that no departure from the rule of strict integrity could be summoned against him, said to his superior officer: "The owner is laboring under a misapprehension. I can not believe that he would wilfully bring a false accusation. There are but **two alternatives, he is in error or I am a thief. It is for you to decide.** What is your decision?" The president replied, "I have watched your course in the bank. I am familiar by report **concerning your associates and your ways of life.** I have studied the expressions of your character. **I am absolutely certain that it would be impossible for you to take the bond.** It is possible that the owner is mistaken. Give yourself no concern about it. Perhaps time will clear up the matter." Time did clear it up, for it was found that the **owner had sold the missing bond and forgotten the transaction.**—Youth's Companion.

1779. There's no friend like the old friend who shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with scents in every fold.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1780. To make and keep friends is the great art of life, yet the easiest and simplest thing in the world. Everybody desires friends; though from shyness, or pride—which is often the veil of shyness —few are ready to meet us at halfway. But if we learn to **ignore the thin films of diversity** in training, station, interest, and aim, and go straight to the heart of our fellow man, we are sure of finding a cordial response.—William DeWitt Hyde.

1781. The secret of friendship is the secret of an unselfish life, not merely the unselfishness that is continually doing for others, cooking and sewing and crocheting and preparing delicacies, but **the deeper unselfishness that forgets self**, that gets us out of self and gets self out of us.—Dr. Francis E. Clark.

1782. Friendship multiplies our powers. We see life through others eyes. There are **two ways to learn new things.** One is by finding out something new ourselves. The other, by **having our eyes opened to the truth** in things familiar to the sight and ear, but not understood, and that is the richer way. After you have looked through a telescope at the moon or the planet Jupiter, it is never the same. Or when you have seen a butterfly's wing under a microscope you realize anew its wonderful beauty.

1783. "For what delights can equal these,
That stir the soul's most inner deeps,
When one who loves and knows not, reaps
A truth from one who loves and knows?"
—Tennyson.

1784. Noted Friendships of History.—David and Jonathan. Damon and Pythias. Orestes and Pylades. Epaminondas and Pelopidas. Alexander and Hephaestion. Horace and Virgil. Roland and Oliver. Godfrey and Tancred. Luther and Melanchthon. Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Brooks. Hampdon and Pym. William of Orange and William Bentinck. Goethe and Schiller. Tennyson and Hallam. Washington and Hamilton. Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke.

1785. Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle, of accomplishing any hard task vanishes **when a man feels that he has comrades at his side** fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and their hearts praying for his victory.—C. J. Perry.

The Home. (1786–1820)

1786. Years ago twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden, New York, **to hear Jennie Lind sing.** After singing some of the sublime compositions of the old Masters, she began to pour forth **"Home, Sweet Home."** The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from thousands like rain." **The word "home"** touched the fiber of every soul in that immense throng.—Sayles.

1787. Sir Walter Scott expressed a true national sentiment when, on **his return to Abbotsford for the last time**, after a long stay on the Continent, he ordered himself to be slowly **wheeled in his chair through the various rooms**, and then said, **"I've seen much, but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more."**—Davidson.

1788. I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and, of **nearly twenty families** in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were **only three that could be designated as happy families.** The source

of trouble was **not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it.**" The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heartaches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home circles. **"Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it."**

1789. "If I stay another week in your home," said Lord Peterborough to Fenelon, **"I shall become a Christian despite myself."** Does our home life set forth Christ? Would it influence another to become a Christian?

1790. In the individual experience man's life always begins. But **there are some things of the individual life which the individual cannot get, save in the company of fellowmen. . . .** The wedding guests at Cana, the Pharisee at Levi's table, the sisters with their restored brother, the brothers of the Lord in the house of the carpenter,—all, just as soon as Jesus sanctified and blessed the society in which they lived, saw coming to them as it were out of the heart of that society a selfhood which no solitary contemplation could have gained. **Each of them found his Father among his brethren, reached God through the revelation of other human lives.**—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

1791. Home is created slowly, with the coming and the going of the years, by birth and death, by joy and sorrow, till the whole house is full of memorable associations. . . **The greatest hope that can touch the home,** the hope that takes away its walls and makes it an everlasting place, **is the hope of the life which is to come,** and that hope is sustained by the church . . . It would be an unspeakable disaster if unbelief, attacking many of the evidences of religion, should ultimately lay her hand upon our homes, for the moment that the home disappears in its strength and purity, in its full and everlasting hope, the **foundations, not only of the church, but of the state, shall be finally shaken.**—Ian Maclaren.

1792. If you want to teach a child that heaven is his home, that God is his Father, that Christ is his brother, that the ties which bind the world are family ties, you must **begin by purifying the original ideas.** You must make the thought of home endearing, the name of father sacred, the sense of brotherhood protective, the relationship of the family divine.—George Matheson.

1793. The home, like the individual, that covets self-containment covets spiritual decay.—John Hunter.

1794. In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre, he shows us the interior of a convent **kitchen,** but doing the work there are not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful **white-winged angels.** One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the kitchen dresser reaching up for plates. . . . What the old monkish legend that is represented is, I do not know. But, as the painter puts it to you on his canvas, all are so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans and pots pots, and only think of the angels, **and how very natural and beautiful kitchen work is,**—just what the angels would do, of course. It is the angel aim and standard in an act that consecrates it.—W. C. Gannett.

1795. Two things are necessary to constitute a true home. Home does not consist in locality or place alone, but in a union of persons and place.

"Home is where there's **one to love!**
Home is where there's **one to love us!**"

1796. "It is the homes of a people that give it its character and solid worth." It is not wealth that makes a home attractive or happy, for some of the pleasantest and happiest homes have been those where little money has been expended, but good taste, economy, ingenuity, and loving deeds and words have made them more beautiful than the costliest brown-stone front. That nation will thrive best where the young men and women are taught to **reverence and love happy homes.** Many **divorces** and crimes are the ultimate result of unhappy, wretched homes.

1797. Deadly perils within the home are such as these: (1) Misunderstanding and the failure to work together on the part of those who are at the head. A business corporation could never succeed — much less a family—under such conditions. Unanimity must be gained at almost any cost. (2) The handling of and **wrangling over money** and property presents another peril within the family. Some of the happiest homes are those in which God has placed but little of this world's goods; where the members are all obliged to be industrious and frugal, and are kept, by force of circumstances, steadily at work, and pressed close together under earthly adversity. (3) **The newspapers and novels** that enter our homes constitute no small peril to the family. There is plenty of the best reading, but there is, in some novels of the present day—novels which are in the hands of good people—enough of unclean and impure suggestion to undermine the character of every young man

and young woman in our families. (4) And then, from without comes **the unnatural strain to keep up appearances,** and the struggle for social position which leaves little time or strength for the crying needs within.—Rev. Orville Reed.

1798. One time a kindly old clergyman stopped by the side of a laboring man who was turning at a windlass, bareheaded, beneath a blazing sun. "Hey, man," said he, "working without your hat is bad for your brains." "Faith, your riverence," he replied, "if it's any brains I had I wouldn't be working at this windlass at all!" Sometimes when I catch myself and other dunces like me tearing along at breakneck speed, eager, impetuous, absorbed, **struggling for pleasure or prizes that turn to ashes** in our grasp and sacrificing the joys of home to attain them, I think we have as few brains as the Irishman. For I know that **undue absorption in business means the almost inevitable destruction of home.** — From "Husband, Wife, and Home."

1799. In a New England town of some thousands of people, the records of the Christian families were once examined. I am unable to recall the exact numbers; but the **proportion of the children** of such families who **became religious men** and women, as related to those who did not, was more than **five to one.** Three or four such investigations have come within my knowledge, all ending in a similar result. In the **Theological Seminary at Andover,** some years ago, it was found, on inquiry, that out of its hundred and twenty students, preparing for the ministry of the gospel, more than a **hundred were from Christian homes;** and more than twelve were sons of Christian ministers. A similar inquiry, with similar results, was once instituted in **Amherst College.** It is a fact which children in Christian households should ponder seriously, that if they do break loose from the restraints of their religious training, they become cases of exceptional sin against exceptional privilege."—Peloubet.

1800. A young man stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child, for his father had been a famous legal light and his work on the Law of Trusts was the most exhaustive work on the subject in exercise. "Do you remember your father?" asked the judge sternly, "that father whom you have disgraced?" The prisoner answered: "I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for advice or companionship, he would look up from his book on the Law of Trusts and say, **'Run away, boy, I am busy.' My father finished his book, and here I am."** The great lawyer had neglected his own trust with awful results.—Talmage.

1801. Two great factors make the sum of human life: heredity and environment. By these the character of individuals as of generations is molded. A thief may come from a morally healthy home, but he is the unhealthy exception, not the rule. As to which of the two pulls the heaviest oar students differ. **One school gives to heredity the greater weight, the other to environment.** In the end it comes to the same thing. That bad heredity is responsible for the thief means, when all is said, that the improvement should have begun with the grandfather. It is **transmitted environment.** What we do today, then, acquires immeasurably greater importance. Our concern with environment is not for today or tomorrow but for all time.—Jacob A. Riis.

1802. I was taking a walk with a gentleman in the old town of **Bay Ridge, New York,** on a winter's afternoon. Suddenly we came upon an old **dilapidated house** that had seen its best days many years ago. The gentleman called my attention to it, and made the remark that to him it was **the best spot on earth,** and he gave as a reason for saying so that it was the house in which he was born and reared. **It was in that old house that he kissed his mother for the last time,** just as her soul took its flight to the Celestial City. No place like that old home to that man.—Geo. R. Scott.

1803. I met him on a street-corner—**a bright, black-eyed lad** of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered.

I made friends with him and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time in the street.

"I know' he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make, **"the street is not the best place for a boy, but you see there's no place for me at home."**—The Visitor.

1804. There is something in manhood, whether of high or low degree, that rarely puts its tale of love it misses into words; but, **if we could get at the hidden hearts of average men, we should see that the want of love and cheer at home** sends them even more frequently than their love of drink to the saloon round the corner. **When the finer life is defrauded the coarser asserts itself and**

"home-culture" is a failure so far as it touches the head of the home.—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

1805. She's a woman with a mission;
'tis her heaven-born ambition to reform the world's condition you will please to understand.
She's a model of propriety, a leader of society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand.
Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbific that vex the people sore;
For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore.
And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumming, this reformer of renown.
Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough, and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is **the terror of the town.**—Tid Bits.

1806. The influence of the well-ordered, sunny-tempered Christian home is incalculable. John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for first good: **Peace.** He had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute. Next to this he estimated **Obedience;** he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without any idea of resistance. And, lastly, **Faith:** nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true. **It was not strange that such home training went to the making of a great character.**—The Watchman.

1807. Fiction has some notable instances of brother's and sister's love. Maggie Tulliver's love for Tom, in "The Mill on the Floss," was the master passion of her life. The roots reached down to the old childish days and grew with her growth. "The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver; and below the names it was written, **"In their death they were not divided."**—The Congregationalist.

1808. In Victor Hugo's description paradise was a **place where parents were always young and children always little.**

1809. The chief duty of a Christian lies in the quiet, unseen life of his own home, and if he does not learn there to practice that noble virtue of **unselfishness,** he will have lost one of the strongest resources and one of the most healing memories for all his future life. —F. W. Farrar.

1810. "There is no field more important than the home. I do not see why our children should not be saved. We know of families which prove that they can be saved, and that they can be grandly used by God. There is the **Scudder family.** The elder Scudder believed in God, both for himself and his family. And **God gave him the salvation of his family.** He asked God to do something more than save his family; he asked God to consecrate his family as he had consecrated him, to the great cause of missions, and God did that for him also. At a late missionary meeting, I heard a missionary on the public platform compute **the service of that one family** to the Lord's work. He counted and added together the years spent by the different members of the Scudder family in active missionary and religious services, and he demonstrated that **the sum total was five hundred years.**—David Gregg, D. D.

1811. Lord Brougham, in his last great speech in the House of Lords on the Education bill, and **Mr. Seward** when a Senator of the United States, both took occasion to dwell upon **the overwhelming importance of home education;** and when the comprehensive character of that education is seen, its importance will be at once admitted. For it touches all four sides of the quadrilateral—the **ethical,** the **religious,** the **intellectual,** and the **physical,** so that the first and the most abiding impressions come to the child through the all influential medium of the home.

1812. There were eleven of the Guerney brothers and sisters, of whom **Elizabeth Fry** was the most celebrated, but all beautiful and distinguished. A lady who once saw them in adult life, with their children and grandchildren around them, exclaimed, **"What, all this and heaven beside!"**

Mrs. Fry was no professional philanthropist, too absorbed in humanity at large to care for the human item; but her public work was only **the overflow of her woman's heart,** after children, grandchildren, brothers and friends had been loved with an intensity almost excessive. Her younger brother, **Samuel,** the rich Quaker banker and merchant, whom she had brought up, was one with her in her works of mercy.—Lucy Elliot Keeler in The Congregationalist.

1813. John Fiske declared with pride that his contribution to the doctrine of evolution was in perceiving **the significance of the lengthened period of infancy of the human species when compared with that of animals.** The offspring of the lion, the horse or the elephant are in possession of their powers

and reach their independence so much earlier than a baby can! The reason for this, according to Fiske, is by means of the lengthened period of dependence to develop and strengthen the "other regarding feelings" in the primitive parents. Here at least is **the beginning of the idea of the human family,** when parents put their rude strength and prowess at the disposal, though in very meager fashion at first, of the helpless and dependent offspring.—Nehemiah Boynton, D. D.

1814. "Pray do not address me with so many 'Your Majestys,' wrote young **Charles II.,** soon after his restoration to the English throne, **to his sister Henriette of France;** "for between you and me there should be nothing but affection." This letter bears the royal seal and is addressed "For deare, deare Sister." All the correspondence of this king with his sister is a faithful witness of **the deep and lasting love between them,** which was founded in their early life of exile in Paris, survived all separations and **bound this royal brother and sister together unto the end.** Nobody can read them without thinking of Charles II. more kindly than before.—The Congregationalist.

1815. Renan's sister Henriette literally gave up her life for the sake of his masterpiece, the "Life of Jesus," when they visited Palestine together to write it. To earn money to pay her father's debts and educate her brother, she had declined marriage, toiled as a governess and gone with a noble family into the wilds of Poland. **Fanny Mendelssohn** was her brother's confidant and critic. She was his "gifted, darling sister." When the news of her sudden death reached him, he fell unconscious to the ground, and himself died a few months later. Balzac **used to let himself be punished for his little sister's faults.** Once when she came on the scene in time to accuse herself, he said, "Don't acknowledge it next time; I like to be punished for you." The **Pascals,** the **de Guerins,** the **Herschels** are other notable instances of love and intellectual stimulus between **brother and sister,** instances where the one was fully worthy of the other, both in learning and in noble simplicity.—Lucy Elliott Keeler in The Congregationalist.

1816. Of all the forms of worship none, it seems to us, is more beautiful than that which we see around **the family altar.** As a means of grace it occupies a distinct place of its own. The all-important "quiet hour", when the soul alone, in the presence of its God, seeks the divine blessings and communes as friend with friend, can not take its place. The hour, of public worship when we meet at the house of God for prayer and praise, can not take its place, for it stands alone.

1817. As I look back upon my boyhood days in my home, the **most distinct and powerful religious influence shining out from an all-pervading religious atmosphere comes from family prayer** in some of its forms. As children we not only read a chapter in the Bible twice a day, but were present at family prayers three times a day,—before breakfast, and before supper, with the whole family, including always servants and apprentices; and once more, just before school in the morning, my mother gathered all the children in her room, and read the Bible.—Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D.

1818. Family prayers in my boyhood made me early feel the naturalness of prayer. They helped to unify our family life, and gave us a familiarity with the Scriptures. Furthermore, they helped in giving a right beginning to every day's work.—Pres. John Henry Barrows, D. D.

1819. The chief gain to me from family prayers in my boyhood is the recollection I have thus been enabled to carry through the years of **my father as a praying man and my home as a Christian home.** This is the sweetest and most precious recollection of my childhood.—Pres. George B. Stewart, D. D.

1820. It was said of **Charles Kingsley,** that **"home** was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life, and there **all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre."**

Marriage. Divorce. (1821–1834)

1821. We are not angels; we are only men and women, and we share the imperfection of manhood. I do not care how deep and sweet and tender and accordant love may render the home life, it cannot but happen that in the close contact, in the every-day openness and disclosure of the home, our bad points will come out. The man and woman married the most utterly, married along the whole line of their natures, must yet find **some point where there is not complete contact.** There is dissimilarity of temper, there has been dissimilarity of education. Before musicians can pour forth a perfect harmony, they must bring their instruments into tune. **Before two hearts can perfectly strike together, they must be keyed to the same note,** and that cannot be altogether done before

marriage. The exact real self does not appear in courtship. After marriage the self puts on its common habits for what it is. Then **each real self must adjust itself to each real self**; then must each bear and forbear. **Then must any incompatibility be met and mastered by a mutual charity** which suffereth long and is kind, which never faileth. Now **it is just here in the closeness and disclosure of the home that religion is most needed.** —Christian Work.

1822. Marriage is a failure: When either of the parties marries for money.

When one of the parties engages in a business that is not approved by the other.

When both parties persist in arguing over a subject upon which they never have and never can think alike.

When children are obliged to clamor for their rights.

When the watchword is: "Each for himself."

When the money that should go for a book goes for what only one side of the house knows anything about.

When politeness, fine manners and kindly attention are reserved for company or visits abroad.—Springfield Times.

1823. There is a sentence in **one of Carlyle's Letters** which I must here quote: "It is no girl-fondness which irradiates my path with false and transient splendor; it is the calm, deliberate love of a **noble-minded woman who has given her generous self to me without reserve, the influence of whose fair spirit shines over my life with the warmth and light of a mild May sun.**"—Love Letters, vol. ii. p. 218.

1824. As the cord unto the bow is,
So unto the man is woman.
Tho' she bends him, she obeys him;
Tho' she leads him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.
—Longfellow.

1825. Beyond all doubt, blood tells. Our ancestors sow for us the harvests that bless or the harvests that blight. Visitors to the upper dome of the mosque in St. Petersburg tell us that the myriad sounds of the multitudes upon the pavement hundreds of feet beneath are so brought together as to become like unto music. Thus, **if we put our ear to the child's nature, we shall hear the reverberations of the vast and distant multitudes**; the groans and sobs of sin and suffering; the sounds of joy and laughter, sounding down the long aisles of the past. **Coleridge** the elder was an opium-eater, and **Hartley**, his son, inherited the same intense craving, as did another after him. Moreover, the peculiar poetic genius also of the English philosopher repeated itself in six of his descendants.

There were also four generations of the **Darwin** family who became famous for their genius in natural history, while the talent for statesmanship continued throughout five generations of the Adams family, and the genius for philosophy through six generations of the Emersons. When his marshal urged **Napoleon** to educate his little son so as to replace himself, Napoleon answered: **"I can not replace myself; I am the child of heredity and circumstances."**—N. D. Hillis, D. D. in Homiletic Review.

1826. The good genius of the home is the woman who has not one word to say for herself, and yet stirs some human heart to speak for her to this fine purpose; who has no name, and yet has won the noblest; a woman came to a man in her sweet, fair maidenhood, to be true wife to him, and was **true wife**; that and no more, that and no less. No slave of his whims and fancies, or wife to wonder in what mood he will come home, and whether his first word will be first cousin to a kiss or a blow; and no drudge to wear her life out in helping to make a fortune, as his first wife, he will spend in jewels on the second. **True wife to true man**; clothing herself afresh to his heart, as her beauty fades, with a beauty that cannot be seen. — Robert Collyer, D. D.

1827. I am sure that there is nothing more beautiful and more to be envied by the poets than **this same charm of power by which a good wife detains her husband.** It is not an ambitious, noisy power; it is silent, calm, persuasive, and often so deep as to have its hold deeper than consciousness itself. He is proud of her without knowing it, loves her when he is too weary or too much bent on his objects to be conscious of his love, **deposits his soul in hers and thinks it still his own.** She ministers, and yet is seldom ministered unto. She makes his future and ascribes it to himself.—Horace Bushnell, D. D.

1828. Marriage is not a union merely between two creatures—it is a union between two spirits; and the intention of that bond is to perfect the nature of both, by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient; to the one, strength of character and firmness of moral will; to the other, sympathy, meekness, tenderness; and just so solemn and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; **for there is no earthly relation-**

ship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt. There are two rocks, in this world of ours, on which the soul must either **anchor or be wrecked—the one is God, and the other is the sex opposite.**—F. W. Robertson.

1829. In **"Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife"** we realize **how perfect a marriage can be** where there are love and intellectual companionship. The constant interchange of confidence in these two lives brought that perfection of relation which is the first essential of an ideal home, where love loses itself in filling the offices of love. It is said of Mrs. Hawthorne that in her relations as his wife she acted instinctively, not from a settled purpose—unconsciously, not designedly. **As she made the ideal wife, so did he a husband.** "He was not, as so many men are, a merely passive and complacent absorber of all this devotion. What she gave he returned; she never touched him without a response; she never called to him without an echo."

1830. No man can be the best husband till he is the minister of his family. As the home is the first church, so the **husband is the first minister.** He is the high priest of that home; his wife, the high priestess.—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

1831. "O, glorious! Would to God I had a wife such as this!" is the written comment on Proverbs 31 (the description of the virtuous woman) which was discovered in the great **Lord Shaftesbury's pocket-Bible.** A later note which follows reads thus: "And so I have, God be everlastingly praised! 1846."

1832. A wayward husband stood by the bedside of his wife; he had pledged himself to her with sacred vows; promised never to drink or gamble, but make her home bright. That was years ago. Her lot had been hard; she had sheltered her little one against his brutal father. She said, **"Howard, do you remember the promise you gave with this ring as a pledge?"** His grief said yes.

1833. A woman lived in Georgia, who had kept a vow of silence thirty years. Her husband returned from business one day in a nervous excitable mood. She began to tell him about some of her annoyances, when he suddenly bade her be quiet, nor let the sound of her voice be heard. She felt grieved beyond endurance and **vowed he should never again hear her voice.** He never did, nor did any one else. She performed her daily duties in silence. If anything had to be said, she wrote on a slate. In spite of penitence, appeals, entreaties, she kept her vow. Before her husband died he begged her but to say she had forgiven him; she wrote on a slate. **She died,** a few years ago, **without having uttered a word,** and was thus taken from the battle ground of a thirty-year's war.

1834. A large portion of the true life of a human being is made up of loving sympathy and loving deeds; and when instead of love there is indifference and peevishness and discontent and disgust, of course health must fail. A single gravel stone in the shoe hurts more than a cart load in a gravel pit. A single speck of dust in the eye causes more discomfort than a bushel would flying in the open air. So the **little faults and discomforts in the sacred precincts of home,** are an affliction compared with which outside troubles are very light; and slight differences among those who are linked together in the closest ties, become an occasion of great trial and discomfort.

Mothers. Their Influence. (1835–1850)

1835. Given a mother like Theodore L. Cuyler's, and what is not possible? He says: "When I was a student in Princeton, the chairman of the examining board requested all who had praying mothers to rise. Nearly a hundred and fifty leaped to their feet. There we stood, living witnesses to the power of a mother's prayers, and of her shaping influence and example. My own widowed mother was one of the best that God ever gave an only son. . . . If all mothers were like her, the 'church in the house' would be one of the best feeders of the church in the sanctuary."

1836. "Ian Maclaren" said that **it would bankrupt a man to attempt to repay the love of a good mother.** "Success" calculates that the presidents of the United States owe more to their mothers than to their fathers. Only eleven of the presidents were in easy circumstances, and of the remainder who struggled with adverse circumstances, Jackson and Lincoln had mothers to whom it was well worth the labor of this great country to erect monuments.—C. E. World.

1837. The English historian, Henry T. Buckle, paid a tribute to his mother which lingers in the memory and with one swift stroke shows us what manner of woman she was. He said that **no mere arguments for immortality had ever had much weight with him, but that when he remembered his mother he could not disbelieve in it.** This simple statement needs no amplification. We can construct for ourselves the compelling character of that mother, we know her to be one who was living while on earth the life eternal. She is a kindred spirit to all the other mothers

whose lives of loving sacrifice and devotion, lived oftentimes in seeming commonplaceness, have inspired sons to noble convictions and deeds.

1838. The mother of Xerxes buried alive a number of youths to propitiate the Gods, when he started out on one of his expeditions.

1839. A young man rose in a meeting and said that he desired to become a Christian. Four months before **his Christian mother had died, her last prayer being uttered for her boys;** and since her death **four of the grown sons had been influenced by her dying request to give themselves to Christ.** This young man made the **fifth** out of nine sons, and two or three days later he brought the **sixth** with him, who had come to surrender himself to Christ. There are three remaining—one in another city, and two boys, one of sixteen and another of eleven years of age, who are deeply impressed; and it looks now as if the death of this mother would be the means of causing her large family of sons to become followers of the Master.—Words and Weapons.

1840. One of the greatest artists tells a story of his school days. He was the son of a widow, and he was sent to a grammar school, and only once a month could he see and speak to his mother. But she loved him so dearly, and so desired to be near him, that she took a house which overlooked the school-playground, and, every day, when the boys were at their games, **she was watching at the window. He soon found it out, and from that time he was ashamed to do anything wrong.**

1841. The appointment of a young man for an important political position was brought before a group of men, each one of whom is nationally famous. The position required tact, discretion, character, and staying power. **There was a flaw in the record of the young man's father,** and that was cited against him with the statement: "We cannot afford to take any risks in this matter." Then another of the group of men spoke up and **told what he knew of the young man's mother.** After he finished there was no longer any question. They were willing to trust implicitly the son of such a woman—and the work of the young man since then has shown that their decision was right.

1842. Upon Mrs. Hayes, her four sons lavished their choicest jokes—unfailing tokens that she **was the center of their attention and affection.** At an outdoor reception a man with turned-up collar and pulled-down hat pressed her hand in the line of visitors, and blessed her for her interest in the temperance cause. Not until she had made some gracious reply did she recognize the gleeful face of one of her own teasing boys. "Just unpack my satchel, mother," said another to her on coming in from a train, "while I rest." As she opened it, out jumped two bantam chickens, vociferously protesting against such sudden confinement.

These were the grown-up sons; but **their devotion to her had been life-long.** While her husband was with his brigade in winter quarters during the Civil War, Mrs. Hayes and her older sons spent two winters in the West Virginia camp. "I can see her now", an old soldier said recently; "her hair smooth, a little shawl about her shoulders, her face like a madonna, and two or three little boys with arms about her waist or hugging her very skirts, as she walked about among the soldiers to ask about our rations, our quarters, to help us with her radiant presence. **We named our camp after her, and there was not a man in all those thousands but would have died for her."**—Lucy Elliott Keeler in The Interior.

1843. "Nothing can ever make **my mother's memory** other than the greatest gift I ever received!" exclaimed **Dean Stanley,** of Westminster. "I had only light from her!" was the way **Sir Philip Sidney** recorded his own filial obligations; while long before, **Coriolanus** broke through the most potent pride on record to obey his mother's bidding; and **Alexander the Great** exclaimed, "Antipater knoweth not that one tear of my mother's eye will wipe out ten thousand such letters as his!"

"Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times?" asked the father of **John Wesley.** "Because," replied the wise mother, "if I told him but nineteen times all my labor would be vain, while now he will understand and remember."

"You are a game man," said the Southern sheriff in the wagon, as he took **John Brown** to execution. "Yes," the old hero answered, "I was so brought up. **It was one of my mother's lessons.** From infancy I have not suffered physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness." Then he kissed a negro child in its mother's arms and walked cheerfully to the scaffold.

Mothers know their sons. To **Patrick Henry,** Mary Washington said: "I hope you will all stand firm. **I know George will."** Only a few years before another mother across the water had been saying to her son, **"George, be a king!"** and the worthy, stubborn **George III.,** with his limited intelligence, was trying to obey

his mother in his own blundering fashion.—The Interior.

1844. One of the sayings of the old Jewish rabbi, was, **"God could not be everywhere, and therefore he made mothers!"**—"Ben Hur."

1845. A pastor tells this experience of a city parish: A mother one day came to him to see if he could do anything **to help her save her boy.** He had been in the employ of an influential firm in the city, won favor by his winning and business-like demeanor, and secured promotion after promotion till he held an honored and trusted position in the affairs of the house. At last, however, **he fell into bad ways,** and, being entrusted with the keys of the store, used to meet there with his young associates to drink and play cards after business hours. He was led to spend money freely, and at last **resorted to helping himself to his employer's money** from the unguarded drawer. He was found out, and when this poor mother came with her anguished plea for help, the young man was lodged behind the bars of the jail. "But the thing that most impressed me," said the pastor, "was not her uncomforted, broken-hearted sorrow, which is common enough, but **her lasting love for that wicked, erring boy** who had trampled on all her hopes and resisted her tears and entreaties."

1846. At a family party, Napoleon I. offered his mother the imperial hand to kiss. She drew herself violently back. "Am I not your emperor?" he asked. **"And am I not your mother?"** came the instant reply. He kissed her hand in silence. "My mother is worthy of all veneration," he said later.

1847. A distinguished public man of Indiana told how in his youth, he was **entrusted with $22,000** to take to Cincinnati, by horseback. He rode for days, and then, **one day, "there was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear.** It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio River when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight, covered with flatboats, and gay-painted steamers. I had but to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit. The world was before me, and I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant in my mind for a moment, and **for a moment only.** Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what, think you, were the associate thoughts that came to my rescue? Away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in an humble farmhouse, on a bench, **an aged mother reading to her boy from the oracles of God.**—"At this point his voice choked, his emotions overcame him, and he said to his daughter, "We will finish this at another time,"—laid his head back on his chair, and died.

1848. Dr. Talmage said that, 120 clergymen being together, began to compare experiences, and it was found that 100 out of the 120 **assigned as the instrumentality of their conversion a Christian mother.**

1849. My kind mother did me one altogether invaluable service; she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, **her own simple version of the Christian faith.** . . . My mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious. **The highest whom I knew on earth I here saw bowed down with awe unspeakable before a Higher in heaven:** such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being.—Carlyle.

1850. Robert Fulton was only three years old when his father died. "So that", he said, "I grew up under the care of my blessed mother. She developed my early talent for drawing, and encouraged me in my visits to the machine-shops of the town." Robert was a poor pupil at school, however, and the teacher complained to his mother. Whereupon Mrs. Fulton replied proudly: "My boy's head, sir, is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber in which to store the contents of your musty books." "I was only ten years old at that time," said Fulton, **"and my mother seemed to be the only human being who understood my natural bent for mechanics."**

Opportunity. (1851–1865)

1851. In the English fields the little drosera, or sundew, lifts its tiny crimson heads. The delicate buds are clustered in a raceme, to the summit of which they climb, one by one. The topmost bud waits only through the twelve hours of a single day to open. **If the sun does not shine, it withers and drops, and gives way to the next aspirant.** So it is with the purposes of the human heart. One by one they come to the point of blossoming. If **the sunshine of faith** and the serene heaven of resolution meet the ripe hour, all is well; but if you faint, repel, delay, they wither at the core, and your crown is stolen from

you—your privilege set aside.—Caroline D. Hall.

1852. Pearson's Magazine published in 1908 the wonderful story of a **saintly life lived for half a century in a small room** on the second floor of a tenement in the rear of a beer saloon on Second avenue, New York. In the year 1856, **Mrs. Bella Cook,** who had since her early youth been an invalid from spinal injury, became so much worse that she was forced to her bed in this little bedroom of her home. She has never risen since. It is in the most squalid section of one of New York's dingiest slums. But the little woman who has lived there for fifty years keeps it a piece of heaven in the midst of hell. The walls are hung thick with Scripture texts, and her open Bible is always beside her. **The room is the radiating point of one of the most beautiful charities in the world.** Wealthy friends supply the invalid with lavish funds which she disburses to the needy of the debased neighborhood. A helper is continually going in and out of the wretched homes surrounding, and Mrs. Cook distributes alms according to the reports of the helper. The worst and wickedest of the community are invited to her room for spiritual counsel, and many great victories over sin have been fought out beside her bed. Happily the invalid is able to write, and conducts a marvelous correspondence of counsel and inspiration with hundreds. It is the joy of many outgoing missionaries of the church to consecrate themselves at her bedside, and parents often bring their children to have them baptized in that sacred room. Her radiant cheer is the wonder and envy of the most fortunate. Visitors describe her face as the most noble they have ever seen.

1853. A young artist who longed to travel and see wonderful scenes was forced to stay at home because of the necessity of supporting her parents. Instead of gazing at Italian skies and Swiss mountains she could only look out from her basement studio upon three stone steps leading to a neighboring house. One day she looked and exclaimed, "Here is something I do not have to travel abroad to see!" and rapidly **she sketched what she saw,** the stone wall, the three rough stone steps, and there **in a cranny a sturdy dandelion** with its green leaves and three vigorous flowers seemingly growing out of the stone itself. **She called her picture "Making the Best of it,"** and into many homes it brought the lesson it had brought to her.

1854. There is a great castle in the south of England, and on its entrance tower there are two sundials. The one that faces the approach has on it the word **"Praetereunt" ("They have passed by"),** referring to the hours that the dial has measured. The word on the other is **"Imputantur" ("They are reckoned up.")** God keeps the record of our hours and we shall face it some day.—Martin.

1855. There was never a better time to live, a clearer hope, a larger field of witness. Serenity of faith, activity of work, joy of expectation, looking for the perfect reign of love, crown the new century's life. God is with us in our toil and rest. **This is the golden opportunity,** and in using it we hasten on the golden age.—Rankin.

1856. One cold rainy night in England years ago, a minister said, **"I do not think I shall attend the church tonight for no one will be there."** Finally he did go; he found a scattered few through the pews. He was then almost persuaded to give up the preaching, but he did go on; a boy up in the gallery heard the text and began to live, and **the boy was the preacher who led 13,000 people into his own church** and drew a multitude to Christ the wide world round; his name was **Charles H. Spurgeon.**

1857. Remember that if the **opportunities for great deeds** should never come, the **opportunity for good deeds** is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is **the goodness, not the glory.**—F. W. Farrar.

1858. His biographer wrote of the famous **Duke of Newcastle;** "His grace loses an hour every morning, and spends the rest of the day looking for it."

1859. On the dial at All Souls, Oxford, there is this inscription: **"The hours perish, and are laid to our charge."**

1860. Ignatius, when he heard a clock strike, was accustomed to say, "Now I have **one more hour to answer for."**

1861. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners. Over 600 are leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her work with interest. **And all this because when a little girl** on her way to school, she heeded the request of a prisoner, who called to her from his cell window and asked her for books.—Methodist Recorder.

1862. When a cannon-ball is shot into the air, there is a point where its upward momentum ceases, and it poises an instant before it begins to fall. **At that instant a child can hold it.** A mo-

ment before or after, it smites with the power of death. There come, to us all, **moments in life which are full of mighty possibilities.** Let us seize them and use them while we may.—J. C. Smith, D. D.

1863. One was rummaging along the sea-shore gathering treasures of stone and shell. High on the beach lay **a shell more beautiful than any** yet discovered. He was searching in a dreamy, listless way, looking here and there. **"That shell is safe enough," he said. "I can pick that up at my leisure."** But, as he waited, a higher wave swept up along the beach, **recaptured the shell and bore it back** to the bosom of the ocean. How like the experiences of our lives is this! When the wave of another year has flowed back and off the shore of time, how many shells of plans, of **opportunities** of purposes toward noble and better life, lying there, you thought within your easy grasp a year ago, has it not **swept into the irreparable past!**—Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

1864. A noble ideal reflects its glory in the face and form and life of the soul it dominates. The poet quaintly says:

"Her face was pinched and pale and thin,
But splendor struck it from within."

on which William Gannett comments, **"Splendor from within is the only thing which makes the real and lasting splendor from without.** Within lies the robing-room, the sculptor's workshop." **"In thy face I have seen the eternal,"** said **Bunsen,** gazing up into his wife's eyes just before he died.

1865. One morning, many years ago, **a young reporter** on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the **foremost editors and publishers in the country.** He saw signs of dissipation in the youth, and as they were parting, said; "Let me wish you a merry Christmas." He took from a shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the greatest English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works. **"Here," said he, "are some friends for the new year.** When you spend an hour with them, you will have noble company."

The surprise of the gift and the unexpected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe had **a powerful effect upon the lad.** The book kindled his latent scholarly tastes. He saved his money to buy books. He numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers of the country among his friends. His life widened and deepened into a strong current, from which many drew comfort and help. He died not long ago. During his illness the newspapers spoke of him with a keen appreciation of his worth. "A profound scholar, with the heart of a child." "A journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end," they said. He read these eulogies with a quiet smile. **One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. ——, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life I owe to him, and this gift of his thirty years ago."**

Character. The Will. Motive.

(1866–1914)

1866. The Greek word **"character"** means **"to cut," to engrave, to make a furrow.** That is something different from a pencil mark. You might rub out a pencil line or even the mark of a pen, but a line cut with a tool, a furrow, **can't be rubbed out.**

1867. The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember that **unless we bring it down to the ground** and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it—we have been hurt by it.

1868. In Joan of Arc we may see with absolute clearness how under the circumstances of certain periods of history, **character turns the balance and decides the course of events.** Her great force was, as may now be seen, neither in her insight, nor in her military qualities, but **in her singularly sublime character.** France was then in the position of a dissolute young man who can be saved only by the purity and sweet but determined energy of a young bride. Joan felt her vocation with the same unerring clearness that many a maiden has felt, that she could bring steadiness and happiness to the unbalanced young man of her chaste love.—XIX Century.

1869. It is not the teaching of a Puritan, but of Diderot, that even **the painter's work is deteriorated by his life.** Speaking of a painter of talent, he says: "'Degradation of taste, of color, of composition, of design has followed, step by step, **the degradation of his character.** What must the artist have on his canvas? That which he has in his imagination. That which he has in his life.—Alexander.

1870. There is no way of doing good so thoroughly efficacious as being good. One good man given to a town is better than the gift of a **park,** or, it may be, of

a library. One good man is worth more to a town than a hundred of the most learned men who are not good. One good man does not illuminate every spot along the shore, but he stands as a lighthouse from whose lamp, a foot or two in diameter, a light streams miles far over the dark seas of night, and enables the mariner to guide his bark away from the wrecking rocks.—Deems.

1871. We inherit character as well as features. Two hundred descendants of the criminal "Jukes family" became criminal and vicious, while as many descendants of Jonathan Edwards were men and women of high ability and character, and many of them highly distinguished.

1872. Character is the sediment precipitated by moral conflict. It is the registry of man's mastery of circumstances.—C. Wilson.

Character is reiterated choice. — George Eliot.

1873. Robert Collyer tells of returning to his boyhood's home after becoming a Unitarian, and preaching in the old church where as a young blacksmith he once worshipped. At the close of the service **his old Methodist mother** took his arm and said, "Ah, Robert, I didna understand much thee said, and what I did understand I didna like; but **I believe in thee.**"—"A Comfortable Faith."

1874. There is a saintliness of the bank, of the exchange, of the court of justice, of the newspaper office, and of Parliament, **as well as of the cloister;** of the laboratory, the painting-room, and the university, **as well as of the church;** a saintliness of the merchant, the manufacturer, the tradesman, and the mechanic, **as well as of the apostle and the preacher.** . . . The immediate manifestations of the eternal life that dwells in Christ **are found not merely in the words and deeds and sufferings recorded in the four Gospels but in the company of the faithful.** We know that Christ is alive from the dead, for he lives in them.—R. W. Dale, D. D.

1875. Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more long. **If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear,** and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly **muddy,** the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was **spoiled. Just so our characters are forming**—one little thought or feeling at a time. If each thought be pure and bright, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.—Evangelist.

1876. Discipline and character. In a biography of a great English scientist I find two outlines on the **early discipline of trouble.** At thirteen the scientist wrote this:

At Thirteen: "I cannot pretend to like this school, however much I try. The head is a beast, and not one of the under masters is a decent chap. I hate being kept in after hours, and when the other fellows are going out after games, and yet, whenever I haven't done a lesson right, they make me do it until I know it thoroughly. This is constantly the case with my Latin. Also I do loathe the food they give us; we have to eat fat and lean together, and fat is beastly. Also, however cold it is, we have to take long runs, when it would be much nicer to sit by the fire and be comfortable; **I can't understand my father and mother, who say they love me, and all that, sending me to such a place** and making me learn Latin and Euclid, which are no use to any one. I wish I could run away."

At Sixty-three: "Of my many advantages in early life I place easily first my parents, whose method of training me was beyond all praise. To my puerile mind they seemed cruelly strict, but I see now how marvelously they understood me. In looking back upon my first school I can think of it only with affection. The manner in which the masters treated my inner tendency of character was entirely admirable. To their insistence at that period I owe one of the keenest delights of my matured years—a love for the Latin authors. In the matter of physical soundness, also, I am certainly much indebted to the "'school runs", which were compulsory, and to the wholesome and sensible diet on which we were fed, without which I should not possess today the virility which has kept me free from disease to a quite unusual extent." **What a contrast is this! At 13 the boy thinks the head master is a beast; at 63 the head master is altogether beyond praise.** At 13 the parents seemed cruel; at 63 their love was beyond all description. At 13 the boy loathes the food; at 63 he calls it wholesome and sensible diet; that alone explains his unwonted strength and freedom from disease. Grown old and wise, the man understands that **the keyword was discipline.**—Hillis.

1877. How secure is the Greece that flowered in her great men! It was in the two centuries between 500 and 300 B. C., **when she emphasized men more than the things they created, that she**

produced the men who have been the teachers of the human race. She has been despoiled of her art treasures, her temples have fallen, her Parthenon is in ruins; **but the two hundred years of her life, which she deposited in her great men, are immortal.** Themistocles, Pericles, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Pindar, Demosthenes, Phidias—in these her riches are forever secure.—Lee.

1878. No man can live his life above his character. If he seems to do it, it is but seeming.—Austin Phelps.

If you would create something you must be something.—Goethe.

1879. "The most influential evangelizing agency in every community, and our main reliance for the conversion of the world, is **Christianity exemplified in character and life."** So said one of the leaders of modern religious thought to his friend on a street car. No advocacy or exposition of goodness can be quite so convincing as the thing itself. **George Macdonald** by no means disparaged preaching when he said that **to know one person who can be absolutely trusted will do more for a man's moral nature**—yes, for his religious nature—**than all the sermons** that he preached.

1880. Wherever and whenever nations destined to greatness were in need of some great inspirer of confidence, they naturally and instinctively turned to a personality in whom character was the central force. The Reformation was not made by the subtle and learned **Erasmus,** nor by the well-informed **Melanchthon; but by rough Luther, in whose grand soul character trampled upon all infirmities, fears, and apprehensions,** and who unwaveringly held on high the banner of his faith in the religious revival. When England was at war with **Louis XIV,** the mightiest monarch of his time, the people placed their faith not in brilliant, over-intellectualised **Halifax,** but in **William the Third,** who, asthmatic, constantly ill and, on the Continent at least, constantly beaten, yet **never hesitated in the enterprise that his indomitable character had once decided to carry through.**—XIX Century.

1881. Two young girls in the parlors of a celebrated photographer were waiting somewhat impatiently, their turn for a sitting. When the studio door was finally opened and two middle-aged ladies emerged, the eyes of the girls ran swiftly over the face and figure of the one who had evidently been before the camera. "Dear me! All this time wasted on her?" whispered one pair of rosy lips. "When I get to be as old and homely as that, I'll not bother with having pictures taken, I can tell you." But the artist was even then expressing to a friend his satisfaction with his sitter.

"I like to take that kind of picture—a face that is full of character," he said. "That patient steadfastness in the eyes, the strong lines about the mouth, will come out finely. Pretty faces are plentiful enough—they mean nothing except that care and time have not yet touched them—but strong, sweet faces have to be slowly chiseled out, year by year, by some workman within."

1882. A shepherd boy in the Alps, while minding his sheep, saw **a strange flower** at his feet. He picked it up and a door opened in the hillside. He entered and found **a cave piled up with gems,** in the center of which sat a gnome, who said, **"Take what you wish, but don't forget the best!"** He dropped his flower and loaded himself with jewels, then went out, hearing again, "Don't forget the best!" Once more in the open air he remembered his "key-flower," and turned back to pick it up; but the door was gone, and in a moment more all his gems had turned to dust! He had forgotten the best, after all. "Take what you want and can of earth's treasures, but **don't forget the best, — a noble, Christ-like character. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."**

1883. Catharine of Siena, a noble saint, visited Gregory XI, at Avignon. Though but a dyer's daughter, without any authority **save that of sanctity,** she made the Pope and his corrupt court tremble at her words, and caused the spiritual autocrat of Christendom to humbly follow her to Rome to attempt there a reformation. **Such is the influence of character.**—Brierly.

1884. I overheard two boys talking about a schoolmate. "It will be an easy matter to win Tom over to our side, for **when he does say 'No', he only about half means it."** Then they passed on, and their conversation was lost, but not the effect produced by their words. **"Tom only about half means it when he does say no!"** Alas, poor Tom! what a world of trouble is in store for this lad who **does not know how to say "No".**

1885. Benjamin Franklin attributed his success, as a public man, not to his talents, or his power of speaking—for these were but moderate — but **to his known integrity of character.** "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in my language; and yet I generally carried my point." Character we know creates confidence; and confidence itself is power. It has

been said of the first **Emperor Alexander of Russia that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution.** During the wars of the French, **Montaigne** was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred; and it is said of him that his **personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of defenders.** That character is power is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power.—Hallock.

1886. Degeneracy in character means deterioration in work. In the sculpture gallery of the Capitol at Rome there is **a collection of busts** complete, or nearly complete, of all the Roman emperors, from the earliest to the latest. The busts are, for the most part, the work of contemporary artists. It is **a fine study to trace the decay** of the art, from the early Caesars, to the barbarism of the Gothic Emperors. The sculptor who chiseled the latest crude effigy, had before him those consummate examples from the great period.—R. F. Horton, D. D.

1887. All problems ultimately resolve themselves into problems of personality. No matter how perfect the mechanism of organization may be, there is a place where all depends upon a human will. Take, for example, **that sorrowful disaster at Grantham.** The express was made up rightly at King's Cross; the engine was running true; the signals were rightly against the train at Grantham; yet the express dashed through the station at seventy miles an hour and **was wrecked with serious loss of life. The human factor for once failed, and ruin followed.** A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and our plans may be no more effective than the efficiency of some lad upon whom for a moment all depends. **Character is the final thing in every human enterprise.**—Rev. Frank Johnson.

1888. Character is the guage of life. It is like the Nilometer, an obelisk set in the River Nile long ago, to measure its rise and fall. If the water marks eight cubits only the crops will be scant. If fourteen is registered, crops will be abundant.

1889. There are **two roots of character,** bearing outward and downward, to hold it firm; they are **knowledge** and **will, but the great tap root is obedience.** Every-day duties are the calisthenics of character, the exercises that give it strength, grace, firmness and beauty. **Huxley** said; "The brightest object of education is **to get the habit of doing the thing I ought at the time I ought, whether I like it or not.**"—President Gates.

1890. Phillips Brooks, Whittier, Thoreau, Audubon, Emerson, Beecher, Agassiz, were **rich without money.** They saw the splendor in the flower, the glory in the grass, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. They knew that the man who owns the landscape is seldom the one who pays taxes on it. They sucked in power and wealth at first hand from the meadows and fields, birds, brooks, mountains, and forests, as the bee sucks honey from the flowers. **Every natural object seemed to bring them a special message.** —Dr. Oliver S. Marden.

1891. The character which you are constructing is not your own. It is the building material out of which other generations will quarry stones for the temple of life. See to it, therefore, that it be granite and not shale.—A. J. Gordon, D. D.

1892. Character is the ground of eloquence. The biographer of Cromwell narrates in his quaint style how that great leader, at a critical moment in the House of Commons, **dropped from his stammering tongue a speech that melted that tough old lawyer, Coke, to tears.** I have met with a striking passage in the Diary of the elder **John Adams,** kept during the sessions of the Continental Congress. Under date of August 31, 1774, referring to **Mr. Lynch,** a delegate from Virginia, whom he pronounces a most sound and judicious person, he writes: "He (Mr. Lynch) told us that **Colonel Washington** made the most eloquent speech at the Virginia Convention that ever was made. Says he: 'I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston.'" Now, what was there in this brief speech to outdo the eloquence of Henry, and to thrill the assembly that listened to it? To be sure, there was a great deal in it. It was a tocsin of war, a promise to take up arms encumbered by no conditions. **But these words came from a man of character.**—George P. Fisher, D. D.

1893. I stood on the beach, looking off over the sea, and there was a strong wind blowing; and, noticing that some vessels were going one way and other vessels were going another way, I said to myself: **"How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another** direction?" And I found out, by looking, that it was the **difference in the way they had their sails set.** And so does trouble come in this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends on **the way they have their sails set.** All the

Atlantic and Pacific Oceans of surging sorrow can not sink a soul that has asked for God's pilotage.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

1894. On a street corner one day a man of the world said to a minister: "The way **that storm-beaten woman trusts in God** and seems to be helped by him through all her tempestuous life is more impressive to me than any sermon I ever heard." And yet **another testifies thus:** "No books that I ever read have so nourished in me a believing heart as have the goodness and the truth, **the patience and fidelity that I have known in individual lives.**"—Kelly.

1895. "Our deeds shall travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

1896. It looks as if this strange life of ours were made only for character. Not only the world of conscience within suggests this, but also the world of circumstance without. For all other purposes—the making of a fortune, the enjoyment of pleasure, the securing of all worldly wealth or position or fame — this is a life ill-adapted. The flux of things, the uncertainties of fate, the varied unforeseen combination of circumstances adverse to, or destructive of wealth, or health, or pleasure—all these make life obviously a place not formed primarily for these ends. **This is really not the world for worldliness.**—"The Fact of Christ."

1897. How completely "little vices" can eat into and destroy all beauty of character, is illustrated by this incident recently given in The Interior: She lives in a Wisconsin city. She is a **widow without children** and has no one dependent upon her. She occupies apartments absolutely alone, and boards at a hotel, so that she has not so much as a servant attached to her. **And her income is $500 a month.** The woman has two fixed rules to live by—she spends every cent of that $500 every month, and she spends it all on herself. An acquaintance was out walking with the $500 woman on the last afternoon of a month. Suddenly as something chanced to remind her that the month was nearly out, the wealthy widow opened her purse and searched it. She found $9.50. "This will never do," she said; and she led her companion into a florist's store which they chanced to be passing.

"I want nine and a half dollars' worth of flowers," she said imperiously as a salesman came forward.

"Yes, madam," he replied; "what sort of flowers, please?"

"It makes no difference whatever," she answered. "I just want nine and a half dollars' worth. Send them up to my apartment immediately." And she emptied her purse.

So far from thinking whether she might give enjoyment of the flowers to some one else, **she did not offer so much as a single bloom to the friend with her.**

1898. Character's unconscious registry. It was winter; **the examiner sent the missionary candidate word to be at his home at three o'clock in the morning.** When the young man arrived at the appointed time, he was shown into the study where he **waited for five hours.** At length the old clergyman appeared, and asked the other how early he had come. "Three o'clock sharp." "All right; it's breakfast-time now: come in and have some breakfast." After breakfast they went back to the room. "Well, sir," said the old man, "I was appointed to examine you as to your fitness for the mission field; that is very important. **Can you spell, sir?"** The young man thought he could. "Spell baker, then." "B-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, baker." "All right; that will do. Now **do you know anything about figures?"** "Yes, sir, something." "How much is twice two?" "Four." "All right, that's splendid; you'll do first-rate. I'll see the board."

When the board met, the old man reported: "Well, brethren, I have examined the candidate, and I recommend him for appointment. He'll make a tiptop candidate—first-class!

"First," said the old examiner, "I examined the candidate on his **self-denial.** I told him to be at my house at three o'clock in the morning. He was there. That meant getting up at two in the morning, or sooner, in the dark and cold. He got up; never asked me why. **Second**—I examined him on **promptness.** I told him to be at my house at three sharp. He was there, not a minute behind the time. **Third**—I examined him on **patience.** I let him wait five hours for me, when he might just as well have been in bed, and he waited, and showed no signs of impatience when I went in. **Fourth**—I examined him on his temper. He didn't get mad; met me perfectly pleasant; didn't ask me why I had kept him waiting from three o'clock on a cold morning till eight. **Fifth**—I examined him on **humility.** I asked him to spell words a five-year-old child could spell, and to do sums in arithmetic a five-year-old child could do, and he didn't show any indignation; didn't ask me why I wanted to treat him like a child or a fool.

"Brethren, the candidate is self-denying, prompt, patient, obedient, good-tempered, humble; he's just the man for a

missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance."—The Youth's Companion.

1899. Reputation is what the world thinks a man is; character is what he really is. Every one can play shuttlecock with a man's reputation; his character is his alone. No one can injure his character but himself. Character is the sword; reputation is the scabbard. Many men acquire insomnia in standing guard over their reputation while their character gives them no concern. Often they make new dents in their character in their attempt to cut deep deceptive filigree on the scabbard of their reputation. Reputation is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality. His character he takes with him. —Saturday Evening Post.

1900. It might not occur to us to call Charles Lamb, and Dr. Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott great preachers of religion: but Lamb, pacifying and amusing his fretful and unreasonable old father night after night; rough, gruff Sam Johnson, crowding his own small home with a lot of disagreeable dependents whom he sheltered and supported, and Sir Walter, sitting by the humble bedside of a poor little humpbacked tailor and pouring the sunshine of his genius and his love into that dull, unamiable life—were they not all teachers and preachers because exemplars of some of the most difficult of real humane and Christian virtues? — Kelly.

1901. You cannot be a man and live a man's life without coming into this world where sin is, and where you must be tried. That great temptation which comes swaggering up and frightening you so has the best part of your character held under his brawny arm. You cannot get it without wrestling with him and forcing it away from him. That mountain which towers up and defies you has your spiritual health away up on its snowy summit. That is what shines there in the sun. You cannot reach it except by the terrible climb. Ask yourself what you would have been if you had never been tempted, and own what a blessed thing the educating power of temptation is.—Phillips Brooks.

1902. "We have no security for a man who has no religious principle," says Richard Cobden. And Burns sings; "The heart aye's the part aye that mak's things right or wrang." And Kant said; "Excepting a good will there is nothing good in the world."

1903. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little mark. . . Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. — Prof. William James.

1904. Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that when he brought home his first report from the famous Boston Latin School it showed that he stood only ninth in a class of fifteen. "Probably the other boys are brighter than you", said his mother. "God made them so, and you cannot help that. But the report says that you are among the boys that behave well. That you can see to, and that is all I care about."

1905. Emerson, standing by Longfellow's coffin, his memory failing, said; "That gentleman was a beautiful soul, but I have forgotten his name."

1906. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That man is spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in an anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace?—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

1907. My will goes deep. I can station it upon the threshold of the unconscious; it will cry down to the germinal and the unborn. They will hear and answer it. I can shape my meditations, I can warn my brooding thoughts from the unholy, the greedy and the unclean. I can call the beautiful and true and good to my help. I can say to my mind when it lingers in the presence of the trivial, "Take care, this is the stuff brooding is made of." I can say to the brooding self: "Take care, this is the stuff out of which the future is woven. Do not do this, you will dream of it; do not dream of this, you will do it. These imaginings will not stay imaginings, they will become deeds. You are creating yourself, and are becoming even now, long, long before their birth, the responsible father of your deeds."—Dr. Atkins.

1908. There lived at Lockport, N. Y., a member of Congress, who had in his home a Christian servant girl, who, by her industry and integrity won the esteem of the entire family. By and by she married a shiftless, drunken carpenter, and was soon supporting him by her own labors. Her former employer, wishing to do her a permanent good, decided to build her a house on a lot which he owned. And to encourage her husband gave him the job, without re-

vealing the purpose he had in view. The Senator left for Washington, and the carpenter spun out his work through the fall, winter, and spring, cheating his employer in every way he possibly could. In both materials and workmanship the house was a botch job from foundation up. When the Senator returned in early summer the builder informed him that the house was finished, and boastfully added, "There isn't a better house on Pioneer Hill than that house of yours." "Very well," said his benefactor, "then you go home and tell your wife to move into it immediately. And here is the deed to her for the property. So you see you will have a nice house as long as you live." The man was dazed by the discovery that instead of cheating his employer he had been cheating himself. And as the defects of the house became more and more apparent with the lapse of time he was repeatedly heard to say, "Oh, that I had known it was my own house that I was building!" Here is the tragedy of it—to put unsound materials and poor work into our character-house is to cheat ourselves. — "School and Life."

1909. Two literary gentlemen listened to one of Lincoln's great speeches. At the outset, one asked the other, "Did you ever see such a homely man?" As the speech went on, he whispered, "He doesn't look so bad after all." And when Lincoln sat down he exclaimed, **"The handsomest man I ever saw in my life!"**

1910. Mr. Devereaux, a wealthy gentleman from North Carolina, was once on a visit to New York. One day he entered a large store to make a few purchases. After the parcels had been brought to him and laid upon the counter, Mr Devereaux feeling for his pocketbook found that he had left it in his room at the hotel, and directed his servant to go and bring it The merchant hearing the order, said to him: "You needn't trouble yourself to do that, sir. Take the articles with you, and you can call as you are passing and settle the bill." Mr. Devereaux, looking earnestly into the face of the merchant, replied—"I don't understand you, sir; I am a stranger in this city. You don't know me, do you?" "No, sir, I don't know you," was the reply, "but **I saw you walking the street yesterday with Mr. James Lennox, and Mr. Lennox don't walk the streets with men that don't pay their bills."**

1911. Once I went to see an exhibition of **Gustave Dore's pictures,** the same exhibition that many of you have seen, for it was shown in the principal American cities. As a boy, I had been fascinated with the spirited work of this artist as I saw it represented in engravings, and I anticipated a rich treat in seeing the glorious originals. But, alas! though a few of them met my anticipations and were brilliant indeed, most of them were only immense sheets of **dull colors,** some of them mere **ghosts of pictures** peering out of a world of black. **Dore did not use properly made colors, and so his paintings scarcely outlasted the life of the artist himself.**

1912. One of the most earnest of modern Gaelic poets, **Dugald Buchanan,** was first **led to think of serious subjects** by a cleverly turned phrase, uttered half in jest. "What is your profession?" a pious highlander inquired of him. "As to that," replied Buchanan, "I have none in particular. **My mind is very much like a sheet of white paper."** "Then take care the devil does not write his name upon it", said the other.—Myers.

1913. A young man was sent to the reformatory recently because of his past record. He was arrested during a parade in one of our large Eastern cities. He protested that he was doing nothing criminal, but had only gone as a spectator of the parade. When the detective read the young man's record, for he had been "up" before, **the magistrate said he had a bad record** and should have kept out of a crowd. Would that the dying words of the great temperance orator, **"Young man, keep your record clean,"** might be impressed deeply upon every young man's heart. No young man need fear mingling with the crowd who has a clean record. You will have a sorry time of it if your picture is in the rogue's gallery.—William Barnes Lower.

1914. Goethe says that life is a quarry. A quarry is a place where stone is gotten. **The value of a quarry is always in the quality of its stone.** Now, life, if it be a quarry, is simply a place containing a something that is valued, unformed but with skill may be wrought into what is valuable. The stone from the quarry is chiselled into form. A greater value comes from the chiselling of this stone. **Michael Angelo's "Moses"** is witness of what a great artist may do with a chisel upon a block of marble. Really then, if your own life is a quarry, **you yourself must be the artist,** and out of the material of the quarry you are going to make what is beautiful and worthful to the world. Let me complete the entire quotation. **"Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character."**—John T. McFarland.

Heredity. (1915–1924)

1915. The tragic thing today is that so many men with a Christian ancestry are creating a pagan posterity.—Donald Sage Mackay, D. D.

1916. Some one has said that **the apple from which Newton deduced the laws of gravity was 2000 years in falling.** He would have been nearer the truth if he had said 6000 years. * * * **The convention** that met in Philadelphia to frame the Constitution of the United States, in 1787, **was called to order on the "top of the centuries."** The members had such advantage of position as made it possible for them to look all down the ages.—Lee.

1917. Some years ago in the State of New York, there was **a poor little outcast girl by the name of Mag,** just like any one of myriads in all the country round about,—a friendless, parentless, wretched, neglected little girl. How much do you suppose it would have taken to have saved her? How much money? How much human service? It was not expended. She sank into vice. Seventy years passed, and somebody who knew that Mag went to the bad tried to find out what had been some of the results of her badness. They found she had had —oh, pitiful story!—**1,200 descendants in the seventy years.** They found that, as far as known, 280 of these were **paupers** and 148 were **criminals.** They found positive proof that **her descendants, by their vices, had cost the State $1,308,000.** If she had been saved, with an expenditure of ten, twenty-five or a hundred dollars, do not you think it would have been good economy financially? Was there ever greater folly from a financial standpoint than to let Mag go down to the devil?—Lansing.

1918. A shepherd's cottage garden was swallowed up in a deer-forest and became a garden full of weeds; generations passed, and it was once more delved; the long dormant seeds were reawakened and many oldfashioned flowers saw the light. So there may be a **re-awakening of almost forgotten flowers and weeds in that garden which we call our inheritance.**—J. A. Thomson, in "Heredity."

1919. The vibrations of the ether started by the transmitter at a "wireless" station, pass on out until every "receiver" in the world capable of receiving it has had their message of good or ill. **So our influence goes down along the line of heredity to countless generations, making them better or worse.**

1920. A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by **Professor Pelman,** of Bonn University, Germany. He traced the careers of children in all parts of the German empire, until he was able to present **tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkards.** Notable among the persons described by Professor Pelman is **Frau Ida Jurka,** who was born in 1740, and was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800. Her **descendants numbered 834,** of whom 706 were traced in local records from youth to death. Of the 700 born, 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 144 beggars, and 62 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 lived disreputable lives. There were in the family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder. **In the period of some 75 years this family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons, and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks, or about $1,250,000.**—Medical Record.

1921. In a history of alcoholism in the parents of 313 out of 950 recent cases more than 22 per cent. are suffering from the mistakes of their parents. In 577 additional cases—more than 60 per cent. of the whole—suffer from "neuropathic heredity"; which means that their parents were themselves the victims of one or another of those neuroses that are peculiarly heritable, and that unquestionably tell, in a large number of cases, of **alcoholic indulgence** on the part of their progenitors. "Even to the third and fourth generation," said the wise Hebrew of old; and **the laws of heredity have not changed since then.**—Dr. Spratling, Supt. Craig Colony of Epileptics.

1922. The "Jukes family," so called, proved a brood of vipers. The ancestor, born between 1720 and 1740, had a numerous progeny more or less illegitimate. Two sons married bastard sisters. **Descendants, traced through five generations, number at least 709,** and really aggregate 1200; and, on the whole, form a body of **criminals, prostitutes, paupers and vagabonds.** Not twenty skilled workmen belonged to the whole number, and half of these learned whatever trade they knew within prison walls; 180 received out-of-door relief; 76 were open criminals, committing 115 offences; and over 52 per cent of the women were abandoned to a life of shame.

1923. The Japanese equivalent for being "born with a silver spoon in one's mouth" is to open eyes first on the shachihoko—that is, the big twin bronze dolphins—sometimes they are gold—that stand on their chins, twirling their tails

high in air, on top of each castle tower. Every daimio's or baron's capital in old Japan had a castle surmounted with these bronze dolphins. To be well born, one must live inside or near the castle enclosure in the quarter of the samurai, or gentry. **To have a noble lineage,** noble in the true sense of the word, is **infinitely better than to be born in a home of wealth and prestige.**

1924. Fearful suggestions lie in the history, carefully traced, of a single female vagrant who was started on her downward career by being betrayed by a young man. In six generations **900 descendants** were traced, of whom a great number had been **imbeciles drunkards, paupers and prostitutes,** while about 200 of the more vigorous were on record as **criminals.** This poor waif had **cost the public $200,000** through the expense and care of paupers and criminals, besides the damage inflicted on property and morals.

Environment. (1925–1934)

1925. "Give me a chain and red gown, and a pudding before me, and **I could play the part of Alderman** very well, and sentence Jack after dinner. Starve me, keep me from books and honest people, educate me to love dice, gin, and pleasure, and put me on Hounslow Heath, with a purse before me, and I will take it." (Henry Esmond.) A little strongly put perhaps, and yet containing much of truth. **For if we ignore the influence of circumstances,** either in our judgments of one another, or in our attempts to elevate and bless humanity, we shall often **find ourselves making serious blunders.** In passing judgment, then, upon any individual who may have sinned against social law, or who may have been convicted of some criminal deed, we ought to ask ourselves, **What were his circumstances?**

1926. The mental, political and social atmosphere of Arabia contained the Mohammedan movement in solution before Mohammed was born. Through him it was precipitated into Koran, mosque, prayer, and worship.—Lee.

1927. Years ago six rabbits were taken to Australia. Today there are millions upon millions there. Millions of dollars have been spent in seeking to exterminate them, and in protecting crops against them. High and close wire fences have been built. **But the rabbits under the pressure of circumstances, have developed a long nail by which they can cling to the wires and climb,** and also burrow underneath them.—Saturday Evening Post.

1928. A missionary worker was telling a young man of the **Father in heaven,** when he answered: "Lady, all that talk don't do us no good. All I know of **a father is a feller that comes home drunk** every night, and beats my mother and me if we don't hide away from him, and then goes to bed with his boots on." **Environment does make a difference.** The very language in which the gospel might have appealed to that man had been antecedently mortgaged by the devil. **Environment can be a dense wall through which you can not reach the great, needy host.**

1929. Chief Justice Chase was once riding on the cars through Virginia. As they stopped at an insignificant town, they told him that **Patrick Henry was born there.** He stepped out on the platform and said: "Oh, what a magnificent scene! What glorious mountains! I do not wonder that a place like this gave birth to Patrick Henry." **A farmer overhearing him said;** "Yes stranger, and those mountains have been here ever since I can remember, and the scenery hasn't changed much, but **I haven't seen any more Patrick Henry's around here, that I can remember.**—Myers.

1930. At a recent meeting of the Manhattan Congregational Association in New York, **a candidate was examined who was seeking appointment as a missionary** under the American Board. When the examination as to Christian experience was entered upon, the following colloquy ensued: "Mr.—, are you a Christian?" "I am." "How do you know that you are a Christian?" "Because, for one thing, **I do not know the time when I was not a Christian."** The impulse to faith that a **Christian heredity originally imparts, a religious environment** provided in the home must take up and strengthen.—N. Y. Observer.

1931. Unfavorable environment may be conquered. Eleven miles back of Albany, New York, there is a range of half-mountainous hills called the **Heldebergs.** Here dwell **"the hillers",** as the people on more level farms contemptuously call those whose homes are among the rougher and rockier lands. The "hillers" are supposed to be of no account. But from those very hill settlements there came a man who, for a score of years, sat upon the **Supreme Court** bench of the United States at Washington and had part in some of the most beneficent and far-reaching actions that that Supreme Court has ever decided.—McClure's Magazine.

1932. A book might easily be written **on the effect of sunshine on temperament. Buckle,** in his "History of Civili-

zation," has indeed made some contributions. Character, he declares, is everywhere an affair of environment, of people's allowance of sunshine amongst other things. But he made here, as elsewhere, some **glaring mistakes. Human nature is deeper than these cheap statistics.** It has been a common assumption that the clouds and fogs of the North have been responsible for the gloom in the northern temperament and the northern thinking. But **is the northern temperament gloomy?** We will back it for cheerfulness against any land of the sun. There is more laughter in Shakespeare than in all the southern literatures. Your Greek drama is black tragedy. Omar Khayyam wrote in brilliant sunshine, but his note, with all its exquisiteness, is an unrelieved pessimism. Tertullian, and after him Augustine, did their thinking under an African sun, and wrote the darkest passages in Christian literature. **No; we shall not explain the human soul by remarking on the weather.**—J. Brierly.

1933. By grace, through faith, we may conquer environment. A negro woman was brought before a provost-marshal of the U. S. Army by an overseer, just as the war was closing in 1865, with the charge that she had tried to shoot him. The slaves had heard out on the plantation that the Northern Army had come, and **that Abraham Lincoln had made them free. The overseer told them it was not true,** and they were not free, and that they must work right on. She did work on, with the rest. But one day she learned that her little daughter, who had been sold to another plantation, was sick; and when she asked the overseer to let her go, he said No, she could not go. **She told him that she believed she was free:** that Abraham Lincoln had made her free; and she was going. She started down the lane; and he, obtaining his revolver, crossed the field, and, heading her off, pointed the revolver at her and told her to go back. "Massa," said the woman, **"I believed that Abraham Lincoln had made me free;** and I just sprang at the overseer, and got him by the throat. He fell on his back, and I choked him until he got black, and begged; then I took his revolver and let him up, and pointed the pistol at him, and told him to go away, and let me alone. He went away, and I went to see my daughter, where these men found me, and brought me here." The soldiers of Abraham Lincoln **gave the woman three cheers for her faith in their President.** The overseer was dismissed with a reprimand, and the poor woman left to rejoice in her freedom.—Whittle.

Influence. (1934–2005)

1934. Years ago, one day a young physician was chatting with two other men, in a New York village. Their talk turned upon **the low state of religion** in that community. Finally **he suggested that they appoint a union prayermeeting** for the next evening, and personally invite as many as they could. The result was an attendance of 75, and deep fervor. Other meetings followed. The interest became intense. Hundreds, in the village and near by villages accepted Christ. Rev. Mr. Kirk of Albany came to their help. All the churches in that section were quickened, and vast good was accomplished, all through the influence of that young doctor's suggestion and earnest effort. — The Independent.

1935. A gentleman wore a gold coin on his watch-chain dated 1600, with a curious inscription. "Had it been put out at six per cent," he said, "it would now amount to $125,000,000. **So the influence of our words and deeds multiplies** at an almost incalculable rate.

1936. Two Scotchmen went to California. One took with him several Scotch **thistles.** The other took a swarm of **bees. Today the fields are full of thistles, and the woods are full of honey.**

1937. Years ago, seven shoemakers in a shop in the city of **Hamburg** said: "By the grace of God we will help send the gospel to our destitute fellowmen." In twenty-five years they had established fifty self-supporting churches, had gathered 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 800,000 tracts, and had carried the gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. **Many a good work has been allowed to drop because we estimated possible results by the human agents rather than by divine Omnipotence.**

1938. An English bishop has written of his school days at Eton, "I was a thoroughly idle boy, but I was saved from worse things by **getting to know Gladstone."** It is an expression of the inevitable, great influence of a noble friend, or guest. It is one of the clearest things in the life of Mr. Gladstone, himself, that his greatness and nobility of character were the outgrowth of his own "friendship" with Jesus. **A French scholar** who read extensively in the Greek and Latin writers used to declare that **after reading Homer he felt himself to be eight feet high. Of William Pitt** it was said that no man or official ever went into his presence sick with hope deferred or despondent through adverse experience that he did not **come away from the great statesman's pres-**

ence with a new hope and a more cheerful courage. Of **William Ellery Channing** it was said that he could meet a company deeply and angrily hostile to him and to his views and **by his very presence change the atmosphere** to one of tolerance and even friendliness.

1939. If you go into the mint you will see them place a bit of metal on the die. With a touch as silent as a caress, but with the power of a mighty force **the stamp moves against it.** And when that touch is over, there is an **impression** upon the coin which will abide when a thousand years are passed away. **So one life moves up against another,** filled with the power and stamped with the image of Christ's likeness, and when that touch of parent or teacher or friend is over there are **impressions that will remain when the sun is cold** and the stars have forgotten to shine.—Bennet.

1940. When **John Scudder** left New York in 1819 for his mission field in India, the boy **James Brainard Taylor** was at the dock. **The gleam of light on Scudder's face so impressed the lad that he abandoned his chosen career** and prepared for Princeton, and became, later, the great missionary. — Robert Speer.

1941. Longfellow's **"Evangeline"** brings 400,000 tourists every summer to Acadia. **Savonarola,** in the cloisters and cells of his convent, was deeply moved by the paintings of Angelico, because the pictures were outward forms of dreams of Paradise. **Claude Lorraine,** a stupid boy, first a poor pastry cook, and then a good one, was hired by Tassi, a Roman artist, to be his cook and color-grinder, and in the artist's studio, revealed a yearning which disclosed him at last as **the first painter of his age. Zinzendorf,** the founder of the first Protestant Missionary church, the Moravian, was converted by contemplating a picture of the crucifixion, the Ecce Homo in the gallery of Dusseldorf, which bore the inscription:

"I did this for thee:
"What hast thou done for me?"

The same picture and inscription suggested Miss Havergal's hymn, "I Gave My Life for Thee". **Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's** hymn, which Mr. Sankey has sung so often: "Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?" was suggested to her by one of Holman Hunt's pictures, entitled "The Light of the World." Before **Doddridge** could read, **his mother** taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments, by the assistance of some blue Dutch tiles around the fireplace.—Rev. J. H. Ross.

1942. Emerson tells us that **"Every true man is a cause, a country and an age."** He illustrates his thought in this way: "A man, **Caesar,** is born and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. **Christ** is born and millions of minds grow and cleave to his genius." Again, Emerson tells us that **"an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man;** as, Monachism, of the Herviet Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley". These illustrations show the value of life in its relations. **What the individual is and does affects profoundly the quality and the progress of the race.**—J. F. Carson, D. D.

1943. Joseph Parker, unveiling a tablet in the city of Bath in memory of **William Jay** and using the text, "Behold now there is in this city a man of God," said: **"The men of God in any city are its strength.** Their God is with them and their character is a continual emanation, an outgoing fragrance that finds its way on the winds that blow through the lowliest places of the city and carry odors from roses that grow in the gardens beyond the blue."

1944. A shopkeeper had in his little parlor behind the shop **a portrait of Robertson of Brighton on the wall.** Whenever in his business he was tempted to trickery or meanness he would hurry into the back room and **look at the picture.** "And then, sir, I felt that it was impossible for me to do it."

1945. Madame de Stael was anything but beautiful but she knew how to shape the careers of men, as if she were omnipotent. Even the Emperor Napoleon feared her influence so much that he destroyed her writings and banished her from France.

1946. A story is told of **a very young man "out West," preaching to a group of miners**—the roughest of the rough. He seemed to **make no impression** on them, and, almost in tears, began to appeal to them. Won't you believe it, boys? Haven't any of you tried it and found out it's true? Don't you know anyone who has?" A minute's silence, and then someone called out, **"If Irving says so, then it is a go, and we'll believe what you say."** Then someone stepped out from the crowd, a quiet man, not rough or loud or aggressive or with any of the qualities to look at that would make such a crowd respect him, and he said, "Listen to him, boys. He's all right. You know I've tried it. What the boy says is all right. **It's all true, for I've tried it.".** That was enough. The men listened, for they trusted him absolutely. Irving had lived among

them seventeen years, and everybody knew that he had tried the kind of life the young preacher set before them, and **they took his word for it** that it was a good one.

1947. Just before Wendell Phillips died I had a memorable conversation with him. I knew that he had sacrificed position and power and social rank and everything which a man could sacrifice in going into that fight, and I had the curiosity to want to know what led him into it. He had an invalid wife who for years never left the house. Just before he died I asked him this question, **"Mr. Phillips, what led you to espouse the cause of the slave and stand by him?"** Said he, **"My whole career is due alone to my wife.** She said to me, before the thought had ever touched my conscience, **'Wendell, you must take up the cause of the slave,' and I did it at her request, and I fought it out because she stood behind me."**—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

1948. Many years ago, before the Chicago fire, **Mr. Moody preached in a town in Ohio.** He spoke to a certain man about the condition of his soul, and on returning to Chicago, sent him a religious book. **Twenty-five years after,** the wife of the man (who had become a judge) wrote Mr. Moody that he had been **confirmed, at the age of ninety-one years.** The Bishop said to him: "This must be a happy day for you." "Yes," replied the judge, "but it is a very late day." **The seed sown twenty-five years before had borne fruit.** Mr. Moody had lost all recollection of the incident—he could not even remember the name of the book, but the impression his gift had made was never effaced during all these years, and the judge's wife gratefully copied out the words Mr. Moody had written in the front of the book.

1949. Coleridge once paid a visit to the father of William Hazlitt, the essayist. The boy met him at the station. He says that that memorable walk "sharpened his imagination, opened a new world to him, and put a new glory in the landscape". **Thus life inspires life.**

1950. One day, after business hours, a merchant sat at his desk in a mood of depression. Although a faithful Christian worker, life seemed to offer him few encouraging results for his labors. Just then the postman left a letter, from British Columbia. He opened it and glanced at the signature. It was from **a young man who had been under him** for five years, and who two years ago had left for the West. It ran as follows: "Dear Mr. G——: **"I am writing to thank you for all your goodness to me** while in your office. I am succeeding beyond my best expectations in business and yesterday I became a member of the church having decided for Christ two months ago. For these two blessings of God I owe all to you for **in both business and religion you have been my example.** I hope in this new land to help others as you have helped me."

A new light came into his face. The old restlessness passed forever. He walked with the step of youth. **God had held the goblet of life to his lips and he had drunk deep.**—C. C. Wylie.

1951. When **Benjamin Franklin** was flying his kite and experimenting with electricity a man said to him: "What is the use of all this?" To which Franklin replied: **"Of what use is a boy?** He may become a man." That kite was the "day of small things." Today we see the larger things growing out of this first simple beginning. A tract is a little thing, but a tract may change a soul or even a nation. **A son of one of the chiefs of Burdwan** could not read. A missionary's wife taught him to read. The first thing he read was **a religious tract.** It was the means of his conversion. He took with him a basketful of tracts and preached the Gospel at his own home. Hundreds of men were converted. **In one year 1,500 were baptized. All this through one little tract. That tract cost one cent. Whose cent was it that purchased that one tract that wrought such good?**

1952. At the battle of Magersfontein, in South Africa, in the early hours of a December morning of driving rain, **the Highland Brigade was almost annihilated** by a party of Boers in ambush. Column after column went down that hill to certain death, until **856 were killed, and as many more desperately wounded.** During a lull, when it seemed they were losing heart, a Scotch bagpipe player came wandering into an open space. **Major Anson,** who was killed an hour later, called to him; **"Blow, mon! blow your pipes!"** The piper said; "I canna; my lips are dry." The officer tried to pull his water bottle from his belt, and could not. But the man knelt at his side and drank. Then in the muggy air **the skirl of the pipes was heard,** as he played the well-known tune, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?" As he stood there, marking time with his foot, **other pipers rallied to him.** Soldiers gathered about this center. The ranks were reformed, and a splendid charge was made successfully. **The tide of battle was turned by the influence of one man.**

1953. A writer had drawn the fascin-

ating picture of a gentlemanly thief who stole in a clever manner large sums. His own son was employed. To his horror, his employer came to him and told him **his boy had stolen the jewels of his wife.** When the boy was scored in fiery terms by the writer he answered, "Why, father, **I was but doing what your hero did on a larger scale."** The father's eyes were opened. He had led his son into crime by his own teaching. Overcome, he stretched out his hand to his boy, saying, "We have both sinned; **let us make a fresh start,** I to make a thief no longer a hero, you to become an honest man."

1954. Mrs. Ritchie tells a good story of **Tennyson.** He was one day walking in Covent Garden. A rough-looking man stopped him, and, holding out his hand, said, "You're Mr. Tennyson. Look here, sir, here am I—I've been drunk six days out of seven; but **if you'll shake me by the hand, I'll never get drunk again."** The great poet at once granted the request and we hope the promise was faithfully kept.

1955. A poor Scotch potter's only child was a bed-fast cripple. The boy was in the father's thoughts all day, while he was at his work. At night he carried the "wee lad" some trifle; a flower, a bit of colored glass, a ribbon. Somehow, though he did not talk to the other men of the lad, **the influence of the sick-room went with him to the shop.** Some of the men made curious little jars and cups, and some brought fruit in their aprons. Without a word being spoken, they put these things in the father's hat—and he understood. The whole pottery full of men, coarse in nature, grew quiet. Profanity ceased. It was the look on the father's face, brought from that bedside; it told them, finally, that the shadow was drawing near. When the end came, a hundred workmen gave a half day's time to attend the funeral. **The boy's silent influence had elevated their lives. His life had entered into theirs.**—David Gregg, D. D.

1956. When an artisan of Possil Park was dying, his wife knocked hurriedly **at Drummond's door** late one Saturday night and begged him to come at once to her house, saying, "My husband is deein', sir; he's no able to speak to you, and he's no able to hear you, and I dinna ken as he can see you; **but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees".**

1957. "But there are gentlemen present," interposed General Grant, quietly but quickly, when a coarse story was about to begin, and **a clean silence** ensued which no loafer dared defile by opening his lewd lips.

1958. Someone highly susceptible to the contemplation of a fine act has said that it produces a sort of a regenerating shudder through the frame, and makes one feel ready to begin a new life. — George Eliot.

1959. In a Western city a church burned. The first to come to the pastor with a word of encouragement was **a little boy,** with **a bag of hickory nuts,** and told him to take them and build a new church. **The pastor took heart,** accepted the gift, went to work, telling the story of the boy, and **soon the subscription was raised. The church was rebuilt.** On dedication day that little bag of hickory nuts was placed in the pulpit, and among the subscriptions taken that day was one for more than a hundred dollars by a man who said he would give that much for the bag of hickory nuts. With that amount the pulpit was furnished. So God used that little boy to rebuild the church.—Ill. Notes.

1960. The influence of one woman's single effort at soul-winning was emphasized by a noted evangelist. He told how she brought a man, slightly under the influence of drink, to an evangelistic service. During the sermon I saw that the man was weeping, and when I said, "Is there any one here who wants to be free from sin?" he rose up and said, "I do! I do!" After the meeting was done my associate took him into another room and kneeled down with him; and the man said, "Lord, I do give myself to thee. O God, if you ever saved anybody, save me". He came out into the other room and said to me, **"I am the weakest and most sinful man on earth, but I believe God is going to save me."** I told the people about it in the sermon the next afternoon as an illustration, and I said, "I do not see that man here today, but I do believe God has saved him." As I said it, a man raised up his hand in the audience, and then I saw that it was this same man. **No wonder that I had not known him—Christ was manifest in his face where he had not been the day before.** I said, "Stand up, my brother." And he stood up, and a beautiful blush came over his face. **He looked like a nobleman,** and I said, "Do you want to say a word?" and he said, **"Yesterday I was a wreck, and today I am a man."**

1961. Harlan Page, pressed with business cares, battling with ill health, **led a hundred young men into the ministry** by consecrating his personal influence to Christ; every business man has the same Christ and the same opportunity. **John**

Wesley became the apostle of a new dispensation of divine grace to the world; yet every student in Oxford had the same opportunity to gather about him a half-dozen fellow students for prayer and Scripture study and divine guidance. **The noble daughter of William E. Dodge** consecrated herself and wealth and time to solving the problem of the poor in New York city, yet many rich men's daughters have the same opportunity.

1962. A prominent scientist has discovered that such is the natural radiance of the body that **photographs can be taken by means of the light emanating from his hand.** It is just as true that an influence radiates from a noble life which flashes visions of truth on other souls.

1963. There is a picture of a dying torch-bearer, at whose torch a fresh runner is lighting his torch, ready to carry the signal on. **So lives perpetuate themselves in other lives.**

1964. When **Mrs. Hayes** had been nearly four years in the White House, the agent of a New York wine house gave this testimony: **"We don't sell one case of wine in Washington now, where we sold thirty some years ago.** Mrs. Hayes' 'no wine at state dinners' may have sounded easy to other people, but it was **almost the sound of death to the wine trade."**

1965. William of Saint Thierry coming away from a visit of **Bernard of Clairvaux** felt that he had been at the very altar of God. "I tarried," he says, "a few days with him, and whichever way I turned my eyes I marveled and thought I saw a new heaven and a new earth. As soon as you entered Clairvaux you could feel that God was in the place." "There is always a sense of God where you are," said a peasant to **Erskine. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell** coming away from **Horace Bushnell's** home, where the seer and prophet of eternal things was passing into eternity, sat down with his journal and wrote: "Felt as I left the house a mighty conviction of spiritual realities and a desire to live in them."—Kelly.

1966. Dr. Stalker, in his recent book, "The Atonement," quotes a significant comment of Dr. T. T. Munger on **Horace Bushnell** in his biography of the latter. Dr. Munger says that **"Bushnell usually studied a subject after his book upon it had been written;** the book being struck off in the first ardor of mental occupation with the subject, while the colder and more prolonged study, carried out in the light of the criticisms evoked by the publication, **not infrequently led him back to the position from which he had diverged."** He would seem, in this respect to have manifested reckless disregard of his responsibility for his influence over other minds.

1967. A Boston daily once said that **whenever Phillips Brooks went down town the whole neighborhood brightened.** Men felt their hearts warm as if the sun had broken through the murk and the dim alleys of the city.

1968. George Muller, beginning in poverty, built up those orphan homes in Bristol, England, which are a miracle of prayer the unbelief of the world cannot gainsay; **yet there were other students in the German university where he studied upon whom the same spirit of prayer was pressing.**

1969. The story runs that **a large number of friends were once invited to Hiller's house to hear Mendelssohn play, Clara Schumann** being among them. After playing several selections, **Mendelssohn** gave Beethoven's great Sonata Appassionata, at the end of the andante, letting the final chord of the diminished seventh ring on for a long time, as if he wanted to impress it forcibly on all present. Then quietly rising, he turned to Madame Schumann, saying, **"You must play the finale."**

She protested strongly. Meanwhile the friends present were awaiting the issue with the utmost tension, the chord of the diminished seventh hovering over the heads of the company like the sword of Damocles. It was the nervous uncomfortable feeling of **the unresolved discord** which at last moved Madame Schumann to yield to Mendelssohn's entreaties and play the finale in her own wonderful way. **What is this subtle quality which one person or influence calls forth in another?**—The Youth's Companion.

1970. A word was spoken to the young cadet O. O. Howard, when in a spirit of banter he was making light of religion: "If I were you I would stop ridiculing religion. I would just begin to be a Christian." **That unexpected friendly word opportunely spoken gave the United States army its Havelock.** Such a word was spoken **by a college president** in time of special religious interest and activity to a student who was impressed but reluctant: "Make one honest effort for your soul's sake"; and **that word, added to the Spirit's inward work, sufficed** to push the young man hard up against the heavenly Father, who closed his arms of power and love around the no longer unwilling but penitent and consenting boy.—Kelly.

1971. Think of the influence of our

word. Once uttered, it goes forth into the ears of those who hear, or on the wings of the printed page, flies to the utmost ends of the earth, and to the end of time, and I can never recall it. **I may write it, as one who wrote a ribald sentence on a wall in Pompeii eighteen hundred years ago. I may die, and the word may be buried out of sight and memory, but after ages will reveal it, and the judgment day will declare it.** Thus it is literally true that by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned, and that for every idle word which men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.—Rev. S. A. Dyke.

1972. A Sunday-school teacher had in her class, years ago, **a particularly bright boy.** She felt that she ought to speak to him about his soul, but **she kept putting the matter off.** One day she was specially impressed that she should speak. Again she failed. The boy became indifferent, grew to manhood and **became the leader of a great error.** He was none other than the Mormon prophet, **Joseph Smith.** That Sunday-school teacher **held in her hands the whole Mormon problem.** Unquestionably she could have wrought mightily for God, had she led this boy to the Saviour.

1973. A Presbyterian Synod was in session. The moderator had given place to the vice moderator, who presided with dignity and force. "I never expected to live to see this day," said one of the delegates. "How is that?" **"I remember when the presiding officer of this gathering was one of the worst boys in our Sunday-school.** Many times I was obliged to restrain myself when I beheld his pranks. He was, indeed, one of the worst, and now look at him." "Aren't you glad that you held on to him?"

"Indeed I am, and it **gives me courage to go on dealing with other boys."**—Westminster Teacher.

1974. A man in Chicago years ago died leaving **$50,000 to the American Sunday School Union,** stipulating that only the interest was to be used in its missionary work. **During eleven years,** in which the Union has had the income from this fund, it has, through it, started **819 Sabbath-schools,** with 3,086 teachers and 29,784 scholars; 97,559 visits have been paid to the homes of the people; 8,577 meetings have been held; 6,149 Bibles and Testaments and $6,693 worth of religious literature distributed; **3,676 persons have been converted,** and 61 churches have been organized.

1975. An obscure Highlander boy, whose parents had taught him to revere God, became **a marine on board a British man-of-war.** A battle rages. The deck is swept by a tremendous broadside from the enemy. The captain, James Haldane, a profane man, orders another company on deck to take the place of the dead. At sight of the mangled remains of their comrades the marines become **panic-stricken** and ungovernable. The captain raves at them blasphemously. Up steps the pious Highlander, a man now full grown, and touching his hat, says: "Captain, I believe God hears prayer; if he hears yours, what will become of us?" When the battle was over, **Captain Haldane reflected on the words of the brave marine, became interested in the claims of religion, surrendered his heart to God,** became a preacher of the Gospel and pastor of a church in Edinburgh. Through his instrumentality his brother, **Robert Haldane,** was brought to reflection, became a decided Christian, settled in Geneva, stirred up Protestantism there, and became the means of leading a large number of theological students into the light, among the number being **D'Aubigne,** author of the immortal "History of the Reformation."

1976. A civilian in India told me how, in a district during the famine, there had been in one of the cities or towns somewhat of **an outbreak.** There was no white man in the residence. Into the mission school, where sat the only white face, a missionary woman among her scholars, there suddenly broke the Tesildar, the native head of the town, saying: "Oh, Mem Sahib, there is a mutiny. **Come and quell the mutiny."** "That is not my function, it is yours; I am a woman, you are a man." "Ah, but you are the only white face in the district. **Come, they will hear you.** Send them to their homes." So she arose, she marshaled her scholars behind her, she marched out, she ordered the men to disperse. **They fell right and left,** she marched through with her scholars behind, the Tesildar humbly bringing up the rear.—Principal Fairbairn, D. D.

1977. A teacher in China tells of a visit to the home of a former pupil who had become a Christian and then married into a non-Christian family, where, by her beautiful character, **she had won both her husband and his mother** to the same faith as her own. Said this Chinese woman: "When I heard that the girl my son was to marry was a Christian, and in school, I was very angry, and wanted to break off the engagement. I looked with great dread upon her coming to us; but I want to tell you she is the best daughter-in-law in the place. In all this time we have not had a single

quarrel, and that cannot be said of any other family. My youngest children love her and mind her better than they do me. I thought she would want to read all the time, and so had my son burn her books. I thought she would be above farm work, but ever since she came she worked very hard, and with no complaint. One year we lost all our crops, and in the winter had to send to the market town six miles away for the famine relief grain. She had to go early, walk there and back, and carry our portion. She did not have any warm clothes that winter, but **she did not complain.**" "When I saw how she **endured the hardships,**" went on the mother-in-law, "always so strong and true, **I knew it must be her religion,** for I, too, have been a daughter-in-law. **When I saw how Wen Jung's God helped her, I just wanted to know him too.** Now for many months Wen Jung has had evening prayers, and she has taught me to pray."

1978. M. Besson states that **the activity of radium is such that it is spontaneously luminous in the dark.** This luminescence does not arise like that of phosphorus from oxidization of the body, but is due to a continuous emission of electrified particles. The charge carried by these particles is enormous, but their mass is so small that the loss of weight is only about one milligramme in 100,000,000 years. So influence radiates from us to other lives.

1979. Dr. Gunsaulus, in the six years of his service at Plymouth Church, Chicago, raised something over $6,000,000 for institutions which he chose to aid or found. One Sunday he set forth in his best manner the things that ought to be done for the young boys and girls of our generation. When he was through, Philip D. Armour came forward and said: "Do you believe in those ideas you just now expressed?" "I certainly do," said Dr. Gunsaulus. "And you'd carry them out if you had the means?" "Most assuredly." "Well, then," said Mr. Armour, **"if you will give me five years of your time, I will give you the money."** The result was that Armour Institute has Dr. Gunsaulus as its president, where 1,200 young men and women are taught the most important industrial branches. The Sabbath address is to go down in history under the title of the **"$2,800,000 sermon."** — Missionary Review.

1980. A man who, in a London club, told a filthy story, was put to shame by the question: **"How many thousand pounds would you take to tell that to Gladstone?"**

1981. A young English officer was sent to a beleaguered city in India, and merely by his personal energy and inspiring example he revived their drooping spirits, and routed the foe.

1982. One who knew Dr. Marcus Dods well in his work as professor in New College, said a few years ago: "Dods writes me that he grows old all summer and young all winter, **sucking the life-blood from the young lives in his classroom.** The world has it that he spends the session in **transferring his heart-treasure into those young fellows!"**

1983. The influence of little things is incalculable. There is **a certain little fly** that makes 440 steps in running three inches, and all in one-half second of time. To equal this, in proportion to its size, a man would have to run at the rate of twenty miles in a minute. **The common flea** leaps 200 times its own length. To show like agility, a man six feet tall would have to leap a distance of 1200 feet.

1984. Years ago a large flock of sheep was grazing on the top of a high bluff. The leader of the flock lost its foothold and plunged over into the river, and **11,000 sheep followed him and were killed.**

1985. It is told of Bernardino of Siena that even when a boy, if he came to a group of lads who were using bad language, it stopped at once.

1986. A student of nature once tested **the growing of a squash.** When it was 18 days old and measured 27 inches in circumference, he fixed a sort of harness around it, with a long lever attached. The power of the squash was measured by the weight it lifted. Two days after the harness was put on it lifted 60 pounds. On the nineteenth day it lifted 5000 pounds.

1987. The seed of the globe turnip is about one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, and yet, in a few months, this seed will be enlarged by the soil and the air to 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a bunch of leaves. It has been found by experiment that it will, under fair conditions, increase its own weight 15 times in one minute. Turnips growing in peat ground will increase more than 15,000 times the weight of their seeds in one day.

1988. I went to the workshop of a friend, and I saw in the dust a parcel of steel filings. And he had a **magnet,** and as he drew it near to the steel filings they were attracted to it and kissed the magnet. Then I said, **Give me a magnet large enough, place it on the mountain-top, and it will draw all the nations unto it.**

That magnet is the Lord Jesus Christ, for he said, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all nations unto me." —Simpson.

1989. When Napoleon's army was in the East the plague invaded it, and men died by the score. They became terror-stricken, thus exposing themselves to its ravages all the more. Napoleon, contrary to the advice of his officers, fearlessly went over to the long line of cots, just outside of the camp. He spoke to the men; and laid his hand upon them, without one trace of fear. Soon the cry, **"The Emperor!"** rang out. **New courage was born in their hearts; fear fled and the plague was stayed from that day.**— Trine.

1990. Arthur Cumnock entered Harvard College when the moral standard was low. The fast set had marked the college, in the eyes of the outside world, for its own. "The chief end of man was to drink, and gamble politely, and wire-pull for societies, and cut recitations." High ideals of character were all in the shadow. But he lived his life, on through the four years, strong, sturdy, bound to put the best to the front, in himself and in his conversation and in his influence. The odds were against him. **One man trying to remake a college life!** But when class-day of his senior year came and the class wished to acknowledge the manliest one of them all and publicly proclaim who it was that had toned up the life of the college until purity and good held high place, **they singled out Arthur Cumnock and shouted his name with joy and gave him their united praise.**—McClure.

1991. Scientists tell us that the sound waves set in motion by our voices go upon an endless journey through space, and that, had we instruments delicate enough, and the power to take our stand upon some planet long years afterwards, we might find them again and recreate the words we spoke. **The fine mud of former ages,** now hardened into rock, has preserved the impressions of the wings of the dragonfly, the delicately constructed wings of the pterodactyle, and the contour of a jellyfish. **Even the ripple marks of the sea on the shore at low tide,** and the pittings of the raindrops in the soft wet sand, are all preserved in the ancient rocks. It is an instructive parable. **Every word and deed makes its impression upon some sensitive mind,** and we live in others whom perhaps we have never seen and never shall know. **We may work calmly, and happily, knowing that God is with our influence, in the mind we touch, and in the truth we proclaim.**—Sunday School Chronicle.

1992. The Boston Herald tells a story of **Lincoln and Senator Simon Cameron** which is new to us. It relates that Mr. Cameron called at the White House and asked the President to appoint to a foreign consulate an applicant to whom he was in some way bound, but who was **particularly disliked for his persistence in demanding favors.**

"Well," said the President, "where do you want him sent?" In the room stood a large globe. Cameron went to it, put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said: "I don't know what my finger is on, but send him there!" And it so happened that there he was sent. **So our words, often careless, influence the destinies of others,** for time and for eternity.

1993. One of the revelations of modern science is the **law of the conservation of energy or force,**—that nothing is created or destroyed by man; that his utmost efforts do not reach beyond the gathering, the transmutation, or the diffusion, of this primal, God-created energy. **This force may be physical, mental, spiritual;** it may be latent, as in the coal, —the light and heat of past ages; or it may be active, as in combustion, in which this energy is diffused in strangely different forms to reappear again under new conditions. It may be treasured energy, as in food, to be set free in digestion and assimilation for all the activities of mental and physical life. **It may be transmuted** so that the energy of soil and sun and shower may reappear under the master-hand of the soul, in speech or action; but man never creates and never destroys. **All this has a spiritual bearing.**

The energy I have, I have received; the energy I use, I diffuse. I set it free to go on to all eternity, unable to recall one particle of the force which for a time was mine to use, but is mine no longer save in the responsibility which evermore rests upon me for its use or its abuse. This energy was placed in my keeping, within my control, to direct and apply, and this energy I pass on, **transmuted in the passing, to bless or curse my fellow-men** to the end of time and into eternity.—Rev. S. A. Dyke.

1994. Once Madam V., a Russian jailer's wife, took a walk through the prison yard when the women were exercising. Behind her walked a nurse with a baby. The prisoners, as soon as they got sight of the baby, flocked round, and Madam V., at first fearing violence, was relieved to see that only baby worship was the matter. First one, and then another of the women begged to hold the child for a moment; some laughing with joy, and many shed tears. Madam

V. had a happy thought, and she spoke it out:

"The best-conducted woman of you all at the end of the week will be allowed to attend to the baby for half an hour."

"Never was a change so instantaneously wrought. The women became amenable to every word of the warders, and at the week's end it was with the utmost difficulty that Madam V. could decide, among so many well-conducted prisoners who had the best claim to the promised reward. The baby's visits were afterward frequent, and the women's wards were completely reformed."

1995. At a reunion of his regiment, a colonel recalled many vanished names of the old muster-roll, and said at last, "I wonder if you are thinking of the one member who was nearest to all hearts." "We know who you mean," the men answered. **"We shall never forget Little Piety."** The colonel repeated the tale, old but always welcome, of their first great field engagement, where the slender young soldier, detailed on rear duty, begged to be **sent to the front "with the boys,"** and obtained a reluctant consent; of the terrible battle, and the after-scene of human waste and death, "the sadness of which no life is long enough to outgrow."

"On the slope of a steep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge; and near the head of the line, **with his white, girlish face turned up to the sky, we found Little Piety.**

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live-oak by itself, and sung over it the tune he loved:

"'Must Jesus bear the cross alone.'

"Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel, and one day I had a caller—a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if I remembered him. I did not. "You remember Little Piety?" "Yes." "And the big ruffian who joined your regiment to keep out of jail, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?" "Yes." "Well, **here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went into the army a desperado and came out a man — and Little Piety's gentle influence opened the way for me to do it."**—The Youth's Companion.

1996. "Coleridge is absent but four miles," wrote Lamb to Wordsworth, "and the neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. To be within the whiff and wind of his genius is enough to prevent us from possessing our souls in quiet."

1997. Thaddeus Stevens died on Tuesday, August 11th, 1868. On the Saturday following the Republican primaries of Lancaster County, Penna., were held to elect a senator—his term having expired. **Although those who gathered knew of the death, they nominated him, unanimously, for the office. An unprecedented tribute to the influence of a great man.**

1998. In October 1841 George Selwyn, newly elected missionary Bishop of New Zealand, preached a sermon in an English church, presenting the claims of the heathen. **A little boy,** unnoticed in the throng, was inspired with missionary zeal by it, and later **became the famous Bishop Patteson, the noble missionary martyr.**

1999. Dr. Theodore Cuyler preached one Sunday in Dundee, Scotland, in the pulpit of **Robert McCheyne.** He asked some one: "Is there anybody living here who used to belong to the church?" The reply was, "Yes, that old gray-headed man." Dr. Cuyler introduced himself, and said, **"What can you tell me about McCheyne?"** This was the old man's answer: "I was a young man when he died, and a few days before he died he met me in the street and put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Jemmie, how is it with your soul? I am going to see your sick sister.'" **The touch of McCheyne's hand on that Scotch lad's shoulder made the blood tingle in his veins fifty years after,** when he was old and gray. God help us that we shall not be afraid to reach out our hands to people.—Banks.

2000. In Cambridge University, Henry Martyn one day heard Rev. Charles Simeon talking glowingly of the work of William Carey in India, and of "the untold benefits resulting from the services of a single missionary." This conversation put a thought into the heart of the young prizeman which did not find immediate development or expression. A little later he read the memoir of **David Brainerd.** "He was much struck with Brainerd's biography," says the writer of his life, "and, filled with holy emulation, he resolved to follow the noble example of a man who had jeoparded his life unto death on the high places of the heathen field." **Thus did the impact of Brainerd's consecration move and determine another whom the Church reckons among her most eminent missionaries.**—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

2001. David Hume's mother was a religious woman, and it was her aim to rightly educate her children. But one day a shadow crossed the light of this beautiful dream. Her son avowed him-

self a skeptic. His mother viewed the change of his opinions with alarm, both on account of his own future happiness and the influence over others. He loved his mother. **Her love and admiration for him gave him great influence over her. His subtle specious reasoning destroyed her faith in God, and left her without religious hope.** She grew sick, and as death approached, wrote him:

"My Dear Son:—My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline, and I cannot long survive. My philosophy gives me no comfort. I am left without the consolation of religion and my mind is sinking into despair. **I pray you hasten home to console me."**

Hume hurried back to Scotland, and **when he arrived, he found his mother dead.**

2002. One evening there sat on the veranda of a Southern home a group of girls. They were sitting silently when one suggested they sing something. Several popular songs were mentioned, but to this one answered, "It's Sunday, let us sing, 'Jesus, Savior, pilot me'." All joined and sang the sweet song. **The wind wafted the song to a neighboring plantation where an old man lay dying. He had been an unbeliever,** and his was not a calm falling asleep on Jesus' breast but a tossing about on a sea of uncertainty. As the first verse was finished, his daughter, a beautiful Christian woman, noticed he was listening and gently threw open the shutters. As the next verse began he motioned her to come near. She raised him in her arms and together they listened.

"As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them 'Be still!' "

A look of calm spread o'er the old man's face, and the sleep of peace settled o'er him as he listened to the last verse.

"When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and that peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
'Fear not, I will pilot thee!' "

This sleep lasted until nearly morning. He was gradually sinking, and as a last request asked his daughter to sing, "When at last I near the shore". As she finished singing **he repeated, "Jesus, Savior, pilot me",** and peacefully passed away.

2003. Our influence for good or evil is incalculable. In 1868 Great Britain had a remarkable wheat yield. In one field, in Kent, many single grains produced thirty straws, topped with closely set, fully developed ears, which yielded as high as one thousand grains from a single parent seed. **So our influence is multiplied.**

2004. After a great spiritual awakening in a certain church, a man who had united arose at prayer meeting and told what influenced him to take the step. Six months before **he selected one of the prominent members and watched him closely,** in his church, business and social life. By systematic inquiry and careful personal observation he subjected him to six months of microscopic scrutiny. He said, "I thank God for that man. He stood the test. I was convinced of the genuineness of his religion and was thus led to accept Christ myself."

2005. Dr. Lyman Beecher one very stormy, snowy night, preached to but one hearer, who went away before the doctor could speak to him. Twenty years afterwards, in a pleasant village in central Ohio, a stranger accosted Mr. Beecher, saying: "Do you remember preaching some twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, sir," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wanting to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and **that sermon saved my soul**—made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

Example. (2006–2036)

2006. I have read of a lighthouse in the Hebrides the light of which is **merely a reflection** by specially adjusted prisms of the light of another lighthouse 500 feet away. **As we behold; are transformed by; reproduce; reflect Christ clearly in our character and life, other lives are saved from peril and directed in safe and right ways. Example** — the character that truly reflects the Christ— **is one of the mightiest forces for good in the world.**

2007. An infidel once owned a sawmill which stood by the highway along which a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath to church. The mill was running every day in the week, Sundays not excepted. But it was noticed that for a few minutes before and after every church service the mill was silent. Close observers discovered that this interval of silence occurred only **when a certain deacon of the church was passing the mill.** When questioned in regard to this discriminating mark of respect, the infidel said, "The deacon professes just what the rest of you do; but he lives also such a life that it makes me feel bad here (putting his hand upon his heart) to run my mill when he is passing."

2008. The battle-cry of one of our Indiana regiments when they went into a fight one day and made themselves a wonder of soldiership, was **the name of an old fight in Mexico in which their brothers ran away.** They burnt out the disgrace, set the smoke of the old shame ablaze, and came home with the light burning clear and high, and were met with mighty sobs of joy.—Collyer.

2009. George Maxwell Gordon, desiring to learn the Bilochi tongue, tried to engage a certain Sowar as a teacher. The native said: "I dare not; I should be made a Christian." Gordon assured him that there would be no religious talk. He answered, **"But I love Gordon Sahib, and I am sure that I could not help accepting his religion if I were with him."**

2010. In the years o. George J. Romanes' agnostic unfaith some of his most intimate friends were sincere Christians as well as highly intellectual men. His wife tells us that without set argument or formal persuasion **the influence of these believing men was most salutary** upon her husband's mind. **In their presence Christianity seemed a reasonable and beautiful reality.** And in time it came to pass that he renounced his cheerless agnosticism, returned to the altars of the church, fell back on Christ as the sole but sufficient refuge for mind and heart; and his complete surrender uttered itself in his last word on religious subjects: **"It is Christianity or nothing."** —Kelly.

2011. "I too can be a painter," exclaimed **Raphael as he gazed on a famous painting. Example stimulates to emulation.**

2012. The son of an Italian nobleman lost a brother to whom he was strongly attached. He had no portrait of him and sought the services of a painter. When the artist objected that he could not reproduce the face merely from description, he asked the artist **to take him to a portrait gallery.** When there, he put his finger on one canvas, and said, "My brother had eyes like these." And on another, and said, "His cheeks were exactly like these." And on another, and said, "This was the shape and size of his head." And on another, "Here is his hair and the exact way he wore it." And the artist put the parts together with great skill, and made the canvas live. **Even so, because of the likeness of Christians to Christ, in a like manner we can gather and construct Christ from his people.**—Forward.

2013. In 1871 I went to Africa as prejudiced as the biggest infidel in London. But there came to me out there a long time for reflection. I was in the heart of the Dark Continent, far away from a worldly world. I saw a solitary old man there, and asked myself: "Why on earth does he stop here? Is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?" What motive can he have for such a life of loneliness, hardship, and peril?" For months after we met **I simply found myself watching him, listening to him, and wondering at him,** as he carried out all that was said in the Bible. But, little by little, his sympathy and spirit became contagious. Seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how quietly he did his duty, **I was converted by him, though he had not tried to do it.**—Henry M. Stanley.

2014. Example speaks louder than words. "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." In a socialists' meeting a man was making a good speech when a common-sense working man interrupted him, saying, **"Show your hands."** The crowd took up the cry, and he was obliged to show a pair of dainty, womanlike hands such as had never known a days' hard work, as these toilers understood it. **It spoiled the speech.**

2015. Just ahead of me on the train I saw a gray-haired mother seated by her son, a manly cadet, evidently just from school. I noticed him put his arm about her and lovingly lean his head on her bosom. Businessmen were talking of markets around us. My companion, a musician, had been talking of Mendelssohn—**but the boy was patting his mother's face, and she was the picture of happiness.** Ah, my boy, you have made one heart tender for the day and I thank you. My musical friend has promised to write a symphony about the boy on the train—so prolific in suggestion is love. The boy's example lifted other lives out of the sordid, onto a higher plane.—Warburton.

2016. "What India most needs," said Dr. J. H. Barrows when he returned from delivering the Haskell lectures, **"is not Christianity but Christians."** An observer among the Shevaroy Hills in India reports that **Hindus of all classes** are beginning to see and say: **"These Christian missionaries** and converts are better, gentler, more honest and truthful, more self-sacrificing as well as more purposeful and strenuous, and live in all things on a higher level than we do."—Kelly.

2017. I have a friend who, by placing his hand on a piece of cloth, with his eyes blinded, can tell the texture; and there is such a thing as **so living Christ** that for people to see us, to touch us, to hear us speak, is to know that we are

not our own, but his who loved us and gave himself for us.

2018. After Billroth, the Viennese surgeon, had told his students that a doctor needed two gifts, freedom from nausea and **power of observation,** he dipped his finger into a bitter fluid and licked it off, requesting them to do the same. They did it without flinching. With a grin, Billroth said, "You have stood the first test well, but not the second, for **none of you noticed that I dipped the first finger, but licked the second."**

2019. Dr. Munhall, the celebrated evangelist, says that before he became a minister **he went one evening to the theatre** just to please a visiting friend and the next day met upon the streets a young man whom he there asked again, as he had asked him frequently, to become a Christian. The man looked at him and said, **"I never want you to speak to me on that subject again. I saw you in the theatre last night,** and I have little confidence in a man who professes to be a Christian and was found in a questionable place of amusement." **"I never won him,"** said Munhall. "He gradually drifted away from the church and from Christ, and I met him in the West a hopeless wreck."

2020. The average American Christian believes that missions do not reach the Mohammedans. But they do. In a small way like the curious appointment of a pagan Cyrus to do the pleasure of Jehovah, is that of **a rough Kabyle Mohammedan, who sauntered into a mission book shop in Casablanca,** Morocco, and bought a number of separate portions of the Bible. The bookseller, amazed, asked what he wanted the books for. "Why, I want them to read on winter evenings," answered the Mohammedan. Then he explained that his friends come in of an evening to drink tea in his little room, and sit cosily by the fire while he reads to them from these books. **This Mohammedan does not know it, but he is doing missionary work** among those ignorant Moroccans of the mountains!—American Messenger

2021. A missionary in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his Board not to grant his request, saying that his **goodness gave him a wider influence** among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert when asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" replied, **"It is to be like Mr.——",** naming the good missionary. He was kept in India. He never preached a sermon; but when he died hundreds of heathen as well as many Christians mourned him and **testified to his holy life and character.**

2022. In the early days of the Indian mutiny, says a writer in "The Youth's Companion", seven cadets just over from England were murdered. The eighth, **a lad of sixteen,** was left for dead, but survived in spite of some horrible wounds. For four days he succeeded in hiding himself in a ravine, but was discovered, dragged to the native lines and thrust into a hut as **a prisoner.** He found there another prisoner, **a Christian catechist, who was undergoing torture** at the hands of the Sepoys to make him renounce his faith. His strength and courage had left him, and he was giving way, when the English boy, forgetful of his own wounds and the further penalty of suffering that he might be providing for himself, gallantly cried, **"Don't deny Christ! Never deny Christ, whatever may happen!"** Something of his spirit was infused into his companion. **He refused to recant,** and in spite of further torture, he kept the faith for which he had already suffered so much. Both catechist and cadet were rescued, but the cadet died of his wounds four days later.

2023. A famous pianist in stepping from a platform, amid thunders of applause, was met by one of his students, who said: "I would give a great deal if I could play as well as you." Quick as a flash the great master answered, **"You can, if you will pay the price!"** "What is it?" asked the student. "That you spend so many hours before breakfast and so many hours during the day—in fact, give it your whole time and attention. **You must make it the object of your life." And this is true of the influence of example. You may make your life a blazing beacon** whose rays shall illumine the world around you—**if you are willing to pay the price.**

2024. A man might preach to ten thousand people and tell the truth concerning the gospel of God, and not turn one soul unto righteousness; while, on the other hand, **the casting of a coat on a shivering outcast in the streets might be the means of leading a hundred thousand people into the light of God.**

2025. There is no use keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said **a missionary in Madras,** as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them. But the **converts had fallen away,** returned to their idols, and

there remained faithful one poor woman, to whom the missionary was now speaking. "Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, **"do not take away the key!** I at least will still go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and will go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again."

So the missionary left her the key, and presently the time came when he preached in **that very church, crowded with repentant sinners—the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman.**—The Treasury.

2026. Bishop Hare, a missionary Bishop of the Episcopal Church, founded the mission at the **Rosebud Indian agency. His custom was,** says The Youth's Companion, to give to each Indian that he confirmed **a silver cross** of a peculiar pattern. A few years ago a lady from New York was visiting in South Dakota, and the Bishop gave her one of these crosses. Afterward there was a general convention of the Episcopal Church held in New York City, and several Indians were sent as delegates, all **wearing Bishop Hare's crosses.** Arriving in New York, they were dazed, and at a loss to know how to find the building where the convention was to be held. But stoically they started out upon the street. Soon after **they met a lady, whom they immediately began to follow.** Whenever she turned, wherever she went, they went, too. The lady became much annoyed, and finally, thoroughly frightened, to find that wherever she went a line of red men was trailing behind her. But investigation explained it. **She wore their cross,** and they, seeing it, had believed her one of their number, who would surely go to the meeting they wished to attend; **so they had taken her for their guide.**

2027. An employer writes: "In very trying circumstances I once said to **a man against whom falsehood seemed to be proved:** 'In spite of everything, I do believe you are telling me the truth.' He answered me with a simplicity which was nothing less than noble: **'If you knew my wife, sir, you'd know that I couldn't live with her and lie'.** I learned afterward that this was the exact state of the case. His wife was a plain, good, honest woman, rather silent in her way, and I do not believe she had ever lectured her husband on truth-telling. It was simply that **one could not live continually in her influence and be willing to be guilty of falsehood."** The atmospheric pressure for truth and honesty in that man's home was heavy upon every square inch of his moral sensibility. — "The Ripening Experience of Life."

2028. There is a corporal in one of the best infantry regiments in the regular army who has one lesson branded on his memory with words of fire—the lesson that no excuse can be framed or uttered by any soldier for being untidy or unclean. The colonel was going down the line on a tour of inspection and noticed a corporal with soiled gloves. He said: **"Corporal, that is setting a bad example to the men, wearing soiled gloves.** Why do you do so?" "I've had no pay for three months, sir, and I can't afford to have washing done." Taking a pair of beautiful white gloves from one of his pockets, the colonel handed them to the corporal, saying: **"Put on these gloves; I washed them myself."**—Pittsburg Post.

2029. A minister said: "When I left the seminary I determined to be, not a temperance man, but **a total abstainer.** I had been at my first charge but a very few months when I was invited to celebrate the eightieth birthday of one of my most honored parishioners. As the champagne was passed around the table the thought came to me, 'Surely this is one place where I should break my resolution; will it not look very churlish for me to refuse to drink the health of this noble woman?" But before the butler reached my plate **I determined to adhere to my usual custom, and simply turned down my glass.** Imagine my joy, a few hours later, when one of the ladies present told me that her son, just about entering college, had told her that day, **'I haven't quite made up my mind about signing the pledge before leaving for Yale. I am just going to let it depend upon what Mr. Brown does tonight.** If such a good man as he takes wine, there can't be any harm in it.'" After a pause, the minister asked, **"Friends, do you wonder that I never touch it?"**—Sunday School Journal.

2030. In different parts of Brazil the names given to Protestants by the populace vary according to circumstances attending the introduction of the work. In Rio de Janeiro, the first place in which the gospel was preached, **they are called "bibles,"** due probably to the stress laid on the use of the Bible and the estimation with which it was held by the first believers. Before the good news would be accepted, the genuineness of the evidence had to be established. In another part, the Protestants **are called "Jesus,"** for that name, of course, was above every name in the preaching.

2031. A gentleman, having occasion to visit Antwerp, went to the great Cathedral to see the great masterpiece of Rubens, representing the crucifixion. No

one who has ever looked upon it can come away without a more reassuring hope and firmer confidence for the future," said he, "and my soul hungered for just one more look at it. But when I reached the cathedral, I was met with the reply that the pictures were veiled that day, and could not be seen; and I came away with a heavy heart."

Many a man with the form of the crucified Christ stamped upon his heart, is living a veiled life,—choking and stifling and withholding the word and deed which by good right he owes it to his fellows to allow to come to their hearing and observation.—R. B. Buckham in Interior.

2032. There comes back to me, says a recent writer, a recollection of a flight of broken steps down to the river-brink, where a boat from the ship awaited us, fretting restlessly against the lowest step, which was half submerged by the dark lapping wavelets. It was an arched stairway; the stones were damp and slippery; the cold mist, heavy with the damp smell of the water, came up to the face; the hand caught nervously at the rough iron rail; and it was a welcome spectacle, at an awkward bend of the staircase, to see the gleam of an oil-lamp, from a niche in the wall. Some one had lighted the lamp and placed it on a stand. So the beams of a noble life light the footsteps of others in slippery places.

2033. A Chinaman came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the gospel he answered that he had never heard the Gospel, but had seen it. He then told of a poor man at Ningpo, who had once been a confirmed opium-smoker, and a man of violent temper. This man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life was altered—he gave up the opium and became loving and amiable. "Oh," said the candidate for baptism, "I have not heard the Gospel, but I have seen it."

2034. Rev. Mr. Grimshaw of England, when a young man, was fond of climbing; and one day he climbed to a very lofty place on a high mountain. He was walking along a ledge, with just barely room for a footing,—a perpendicular rock on one side, and a deep chasm on the other. Just as he was making his way along very carefully, with the nerve and the clear head of a strong man, he heard a cry behind him that nearly froze his blood. The cry was, "Papa, take a safe path, for I am coming." His little son had followed him unseen, even to the edge of the ledge upon which the strong man stood. He said to himself, "I can stand here, for I have the nerve and the heart to do it; but I would not risk my boy here;" and turning quickly, he slipped along the ledge down to a little plateau below, and taking the boy in his arms, he drew him back from the chasm, as far back as the ledge behind him would allow, saying, "This is the only safe place for my child." Let me say to every man, That other man is just behind you—just behind you in business, just behind you in religious thought, just behind you in the endeavor of your life in this world. You may walk the dizzy heights and stand; but that other man will not have the nerve and moral pluck to stand there. Yet he will go there because you have led him to the place. Oh, the other thought is the blessed one; he will follow you, and you may lead him to the foot of the cross.—Rev. R. L. Greene.

2035. At a popular watering-place, one summer, a Christian young lady, attractive in face and manner, readily gained the good-will of her companions, and for a few days they rejoiced in so desirable an addition to their set. Then came the Sabbath, and a picnic was arranged by the young people to while away its sacred hours. There was to be a delightful drive, an appetizing lunch, and ride home by moonlight. She firmly refused the invitation to make one of the gay party; and only the Reader of hearts knew of the struggle to resist so alluring a temptation, for she was the only young person left in the great house that beautiful summer afternoon. But the song of the sea was the sweeter, and the very air seemed full of gentle whispers, for it was a heavenly peace that brooded over land and water and filled her soul with its influence, a peace as abiding as the home of its birth. That example of faithfulness was not lost, however, for Sunday excursions grew less and less popular, and several who had participated in them confessed to her before they separated, that, "after all, it was best to live, away from home, as one would at home," and that she had spoiled all the fun for the season when she refused to join that first Sunday picnic and drive.—Golden Rule.

2036. After leaving school a young man wrote to his former room-mate: "I wonder if you noticed any change in me since we came to know each other? You were always so straightforward in everything and you made me feel that I was exactly contrary, and that you could not care for me at all unless I improved a bit. So you have done me more good than you can imagine". "You can help your fellow-men," said Phillips Brooks; "you must help them; but the only way you can help them is by being the nob-

lest and the best man it is possible for you to be."

Soul Winning. (2037–2098)

2037. Rev. F. Von Schluembach says, "I went into a place in St. Louis to see a friend. While there a commercial traveler came in and said, 'I want to sell you some jewelry.' 'Get out,' said the proprietor, 'I don't want to see your samples.' 'But you must,' said the man; 'I won't get out,' and began to unpack. The man became interested and so did I. He showed him a fine lot of goods, diamonds, pearls and precious stones set in gold, and sold the man seven hundred dollars worth. Well, thought I, that fellow is smart. When he had sold the bill, he said to the merchant, **'Now I have one more thing to show you; the best thing I've got;'** and he began to go deeper into his cases, and I began to wonder what he could mean; better than gold, diamonds and pearls? and I got up closer, and the merchant did too. The 'drummer' took out a little case and opened it, **and there was a Bagster Bible,** and as he turned the leaves, said, 'This is the pearl of great price. This is better than all earthly possession. It is God's word. Sir, are you a Christian?' **This man had enthusiasm, both in business and in Christian life."**

2038. Passing along a secluded path, the other day, I overheard two plain men talking. One was saying to the other, **"Come and try Jesus,"** and rather oddly added, "If you don't like him after a trial, you can go back to where you are and be no worse off".

2039. Once, when Julia Ward Howe invited Charles Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at her house, he replied: **"I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals."** In her diary that night, with the senator's surly remark, Mrs. Howe wrote, "God Almighty has not."

2040. Do you remember the story of **the portrait of Dante** which is painted on the walls of the Bargello, at Florence? For many years it was **supposed that the picture had utterly perished.** Men had heard of it but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storeroom for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of **rubbish carried away,** and patiently and carefully **removed the whitewash** from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear, and **at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.** "That was wonderful," you say; "that was beautiful!" Not half so wonderful as **the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man**—to restore the forgotten image of God and bring the divine image to the light.—Van Dyke.

2041. A young girl in London, spoke kindly to a little boy in rags, playing in the gutter. **She won his confidence, and by and by won him for Christ, who made a great pioneer missionary out of him.** Yet most people would have thought that girl's opportunity when she spoke to the ragged child, was very small, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury that day had the great opportunity afforded in all London. **He does not give us any gauge by which to measure opportunities.**— Bishop Haygood.

2042. One night, on board the "Peace", we were talking of Africa and her degraded condition. We spoke of **Dr. Livingstone,** and **Mr. Stanley** said, "If Dr. Livingstone were alive today, I would take all the honors, all the praise that men have showered upon me,—I would put them at his feet, and say, **'Here you are, old man; they are all yours.'"** Of one thing I am certain, that although Dr. Livingstone is not here today to speak to us, his actions, his whole life says, as he would have said if he had been here today, **"Not unto me, but unto him who loved me, and gave himself for me, to him be all the praise."** Read the words in his last journals: "To me it seems to be said, **'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death,** and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not,—doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, does not he know it?, and shall he not render to every man according to his works?'" **Surely, nothing can be too much for us to give up or to do.** — Rev. David M. Charters.

2043. A marble cutter, with chisel and hammer, was changing a stone into a statue. A preacher looking on said: **"I wish I could deal such clanging blows on stony hearts."** The workman made answer, **"Maybe you could, if you worked like me, upon your knees."**

2044. A conductor of a local passenger train, running between N——, Pa., and Philadelphia, a member of a Presbyterian church, so labored during the evangelistic meetings conducted by Dr. Munhall, that **the engineer, fireman, baggageman and two brakemen of his train confessed Jesus Christ as Saviour,** and united with the church. This train came to be known among the men on

that division of the road as **"the gospel train."**

2045. When we start on the trail of a man, let us keep on it until we come up with him. Too many of us are frightened off. You remember the story of the Californian who **went out to follow up a grizzly** and was gone three days, then turned up without his game. "Lost the trail, Bill, I suppose," said one of his cronies. "Naw," said Bill, "kept on the trail all right." "Then, what's the matter?" **"Wall the foot-prints was gettin' too fresh, so I quit." We must not be scared off when the foot-prints get fresh.** —St. Andrew's Cross.

2046. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor's qualifications for efficient soul-winning: "A life surrendered to God and controlled by his Spirit.

A restful **trust** in God for the supply of all needs apart from human guaranties.

A **sympathetic spirit** and a willingness to take a lowly place.

Tact in dealing with men, and adaptability to new circumstances and customs.

Zeal in service, and steadfastness under discouragement.

Love for **communion with God** and the study of his Word."

2047. A missionary in India, wishing to gather a Sunday-school of the wretched coolies thronging the streets, took the only means to secure attendance the first time, and offered a small portion of rice to each who would come early on Sabbath morning. Her servant proclaimed the invitation and the inducement up and down the streets on Saturday. Hundreds heard, but only **one man accepted.** He had his simple lesson alone, and his handful of rice. The next Saturday this man was engaged to give the invitation, and on the following morning **the compound was crowded.** The reason is clear; **this man had an influence with the poor coolies that no one else had.** He was one of them, and he had done what he invited them to do. He had proved that the offer was sincere, and from his own experience he bade others come. **"Let him that heareth, say 'Come,'"** but let him that has **tasted of the feast of Jesus' love himself** be sure that his invitation will have the greater weight with those whom he calls, in Christ's name, to come to the Master.

2048. In the stirring history of the Scottish Covenanters there is a very thrilling story told regarding **Captain John Paton.** After he had been apprehended, he was being **led to Edinburgh for trial and execution,** and by the way he was met by one who had been his companion in arms in Germany under Gustavus Adolphus. **His companion said to him,** "Are you there? **I will write to the King and get a pardon for you."** Paton said, "Ah, you won't get one for me, I'm afraid." "Well," said the other, "If I do not, I will never draw sword for his Majesty again." He made intercession, and **he got the pardon, which arrived in Edinburgh, but was held back by the "Lords of the Congregation"; and Paton went to the scaffold.** Now you brand that, and you do so honestly and righteously; but **what are we better if we stand between Jehovah and his great message of mercy to mankind,** and decline to pass it on to those who are to be delivered thereby?"

2049. What else is equal to the achievement of saving a soul? Is the writing of a poem? Is the carving of a statue? Is the painting of a picture? Is the erection of a monument? Is the creation of a reputation? All these things will perish. **When Napoleon was told by the painter that the canvas would carry his portrait down five centuries, he exclaimed, "Is this all?"** His mind was comprehensive enough to see that, in comparison with the aeons, cycles and eternities of the future, five hundred years were an insignificant portion of time.—Deems.

2050. Many a decision would be made if you would say some kind, encouraging word to your unconverted friends. At the close of a meeting once, a young man with a very eager face came to me and said, "I never have led a soul to Jesus yet; how can I do it?" I said: "Do you see that man just going out? He is concerned; go and speak to him". He went after the man, brought him back, and they sat down in a pew together. After a while they came up the aisle together; both faces were shining, and the one said, "This man has given his heart to God, and **this is the first soul I ever brought to Jesus.**"—Ottman.

2051. A distinguished minister once visited Osborne during the lifetime of Queen Victoria on a Sunday morning, hoping to see the queen, but did not succeed. He writes of it: "We saw only her house, her gardens, and her retainers. Then we went to Whippingham Church, having been told that the queen would attend divine service. But again we were disappointed. **We only saw the seat** the august lady was wont to occupy. The ladies and gentlemen of court came to church, and those we saw; we even heard the court chaplain preach, **but of the sovereign we saw nothing.** Well, this was a disappointment which led me to a serious frame of thought. I said to

myself: 'What if the flock committed to your care should come to church to see the King of kings, and yet through some fault of yours should not get to see him!' "

2052. Zurbriggen, the famous Swiss mountain-guide tells how he often had letters from gentlemen in England and other places, asking him to climb with them. They had never seen him, but they had heard of him from those whom he had safely guided in difficult and dangerous expeditions.

2053. A minister seeing a well-known infidel at church, called upon him the next day, and told him how happy he had been to see him; the more so, as he had been given to understand that he did not believe the gospel.

"Nor you either," said the unceremonious skeptic.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you mean, sir, to call me a hypocrite?" "I call you no ill names, sir," he coolly replied; "but what I mean to say is this; you have known of my infidelity for years, and though I have lived all the while within a short distance of your dwelling, you have never before attempted to enlighten me as to these matters; a thing which, to do you justice, I must believe you would have done, had you thought them as important as your creed would make them. Indeed, I can hardly fancy that you would see me going to hell, and never try to save my soul."

2054. It takes fifteen church members a year to save one soul—as Dr. Strong says: while Christ's lowest average increase is "thirty fold," we are increasing at the rate of one-fifteenth of one fold! How obvious it is that the church has never yet enlisted the strength of its membership in the work of God! Disciples must outgrow this absurd notion of doing by proxy the work of saving souls.—Pierson.

2055. Some time ago a lady in New York missed an old friend from his place in church, and the thought came forcibly to her, "What if the place that has known him so long should know him no more forever? Where would his soul be?" She knew he was not a Christian, and this thought weighed heavily on her heart; she ascertained that an accident that confined him to his room had prevented his being in his place in church, and unable to get rid of her anxiety about his soul, she wrote him a letter full of Christian love, telling him the thought that had taken such hold upon her, and also got a friend to send him a special tract to point him to the Saviour. For two days that letter and tract were read and reread by the gentleman to whom they were sent, and on the third morning, while speaking to a friend who had called to see him, he leaned back and died. His accident was not of a nature to endanger his life, and otherwise he seemed to be in perfect health, therefore his death was most unexpected. And had that friend failed to write to him as she did, she never could have forgiven herself. Her letter and the tract were still open before him when that voice that all must obey called him from earth, and eternity alone can reveal if they were made the instruments for leading him to Christ. Souls are passing into eternity every moment, therefore let not those who are Christians neglect any opportunity for bringing those whom they can influence to seek the Saviour while he may be found.

2056. Mrs. J. K. Barney, the world famous prison worker, says: "Years ago I reached a Western town, and the lady who met me said, 'You must excuse the miserable old carriage I am going to take you in, for I do not like to employ any other driver.' On seeing the uncared-for look of both carriage and horse, I did wonder, and still more at the slovenly, red-faced driver. However, he drove us to her home safely, and as I passed up the walk she stopped to speak to him. Overtaking me, she sobbed out, 'Oh, he used to be in my Sunday-school class.

Years before, five boys were gathered into the school from the street. She taught them with no conception of personal responsibility. Then she left home and was away for five years. In that time she waked up to the possibilities of Christian service, and often thought of her boys. On her return she began a search and finally came upon this one, who was noticeably under the influence of liquor. He seemed glad to see her, but shook his head to her proposition to sign the pledge. 'It's no use now, you missed your chance to save me. You could have got me to do that once, but it's too late now.' To her inquiries about the other boys, he replied, 'Two of us is dead, two of us is in prison, and I ain't worth saving. I tell you lady, you missed your chance with us.' Years had come and gone, but she had never been able to help or influence him much more."

2057. Not art galleries but human souls, are the most beautiful things in this world. For souls are the very cause of art galleries and the occasion of art. Where were the Madonna, the Transfiguration and the Last Supper if artists had not souls? These masterpieces were hung up in the souls of Raphael, Titian

and DaVinci before they were hung on the walls of the Louvre, the museum or the Vatican. **The finest pictures in this world are those that hang in the corridors of human souls.** They have never yet been transferred to canvas. The artist's soul is greater than the artist's picture. **To win one such soul is to win a whole gallery of art.** In this we see **the soul's preeminent value.** The artist's pictures are for sale but not the artist's soul.

2058. A few years ago I met **a very intelligent man, nearly sixty years of age,** in independent circumstances, who had been for twenty years **reading religious books** and passing successively from one to another, **seeking some religious system** which was convincing and satisfying. He was still unhappy and almost in despair when he heard the good news of salvation through Christ. He received and embraced Christianity on the first presentation of it, has made remarkable progress in the knowledge of the Bible, and has been **most zealous and successful in propagating Christianity** in the region where he lives. In less that three years after his baptism **more than a hundred persons were brought to Christ through his instrumentality,** and a religious movement characterized by a remarkable degree of intelligence and spiritual power had been begun in a score of villagers.—Dr. Nevius.

2059. Mayer, the Jew, followed the allied armies to Waterloo. He carried with him **birds shut up in cages.** From a neighboring cliff he watched the tides of battle as they rose and fell. When he saw the issue he opened the cages and the **pigeons, with dispatches under their wings,** arose, circled about in the upper air, and made straight for England. **So we may spread the good news of salvation.**

2060. Many years ago **Mr. Gladstone heard of two young men** in the village who had become notorious for their **drinking habits. He invited them to see him** at the castle, and, there in "The Temple of Peace," as his library was called, he impressively **appealed to them to change their ways,** and then knelt with them in prayer. One of the men said: "Never can I forget the scene. The Grand Old Man was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. **My companion is now a minister,** and neither of us has touched a drop of intoxicating drink since, nor are we ever likely to violate an undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library."

2061. A recent writer says that **Robert Chambers,** in his "Reminiscences", tells that the hamlet, in which his childhood was passed, was so old and dull that there was a common Scotch proverb: "As quiet as the grave or Peebles." The people knew nothing of the outside world until **a certain Tom Fleck became possessed of an ancient copy of Josephus, and went from house to house each night reading a chapter from it.** The village soon grew wildly excited as the siege of Jerusalem progressed. The people crowded to listen at night, and discussed the position of affairs by day. For the first time in their lives they saw that there was **something in the world outside of their hamlet,** and it did not matter that this something had existed centuries ago. **So may we awaken souls.**

2062. "It often requires," said Dr. A. J. Gordon, **"more courage to preach to one than to a thousand.** It is the most concentrated form of preaching. Many strong preachers have to confess that here is the point where they are the most weak; that they **lack the courage to face a sinner squarely and talk to him of his responsibility."** Emerson said; **"You are you and I am I, souls are not saved in bundles."**

2063. In a mission to the Chinese of one of our great cities **two young Chinese came some years ago,** and afte months of patient waiting, **gave evi dence that they had learned "the true doctrine"** and became followers of Jesus Christ. Soon afterward one of them **went back to China.** He carried with him some Chinese New Testaments and tracts, and after he reached his old home he invited the young men of the village to come to his house to study the Bible. They came willingly enough, but when they realized that he was teaching them the "Jesus religion" they left him quickly and reviled him bitterly. **Then he began to gather the people on the streets to tell them the gospel story.** They had never heard it before, he was the only Christian in all the district, and they might have listened gladly, but the old men said, "No! We cannot have this Western religion brought here," and they began to persecute him. Many times he was stoned, beaten, spit upon. Once the villagers threatened to burn down his house. Yet none of these things moved him. He continued to teach wherever and whenever he could, and gradually his gentle life won them. **Slowly they began to listen to him,** and one day the young men came back and asked him to start the class for them again.

All of this **he wrote to his friend in Washington, D. C.,** and the heart of that young man burned within him. He knew how those villagers needed to hear

the gospel story, he knew what their heathenism meant. He was only a poor laundryman, spending twelve and fourteen weary hours each day over the tub and ironing-board, yet he wrote to his friend begging him to give up all other work and devote all of his time to telling the people of the village of the salvation of Jesus Christ. **"If you will do this,"** he wrote, **"I will stay here and run the laundry, and send you one hundred dollars every year to pay your expenses."**

2064. A fine young student, who was no Christian, came to Dr. Broadus and requested him to write in his autograph book. He wrote three Greek words, meaning **"One thing thou lackest."** Years afterward Dr. Broadus received a message from an honored physician in Texas, saying he had never been able to forget that sentence in his album, and he trusted now that he had found the "one thing lacking." **The Spirit both guided the consecrated man and opened the heart of the other.**

2065. If, like Nelson, we can lay our vessel alongside the enemy, and come to close quarters without delay, we shall do considerable execution. Commend me to the man who can avail himself of any conversation and any topic, to drive home saving truth upon the conscience and heart. **"All things to all men,"** rightly interpreted, is a motto worthy of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and of all who, like him, would win souls for Jesus.—Spurgeon.

2066. The life of Robert Chambers was as pinched and bare as that of his neighbors until he found in a closet in the attic a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The boy learned in it for the first time that there were such things as literature, art, astronomy, and geology. It was like cutting a window in a jail cell, through which he saw the world and the heavens beyond. And **so God's true messengers, equipped with God's Word, come to the hampered and contracted lives of their hearers.**

2067. In a shipyard in Nova Scotia there worked a man who loved children. At the end of the day's work he would gather up and lay aside the pieces of wood that might **trip the small boys** at their play around the yard in the summer gloaming. It meant extra work for the man, but he "didn't want to see any of the lads meeting stumbling-blocks." Life has too many **stumbling-blocks,** or causes of offence, that a little extra care would remove. Very few people mean to harm others. We all wish well to our companions. But "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart."—Teacher's Monthly.

2068. Twelve Brahmans undertook a long religious journey on foot. While crossing a broad river, a sudden flood came upon them, and they were swept down the river, landing in different places. When they had come together they wanted to know if all twelve were safe. One stood to one side and counted one, two, three, to **eleven.** That was all. **Where was the twelfth?** Another counted with the same puzzling result. At last an outsider counted, and there were twelve. Each one before in counting had **neglected to count himself.** Do any of us, when work or giving or doing good or inviting others is to be done, forget to count ourselves among the doers?—Chamberlain.

2069. "Is it worth our while to hold the meeting tonight, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856. "Perhaps not," answered the other, "but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come." "Come on, then," said the first speaker. "I suppose we can stand it."

"Work thrown away!" grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square. "Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's Word, and we are told that it shall not fall on the ground unheeded." **A passer-by, who stopped in by accident,** tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, all of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month, he had sold out his business and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbia Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

About **thirty-five years afterward,** we **found** him, surrounded by "his children," as he loved to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the Northwest coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions. **The missionary referred to is William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakhatla Indians.**— Epworth Herald.

2070. Bishop Haygood once told of preaching at a camp-meeting in Georgia to 2000 people. It seemed a great opportunity, but no results were manifested. In the same section **he met an old negro at work in the woods** one day. He continued; **"An impulse came to me to talk to him of Christ,** as we sat on a log. I found him eager for the message. There on the log I talked to him of Jesus and the resurrection. **I am sure he was converted right there,** while we

talked and cried and prayed together in the silent forest, with the old log for pulpit and altar and inquiry-room. That was a great opportunity for me."

2071. In the life of Mrs. Stowe, by Annie Fields, is quoted the following letter written by Mrs. Stowe to her son Charles. It contains a bit of cheer for all Christian workers. She wrote: "I met the other day at Dayton, O., a woman who now has grandchildren; but who, when I first came West, was a gay, rattling girl. She was one of the first converts of Brother George's seemingly obscure ministry in the little new town of Chillicothe. Now she has one son who is a judge of the Supreme Court, and another in business. Both she and they are not only Christians, but **Christians of the primitive sort,** whose religion is their all; who triumph and glory in tribulation, knowing that it worketh patience.

She told me, with a bright, sweet calm, of her husband killed in battle the first year of the war, of her only daughter and two grandchildren dying in the faith, and of her own happy waiting on God's will, with bright hopes of a joyful reunion. Her sons are leading members of the Presbyterian Church, and most active in stirring up others to make their profession a reality, not an empty name.

When I thought that all this came from **the conversion of one giddy girl,** when George seemed to be doing so little, I said, **"Who can measure the work of a faithful minister?"** It is such living witnesses that maintain Christianity on the earth.

2072. Every soul has some one conviction which may be used to bring him to the Lord. A young man, under religious conviction, but in great mental bewilderment over problems of thought, most of which were unfamiliar to him and all of which were too vast for him, sought an interview with a minister, who asked him to state his difficulties. After listening to a list of things concerning which the visitor said, "I cannot believe these things," the pastor said: **"Well, what do you believe?"** And with explosive emotion the quick answer leaped from his lips, as if he loved to say it: **"I believe in God tremendously."** With that one blessed divine conviction hooked deep into the vitals of his soul it should have been possible with the aid of prayer to land him completely on broad and solid Christian faith; **and so it was.**—Kelly.

2073. Dr. Chalmers was once at a nobleman's place in company with a Highland chief. The two were shown into adjoining rooms to sleep. While preparing for bed, the chief was prostrated by apoplexy and **soon died.** Dr. Chalmers said, to the family, "Never in my life did I see or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of the text, 'Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season'. **Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity,** I would have preached unto him Christ Jesus and him crucified. You would have thought it **out of season;** but ah! it would have been in season both as it respected him and as it respects you." — Words and Weapons.

2074. In the African forests is found a bird called the "honey guide." When it desires to feed upon some comb which it has discovered it makes its way to a human being, flutters about restlessly, and hops from bush to bush until it has succeeded in attracting the man's attention, all the while uttering a shrill cry. **The native who understands its habits follows it,** whereupon the honey guide goes ahead, always watching to see that the man is following. When the honey nest is reached the native attacks the store and takes what he wants of the comb. But when the man departs the honey guide immediately approaches the spot and helps itself to the residue of the nectar. The motive of the artful African bird may be selfish, but it serves a useful purpose in that queer, dark land, and its action, though not disinterested, teaches this truth at least, that **those who bring their fellows to the feasting place never themselves go away hungry,** but may share in the drippings from the honey comb even if they leave to others the main meal.

2075. Perchance, in heaven one day to me,
Some precious saint may come and say;
"All hail! Beloved! but for thee
My soul to death had been a prey."
Ah then, what a blessing in the thought!
One soul to glory to have brought!

2076. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, in "Heroic Personalities," gives a thrilling description **of a battle royal for human souls,** waged by a young minister, who had recently settled in the Ohio valley, in behalf of **the most successful criminal lawyer of that country.** The young man wrote to one of his college friends: **"He has the reputation of being a hardened, sinful man.** There is not the slightest evidence to show that he has a thought of becoming a Christian, but I feel that I must win him, and do it at once. You may think that I am foolish about this, and I am astonished at myself, but, after all, God is as willing to save him as he is to save any one else."

This letter impressed the recipient very deeply. The holy audacity of the man amazed him, and he waited other developments with most prayerful interest. About ten days later he received a second letter which said: "I could stand it no longer, and so **I have been to see the judge.** I just opened my heart and told him all about it. I told him I could hardly sleep or eat on his account, but was praying for him all the time. Everything I intended to say went out of my head, but I just blundered on, trying to tell him how much he owed the Lord, and what a great chance there was for him to change the whole community by swinging about and giving his heart to Christ. **He was the most astonished-looking man I ever saw.** He looked at me at first as you have seen a great St. Bernard dog look at a young puppy that runs up to him on the street. Still, he was not offended; he treated me kindly, and **I believe God will give him to me yet.**" Three or four weeks later there came another letter which read:—"**Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory** through our Lord Jesus Christ. **Judge —— sent for me to come and pray with him last night.** He was under deep conviction, and was mourning over his sins. My joy is beyond words. I can never again believe anything too hard for God."

2077. In the midst of business, in the heat of the day, a driving business man, **Deacon Dee, sat down a few moments to rest.** As he sat there with his head downward bent in quiet thought, a business man of rougher mould and without the Christian faith, passed and addressed him: "Well, deacon, what are you thinking about now; who you can cheat next?" The deacon responded: "Would you really like to know what I was thinking about?" "Yes," he said; "let's know". "Well", said the deacon, **"I was thinking about my heavenly home."** "Oh!" said the man, **"how do you know there is any heavenly home?** I think it it all a guess." "Because," responded the deacon, "Jesus said that his **kingdom** should extend over the face of the world; that it should be a universal kingdom; and I have watched it for forty years, and **have seen it grow.** I have seen other kingdoms go down, but his kingdom, everywhere, increasing in interest and power." The man remained quiet a few moments, and then said: **"I think you are right, deacon,"** and walked away.

2078. A distinguished English writer tells how he watched an old fisherman and **a remarkable catch**, and afterward obtained his **three rules for fishing: "First, keep yourself out of sight. Second,** keep yourself further out of sight. **Third,** keep yourself still further out of sight." So the three things became one —**keep yourself out of sight.** How many men spoil their work just because they have not learned the lesson of Christian humility; they cannot keep themselves out of sight. The only way in which we can learn to keep out of sight is to cultivate such a passion for men as shall cause us to forget ourselves.

2079. During a summer visit just after I had left school, **a class of girls** about my own age came to me a few times for an hour's singing. . . . Sometimes I accompanied them afterwards down the avenue; and whenever I met any of them I had smiles and plenty of kindly words for each. . . . **A few years afterwards I sat at the bedside of one of these girls.** . . . She told me . . . how she used to linger in the avenue on those summer evenings, **longing that I would speak to her about the Saviour.** . . **And I never did!** And she went on . . . without the light and gladness which it might have been my privilege to bring to her life. God chose other means. . . But she said,—and the words often ring in my ears when I am tempted to let an opportunity slip,—**"Ah, Miss F., I ought to have been yours!"**—Francis R. Havergal.

2080. A crowd of soot-covered coal miners, women and children crowded around the foreman of the **Clyde colliery** at Hamilton, Scotland, and tried to persuade him not to enter the shaft of the mine from which smoke was issuing in great volumes. "You'll not get one hundred feet before you'll be overcome," said one of the eight men who had escaped from the burning mine after the fire started. "How many down there?" asked the foreman. **"Who'll go with me after them?" A score or more of men volunteered.** He chose twenty-five and entered the shaft from which the smoke was rolling in masses that grew denser every moment. One, two, three hours passed. Suddenly the smoke ceased to pour from the mouth of the shaft. Then presently it came belching from another opening of the mine. A few minutes later **the rescuers stumbled out of the shaft, bearing in their arms their seven comrades,** only one of whom was dead. Upon entering the mine they had lost their way. Groping about for three hours they had finally succeeded in diverting the smoke to another passage, and in this way **succeeded in reaching the imprisoned miners,** who had been overcome in a remote passage while trying to escape. **We should be as zealous in rescuing souls.**

2081. He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but its name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust;
He took a child from out the wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonor might have brought,
And reared him to the Christian's hope and trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, preached for human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.
—Sarah K. Bolton.

2082. A little Indian boy was ill of fever, tossing upon his comfortless husk pillow and moaning because of distress in his head. The missionary, Miss W., took a pillow, sent by an old lady in Pennsylvania in a "missionary box", she having pinned to it a card with the legend, **"Freighted with Prayers",** and carried it at once to the little sufferer, thinking to remove the hard one without his knowledge; but he aroused at once to a sense of comfort. He was then told that a kind friend had sent him her pillow because she loved Jesus, and loved him for Jesus' sake. He looked at his teacher inquiringly, then asked: **"Is it the same Jesus of whom you have told me?"** "Yes," replied his kind friend, "it is the only Jesus—the same Jesus."

He said no more, but after his recovery, when he, with others, stood up in the little church to **confess Christ as his Saviour,** did he, or did only the angels know, which was the stronger leading, the instructions of his devoted teachers **or that soft messenger of comfort, "freighted with prayers,"** on which the weary, aching head of the sick child had found rest—"because of the love of Jesus".

2083. Mr. Moody told of a judge in an Illinois town whom he tried to lead to Christ, and he seemed to fail; but the judge promised that when he came into the Kingdom, he would let Mr. Moody know, having no idea then that he would ever accept Christ. Years afterwards, they met in New York City. The old judge had come on purpose to see the evangelist. He said, "Mr. Moody, I am a man past sixty years of age. **For three years I have been in the Kingdom** and at work for Christ, and **I have had more satisfaction in the three years than in all my life before put together."**

2084. A friend of mine came to me with the request that I would go with him to see a man who was dying, but made me pledge myself that I would not speak with him the first time about religion. I went, under protest, and **we talked with the poor fellow about everything in the world except his soul.** My friend was to visit him the next day, and we were to call the second time and present Christ to him. We said good night to him, and even then the death pallor seemed to overspread his face. Early the next morning, my friend went to his house, rung the door-bell, and started up the stairs to his room, and the servant called him back, saying, "Why, didn't you know?" My friend said, "Know what?" "Why, **he died last night, half an hour after you were here."** I can never forget the look on the man's face. **"If God will forgive me," he said, "I will never be too late again",** and so far as I know he never has been.

2085. Our task in life is that of a sower of seed. Whatever vocation we may have chosen for ourselves or in whatever way our time and energies may be employed, **we are sowers of seed.** We should be conscious of that fact, and conscious also of the vital interests involved in it.

2086. A certain deacon of the Stephen type, explaining his success in reaching young men, said; I never leave the sacramental table without this resolution, "When I come again to this place **I will bring some one with me."** He has not failed to bring at least one young man with him to the communion, in the public confession of Christ at any communion service for some years.—George R. Leavitt, D. D.

2087. One of the greatest reformers and master spirits of America was converted through the personal testimony of his father's hired man. He writes: "I used to get my father's hired man to tell me the story of his conversion over and over again, till he got tired of telling it to me; and oh! how it sank into my heart! **That was my earliest Christian awakening.** As a boy, I had everything I wanted—heritage, family, influence, adequate resources; but when I listened to that poor man sing his hymns of praise to God, and saw him wipe the tears of joy from his eyes, while he turned to me and told me what the Lord had done for his soul and what he expected from God in the future life, I used to cry and wish that I were he with his poverty, and not myself with my

riches. I believed him to be a Christian, and he was. From my experience with him, I have found out one thing, and that is this: that **a real Christian man telling what Christ has done for his soul is to another man like the sound of the eternal world.**—David Gregg.

2088. One condition of successful soul-winning is a transfigured life. There must be more than the appearance of spirituality, **there must be the beauty of holiness.** A fervent piety that will melt hardened hearts is wanted. A fired heart and a holy life are better than the tongue of the orator or the learning of the schoolmen.—Rev. C. H. Irvine.

2089. A minister, preaching in a jail, was accompanied by a young man, not a Christian. The minister spoke so earnestly that his companion was much impressed. On their return, he said: **"The men to whom you preached today must have been much moved; . .** such preaching cannot fail to influence." "My dear friend," said the minister, **"were you influenced?** Were you impelled by my words today to choose God as your portion?" **"You were not preaching to me,** but to your convicts." "You mistake. **I was preaching to you.** You need the same Saviour. For all there is but one way of salvation. Just as much for you as for the poor prisoner was the message. Will you heed it?" **He made the word personal to himself and was saved.**

2090. If you can't be a light-house, you can be a tallow candle. I remember when I was preaching in a log-house on the frontier, the announcement was made: **"Mr. Moody** will preach at early candle-light". As darkness grew over the road I would go to the old log school-house. I would get there first. **An old woman would come in with one tallow dip, and she would set this on end.** It didn't give much light; but if you had nothing else, you would be glad of a tallow candle. The next woman that would come would bring a light, and stick that up on the desk. The next woman would bring a lamp, and bring it out from under her shawl. **Every one brought a light with her,** and before long we had plenty of light. **My friends, let every one of you bring your light.**—Moody.

2091. I was preaching in an Ohio city when I had one night pointed out to me in the audience one of the **leading business men of the State.** His wife sat with him, and between them **their one little child.** I never had more indifferent or inattentive auditors than the gentleman and his wife; they paid no attention to either speaking or singing, but the little child scarcely took her eyes from me. The meeting closed and they went home; the child's heart had been touched. When she climbed up into her father's arms to say good-night she said to him: **"Papa, I wish you would be a Christian so that I could be one too."** What the sermon and the song failed to do, the child accomplished. And before they slept that night both the father and the mother had yielded themselves to Christ.—Chapman.

2092. A lady in India had a pet mina bird of beautiful plumage and sweet song, that lived in a cage in her sitting-room, and was very good company. At length she thought it so tame and so attached to her that she could trust it to come out of the cage and fly about the room. Her husband said one day, "Have you noticed an ugly bird that sits daily in a tree near the veranda? I think it must be **a bird of prey watching for your mina bird."** The wife replied gaily, "Then it will be disappointed." But as no harm came she grew careless, and one day the mina bird ventured out, only to fall instantly a prey to the enemy that had watched so long for an opportunity to devour it. How vividly the story pictures **the tragedy, worse than death, that has come to many.** "He that winneth souls is wise." —Crafts.

2093. Delegated Christian work, like second-handed charity, may do great good, but it **does not fulfill our obligations** to the sinful. The trouble with a large body of Christian people is that they seem disposed **to let out the job of saving the lost on contract. It is a much greater task to speak to a sinner about his sins than to pay somebody else to do it.** This arises in many cases from timidity and self-depreciation, but oftener from a lack of real Christian sympathy for the lost. **The world will never be converted by proxy.**—Rev. C. H. Zimmerman.

2094. Mirabeau, born with as ugly a countenance as possible, victim of countless vices, and ruined by them in the end, was **a man of charming geniality** when he wished to be. Men were fascinated by his engaging deportment and eloquent tongue. The secret was **a real love for mankind,** which was the groundwork of his character. He truthfully exclaimed, in terrible agony, **"Oh, that I had been a correct man! for if I had been I could now save France."**

2095. At a prayermeeting held in New Jersey, some cultured ladies were very much troubled by the prayer of **a woman who seemed greatly concerned for her husband.** Her manner, tones

and words combined to give the idea of **extravagant emotion.** Among other seemingly wild expressions, this woman made use of this one: "I believe he is losing his last chance." The next week these ladies met a gentleman who had attended the meeting and to whom they had **criticised the prayer.** They said that they wanted to retract their statements for the previous day the man whose wife had felt that he was "losing his last chance," **had taken his own life,** and was now about to be carried to the grave of a suicide.

2096. A wounded Japanese soldier, while in the hospital, was converted to Christ. He labored faithfully with some of his comrades in the hospital, and afterward was heard to say, **"I must go home soon and get the people of my village to believe."** A suggestion was made to him that it might be well for him to wait awhile before going home, till he was better instructed in Christian doctrine.. The suggestion astonished him, and he replied simply: **"It will never do for me to believe this alone: I must tell them."**—The Missionary Herald.

2097. "For you must know, Mr. Lewis, it is a rule in our Church that **when one brother has been converted he must go and fetch another brother;** and when a sister has been converted, she must go and fetch another sister. That is the way 120 of us have been brought from Atheism and from Popery to simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." This is part of a report of a brief interview held between **a converted French railway engineer,** a member of one of the Baptist churches of Paris, and an English minister, who fell into conversation with him while standing at a station. What a delightful revival of **the primitive method of evangelizing the world is here revealed.**

2098. A venturesome Alpine climber, seeking a shorter path, quits his guide and sallies off to be a guide unto himself. A snow-drift lies across his path, soft as eider-down, and with headlong haste he plunges into it. **In an instant he disappears from view,** and the ring of icicles in the depths of the crevasse is the last sound that strikes upon his ears as he plunges, mangled and senseless, into the ice-cavern that yawns to receive him. When consciousness returns he is just alive, and that is all. **It is impossible to climb up the perpendicular wall of the crevasse.** If he remains where he is he will soon freeze to death in this awful sepulcher. As he listens for some sound, he faintly hears the musical tinkle of dripping water, and as he creeps slowly toward it he hears **a running stream.** It is pitch dark; but he gropes his way through the channel of the stream until he discovers a slight gleam of light on the ice walls of the aperture before him. Onward he struggles, until at last he **emerges at the base of the glacier into sunshine and safety!** How ready he is to warn others from that treacherous crevasse. And when he again climbs such dangerous heights, how careful he is to have a trusty guide! **Saved himself from the jaws of death he tries to save others** from a course as rash and reckless as that which has cost him so dearly.—Dr. Cuyler.

Missions. (2099–2184)

2099. There is no land on which the sun rises where the foot of the missionary has not trod. There is **no tribe,** however fierce, or however depraved, his hand has not handled. There is **no tongue,** however barbaric, he has not tried to speak. There are great primary human passions that are strong and invincible. There is the passion of greed. Tempted by it, a man will stay at home and assume a thousand disguises. He will clothe the meanest selfishness in the most magnificent patriotism. He will dress the hardest and least human spirit in generous philanthropy. He will try and speak large things about empire and about civilization, when he means only his own love of gold and contempt of men. Or he will go abroad —and there is **no point where greed has not made men go.** Amid the Arctic snows and tropic heats it has made him live. On poisonous coasts and up fever-haunted rivers and in dismal jungles, he has dwelt, that he may indulge his love of gain, and come back with his gold multiplied a thousand fold. **But greater than passion or greed stands the enthusiasm for humanity. The missionary has gone before the trader** and beyond the trader, and wherever he has gone he has been inspired with a new hopefulness for men. He has **kept the sense of duty living at home, he has carried light into dark places, and he has made us feel that precious in the sight of God, and precious in the sight of men, is that great immortal soul Christ died to redeem.**—Principal Fairbairn, D. D.

2100. A church in Ohio was ready to disband when someone proposed they support a missionary. Today that church is one of the best in Ohio. A church in **Pennsylvania** with less than forty members poor in resources, started out by giving $118.00 to missions. In two years they had three hundred members and had greatly increased their pastor's salary. **Many a Christian has been prospered, just as he has made Christ's**

kingdom a sharer in his income. We do not give to get back, but when we give out of love to Christ, he blesses us, in heart, in joy, in character, and often in our basket and store.

2101. Every once in a while I hear someone growl against foreign missions, because the money and the strength put into them are **needed at home.** I did it myself when I did not know better. God forgive me. I know better now; and I will tell you how I found out. I became interested in a strong religious awakening in my own city of **Copenhagen,** and I set about investigating it. It was then that I learned what others had learned before me, and what was the fact there, that **for every dollar you give away to convert the heathen abroad, God gives you ten dollars' worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home.** —Jacob Riis.

2102. The following figures show the **progress of missions in Central Africa** in the past thirty years. In Central Africa there are now 100 native pastors 2,000 churches and schools, 60,000 converts, and 300,000 native children in Christian schools. In Uganda there are 1,000 places of worship, including one cathedral seating 4,000 people. Yet it is but a few years since Henry M. Stanley made his appeal for one missionary for Central Africa.

2103. At the beginning of the 19th century there was **a large stone in Tahiti,** red with the blood of slain children. Years ago it was hollowed out and is **now used as a baptismal font** in a Christian church.

2104. It was Dr. John Hall, I think, that spoke that sensible sarcasm about **the supreme sympathetic value of a tear in the eye—of a committee.** A man must be in personal touch with missionary work, or it will mean little or nothing to him. It cannot be entirely deputed to boards, secretaries, and committees.

2105. "How can a weakened church best become virile and vigorous?" "Let it double and quadruple its sacrifices for the benefit of the distant heathen."—Samuel Miller, D. D.

2106. A Chinaman wheeled his mother 1000 miles in a wheelbarrow to have her treated for a cataract at a medical mission.

2107. Judson, with work pressing in Burmah, and without sufficient funds, wrote in an agony to his fellow Christians in the United States: **"I thought they loved me, and they would scarce have known it if I had died:** I thought they were praying for us; and **they have never once thought of us.**

2108. The two greatest missionary documents are the Lord's Prayer and the parable of the Prodigal Son. If you have ever read the parable of the Prodigal Son as the agony of a bereaved father's heart you will find that missions are placed in the very heart of our God and Father whose name we bear. And if you have ever said, **"Our Father,"** you have felt the call and passion of brotherhood that runs through the whole of the missionary movement. It is there that Jesus laid the foundation of all this missionary enterprise.—Prof. O. E. Brown.

2109. When the first American missionaries reached India, the English government refused them a landing. "Go back," was the imperious order; "go back in the ship in which you came." In the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, when it was first proposed to send the Gospel to the heathen, reverend gentlemen declared against the scheme. But a century has passed since that time; yet **now all Christendom rings with gratulation over the achievements of Christian missions;** and no other class of men are so reverently canonized in the affections of the Church as her missionaries to the heathen world. —Prof. Austin Phelps.

2110. On many occasions the Rajah of Chamba, says Dr. Hutchieson, **has given evidence of his good will toward the mission,** and when the time came for a new church to be built, Dr. Hutchieson sent his highness full particulars of the proposed building. In less than twenty-four hours the rajah replied, **asking to be allowed to bear the entire cost of the building of the church for Christian subjects.** "If an Indian prince could show such kindness," says the doctor, "what is our duty, who owe all we have to Christ?"

2111. It was on a rainy night in Boston, in the year 1823, that **a young Baptist minister,** who had spent weeks in the preparation of a missionary sermon, came into the church to preach it to a disappointing little gathering. And he preached his sermon on **"The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise",** and went away that night much disheartened, because he thought that all his labor had been spent in vain. **Rowland Hill** read that sermon, and he said, "The man who wrote that sermon has in him the power to do great things." The trustees of Brown University heard of that sermon, and they thought the young man was the man to take hold of the work they wanted done, and **Wayland began his mighty service.** "The moral dignity of the missionary enterprise'"—there is nothing like it. There

is no other enterprise in life that can compare with it.—Northfield Echoes.

2112. A missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society tells of a native lady in India who was ordered by her father **to repeat the Mohammedan** confession of faith. She refused although a hot iron was pressed upon her bare foot as a persuasive. "I cannot," she said. "You will not," thundered her angry father, and with that he heated the iron in the fire again. Pressing the hot iron upon the other foot, he triumphantly shouted, "Now you will!" The brave woman, white to the lips from pain, answered, **"No, I cannot, for I am a Christian."** A conclusive answer. But let us envy the sturdiness back of it.

2113. The missionaries go as voluntary exiles from home and church, from all the social connections, from all the literary surroundings, which are as dear and delightful to them as to you and me. They go out for an **isolated work,** seemingly dreary and desolate, as those tarrying behind look upon it. And yet they are **full of gladness** and of triumph, from the beginning onward. They are the most self-sacrificing, as we say, of the disciples of the Master, and also the most full of **jubilant rejoicing** and of triumphant courage.—Dr. R. S. Storrs.

2114. "Well, I have God, and his word is sure; and though the superstitions of the heathen were a million times worse than they are, if I were deserted by all, and persecuted by all, yet **my hope, fixed on that word, will rise superior to all obstructions,** and triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified by fire." **Thus wrote the heroic Carey** when discouraging circumstances pressed thickly upon him.

2115. But the greater blessing of giving to missions consists in the larger man, for in giving he has **dethroned selfishness** and made his heart a more fit dwelling-place for the Holy Spirit. **A man riding along the street dropped a quarter into the outstretched hand of a beggar** woman, but as he rode away he began to repent his good deed, saying: "How do I know that the woman is worthy? She may take that money and spend it on drink;" and he rode back and asked the woman to return the money; the astonished woman did so, and was more **astonished to receive a five-dollar bill.** As the man rode away a second time he was heard to murmur: **"There, self, I guess you wish you had kept quiet." I know of no better way to down the selfish man in all of us than hearty, systematic, and prayerful giving to missions.**—Missionary Review.

2116. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth once wrote an article on **"Child Life in the Slums."** One morning she received a letter from India, telling how that article had been **read to a group of Hindus,** and their hearts were so touched by the story of suffering and sorrow that they subscribed and **sent to her twelve dollars for her work among outcast babies.**

2117. A Greek woman employed in the American Hospital in Cesarea, Turkey, was stirred by a revival. She straightway asked leave to visit a woman whom she had injured and to whom she had not spoken for ten years. When she trudged through the snow three or four miles to **ask her "enemy's" forgiveness,** her relatives were sure she had gone daft. But the next day, when she came back to the hospital, she said, **"We made peace, and the stone in my heart is gone."**

2118. There are about 300,000 Mormons in America. They are found chiefly in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, and Colorado. They call themselves Latter Day Saints, and all persons who are not Mormons they call Gentiles. Mission work among them is done mainly through day schools and Sunday-schools. Another phase of the work is furnishing schools for those people in Utah and Idaho who are not Mormons, and who do not wish to send their children to Mormon schools. **The Mormons send out great numbers of missionaries, not only in the United States, but also in other countries, as far East as Turkey.**

2119. A missionary recently said: "In the interior of Laos I saw shops with long rows of bottles labeled **'Scotch Whiskey,' 'French Brandy,'** and **Australian Beer.'** In Bangkok I read the English sign, 'Place for drinking of the delightful juice.' Near the Silliman Institute, where we are teaching Filipino boys, there is a building bearing the infamous inscription, **'American Saloon.'** That was a great day on which Congress passed the law 'forbidding any American to sell intoxicants, opium or firearms in any islands of the Pacific not governed by a civilized power.' Why in Islands why is it not wrong and preventable to debauch the Pacific Continentals? **Why should the streams of influence pouring into Asia and Africa from Christian nations be polluted by slime from the pit?"**

2120. The most dramatic scene of the Hilo revival was on the first Sabbath of July, 1838. **On this day Dr. Coan baptized 1,705** persons and received them into the communion of the church. Until this time comparatively few of the

converts had been admitted to the privileges of church membership. Lists of inquirers were kept, and they were watched over and instructed with all possible care. **Dr. Coan says** "they were sifted and resifted with scrutiny, and with every effort to take the precious from the vile. The church and the world, friends and enemies, were called upon and solemnly charged to testify without concealment or palliation, if they knew aught against any of the candidates." From **a list of more than 3,000 candidates so tested, 1,705 of the best prepared were selected as the first class to receive baptism.** They were assembled in the great native church in divisions, according to the villages and districts to which they belonged. Every name was called and checked off, that there might be no omissions or mistakes. When all was prepared, **Dr. Coan passed along the lines, sprinkling the brow of each individual with water,** and then, standing in the center of the great assembly, solemnly pronounced the words, "I baptize you all into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." By the close of the year 1839, Dr. Coan had received more than **5,000 members into the Hilo Church.**

2121. The foreign travelers and residents of the **South Sea Islands,** who write with such hostility of missions there, are men who **find the missionary to be an obstacle to the accomplishment of their evil purposes.**—Charles Darwin.

2122. The strength of missions has been found, by prolonged and most varied experience, to consist of these **three things:** The belief in the necessity of the **New Birth,** the belief in the necessity of the **Atonement,** the belief in the necessity of **Repentance** in this life."—Joseph Cook.

2123. A confirmed opium user said: "I will go down to Amoy and try to retrieve my fortunes." Fancy an opium smoker going to retrieve his fortune, with no God, no great principle in him to help him day or night. He came into the neighborhood of one of our churches: he heard the Gospel, and in a month he was cured and his first impulse was, "I must preach; I must go to my family in my village, and **tell them about this wondrous Gospel that has changed me.**" Men said to him, "You have not made your fortune: where is the money to buy back your acres?" But he said, "I want no fortune, I have God; I have Christ; I have this wondrous Gospel; and I want no more." **He went back and preached and today there are in that region eleven churches and seven mission stations.** Ten of those churches are self-supporting. — Rev. J. MacGowan.

2124. General Howard said that it costs $100 to fire a twelve-inch gun, but nobody complained when several hundred thousand dollars' worth of ammunition was hurled against the Spanish earth-works with comparatively little result. On Thanksgiving Day we eat **$14,000,000 worth of turkeys,** and in a year we pay for poultry and eggs $560,000,000, but no one objects. **The money which one of our largest denominations puts into foreign missions for an entire year would not build a third-class war vessel.** It would not run a metropolitan daily newspaper six months. **If we ungrudgingly pay such prices for other things, how much ought we to pay for souls?**—Rev. A. J. Brown.

2125. Missionaries went to Greenland, and labored ten years trying to civilize natives without the Gospel, but met with **no success.** But when they turned to **it,** and tried **it,** they succeeded rapidly.

2126. Bear Christ to the heathen, and you will be borne by Christ, uplifted, strengthened, and divinely impelled in your work. Hence, observe the divine order: not, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me," as in our common version, but, **"Ye shall be my witnesses."** We are not to stand in the world, and testify to Christ, but stand in Christ, and testify to the world. . . . Not philanthropy, the love of man, but **philo-Christy, the love of Christ, constitutes the greatest missionary motive.**—A. J. Gordon, D. D.

2127. The population of the world is computed at 1,550,000,000, so that the **Christians form slightly more than one-third of the whole;** and there are still a thousand million souls outside the Christian religion. Within the English empire there are 400,000,000 people, of whom less than a quarter are listed as Christians. Truly **the fields are white** and ready for the harvest.

2128. One day a missionary was preaching in the city of Benares. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length **a Brahman** said: "Look at those men and see what they are doing." "They are preaching to us", replied the people. "True. What has the sahib in his hand?" "The New Testament." "Yes the New Testament. But what is that? I will tell you. **It is the Gospel ax, into which a European handle has been put.** If you come today you will find them cutting; if you come tomorrow you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble **tree of Hinduism**—at our religion. It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hinduism;

its branches spread all over India; it is a noble, glorious tree. But these men come daily with the Gospel ax in their hand; they look at the tree and the tree looks at them. But it is helpless. The Gospel ax is applied daily, and, although the tree is large and strong, it must give way at last. No sooner does a handle find it can no longer swing this ax then it says: 'What am I doing now? I am getting worn out; I can no longer swing the ax; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed!' He walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says: 'But **here is a fine branch of which a handle might be made'.** Up goes the ax, down comes the branch; it is soon shaped into a handle; **the European handle is taken out, and the native handle put in,** and the swinging commences afresh. **At last the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches."**

2129. Her Majesty the Queen visited the metropolis in 1842. Scarcely had the twilight darkened into night, when, from every hill surrounding that most magnificent of cities, there seemed to rise simultaneously a crest of fire. Each mountaineer lifted up in his hand a torch; and from Berwick to Fife and Fife to Sterling, the great frith was at once illuminated. It was a witness, it was a token to the land that its sovereign was near Thus, **when the Gospel beacons from California to Japan are fully lit, it will be a witness, a token to the earth, that the end is approaching.** Our part, meanwhile, is surely to go forward, and light up from land to land the signals of this great and blessed advent.—Dr. George Gilfillan.

2130. A medical missionary was summoned to a Zenana. One of the Prince's wives refused to take the medicine prescribed. The missionary writes: "Sitting down on the ground by the side of my patient, I take her little emaciated hand between my two large palms; with low-pitched voice I begin talking to her. I tell her about my home in America, and my family and friends there; **I tell her about the Lord Jesus Christ** and his love for her and for me; how he left his home in heaven to come to earth to suffer and die for our sakes. I assured her of my love for her, my great interest in her, my sympathy for her in her sufferings, and my desire to help her. **She weeps** so much that I feel obliged to discontinue my talk lest she injure herself. When finally she is calm again I ask her why she did not take my medicine, and why she refused the nourishment which I had prescribed. At this question she puts her little emaciated hands together in a respectful salaam and says, while her voice trembles with emotion: 'O doctor Sahiba, **do not ask me to take your medicine!** Do not ask me to take the nourishment! If I take your English medicine, and I take the food which you have prescribed for me, **I shall get well; and O, I do not wish to get well!** O, don't—please don't —ask me to take it.' "—Missionary Comments.

2131. A missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. reports that **one of the chief obstacles** to his efficiency at Beira, Portuguese East Africa, is—not fever, but **the liquor trade.** Rum is sold to natives without conscience and without limit.

2132. In Chinese Characteristics, Dr. Smith, analyzing the **Chinese** character, shows **the lack of any connection between their religious worship and daily living.** "While it is true that the teaching of **Confucius** on human duty is wonderful and admirable, yet, on the other hand, we learn that **if the Chinese ever did recognize the true God, that knowledge has certainly been most effectually lost.** All the gods of China may be said to have been dead men, and by **the rite of ancestral worship** it may be affirmed that in a sense all the dead men of China are gods. To 'reverence the gods, but to keep at a safe distance from them' was the advice of **Confucius.** While there may be exceptional instances, there is no hesitation in affirming that the **absence of sincerity among the Chinese in their relations to one another, applies with even greater force to their worship.** A Chinese is anxious to take advantage of the man with whom he makes a bargain, and he is not less anxious to take advantage, if he can, of the god with whom he makes a bargain, or the god to whom he prays." Dr. Smith quotes Sir Thomas Wade, who says, **"If religion is said to mean more than mere ethics, I deny that the Chinese have a religion".** Further on the author quotes an eminent Chinese scholar who says, **"Confucianism recognizes no relation to a living god."** While not wholly agreeing with either author, Dr. Smith adds: **"Chi a's absolute indifference to the profoundest spiritual truths in the nature of man,** is the most melancholy characteristic of the Chinese mind.

2133. The chief difficulty that we encounter with our pupils, says a **teacher in a Chinese mission** of Chicago, is the fact that they are **so well versed in Confucianism.** I recall a case of recent occurrence, and there have been others like it, in which one of my pupils for a long time answered all my arguments and persuasions by saying, "Confucius tell allee same." Finally, and after more than a year of arguing, all without any apparent effect; he said to me one day:

"Confucius tell allee same about this life. **No tell about other life.**" A little later he told me he was ready to be baptized.

2134. Christianity must precede civilization. The great Empire of China will not receive and keep your locomotives and telegraphs until she has bowed the knee to your Christ.—Ex-President Angell.

2135. In China 400 millions worship idols. The cost is not less than one hundred millions per year and **in ten years one billion of dollars.** Look at some more facts. Idolatry is sheer delusion. It is one of the devil's masterpieces. Go into one of the 500 temples in Canton and see the hundreds of women sleeping on the floor in order to gain early the favor of the dirt-begrimed caricature of humanity which they are eager to worship. Why are they there? Because **they believe that the dirty wooden idol has power to relieve their sorrows and give them offspring.** Go into the new temple just built across the Pearl River at a cost of $100,000 and see the tens of thousands of gilded boards presented by women to the little black idol as thank offerings for blessings received. Thousands of these women live on the coarsest food, that they may be able to pay their vows to these lying idols. Millions of women and little children walk long distances to reach these temples. Now keep in mind that all this cost in time, strength and money is for **an absolute delusion.** The hungry man who pursues a mirage in a trackless desert, in the belief that he sees water and food, is not under a deeper delusion than these deceived worshippers that **prostrate themselves before a stone block to satisfy the hunger of the soul.**—Rev. A. A. Fulton, Westminster.

2136. After a missionary meeting in Brighton, England, a poor widow of the parish presented herself before the pastor and gave him a **sovereign.** He knew the poor woman's great poverty, and accordingly **refused to accept the coin,** remarking at the same time that it was too much for her to give. The widow seemed disconcerted and afflicted, and with the irresistible eloquence of an overflowing heart, she begged him to accept it. "Oh, sir," added she, "I have often given pieces of copper to the Lord. Two or three times I have had the joy to give him pieces of silver; but **it was the grand desire of my life to give him a piece of gold before I die.** For a long time I have been putting by all that I was able, to make this sum. Take it, I pray you, for the missionary cause." The minister did not refuse further. He added to the collection **this precious offering of a loving heart.**

2137. The reflex influence of the knowledge of and interest in missions through the Holy Spirit is strikingly shown in a letter which **Phillips Brooks** wrote from North Andover, in July, 1888, to the Rev. A. A. Lefroy, a member of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi, India. Mr. Brooks says: "We are neither impatient nor reluctant at the thought of the day when we shall have finished here and go to higher work. But dear me, what right have I to say all this to you, who know it so much better, who are putting it so constantly and richly into your life and work? **I grow stronger for Boston when I think of Delhi.**"

2138. A gentleman high in commercial circles in a Western city, was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends. "I think," said he, "the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii. **My father was a missionary** in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country; but when I was a young man—and rather a wild young man—I went back there on a visit. **The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have done.** While I was in this condition an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me. 'Old man,' I said, 'what are you doing all this to me for?' 'Well,' he answered, 'I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man, an American. **I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and, I hope, a Christian.** All I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition, I feel like doing all I can for him, on account of what that man did for me.' 'What is the name of the man?' I asked him. 'Mr. B———, a missionary.' **'God help me,' I said, 'He was my father.'**

"Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. **It is certain that whatever I am today I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander."** — Cook's Weekly.

2139. When the mother of Professor Drummond met a young friend who had offered his services as a missionary, but was declined, and was obliged to take a position in a commercial house in a foreign land, she suggested: "My dear boy, you can **be a merchant missionary."** In like manner **Commodore Perry,** when introduced to a foreign missionary in Japan, added, **"I also am a missionary."**

2140. King Andereya, of Bunyoro,

(Uganda Protectorate), wrote to his former teacher (of the Church Missionary Society) as follows: "I am writing to tell you that **I send you an offering to God** for his Church, that is 100 rupees. For to-day I have come into possession of my portion of the yearly taxes. **Who is it that has given me greatness and glory** and riches, all to be possessed by me? Oh, my father, it is well that you should **pray for me** without ceasing, that he may grant me wisdom to walk ever in his path of righteousness, and that I may ever fear and love him. I praise him much that he has given me today these tokens. Farewell, my father."

2141. Africa is coming to be belted with brickyards out of whose product houses, churches, schools, and all the structures of civilization are built. The artisans who built the splendid edifice of the Free Church of Scotland at Blantyre, were **natives** whose fathers had never seen a white man. **It is the genius of the religion to civilize where it touches.** —Cyrus C. Adams.

2142. By an eternal law, home work and foreign work flourish or decay together. Contributions to home work have never been diminished because the work of the church abroad has taken its proper place in our parochial organizations. On the contrary, they will grow and increase, for foreign work acts and re-acts on the home work. **Schools, Bibles, classes, services in church, are all stronger, brighter, healthier in proportion as the duty to preach the Gospel to the heathen is recognized.**

2143. The memorial tablet of Dr. Geddie, at Aneitium (New Hebrides) bears the words: "When he landed in 1848, there were no Christians here; when he left in 1872, there were no heathen."

2144. "Whether the savages spare me or kill me, I will land among them: I am in his hand"—the words of a **native worker** who leaped into the sea to go to a cannibal island.

2145. That **the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church** finds new illustration in China since the attempt at the extermination of the Chinese Christians by the **Boxers.** For example, the China Inland Mission showed, in its annual report for 1907, that in the thirty years which preceded 1900, the Boxer year, some 13,000 converts were baptized and some 15,000 in the seven years after that time of martyrdom. And the best of it is that the Christian Church is far more Chinese and self-determined now than it has ever been.

2146. There is a small temple on the roadside near Peking in which there is no idol apparently but **only a log of wood** such as is usually sawed into planks for building purposes. How came it there and why is it worshiped? Some years ago **this log was being hauled into Peking** by a number of mules. When this piece of timber reached the spot it **stuck fast** and absolutely refused to move another inch. Thereupon some of China's "wise men" were consulted. They looked into the case and solemnly declared that the log of wood had become **possessed by some spirit,** and that the wisest plan would be to build a temple over it and henceforth to worship the log. They did so, and **now two or three priests live upon the offerings** presented at this singular shrine.

2147. America, through the American Board, expended in fifty years $1,250,000 to evangelize **Hawaii,** and during that time **received about $4,000,000 a year in trade.** England's missions are said to bring back $50 in trade for every $5 given to convert the heathen. — Gen. Armstrong.

2148. Missions' reflex influence: When societies began to send missionaries out into the world; when they were willing to give their property, and to send their sons and daughters abroad in all the world to take care of the vulgar and poor and miserable; then **there sprang up a large beneficence,** and a consideration of the wants of the working-man and the poor man, out of which has come that literature which is but a twilight of the Gospel.—Beecher.

2149. Some years ago **a missionary, just returned from Africa,** and a native worker, were traveling by rail in England. The former fell into conversation with another **passenger,** who, in the course of his remarks **sneered at mission work.** He said: "What are the missionaries doing abroad? We do not hear about their movements. We pay them pretty well, but hear nothing of them. I suppose they are sitting down quietly and making themselves comfortable." The native worker, who had quietly listened to the conversation, asked his companion to permit him to give the answer. "Sir," he said, **"allow me to present myself to you as a result of the labor of the missionaries** whose work you have been depreciating. I am an African, and this man is the means of my having become a Christian and my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian minister." The objector was silenced. The black man was **the noted Bishop Crowther,** who, from a wretched slaveboy, had risen to a position of great usefulness in the church.

2150. Seventeen years after Carey translated the New Testament into Bengali there were found several distant villages of Hindoo-born peasants, who had given up idol-worship, were renowned for their truthfulness, and as searching for a true teacher come from God. They traced their new faith to a **much worn book kept in a wooden box** in one of the villages. No one could say whence it had come; all they knew was that they had possessed it for many years. It proved to be **Carey's translation of the New Testament.**—Mackenzie.

2151. "For three years I was practically alone in Central Africa, at work with a tribe that had never seen a missionary before and whose language I was trying to learn, so that I could tell the Gospel story to them. During all that time I had been listening and praying, to hear **some word which would express the idea of 'Saviour,'** but I never heard it, and I was almost in despair. On Christmas Eve I was sitting at a camp fire, thinking of home. Suddenly into my reverie came the guttural talk of the natives. One of them was telling how he **escaped from the jaws of a crocodile, and he used a word that conveyed the idea of one who saves.** I leaped to my feet and shouted and sang for joy. The men thought I had gone crazy. I have been thirty times stricken with fever, three times attacked by lions, and several times by other savage beasts, and ambushed by still more savage natives. For fourteen months I never saw a piece of bread, and I have eaten everything from ants to rhinoceros flesh, but **I would gladly go through it all again if I could have the joy of again bringing that word 'Saviour'** and flashing the Christmas story into the darkness that envelops another tribe of Central Africa."—Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss.

2152. Forty years after **John Williams** was murdered on Erromanga, **the son of his murderer was laying the corner-stone of that martyr's memorial,** while another son was preaching the Gospel for which he died.

2153. Years ago apiarists found that the Italian bee had qualities which made it, for the production of honey, greatly preferable to the native insect of this country, which was quarrelsome to handle, and less fertile, docile and dependable. The Italian bee has now generally supplanted the native. But to accomplish this result it was not necessary to substitute the foreign swarm for swarm and hive for hive. **The bee-keeper wrote to Italy for a few queens,** to be sent here by mail, enclosed in a bit of wood with holes covered with wire gauze. By skill in manipulation a queen was introduced in each hive, and the native queen removed. **Here was a new living power for renovation introduced among old conditions.** The new brood replaced the former one and in a season the whole swarm was transformed. **These queen bees are alive; the word is alive with the life of the spirit of God.** Men want that which is more valuable than the thing which they possess. They get a glimpse—or even merely hear the rumor—**of the pure, attractive home of the missionary;** they see the work of the **school** in the amazing alteration of the children's behavior; they learn of the merciful doings of the **hospital,** the wonders of the press, the book, the paper. **Famine work** and a hundred other experiences are as that which the woman "took and hid." **The influence of Christ's spirit and teaching is set before them in a few lives which have yielded themselves to it.** Irresistibly it asserts itself as a marvelous power, offering what cannot but be recognized as infinitely to be coveted. The spirit and life of Christ are in it.—Dr. Swinnerton in "Christian Work".

2154. Until I went to the Orient, until there was thrust upon me the responsibilities with reference to the **extension of civilization** in those far distant lands, I did not realize **the immense importance of foreign missions.** The truth is, we have got to wake up in this country. We are not all there is in the world. There are lots besides us, and there are lots of people beside us that are entitled to our effort and our money and our sacrifices to help them on in the world. No man can study the movement of modern civilization from an impartial standpoint and not realize that **Christianity and the spread of Christianity are the only basis for hope of modern civilization in the growth of popular self-government.** The spirit of Christianity is pure democracy. It is the equality of man before God—the equality of man before the law, which is, as I understand it, the most Godlike manifestation that man has been able to make.—William H. Taft.

2155. If the Church of God should deliberately **turn her back on a perishing world,** and abandon her mission and commission, it would not be one hour before the **Church would be swept from the face of the earth.**—Bishop Thoburn.

2156. Dr. J. E. Clough, a civil engineer, went out to the Telugus in India. The famine of 1877 came, and his services as a civil engineer were used in the completion of a half-built canal by which hungry men got work, wages, and food. In the evenings Mr Clough would gather his gangs of workmen and preach

to them the Gospel, then encourage the converts who accepted it, to go and tell the news to others. **And so God used even famine as his evangelist.** Next year, in one day, **2222 were baptized;** in thirty days, 5,000, and within a twelvemonth, **10,000.**

2157. In our passage across the Pacific we only touched at Tahiti and New Zealand. **Tahiti is a most charming spot.** Delicious scenery, climate, manner of the people, all in harmony. It is moreover admirable to behold what the missionaries both here and at New Zealand have effected. I firmly believe they are good men working for the sake of a good cause. I much suspect that **those who have abused or sneered at the missionaries have generally been such as were not very anxious to find the natives moral and intelligible beings.** They forget, or will not remember, that human **sacrifice** and the power of an **idolatrous priesthood;** a system of **profligacy** unparalleled in any other part of the world; **infanticide,** a consequence of that system; **bloody wars,** where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these things have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is a **base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far.**—Darwin.

2158. I should not like you, if meant by the gifts of God for a great missionary, to die a millionaire. I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary that you should **drivel down into a king.** What are all your kings, all your nobles, all your stars, all your diadems and your tiaras, when you put them altogether, **compared with the dignity of winning souls** for Christ, with the special honor of building for Christ, not on another man's foundation, but preaching Christ's gospel in regions far beyond? I reckon him to be a man honored of men who can do a foreign work for Christ; but he who shall go farthest in self-annihilation and in the furtherance of the glory of Christ shall be **a king among men,** though he wear a crown no carnal eyes can see.—Spurgeon.

2159. There is a curious fact in botany. The **exogenae** receive their increase of matter by external **accretions of outermost layers.** Buds, which are the organs supplying materials constituting the stem, exist in the **exogenous** plants in indefinite quantity, and so the destruction of one or more does not in the least imperil the life of the plant or tree. But in the **endogenous** growths, **one bud alone keeps up the supply of matter needful to perpetuate plant life;** the newly formed fibre descends into the innermost part of the stem, and hence any injury here is a fatal one. For example, if a large sea snail is laid on the crown of the cocoanut tree and left there to rot around the tender sprout, or if with a stone the crown is crushed, the tuft of plume-leaves which adorns the top of the tree fades and falls, and the trunk stands leafless and barren, never more to sprout. **The Church of God belongs to the endogenous order, and its solitary vital bud is the missionary spirit.** Upon this depend its vitality, its energy, its fertility, its increase. And the blow that injures that bud is fatal to the whole tree. **Kill the missionary work** of the Church, blast her service for souls, destroy her delicate zeal for the perishing, and **her life languishes** and perishes also.—Pierson.

2160. At Tahiti, for sixteen years the missionaries, **Mr. Henry** and **Mr. Nott,** seemed to have expended their strength in **fruitless and hopeless toil,** spending themselves for naught. Their tireless zeal, their constant journeys, their faithful testimony, seemed like blows of a feather against a wall of adamant. **Not one conversion took place;** the idolatries of the natives were an abomination, and their wars a desolation. The directors of the London Missionary Society seriously thought of abandoning the work. But there were a few who rightly read the lesson of this apparent failure. God was rebuking unbelief, and challenging faith in his unchanging Word of promise. Dr. Haweis sent another £200 sterling to the missionary treasury, remonstrating against giving up the mission. Rev. Matthew Wilks, John Williams' own pastor, said, with characteristic zeal and devotion: **"I will sell my garments from my back rather than that this mission shall be given up;"** and instead of a cowardly withdrawal, he proposed a special season of prayer for the blessing of the Lord of the harvest. His proposal was accepted; letters of hope and encouragement were written to the disheartened laborers, and prayer went up to Almighty God with tears of sorrow for past unbelief that had made mighty works impossible. And now mark the result. While the vessel that bore these letters was on her way to Tahiti, the ship that crossed her track on the way back to England carried the news, not only of a beginning of a work of grace, but of **the entire overthrow of idolatry;** and, with these tidings of the

new Pentecost, bore also the rejected idols of that people! "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." No promise was ever more literally fulfilled.—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

2161. A convention speaker said: "**Missionary interest** first struck the **head,** and after a while got as far as the **mouth,** then the **heart, conscience** and **will,** and by and by the **pocket,** and last of all the **legs** and **feet!**

2162. "Foreign missionary" is an unfortunate term. To the Lord Jesus up there in heaven there is **no home mission and no foreign mission.** He sees at once on both sides of the wall of China, and to him it is **all one field** and one work; and slowly we are beginning to see through his eyes and to find out that work at home and work abroad are not, so to speak, two things, but one; that **this we ought to do, and not leave the other undone;** and that what we call foreign mission work is not a thing to be done by and by, when we get a lot of other things done, but that it ought to be going on all the time.—J. Campbell White.

2163. It has been said of **Dr. Peter Parker,** who was **the real founder of medical missions,** a man of singular beauty of character and eminent ability, that **"he opened China to the Gospel at the point of his lancet."** Thousands flocked to him for the recovery of their sight, and for healing of every sort of disease, until it was quite impossible for him to attend to the multitudes who claimed his care.—Missionary Review.

2164. When I arrived at the Fiji group, my **first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet** and **heads of eighty victims** whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a Cannibal feast. I lived to see **those very Cannibals, who had taken part in that inhuman feast, gathered about the Lord's table.** — Rev. James Calvert.

2165. David Livingstone uttered prophetic words when he said the night before his departure for Africa: "The time will come when **rich men will think it an honor to support whole stations of missionaries,** instead of spending their money on hounds and horses."

2166. A trader passing a converted cannibal in Africa, asked him what he was doing. "Oh, I am reading the Bible," was the reply. "That Book is out of date in my country," said the foreigner. **"If it had been out of date here,"** said the African to the European, **"you'd have been eaten long ago."**—Baptist Commonwealth.

2167. Do missions pay? The native **Christians of Smyrna contribute twice as much** to the support of evangelical work as they receive from the mission boards.

2168. Our trade with the Sandwich Islands is over $6,000,000 a year. It has cost the United States government **$1,000,000 and twenty-five lives for every Indian killed. The average cost of Christianizing one Indian has been $200.**

2169. If the cause of foreign missions **reacted** in no other way than **in promoting the fruits of the Spirit,** the Church at home would receive ample compensation. Missionary work is peculiarly a work of faith and its prosecution is both the evidence and **strengthening of that faith.**

2170. Dr. Milne, an associate of Dr. Morrison, made bold to prophesy towards the close of his life that it was not too much to suppose that **possibly at the end of one hundred years there might be one thousand Chinese Christians.** Before the time has expired we find **nearly 200,000 Chinese Christians.**—Brockman.

2171. Some years since, **Lough Fook,** a Chinese Christian, moved with compassion for the coolies in the South American mines, **sold himself for a term of five years as a coolie slave,** and was transported to Demerara, that he might carry the Gospel to his countrymen working there. He toiled in the mines with them and preached Jesus while he toiled, till he had scores of whom he could speak as Paul of Onesimus, "whom I have begotten in my bonds." Lough Fook died; but not until he had won to the Saviour nearly 200 disciples, whom he left behind in membership with the Christian church. Where in the centuries has that lowliest feature in the condescension of the Man of sorrows —**"He took upon him the form of a slave"** — been so literally reproduced as here?

Home Missions. (2172–2184)

2172. Speaking of home missions Gov. Hoch of Kansas said: "He reads **American history,** in my judgment, with very defective vision who does not see upon every page of it **the impress of Providence.** I firmly believe that the American people are as much the **chosen people of God** today to carry on his great purposes in the world as were the Israelites of old his chosen people to exemplify his will in their time. In proportion as we measure up to this high ideal I am sure we will prosper as a people, and in proportion as we fail in this sublime mission we shall suffer morally and materially. **The white man's burden is**

upon us. We cannot with safety to ourselves shirk its responsibilities. The Christian civilization committed to our care, typified by our flag, will ultimately encircle and dominate the globe, if this nation does its duty. Our first duty, then, is to ever remember that **righteousness exalteth the nation.** Every dollar, therefore, wisely spent for home missions to lift the standard of American citizenship is sanctioned not only by every religious consideration, but also by every consideration of highest statesmanship."

2173. The Congregational Church had **a home missionary** to whom they appropriated a supplemental salary of three hundred dollars. This young man, as the mission church was building its mission house, boarded himself in a little upper room on a dollar and fifty cents a week, and **put all the rest of his income into the building.** When the mission board was in debt in 1895, they had a missionary who, in order to stand by his work, **put a mortgage on his household goods,** and used that money for his support in that time of trial.—Dr. Smith.

2174. The Importance of Cities is growing upon all thinking men. They are becoming more than ever the centers of population and the sources of influence. **Picton's maxim** was: **"Always keep your center strong: put your best men there."** The maxim that is good in war is good in peace. **The "best men" are not the most brilliant, but the most heroic;** not those who draw the biggest crowds but who are most drawn to the most destitute and neglected. Some men and women who are the salt of our city population are not known in the public prints, but **they are known in the back alleys and slums.**

2175. The first missionary in San Francisco was T. D. Hunt, who in 1848 was elected by the people to be **"chaplain of the town for one year."**

2176. When in 1850 that great missionary to California, **James H. Warren,** was ordained, he was counselled, though rivers of gold ran at his feet, **to die a poor man if thus he might point others to the true riches.**

2177. Norman McLeod, pioneer missionary to the Mormons, boldly preached for two years under threats of death, and left only upon the murder of his devoted assistant, King Robinson.

2178. Dr. A. L. Lindsley crossed the plains in 1868 to take charge of a little church of eighty members in Portland, Oregon. **Eight churches in Portland sprung from that one little church.**

2179. The heathenism in our great cities is absolutely appalling and awful; and one of the most encouraging signs is the growing thought given to the question of **how to take care of the poor** and outcast classes of society. Abject misery, poverty—all the worst features of heathenism—hide in the alleys and lanes and crowded tenements of our great centers of population. **No outside organizations,** no district visitations, no organized charities, no mission Sunday-schools, mission halls or mission churches, will reach the evil, though they may serve to mitigate and alleviate it.

2180. We in **New York** let our city grow up as it could, not as it should, and **we woke up to find ourselves in the grasp of the slum,** to find the population of 2,000,000 souls living in an environment in which all the influences made for unrighteousness and for the corruption of youth. We counted **thousands of dark rooms** in our basements in which no plant could grow, but in which **boys and girls were left to grow into men and women,** to take over, by and by, the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. That was our sin and we paid dearly for it, paid in a **tuberculosis mortality of 10,000 deaths in a year,** half of which were due directly to the dark and airless bedrooms; paid in an indifferent citizenship that was a dead weight upon all efforts for reform for years. You could not appeal to it, for it had lost hope, and we have paid for it in **treasure without end. It is a costly thing to forget your neighbors.**—Jacob Riis.

2181. There is a fourfold reason for mission work in America. First of all, **the salvation of the individual soul.** Only 21,000,000 out of 87,000,000 in our country are members of the Protestant Church. Home mission work aims at the salvation of these millions. The **second** reason for home mission work is **the safety of our country; the third,** the life of our **denomination, the fourth,** the salvation of the **world.**

2182. The only hope for America is found in the assimilation of these foreign elements. They must be brought into unity as parts of one body politic. And history shows that but one assimilating power is equal to such a task—namely, **a common religious faith.** We must Christianize pagans, or they will paganize Christians. We must elevate this foreign population, or they will degrade us.—Missionary Review.

2183. In 1820 **the cities** had scarcely 5 per cent of the population; in 1840, over 8 per cent; in 1860, over 16 per cent; in 1880, over 22 per cent; in 1890, about 30 per cent; in 1900, over 33 per

cent; and today it is nearly 40 per cent, and the end is not yet.

2184. **Christianity,** says Leslie's Weekly, **is the greatest creator and conserver of values;** sin is the greatest destroyer of values. The cost of crime to New York City for one single year is enough to pay in two years the whole cost of widening the Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany. **The cost of crime to the United States is enough, if our people were righteous for two years, to pay the whole national debt.**

The Immigrant. (2185–2192)

2185. **A German immigrant years ago arrived in New York friendless and with little money.** He had his way to make in the world, and his only capital was a small stock of English words and a great store of latent manliness, perseverance and energy. He had also a trade which he had learned in the old country. He was a cigar-maker, and readily obtained employment when he landed. He was quick with his hands, and commanded fair wages as soon as he had a chance to show how many cigars he could make a working day. He was not content, however, with ordinary success in earning a living by expert labor. He was willing to make cigars, but he wanted to do better work, and was **determined to educate himself for it.** The Cooper Union night classes offered him an opportunity of which he was quick to avail himself. He shortened his hours of manual labor in order to prepare himself for entering these classes, and for several years attended them zealously, perfecting himself in English, and obtaining a practical education which was indispensable to future success. He persevered until he became **one of the largest tanners and leather-dealers in the country,** making an honorable reputation for thrift and enterprise, and acquiring a well-earned fortune. A crisis arose in the public affairs of the city where he lived, and **an independent candidate** was required at the eleventh hour for setting the political house in order and for conducting municipal administration on plain business principles. The nomination was forced upon him, and he was elected after a straightforward canvass. **So the poor boy, who had started in the New World without a friend, or even an education, became not only a successful merchant and manufacturer, but the ideal mayor of a great city,** with an administration as free from reproach as his own character and business career.

2186. **18 languages were spoken in New York** before the War of the Revolution and that number **has now risen to 66 or 67.** There is a school in the Syrian district of the city in which, it is reported, 29 languages and dialects are used! The greatest problem to be solved in New York, not only as a municipality but as the gateway to the United States, **is the naturalizing of this host of children**—not by forms of law, but in spirit, temper, habit and speech. How is this army of children from Europe, or of recently immigrated children, to be **transformed into an army of American citizens?**

2187. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts makes the following excellent suggestion: **Plans for restricting immigration must not violate the brotherhood of man.** The first exclusion to be accomplished is the **exclusion of race prejudice** from ourselves. A Pennsylvania law to put an extra tax of 3 cents per day on all alien laborers—that is, all foreigners not naturalized, was in 1897 decided unconstitutional by the State supreme court, but not until a large number of the 140,000 immigrants thus threatened with this annual tax of $10 had hastened to become citizens only to save money. It would be strange indeed if they should not sell a suffrage thrust upon them. We would **exclude immigrants that would be likely to corrupt our own people;** for instance, Mormons, anarchists, and criminals, on the same principle that we should avoid evil companions. Inasmuch as there is no present prospect that the ballot box will be protected against **illiterate immigrants,** they should be excluded to protect our imperiled suffrage. Appeals should also be made to judges to use their great powers to **exclude from naturalization all unfit applicants.** So far as unfit immigrants get in (as they will in spite of all laws), **the churches must Christianize them rather than move away from them.**

2188. By the census of 1890, **55.03 per cent** of the total white population are of **native parentage** and **32.77 per cent are of foreign parentage.** Instead, therefore, of being responsible for but 43.19 per cent of **the crime committed in the United States,** the proportion chargeable to the native white element on the basis of population should be 55.03 per cent, while the foreign born element by the same standard of comparison would commit but 32.77 per cent of the crime instead of 56.18 per cent as is now the case. When these facts are remembered the profound significance of these figures will be perceived. — Patriotic Studies.

2189. **Immigration tends to lower the standards of morality,** and young men are the first to become influenced. While

some of our best citizens have come to us from across the sea, yet **a constant stream of degenerates swarms from other lands into America.** It is an economic policy of Europe to send to our shores its moral and social debris. Nearly three-fourths of the discharged Irish convicts find their way to America. Immigration will not cease. Europe could send us 2,000,000 emigrants annually for a century and then increase her own already over crowded population. The last Census shows that foreigners are three times as criminal in their natures, and that they are five times more apt to become paupers than American born citizens.—Manhood's Morning.

2190. God's providence has brought a great host of 25,000,000 foreigners to our shores since this republic was founded. What have we done to make them good citizens or to gather them into the kingdom of Christ? Today to reach these foreigners in America we must preach the gospel in thirty different languages and dialects. **A sacred obligation rests upon us** to give the gospel and the means of grace to this vast immigrant population. — Alexander Henry, D. D.

2191. Immigrants are composed chiefly of young men. They come in contact with American young men and the influence is vicious. The influence of the foreign element in creating a disrespect for religion, for law and order, and in corrupting politics is constant and powerful. **The amalgamation between the races** of the earth, constantly going on in America, has no parallel in human history. **We are creating a new people.** The English, Irish, German, French, Italian, Russian, Swede and Spanish; the Protestant, Catholic, Jew and nondescript, meet, commingle and marry, and out of the amalgam is developing **a new race.** The nations of the earth are forfeiting their identity upon American soil, and whether the reward will be a fateful sacrifice or a rich and blessed harvest the future alone can reveal.—Manhood's Morning.

2192. The political head of a city in Southern Italy, in an address of welcome to the King of Italy, said, "We welcome you in the name of our 5,000 inhabitants, **3,000 of whom are in America.**"

Ex-president Eliot of Harvard University has said that self protection is not the highest motive that should appeal to our American institutions and that **if we have that which Southern Europeans have not, we are obliged to share that thing with them.**

On the other hand **Andrew Carnegie** insists that **there is no "immigration problem."** That the percentage of newcomers is not greater than fifty years ago; that **our Country is a nation of alien-born people and always has been;** that our present condition is the natural outgrowth of the past and is in no sense a menace.

THE YOUNG. (2193–2313)

Christian Nurture. Childhood.

(2193–2231)

2193. There are 10,000 boys in the reform schools of this country under seventeen years of age. Most of the criminals of this country are under twenty. **Jonathan Edwards** was only eleven when he was converted. **Wesley and Luther** were about the same age, and **Spurgeon** was fourteen. You can not tell what the boy may become. Do not be afraid to work for him. A bishop once remarked: **"If the Church neglects the children, the devil will not."** There is much truth there, for the devil neglects not for a single minute. Never give a boy up, no matter how bad you may think him. Wild boys often make the best men.

2194. There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of **India** to baptize and receive into church fellowship seventy adult converts from Hinduism. A boy about fifteen years of age came forward. "What, my boy! do you want to join the church?" "Yes, sir."

On the score of his youth he urged the lad to wait until his return in six months.

Then all the people said, "Why, sir, **it is he that has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ."** And so it turned out to be. **This was the little minister of the little church,** the honored instrument in the hand of God for saving all the rest for Jesus Christ. — Hilliard.

2195. Hiram Powers used to show a marble copy, which he had made many years before, of the **chubby hand** of his little daughter, saying significantly: **"I stopped that there."**

2196. Amid the terrors of a sudden shipwreck a returning miner, carrying $35,000 in gold-dust in his belt, was about committing himself to the sea. **"O save me! save me!" cried a weeping child,** whose protectors had been swept away. **What should he do?** The weight of both the gold and the child would sink him. **He tore off his belt** and flung it away, and, bidding the little girl mount on his shoulders and clasp his

neck and hold hard, plunged into the surf. Hours afterward he woke to consciousness in a fisherman's hut, and felt the patting of small hands and a kiss upon his cheek, and heard a soft voice say: **"Thank you for saving me. I love you."**

2197. I have a friend, Mr. W. J. Pearse, who has had **remarkable success in training "difficult" horses.** Some time since, at his home in Fort Wayne, he showed me a magnificent specimen of horseflesh, named **Silvertip,**—a chestnut, with white mane, tail and feet. One year previous the horse was considered unmanageable, and was placed under his care. **Simply by kindness and patient skill he had changed that so-called "vicious" horse, six years old, into the most docile and tractable of animals.** He told the stable boy to bring him out into the large yard, and he came out prancing and full of spirit. His trainer greeted him kindly and said; "Silvertip, sidestep to the right," and he did so, the whole length of the yard. Then he told him to "sidestep to the left," and the beautiful horse obeyed. His master told the boy to bring out a block for a pedestal, and commanded the horse to make a statue of himself. At once he placed his fore-feet upon the block and struck the pose of an equestrian statue, looking around at us directly, to see what impression he was making. Mr. Pearse said, "Come here and let me mount you." The horse came and kneeling down so that his trainer could throw his leg over the horse's head and seat himself in the saddle, he rose and pranced up and down the yard with him. **If training will do that for a horse, what wonders it will do for a child!"**

2198. One day when **Plato** looked up from his desk in the Academy, after reading and explaining one of his great dialogues, he found but **one student** left in the classroom; **but that student was Aristotle.**

2199. When **a thoughtful child** was asked why a certain tree in the garden was crooked, he said he "sposed **somebody must have stepped on it when it was a little fellow."**

2200. When I was a child, there was, in the readers, **a story about Mr. Dustin,** whose house was burned, and his wife captured by the **Indians,** and he attempted to flee with his little flock of children. **He had decided to select one of the children** out of the number, and, placing that child on the horse with himself, to fly to a place of safety. He rode up to the little group of children with that purpose in mind, and at first thought he would take **the elder boy;** for that boy was **dear to his heart,** and was the pride of his life. But he saw that that boy was holding by one hand **the tiny little girl,** only about two years of age; and holding the other hand was **a larger girl,** and the boy and the girl were dragging the little one along; and he said, **"I cannot take the boy."** Then he thought he would take the little one; and when he saw her sweet face turned up to him, he said, **"She is my joy."** But as he drew near the tiny child, the great hazel eyes of the elder girl were turned up to him, and he saw the face and eyes of his wife; and the man cried **"Never! I will save the other children too."** He then turned; and bidding the children fly for their lives, he became **like a tiger at bay:**— and turning toward the savages, under his unerring aim and steady and strong blows the savages went down; and **all the other children were saved** with the one he had purposed to save. **In your work there is another child, and yet another child, and yet another child; and God's thought goes out for all these other children.** The one thing for each one of us to say, is this: **"I will stand between all the children of this earth and hell itself.—Rev. R. L. Greene, D. D.**

2201. Living on the brink of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, there was, a few years ago, **an old man who was a luminous character.** He lived all alone with himself and the canyon, and he found very good companionship in both. **He never tired of watching the effect of the changing lights and shades,**—the sunrises and sunsets, and drifting cloud shadows,—on the wonderful coloring of the rocks in the mighty old gorge. He earned his own living; and one day, when he was at work all alone, a company of tourists, at a little distance, heard him laughing very heartily. They hastened to him, asking, "What is the matter? What are you laughing at?" He replied, "Oh, nothing! **I was just telling myself a funny story."** Happy is the man who can be **a good companion to himself;** who can tell himself entertaining things while he works! **This is what we should aim at in the training of children.** And in order to attain it in our children, we must attain it in ourselves. **We cannot live one kind of life, and train our offspring to another.—Bayliss.**

2202. Mirabeau said **that the best way to instil liberty** into the hearts of the people is to **begin with the infant** in the cradle and let the first name it lisps be **Washington.**

2203. P. P. Bliss made public confession of Christ at the age of twelve, though from infancy he had given signs of being regenerate. **Spurgeon** once said that many of the most devoted

members of his church were publicly received when only eight years old. Among the Moravians children are trained in Christian truth so early, that few of them remember when their religious life began.

2204. What a vast difference wise child-nurture would have made in Byron's life! Schopenhauer had reference to this when he said, after being told that he had been sitting next to the poet's mother, Lady Byron, at dinner; "I wish I had known it at the time; I should have liked to be rude to her."

2205. A rich Crow Indian in Montana, named "White Arm," had in some way gotten hold of the true idea of "possessions." A missionary needed some land to establish a school farm to teach the little Indians how to work as well as pray. He applied to the government agent and found all the land thereabouts had been allotted to the Indians. "Take my land," said "White Arm." He gave them one hundred and sixty acres. Another missionary, on arriving in the place, happened to say, "I wish I had my wife and children here!" "Why don't you?" asked "White Arm." Because I have no place to put them." "Take my house," said "White Arm." In spite of the missionary's protest he moved out into a tent and left his house empty and open, so that the missionary could not refuse to take it. Afterward he said that he did all for the children of his tribe, that the missionary might lead them and their parents to the true God.—Crafts.

2206. Among the native tribes of South Australia and the Indians of South America and parts of North America the boy was sent away into the woods to remain there alone exposed to all weathers, and enduring hunger and thirst, to spend solitary days and nights in expectant meditation, awaiting "the divine revelation which entitles him to call himself a man." The girl was subjected to similar severely impressive discipline, being sent on the incipiency of womanhood into long seclusion in the hills or forests, to commune alone with her guardian spirit, who might be expected to make known to her in visions something of the meaning of life; which revelations she sometimes recorded by symbols on the rocks, where traces of them still remain for us to study.—Kelly.

2207. A farmer in North Carolina drove into a neighboring city with a spirited team of horses, stepped out on the street and suddenly the horses became frightened and started to run. He grasped hold of them and finally drew himself up until he had the bridle rein, but he could not stop them. On they rushed through the streets until they came to a barrier which made it impossible for them to go on. They sprang up into the air and stopped, but they came down upon the body of the man. Bruised, bleeding, dying, his friends drew him forth from beneath their feet and they said, "Why didn't you let them go? With a whisper he said, "Look in the wagon," and in the wagon was his boy. I can quite understand this, as fathers we would give up our very lives for our children.

2208. Think you that there would be a jar or a wrench when the child naturally at the age of discretion steps into true relationship with God, his Father? I shall never forget the story of little Mary, a Scotch girl, not many months over, and raised in the church of her fathers. The village was on fire with the sensation of a great revival, and a special preacher was holding forth. He was stopping at the house where Mary served, and one afternoon he met her in the yard, and seeing her at work asked her abruptly, "Mary, have you found Jesus?" Her eyes opened wide, her armful of kindling wood dropped to the ground, her lips parted in amazement as she breathlessly responded, "Why, I dinna ken that I had lost him."

2209. President Geo. B. Stewart says, "No amount of organized work among children will take the place of personal relationship—a pastor must aim to keep in touch with the children." And Dr. C. E. Jefferson, of New York City, declares, "I think there is a deep feeling that the pastor and the children belong together—it is very desirable that the minister should preach to the children special sermons."

2210. Child training is mightier than heredity and primarily a parental duty. It is now generally admitted that heredity has been overestimated. Its influence is chiefly physical and mental, not moral. When the children of the slums are placed early in good country homes by home-finding societies, they usually become morally more like their adopted parents than like their own. But God holds parents responsible for child-training, of which conversion is the only safe basis.—Crafts.

2211. On four English-speaking continents I have been for a quarter of a century trying to deal with men and women and children, and, oh, how many boys and girls have come to me and said, when life had become ruined for them, "Ah, Mr. Smith! my life would have been different if my father had prayed, but I have not a praying father,

and that makes a difference."—Gipsy Smith.

2212. Albert Barnes said he could have **bought all the children's literature in his boyhood for less than the cost of Franklin's whistle.** He was born at the close of the eighteenth century. Now there are tens of thousands of libraries containing millions of books in the Sunday-schools of the world. Most of us may have caught the first glimpse of a library in the little enclosure in a corner of a Sunday-school room.—G. W. Richards, D. D.

2213. Adolescence is peculiarly the time of criminality. Statistics show that **the greater number of arrests occur during adolescence.** It is also the time of **strong religious impulses.** The life oftentimes seems to vacillate between these two potencies. Some morning the child wakes up to find himself capable of committing crimes he never dreamed of before. Some morning he finds himself a spiritual consciousness. These are the natural development, and the teacher and the parent should look forward to this period with prescience, fully assured that they have **the golden privilege of directing the incompetent feet of youth** away from the dalliant path of vice into the highway of holiness. It is estimated that **the sun never shines without some boy or girl in these United States takes his or her own life, driven thereto by the emotional potency peculiar to this age.** And the most depressing thought is that the destructive volcano slumbering in the youth is set into eruption by the thoughtless word or deed of a teacher or parent.—Prof. Jacob R. Street, Ph. D.

2214. The great, world-famous sculptor, Story, was a lawyer in earlier years. One day the smouldering fires of an artist's instinct, burst forth within him, and he threw up his lucrative practice and went to Rome at the behest of his "Voices." **Years afterwards, a utilitarian American friend visited him** at his studio one morning, and after watching him at work upon his clay for some time, exclaimed, "Story, **what under the heavens, made you give up your splendid practice in America, and come here to pinch mud?"** Story did not even try to tell him. In this same way many fail to realize **the importance of work for the shaping of young lives.**

2215. Spurgeon's mother said to him: "I have trained you in righteousness. Your father and I have set you right examples. We have taught you the Gospel. We have shown you the way of peace. **My son, if you do not live a godly life I will stand before God in the day of judgment and bear witness against you."**

2216. Lord Shaftsbury stated in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, **nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years;** and that if a young man lived an honest life up to 20 years of age, there were 49 chances in favor and only one against him as to an honorable life thereafter. From eight to sixteen—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in 49 cases out of 50,—fixed by the parents! I heard the governor of Massachusetts say not long ago, that of the 700 inmates of the State prison, **the average age of 600 was less than 21 years.** "These are not good men fallen after high training, but mostly **young men who never were trained."**

2217. The reformers saw that their work would become permanent only by the education of the people. Luther said: **"God maintains the church through the schools." Catechisms** and religious handbooks for teachers and parents were prepared by **Zwingli, Luther** and **Calvin.** Protestantism and popular education stand and fall together. The Roman Catholics detected the secret of Protestant success and adopted it. In the catechism of the Council of Trent we are told: "The heretics have chiefly made use of the catechism to corrupt the minds of Christians." **Francis Xavier** went through the streets of Genoa ringing a bell and crying to parents to send their children to be taught in religion. **Borromeo** devoted his life to teaching children in Milan. At his death, in 1854, he left 743 Sunday-schools, 3,000 teachers and 40,000 Sunday-school scholars.—G. W. Richards, D. D.

2218. Another suggestion as to **the value of Christian nurture in Sabbath-school work** is found in the remark made by that very successful lay missionary among the depraved classes in New York City, **Jerry McAuley.** He made the statement more than once, that **he never knew a man permanently converted unless he had a good mother.** We are not called upon to accept that remark as stating a rule in the history of conversions. But that Jerry McAuley should have made it as a result of close observation of his converts is a sufficient reason why Sabbath-school officers and teachers should **give close attention to the scholars who have good mothers.**—W. H. Roberts, D. D.

2219. The religious revivals in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries became effective through organized reli-

gious teaching. The "churchlets in the Church" arose under the pastorates of **Spener** and **Franke**, the leaders of German pietism. In these gatherings biblical subjects were discussed and the members edified one another. **Zinzendorf** organized his followers into bands of not fewer than five and not more than ten, who were under the care of a leader or teacher. Through Bishop **Boehler** in London and by a personal visit to Herrnhut in Germany, **Wesley** became acquainted with the Moravian system, and adopted it in the form of the class-meeting of Methodism. **Lecky said** of the Wesleyan movement: **"The Methodists appear to have preached especially to children."**—G. W. Richards, D. D.

2220. One of the stories about the Knights of the Round Table is that of a dwarf remarkable for his smallness and deformity, who used to go around the court of King Arthur, carrying a drawn sword, and imploring the knights one after another to take it and cut off his head. He was a poor wretch, apparently of no value in the world; but he had never done anybody any harm, and so they naturally declined to gratify what seemed his crazed desire. At last he came to **Sir Gawain,** as noble and true a knight as ever breathed, and said, "Gawain, do you love me?" "Why, yes," replied the knight, "you know that I love you, and what would you have me to do for you to show my love?" "I would have you take this sword, and with it cut off my head," was the answer. Sir Gawain, like all the others, shrank from such a deed. But there was something in the dwarf's tone so imploring that he finally consented, and with a single blow **cleft the head clear of the body,** and down the two parts fell prone to the earth. But, lo! as soon as the earth was touched, out of the little deformed dwarf **there sprang up a tall and graceful knight,** full of all strength and goodness, who had been imprisoned in it many years before by a great magician's skill, and who from that hour went forth to do God and the world a noble service. **And in this same way the man is potentially in the boy, waiting to be liberated.**

2221. For the sake of good parents blessings come to children. To them belong much of the credit their sons achieve. This is illustrated in the case of **Bishop Foss.** The bishop was the son of a Methodist preacher, who rode hard circuits and never had a salary of more than $400 in one year, and who, at the age of forty-two, because of failing health, became superannuated. He then bought a little stony farm of thirty-two acres and set his sons to work. The story-and-a-half farmhouse was a favorite stopping place for presiding elders and circuit-riding preachers, and many a time on a Saturday evening the boy, who was to be the future bishop, would sit in the chimney corner and listen to the talk of his father with such a visitor about the good things of the kingdom. **The result was that from his earliest recollection the boy was a Christian,** and that when he grew up he became the influential clergyman that he has been.

2222. What **adolescence** can promise for future years depends upon health, individual temperament, heredity tendencies, education, and personal morals. These great throes of the soul will find expression. It may be in love affairs, poetry writing, business activity, philanthropy, fanaticism, perversity, precocity, moral depravity; **largely according to the home and school bias of training.**

The psychical aspect of adolescence is even more suggestive than the physical. In fact, the psychical manifestations seem to be closely joined to the physical changes of which mention has been made above. The greatest physical change is puberty itself, but this is accompanied by a veritable intellectual revolution. **The processes of thinking** which hitherto have been of the objective, concrete, accumulative type now become **inductive, assimilative, and amplificative;** empiricism gives way to **reflection,** dogmatic forms of thought to the rational. **New desires, emotions, impulses manifest their presence.** In the midst of these great physical and psychical upheavals it is not surprising to find the child's character inchoate, lacking in definiteness of ideal and persistency of purpose.—Street. Homiletic Review.

2223. The child-nature is peculiarly susceptible to the touches of a loving heart. A recent writer cites the case of Mozart, who, when he was a child, would go about from one to another, clinging around their necks, and pleading piteously, **"Do you love me?"** And of that wonderful child in whom Walter Scott was so much delighted, **Margery Fleming,** who at six years **had a most wild hunger to love and to be loved.**

2224. A man who had been the governor of one of the great states of the Union heard, when he was over sixty years of age, a sermon on **the relation of the children of Christian parents to the church.** He thought upon the whole subject carefully, and then appeared before the session of the Presbyterian church of the city in which he resided. When they asked him when he became a Christian, he replied that he was the child of Christian parents; that he had been

carefully trained in youth; that as a man he had been faithful in all duty as a member of the congregation; that a certain visiting minister had preached a sermon on the relation of children to the church not long previous, and that after careful thought he had come to the conclusion that he had been a Christian since early youth. "My great regret," he added, "is that I have been left to find out the fact until I am over sixty years of age."—Wm. H. Roberts, D. D.

2225. A century ago an English deist, calling upon Coleridge, inveighed bitterly against the rigid instruction in Christian homes. "Consider," said he, "the helplessness of a little child. Before it has wisdom or judgment to decide for itself it is prejudiced in favor of Christianity. How selfish is the parent who stamps his religious ideas into a child's receptive nature, as a molder stamps the hot iron with his model. I shall prejudice my children neither for Christianity nor for Buddhism nor for atheism, but allow them to wait for their mature years. Then they can open the question and decide for themselves." **Later the poet led his atheistic acquaintance into the garden.** Suddenly he exclaimed: **"How selfish is the gardener who ruthlessly stamps his prejudice in favor of roses and violets and strawberries into a receptive gardenbed.** The time was when in April I pulled up the young weeds, the parsley, and thistle, and planted the garden-beds out with vegetables and flowers. Now I have decided to permit the garden to go until September. Then the black clods can choose for themselves between cockleberries and currants and strawberries."—Hillis.

2226. A mother once asked a wise and good man, when she should begin to educate her child, then four years old. He replied, "If you have not begun already, you have **lost four years.** From the first smile that gleams upon an infant's cheek its education begins." Its religious education begins almost as soon. Not that it then may receive definite religious instruction —but **impressions of character and conduct** by which its own spiritual nature is powerfully influenced and moulded. A lake is not so responsive to the least breeze that ruffles its surface, as the heart of a child to the example of piety or impiety at home. If its parents are Christian people, if they are conscientious, gentle, truthful, and godly, the child will take this impression of their lives to be fashioned in spirit like them. Many a soul's history is contained in a poet's acknowledgment of what he owed to his mother. **"Looking on her taught me,"** he says, **"to love the beautiful;** and I had thoughts of paradise, when other men have hardly looked out of doors on earth."—Monday Club Sermons.

2227. The future state of the child depends in a great measure upon the home in which he is born. His soul is nourished and grows, above all, by the impressions which are there left upon his memory. My father gave me the **example** of a sincerity carried even to scrupulousness; my mother, of a goodness rising to devotion the most heroic. . . I drank deep from my mother's mind; I read through her eyes; I felt through her impressions; I lived through her life.—Lamartine.

2228. Fortunate is that child whose training is in the hands of parents daily seeking wisdom from on high. If there are any who need a heavenly guiding, it is those charged with the training of a child for an eternal destiny. A father, not a man of prayer, and seeking daily to know from God's word the path along which he and his child should journey! **A mother, with no closet** into which she daily enters to breathe the air of heaven, to drink from living fountains, and feed on hidden manna, that thus she may rightly give to the child whose spiritual life she nourishes! Who shall hope to place an arm of safety around a child, imperiled in this world of sin, unless that arm be uplifted for a heavenly strengthening? **A home walled about by prayer and the Bible is the surest defense of childhood.** In after life none are so strong to resist temptation as those in whose mind lingers the memory of an early fireside where stood an altar and God's open word.

2229. Calvin said to Edward VI, king of England: **"It is a great thing to be a king, especially of such a country; and yet I doubt not that you regard it as above all comparison greater to be a Christian."** The underlying principle of all true culture is the planting of this great truth in the child-heart.

2230. Parents can control the child's surroundings so as to make them the medium of good suggestions, physical, mental, moral and spiritual.—They can, by **example** and story, fill the child's mind with inspiring, lofty and Christian ideals. —They can form **habits** of moral and religious value, and allow none others to be acquired. They can feed the child's mind with **ideas,** the character of which they can wholly control.—They can exercise and strengthen the child's **moral powers** by circumstances which they can arrange, taking care that the trial is not too hard.—They can, by watching **hereditary tendencies,** foster one and restrain

another, so as to produce a more even character.—They can strengthen the will and make it act with energy and decision.—They can educate and train the **moral sense**; keeping it sensitive and tender to evil, and must only set up such standards of right and wrong as are true and will last through life, so that no artificial conscience is created.—They can increase the sense of **moral responsibility** to oneself, to others and to God.—They can directly teach **moral principles**, and the sequence of cause and effect.—They can inspire **faith in God** and in Christ, and the spirit of reverence and humility.—They can thus obey the two exhortations, "**Train** up a child in the way he should go," and "Despise not one of these little ones."

2231. If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies with working with the boy and not the man.—Roosevelt.

The Sunday School. (2232–2272)

2232. "Children's letters are always concrete. They write about what they are doing, not about what they are thinking, and at greater length about the achievements of other people and animals than about their own. Looking through a pile of old **letters from children**, mostly girls, of all ages from four to thirteen, the writer finds nearly three-quarters devoted to careful accounts of cats, dogs, tame mice, a donkey, 'Joey', a 'ginipig', 'rabbits', etc. There is **hardly a word about themselves or their feelings in the whole collection."**—The Outlook.

2233. We shall bring this great Sunday-school movement under a perfect upas tree unless we ally it closely and inseparably to the great, evangelistic, aggressive effort to make Jesus Christ known to the whole world. And we owe it to these children whom we train in these schools to bring them under the inspiration and under the moral uplift, under **the ideals, the stories of heroism and pictures of courage, which missions provide.**—Speer.

2234. The depth and permanence of the experiences we cause others to have as the result of our lessons, are determined by the vividness and intensity of our own mental and emotional activity. What I mean is this: When in teaching you are so **controlled and absorbed by one overmastering thought** that all others are necessarily excluded, and the entire force of your spiritual nature is so concentrated upon it that you can truly say, "This one thing I do," **that thought is sure to become the mental property of your pupil,** to enter into his very being—be it a thought of God, of Christ, or of any other subject.—MacVicar.

2235. The rapidly growing demand for **the trained Sunday-school teacher** is the most encouraging sign of the new era which the school is entering. This demand cannot much longer be denied nor ignored, dealing as we do with **the same boys and girls who all the week in secular schools have trained teachers** and the fine educational organization, and with college graduates in adult classes who know scholarship. These bright people cannot be expected to be satisfied with the unskilled and undrilled workers who are set over them on the Sabbath day to be Bible teachers. **The day of the untrained Sunday-school teacher is near its end.**—Chas. Roads, D. D.

2236. Every life is the site of a mine of inconceivable treasure. It is hard to believe that crusty old Scrooge is the shrine of a sleeping angel. It is hard to believe that Mary Magdalene is a possible herald of the resurrection morn. But the assumption of the sleeping angel works, and is a prerequisite in all hopeful attempt to unfold the preciousness of the individual life. And the assumption must be accompanied by **a sensitive and serious purpose to bring out that buried "best" which lies in the deep depths of every child.**—Jowett.

2237. The way of approach to one will not reach another. Ralph Connor, in his "Michael McGrath, Postmaster", depicts the scene of Mr. McFarquhar at the bedside of "Ould Michael", praying with him and reading the Scriptures in the endeavor to lead him to Christ. Dr. McLeod, the Scotch clergyman, had, to his sorrow, utterly failed in making any perceptible impression on his mind, and so had his dear friend McFarquhar up to a certain time. But when he happened to read to him the passage which contains the words, **"the Captain of our salvation,"** Michael, who had been a brave soldier in all the campaigns under the Queen for more than twenty-five years, awoke to a realization of his true condition, and immediately enlisted under the standard of King Jesus.—John Clark Hill, D. D.

2238. As a missionary agency the Sunday-school is unexcelled. The Sunday-school is the forerunner of the congregation. In the West and South, in the new sections of cities, small bands of teachers and scholars have been the nuclei of large congregations. The celebrated missionary of the American Sunday School Union, **Stephen Paxson, or-**

ganized more than **1,200 Sunday-schools,** with a membership of **60,000 scholars and teachers.** Scores of churches grew out of these Sunday-schools. — G. W. Richards, D. D.

2239. Robert Morrison, the distinguished missionary to China, was picked —a priceless jewel—**out of the filth of the street** and welcomed to the home and class of a faithful teacher. She loved his unattractive soul into life and training and service. Hundreds of teachers can do a similar work if they believe in the missionary command and realize that they are **molding the sentiment of the church of the future** upon the marching orders of the King.—Rev. E. B. Allen.

2240. It was a question by a Sunday-school teacher, after a missionary sermon, to a boy of six or seven years of age, that helped much to give **Robert E. Speer** to his great work as foreign missionary secretary of the Presbyterian Board. The question of a missionary, as he laid his hand upon a little boy's head, gave **Coleridge Patteson** as a missionary to New Zealand. **The teacher who is not an enthusiast, at least a friend, of missions, is far below the grade we need.**— Rev. E. B. Allen.

2241. There was a young man in a Philadelphia private asylum, who was permitted as a boy to do as he chose; coming late to meals, and neglecting engagements; indeed, being forever behindhand, until, when his mind gave way, his insanity took this form, and he was never ready for anything. He would ask the attendant if he might visit his people, and was always assured that he could go any time he was ready; but he usually spent the whole day in an attempt to prepare himself, and had only made small progress when the evening shadows fell, and the attendant was obliged to assist him then in his preparations for retiring for the night.— Dr. Chapman.

2242. Ruskin, describing **St. Mark's Church, Venice,** says: "Here are all the successions of crowded imagery, showing the passions and pleasures of human life, symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the maze of interwoven lines and changeful pictures **lead always at last to the cross,** lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone." **Surely here is an ideal for the teacher,—to bring Jesus Christ in touch with all the passions of life,** and reveal him as the crowning joy of all life's pleasures.—Dager.

2243. I remember **a boy in my school,** many years ago, who was apparently **nearly all bad.** He had been sent out of the room over and over again. A lady in the school found out that **he loved poetry.** This seemed to be his one good point. So she began to play on that. She gave him such poetry as she thought he would like. **One day she read to him a bit from Milton's "Paradise Lost."** "That's fine," said he; "where did you get that?" She told him. Just at that time we were renewing our library. This lad came to me and said, "Will you do what I want?" That was a broad question, and I cautiously replied, "Well, that depends on what you want." "I want you to put a book into the library for me," he replied. Now, judging from the boy's past, for aught I knew, he might have asked for "Jim Bludsoe; or, The Rampaging Tiger of the Western Prairie," so I said, **"What is the book that you want?" Judge of my surprise when he answered, "Milton's 'Paradise Lost'."** This was the beginning of the upward turn in that boy's life, which ended in his uniting with the church. But **every bad boy has some point of contact,** from which you may make a start, if you only are wise enough to discover it.—Our Bible Teacher.

2244. This whole method of the **Decision Day** is like the Scotch woman's promises in the Bible. After very many of them she had placed the two letters, "T. P.," and when asked for the meaning of the letters she replied: "They mean tried and proven". So it is with Decision Day plans. In many cities and towns through the country they have been put to the test and God has set his seal upon them.

2245. Decision Day. If a farmer were to occupy all his time in sowing the seed and make no provision for the gathering of a harvest which he would have a right to expect, we should think him bereft of all reason. There are certain laws governing the sowing of seed, the watching for growth and development and the reaping of the harvest. It is likewise true that there are certain well defined laws concerning the use of God's Word in teaching and preaching. It is the good seed indeed, and the heart of a child has always been found to be particularly good ground upon which it may fall.

There is a clear promise in the Bible that God's "Word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases and prosper in the thing whereunto he hath sent it." **If there are few conversions and the harvest in the Sunday-school is not gathered, the responsibility for failure cannot be with the Lord** of the harvest, but must be with those of us who are supposed to be the laborers in his harvest

field. I can find no reason in God's Word why there should not be **a constant ingathering of the children** and young people into the kingdom of Heaven, why there may not be frequent harvest seasons and oft-repeated **decision days.**—Dr. Chapman.

2246. On Easter Sunday 56 persons were received into my church. Of this number 44 were by confession of Christ. Of this 44, **39 were members of the Sunday-school;** and of the others who came on the same occasion, by letter and confession, a great majority, I think, were reached and **brought in through the influence of the Sunday-school** and particularly as the result of **Decision Day.**—Moore.

2247. The little son of a distinguished minister came to him one day to say that he **wanted to become a member of the Church.** His father thought he knew the boy and said to him: "My son, you may not just understand what it means to join the church." The child, however, assured him that he did. Finally, the father persuaded him to accept this proposition. He said: **"We are just now going away for the summer vacation. When we come back, if you still wish it, we will then take you into the church."** This was not according to the boy's desire, but he yielded. The summer passed, but said this minister, **"When I came back in the fall I came back without my boy. He died in the summer days."** Doubtless the child was accepted of Christ because of his desire, but I am firmly convinced that he ought to have been in the church, and the father believes it, too, today.—Chapman.

2248. A little child fell from the path into the canal. A young woman, who alone saw the child, ran, threw herself upon the wall, anud grasped the child's arm. She had not sufficient strength to lift him to the walk. Her utmost energy was taxed to keep his head above the water. For more than twenty minutes was she in this position, when a man heard her cry and raised the child to a place of safety. Yet the village, when the incident became known, **applauded and honored the girl as the rescuer.** Teacher, if you first succeed in keeping those boys' lives above the engulfing current of sensuality and vice by your utmost endeavors, some pastor or evangelist may come along and **lift them into safety,** and the community may call them his converts, but some day in heaven you shall be acknowledged as the rescuer of their lives.—Forest E. Dager, D. D.

2249. But it is becoming increasingly evident, from year to year, that **important changes have taken place in the educational world of which the Sunday-school must take account** if it is to retain its position as an educational institution. These changes have fundamentally modified both the curriculum and the methods of teaching in all of our secular schools. The curriculum has been modified **because the child, and not the subject of study, has become the all-important factor in the educational process.** Methods have been improved because they are based upon a more adequate knowledge of the human mind, and of the several stages of development through which all children pass.

2250. The art of teaching involves the careful study by the teacher of three distinct topics. First, he has to deal with **the nature of the child. Second,** he has to deal with some **subject** concerning which he is to instruct that child. And **third,** out of the relation of these two arise all the problems regarding **the method by which that subject can be adapted to that child.** The first of these three subjects is called child **psychology.** The second of these is, of course, the **particular subject** with which the teacher is concerned,—history, or language, or science, or one of the arts, a Scripture story, or a Christian doctrine or a law of conduct. The third subject is **pedagogy.**—Wm. Douglas Mackensie, D. D.

2251. In one school in Pennsylvania the pastor himself had secured **the names of 75 of the scholars who had not accepted Christ,** and with all the teachers on their knees he read over these names one by one until he could read no more, because of the sobs of those who filled the room, and he told me when the results were tabulated that he did not believe there was one of the 75 that had not taken a stand for Christ.—Chapman.

2252. There is no excuse for a **teacher's ignorance of the daily life of the members of his class.** When a man who taught ten young men could not tell, after he had been with them more than six months, where a single one of them was employed, I at once decided that a new teacher must soon be found for that class. A little confidential chat once in a while will draw from a boy or girl sufficient personal experience to enable the teacher to find a way to the heart.—Dager.

2253. Decision Day is a time of great encouragement. Teachers will learn how closely scholars have watched their lives, and how many of them have expected a personal invitation to Christ from those placed in their care. Then the pastor can see a portion of the harvest of his sowing.

2254. Decision Day is a day of great disappointments. Many scholars whom teachers felt certain would yield to the will of God will become suddenly hardened; but let all the discouraged ones remember that some of the personal work of the God-man was not successful. —The Pilgrim Teacher.

2255. "I owe my conversion to the work of my Sunday-school teacher", has been heard in every church of our land. An evangelist invited all who desired to lead a Christian life to rise. More than fifty persons were soon upon their feet. Continuing, he said: "All who have been led to take this stand through the efforts of their teachers in the Sunday-school please remain standing." Not more than ten sat down. Then, turning to the teachers present, he said, with emphasis: "Discouraged teachers, here are the fruits of your labors."—Augsburg Teacher.

2256. A successful superintendent of a school in Peoria, Ill., which was held in the afternoon, was **accustomed to ask the scholars who had attended church** in the morning to raise their hands, and the earnest working of this plan is said to have **increased the church attendance** from his school, in a comparatively short time, fifty per cent. —Christian Observer.

2257. "I am not a very good man now, but **God alone knows what I would have been without the influence of my teacher.**" Thousands of men could sincerely utter this expression. Said a man whose farm was adjacent to a river, "That wall cost me nearly a thousand dollars, and yet it don't produce a dollar's worth of crops." And yet, without that restraining wall, his entire farm would have been worthless. **The Sunday-school teachers of our land**—hundreds of thousands strong—are **the wall that beats back the tides of vice** and immorality, and makes possible the fair growth of integrity and purity in the business and social world.—Dager.

2258. There is danger that our Sunday-school teaching may degenerate into **an interminable process of wording the practical application;** that we fail to link our lessons to the lives of our scholars.

2259. A horse had been lost. The owner and his neighbors had searched for it in vain. A day later, when they had given up hope of finding the horse, **a half-witted boy of the neighborhood came leading him to his owner's stable.** The owner, delighted with the return of his lost property, kindly said to the boy, "Tell us how you found him, Tom." "Well, said Tom, "I went to the place where he was last seen, and then I said to myself, 'Now, **if I was a horse** and was in this place, **which direction would I go?**' and I went in that direction and found him." He was a philosopher, indeed, far wiser than many a teacher in the Bible-school. Before you attempt to teach the lesson, **put yourself in your scholars' place,** and address such questions as these to your mind: "If I were in their place, mentally, morally, and physically, what would be my interest in the particular lesson, or my lack of interest? What my prejudice, or what my difficulty?" Upon your ability to correctly answer these questions will depend quite largely your measure of success.—Augsburg Teacher.

2260. Two tiny little girls in Boston, had been attending a kindergarten, and had brought home with them a little of the **plastic clay** with which they were working in the school. One little girl, as though she were possessed with an evil spirit, said, "Out of my clay I am going to make **a little devil.**" And the other little girl, seeming to be shocked, said, "I am going to make out of my clay **a little cherub.**" God Almighty puts this eternal life, this immortal spirit, into human hearts; and **human hands are making devils and cherubs in this world.** You will make the one or the other.—R. L. Greene, D. D.

2261. But many teachers will say: "I would be perfectly satisfied if I could see some of my scholars **taking a stand for Jesus;** but what discourages me is the fact that **I see no such fruits.**" For four years she had endeavored to impress upon him the need of a personal confession of Jesus, but he left her class for a distant city just as indifferent and careless as the first Sunday she taught him. She sent him an earnest farewell letter, but told her companions that she certainly was not intended for a teacher, as she had not made the slightest impression upon her boys. Two years later the mail brought her a little Testament worn and marked, and an accompanying letter, stating that its **owner had requested at his death that it be returned to his teacher** who gave it to him when he left home, with the word that it had been **his greatest delight** during the closing days of his life.—Dager.

2262. A clipping from the Camden "Echo", New Jersey, claims that the Rev. Robt. S. Harris (son of Robert Harris, of Philadelphia, a physician, a Presbyterian, but whose son became a Methodist clergyman) was **the originator of Children's Day,** and that he first or-

ganized it the second Sunday in June in 1866, at Merchantville, N. J. I have in my possession a very interesting program, entitled "Jesus, the Rose of Sharon," with original poetry, by the superintendent, which was given the second Sunday in June, 1870, by the Kirk Street Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass.; this was the first, they claim, in that part of the country. They called it, "The Flower Sunday." The earliest recognition of the observance of the day by any denominational body seems to have been the resolution, passed by the Universalist Convention, held in Baltimore, in September, 1867. — Westminster Teacher.

2263. Decision Day will enable us to escape the necessity of spending the last half of life in fighting the influence of the first half.

2264. The art of teaching is, when we regard it calmly, **the loftiest of all arts. For he who can accompany one child after another, even to scores and hundreds of them, through the critical stages of their development, and help to mold them for an eternal life,** is not only himself living among the noblest ideals and filling his heart with the sweetest hopes, but he is teaching other hearts to hope, other minds to see the truth, and filling other lives with an eternal song. Surely if there is an art in this, and if it is the loftiest of all arts, we who believe in it, and love it, we who have given our lives in any measure to its pursuit, must set ourselves to **know and master its principles and its methods.** — Wm. Douglas MacKenzie, D. D.

2265. John Bright said, "I believe that there is no field of labor, no field of Christian benevolence, which has **yielded a greater harvest to our national interests and national character** than the great institution of the Sunday-school."

2266. A fine Christian worker arose in our prayer meeting the other night and told the story of **the influences which led to his conversion.** The predominant and decisive one was the influence of **an unknown teacher in Illinois,** where he spent two months as a young man. Her influence over this visitor in her class made him think and ultimately decide for Jesus Christ. He never said anything to her about the matter, but he made a great purpose in his heart that when he went back to his old home he would join the church. This he did, and **his life has been one of blessed influence and positive leadership for many years.**—Ernest Bourner Allen.

2267. The Talmud tells of a famine ended by the prayers of an obscure and humble man, after others' prayers had proved unavailing. When asked who he was that his prayers should have such efficacy, he said simply, **"I am a teacher of little children."**

2268. What a careful training is given to the sculptor! He seeks the best teachers of his native land and journeys across the ocean to study and work under the best masters. A contemporary of **Michael Angelo** writes: "I have seen him at work after he was sixty years old, and though he was not very robust he cut away from a piece of very hard marble in fifteen minutes more than three or four untrained men could have done in three or four hours—a fact almost incredible to one who had not witnessed it. Such was the **impetuosity and fire** with which he pursued his work you would have thought the whole would have gone to pieces. With one blow of his mallet he brought down pieces of marble three or four inches thick and so close to his mark that had he varied a hair's breadth there would have been danger of ruining the whole."—James A. Worden, D. D.

2269. In the excavations of the ruins of Babylon a cylinder has been found inscribed by **the father of Belshazzar,** which reads: "In the heart of Belshazzar, my first-born son . . . , let the fear of thine exalted godhead, so that he may commit no sin, and that he may be satisfied with the fulness of life."

2270. A suggestion that is meeting with favor in many quarters, is that there should be an arrangement made by which **the public schools would close a half day in each week for the purpose of allowing the members thereof to procede to places where they will receive definite religious instruction.** This instruction should be made a part of the curriculum of the school, but should not be imparted in the school building or by the teachers of the school, but each pupil, according to his faith, should be required to attend instruction in morals and religion, the same as he is required to receive instruction in spelling or arithmetic.—A. H. McKinney, Ph. D.

2271. The work of the Sunday-school teacher in our day must be like that of every other honest teacher in any field. **He must strive to obtain the best light upon his topic.** The art of teaching has for one of its fundamental rules that the teacher must not only be barely acquainted with, but growingly interested in and growingly familiar with, the topic which he would teach. As soon as a man feels that he knows his subject so

thoroughly that he need not study it afresh for the next hour of instruction, **he has begun to lose in that personal grip alike upon the subject and himself and his pupil,** without which the richer elements of education can never be realized.—Wm. Douglas Mackenzie, D. D.

2272. Do we want to transfer our face to the canvas, that it may bear our expression to dear ones, when the original lies silent in the grave? We select **an artist whose mind has been trained** and whose hand and taste are prepared. **The teacher is a painter, striving to transfer to living souls Christ's features** —to make the earthly bear the image of the heavenly.

Young Men. (2273–2293)

2273. The principal dangers confronting men as I saw them on the bench were: 1. **A loose view of honesty,** leading them to handle other people's money with a lingering touch and a longing look—trying to devise ways to make something without working for it. Result: Gambling, due bills, manipulated accounts, embezzlement. 2. **A loose view of truth,** leading them to conform their memories to their inclinations. Result: Loss of integrity, perjury. 3. **A loose view of virtue,** leading them to suspect everybody, to talk about everybody, and to act themselves as they pretend to think others are acting. Result: Lack of moral tone, disease, degeneration. 4. **A loose opinion of character,** leading them to indifference as to what they do or as to what others think of them. Result: Lack of standing, bad name, discharge, disgrace. 5. **A loose view of temptation;** leading them to forget its author, to dally with its pretended pleasures, and thus to weaken the will, and lessen the power of resistance.—Judge Spencer, in Association Men.

2274. The fatal fault of a host of young men is cowardice. In the conflicts of life they are pitiably vanquished because their spears are made of soft pine, and their back-bone is mere pulp! William **Wilberforce** did not shrink from sneers when in the British Parliament he was called "that honorable and religious gentleman," and his courage carried negro emancipation. **John Wesley** had need of courage when, a student at Oxford University, the club for Bible study and prayer which he organized was called the "Holy Club."—Cuyler.

2275. In Massachusetts, in 1850, there was one criminal to every 800 of the population, in 1895 there was one criminal to every 225. **More than half of the criminals are young men.**

2276. An impressive illustration of **temptations that destroy the young is the rat-catcher plant,** a vegetable pitcher filled with liquid that will stupefy the rat or mouse or roach that comes to it seeking to allay its thirst. Having stupefied the victim, this pitcher-plant closes about his neck, pressing two spines or spikes into his neck. And so, even if he revives from the knockout drops, he is held fast, and in time is drawn fully into the plant, to be absorbed by it. The parallel between this "pitcher" and **those which capture foolish and wicked youth** is so manifest that it need not be further explained.—Crafts.

2277. "When I received this volume small
My years were barely seventeen
When it was hoped I might be all,
Which, once, alas! I might have been.
And now my years are twenty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am."—
Written by Hartley Coleridge in his Bible.

2278. The dangers that beset youth and early manhood are just as obvious as the advantages. Warm blood breeds warm **passions.** Presumption is often the twin brother to dash and energy. **Self-conceit** is at the bottom of half the infidelity that troubles the cultivated youth of these times. **Inexperience** also tempts eager and energetic young men to drive too close to the edge of many a precipice; the number of those whom I have seen go over these precipices into the shattered ruin of body and soul makes me shudder to think of. No office of a faithful minister is more important than to **swing a red lantern** of warning before the eyes of the young—who are so much more apt to put their force on the engines than upon the brakes.—Dr. Cuyler.

2279. Some young men glory in physical strength merely for its own sake, or for the sake of its lower manifestations. They are **body worshipers.** In their estimation muscle is the crowning quality of manhood. But measured by such a standard man is evidently not the king of creation. A **lion** can crush his skull with one blow of his mighty paw; a **grizzly bear** could "knock out" the champion prize-fighter of the world in the first round, and eat him in the second; a **monkey** can easily beat the best turner on all sorts of mid-air supports; the champion oarsman of the globe could not compete with a sea-lion; and in the "broad jump" the kangaroo has no human equal. **The glory of physical**

strength is an earth-born quality, and soon departs.—The Young Men's Era.

2280. One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet. It is about as large as the German aster, looking, in fact, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave away in the water, while the opelet clings to the rocks. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, **open mouth,** which is hidden down deep among them—so deep that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips **he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning.** He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water to grasp another victim. The allurements of sin are to be compared with the opelets of the sea. **Young men can keep out of their reach if they try to do so.**— Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts.

2281. It is told of a monarch who, soon after he was crowned, became aware of a plot to assassinate him, that he said: **"I shall reign worthily while I am permitted to reign. If I am an emperor only for half an hour, in that half-hour I will be every inch an emperor."** No one can aim too high in the Christian life. One may have a purely worldly ambition far beyond one's powers of achievement, but none ever yet had too high an ideal of Christian perfection, no matter if they failed to attain it. There can be no high achievements without the highest ideals.—Men.

2282. The great Chinese wall is the unrivalled wonder of the world's industry. It is 1259 miles long, 20 feet high, 25 feet thick, and contains 20,000 towers 40 feet square at the base and 37 feet high. **It took hundreds of years to build it and it is the most stupendous structure erected by man.** If laid down in the United States it would reach from Niagara Falls to Dallas, Texas, or from New Orleans to New York. It would wall our Atlantic seaboard from Nova Scotia to Florida; yet with the aid of modern machinery, **the young men of America represent enough force to dig the clay from the earth manufacture the bricks and construct the wall complete in five days.** If they would begin to save and place at interest one dollar per week and continue to do so until sixty years of age, they would thus accumulate a sum surpassing the entire wealth of every kind and nature, both personal and real, public and private, of the United States at the present time. **For each one to be sick one day is equal to 30,000 being sick an entire year.**— Manhood's Morning.

2283. I once made a voyage across the Atlantic, in which the weather was so pleasant and all things ran so easily that I suspect the **most of us felt about equal to the captain,** and concluded it was no great thing to run a steamer after all, when you once got the lines. But when a great storm struck us as we passed Cape Race, and all night long the good ship shuddered and panted through the wild waters, and when, next morning, peering deckward, we saw the faithful fellow standing by the mainmast with his arms twisted about the ropes, swinging in the tempest, watching it with steady eyes, alert and cheerful, though he had been on deck all night, turning his ship round in the teeth of the tempest and the trough of the sea, so that she might escape the awful avalanche of waters which were filling men with dismay, **then we knew our captain.** — Robert Collyer, D. D.

2284. One afternoon **Socrates fled the city heat** to sit beside a cool fountain underneath a plane-tree beyond the walls, reasoning there serenely with his friends concerning immortality. After some hours **Phaedrus** proposed that they return. Socrates responded: **"Ought not you and I to pray before we leave?"** And Socrates, nominal pagan but essential Christian, prayed thus: **"O thou Author of nature, well-beloved, grant that I may be beautiful in the inner man."** — "The Ripening Experiences of Life."

2285. Too long the men who bear his name
Have loitered in the rear,
Content that weaker hands should toil
To bring the kingdom near;
Too long their sisters in the fight
Have borne the battle's brunt;
But now in men the feeling swells
That they should be in front.
They hear the call; they fall in line
With bullion, brawn and brain,
And ask to share the thrill and joy
Of making known the name
Of Jesus Christ in every part

Of this terrestrial ball,
Till pagans fling away their gods
And crown him Lord of all.
—Robert F. Coyle, D. D.

2286. The science of physics speaks of an energy which is termed **energy of position.** The hammer of a pile-driver when it is in position to descend, a mill-pond when it is full of water, and the weights of a clock when wound up, have energy of position, for by descending to lower levels they generate power. It may be said of power in general that it is a running down from higher levels or pressures, and when the lowest level is reached power is exhausted. Equilibrium is the grave of power. **A young man has strength of position. Life is before him.** He may have sixty years of life before him in which to use his strength, and how much may be done in that length of time!—The Young Men's Era.

2287. The world needs not so much fine logic as holy manhood. The truth of Christianity cannot be revealed apart from a human life. Those poor Africans knew nothing of the light of the world, and in their blindness they bowed down to wood and stone. But at length there comes among them a man in whom Jesus Christ lived, and in **David Livingstone** Africa saw the Christ. Burmah knew nothing of the incarnated God and was lost in heathen superstitions, but there came a man to them whom they called "Jesus Christ's man," and in **Adoniram Judson** they found the truth.—Epworth Herald.

2288. A distinguished English statesman, in referring to the brilliant movement of **Commodore Dewey** at the siege of Manila, said: **"Everything depends upon the man in modern warfare."**

2289. A young aspirant for office in one of the Western States arriving at the hotel where the governor was stopping, and seeing a man whom he supposed to be the porter, ordered him to take his trunk to his room. The supposed porter charged him twenty-five cents which **he paid with a marked silver quarter worth only twenty cents.** The young office-seeker then said, "Here, porter, take my card to Governor Grimes' room and tell him I wish an interview with him at his earliest convenience." "I am Governor Grimes, sir." **"Oh! I did not know you were Governor Grimes! I beg a thousand pardons!"** "None needed," replied the governor. "I was rather favorably impressed with your letter and had thought you well suited for the office you desire;" and holding up before him the defective quarter, he said: **"Any man who would swindle a poor laborer out of the paltry sum of five cents would defraud the public treasury if he had the opportunity.** Good evening, sir."

2290. A student went to the room of a friend to speak with him on personal religion. His courage failed and the conversation drifted naturally to athletics and current topics, but it was evident that the visitor's heart was not in the talk. "Harry, what's the matter with you? You don't seem to be yourself. What's on your mind?" "Well, Fred, to tell you the truth you're on my mind. I came over here to have a straight talk with you and all my sand gave out." "You came over to talk with me about being a Christian, didn't you, and I've been wondering since the beginning of the term why you didn't say something about it before." Then after half an hour's conversation the **two boys knelt side by side** and promised God they would walk the Christian life together. Two things were accomplished. The angels rejoiced over Fred's surrender, and Harry experienced a quickening of his own spiritual nature such as he had not known before. Fred stands for **scores of men who only need a warm-hearted friend to bring them over the line.**—Men.

2291. Were the 12,000,000 young men in the United States to form in line, marching ten abreast and twelve feet apart, they would form **one unbroken column 2600 miles long.** Were they to clasp hands they would form two unbroken lines, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. If each one built a house, of the average size, the buildings would line both sides of eight streets reaching across our continent. They represent sufficient labor to dig the iron ore from the mines, manufacture it into wire, lay the foundations, and construct and complete the great New York and Brooklyn Bridge in three hours.—Manhood's Morning.

2292. A politician of considerable reputation, but of low instincts, was seated between two clergymen one night at **a public dinner.** Not content with making his two neighbors somewhat uncomfortable while the courses were served, he continued to ridicule them when he was called upon for a speech. One of the clergymen had spoken eloqently and humorously. The politician followed him with **offensive raillery,** beginning with an appeal for sympathy because he had been sandwiched between two sanctimonious sinners, and ending by telling sev-

eral obscene stories about ministers. There was a hush of expectation when the chairman called upon the second clergyman, a well-known public orator, for a speech in defence of his cloth. The clergyman rose with quiet dignity, but with signs of indignation in his usually genial face. "The speech to which we have just listened," he remarked, "I would describe **as a bit of foul tongue sandwiched between two clean pieces of bread.**" Then he took his seat abruptly. A moment afterward he said "Good night!" to the other clergyman and strode out of the room. **The politician's face flushed,** and those who had been laughing at his rude jests and tainted stories looked as if they were ashamed of themselves. An awkward pause was filled with a rambling ineffective speech. Then the company with one consent broke up.—Youth's Companion.

Education. (2293–2313)

2293. I am often humiliated when I hear **education spoken of and urged from mere mercenary motives.** Education does not command the highest commercial value — yet looking at it from the highest standpoint, it is invaluable. If a man spends an hour a day for 300 days, in reading, at the end of that time he has read thirty volumes of 300 pages each, which is in itself quite a library. **Elihu Burritt** mastered eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects between the age of 40 and 60 years. This was done by study in the evenings, after having worked all day at the blacksmith's forge. The **greatest star discoverer of our day is a man in Chicago,** who has spent his days as a court reporter, but his nights as a student of the heavens. The man who loves knowledge and who desires to broaden himself will find some opportunity for self-improvement. In the beginning of my ministry an old preacher said to me, "Young man, if I stood where you do, **I would make up my mind to know something and know it well.**" His words have rung in my ears ever since. A man's life is measured by his knowledge. Christ said: "This is eternal life, to know God." To know something — to know God. **Any man can make himself at home in a realm of knowledge that seems to lie outside of his environment, if he will only resolve to do so.** The man who is simply a money-getter does not, to my mind, represent the highest type of manhood.—Dr. G. W. White.

2294. What is a teacher? He is a driver-home of truth. In this age of hustle and rush we are in danger of forgetting that definition. The danger besets us in our own reading and thinking, as well as in our work. We take our religion in snippets. We are often so occupied in tapping tin tacks that we are losing the power of driving home bolts. **To be extensive, we must be intensive.** The man who strongly influences his fellows is he who can say, not "These many things I attempt," but, "This one thing I do." Of some teachers it may be affirmed that if they taught less, they would teach more. **A slice of bread digested is more strengthening than a loaf swallowed.**—Carey Bonner.

2295. There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. **He that is once admitted to the right of reason, is made a freeman of the whole estate.** What Plato has thought he may think, what a saint has felt he may feel, what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. —Emerson.

2296. The influence of the Christian college in the life of the church is tremendous. The badge of the age is an interrogation point. Even in the church the power to start inquiry seems often to be looked upon as a part of worship. The door must not be shut in the face of inquiry, or doubt will come piling in at the windows. If "the age of doubt" is not to eventuate in an age of denial, **the Christian college must guide this spirit of inquiry to true answers.** The home, the Church and the nation need the Christian college.—Chancellor McDowell.

2297. When a boy I sat beside **a farmer,** one day, at the Commencement exercises of Illinois College while the services were being held out of doors. **His son was among the graduates** that day, and had just acquitted himself most creditably in an oration, when I observed to the father that a college education was a great blessing to a young man. "Yes," said he. "You see **a feller is born to be either a man or a donkey, and a college education just helps him to find out a little sooner or later which he's going to be.**"—Frederick W. Burnham.

2298. True culture looks beyond the utility that fixes the marketable price of brains, and it has a nobler impulse than to make an almanac, grace a college-chair, or fill a place in the world's eye. It feels that mind has higher uses than to get daily bread for the body and serve the purposes of economy and thrift. In the same spirit it aims at something

more than the favorable opinions of mankind. Neither worldly success nor worldly distinction is undervalued or neglected, but it rests on the conviction that **the soul has an infinitely grander work to perform than to nurse the animal structure or gratify the tastes of society.** And in this moral temper it strives to improve the intellect by **disciplining all its faculties,** by elevating its range of contemplation, by habituating it to communion with great objects.—Harper's Magazine.

2299. A president of one of our colleges has said that **education should be six-fold** in its scope and character. "It should give the student a **body** strong and supple; an **intellect** able to think; a **heart** to love; a **conscience** for righteousness; an **imagination** to appreciate the beautiful, and a **will** strong to choose.."

2300. Education ought to help one to an early and clear conception of his mission. One of the prime purposes of the smoky, industrious **little tugs** which ply their craft upon the waters of our great seaports is to lead out, from their docks and moorings, the great ocean steamers to the place where, beyond the breakwater and the land-locked bays, they feel the deep swell of the ocean tide, and there, loosing the hawser, point the prow toward the far-going voyage and the distant destination, and plunge out into the deep. **So the first mission of education is to lead out the young life from the locked and sheltered harbor of home and parental control to the place of self-direction.** To the ocean of deep water, tides, winds and storms one must come, and it is **the business of his education to see that he comes thither prepared for what is before him.**—Burnham.

2301. If the years spent in pursuit of education increase the farmer's chances of getting satisfaction out of life, they are profitably spent, even though they leave him somewhat behind in the race for dollars. For dollars and contentment are not synonymous terms, and **the man who can combine few dollars with intelligent contentment is obviously better off** than the man who, having more dollars than he can use, finds that the only employment which is really congenial to him is accumulating more.

It is more profitable to spend some time in youth in **cramming the mind with knowledge** not immediately useful, than to be compelled for lack of other resources to spend one's old age cramming one's pockets with money that one does not want.—Saturday Evening Post.

2302. The educated man has greater ability to grasp new truth and facts. The uneducated man is more likely to be unbalanced by new schemes and isms. The educated man has **a broader mind** and is more open to the opinions of others.

What special advantage does **the college-trained** man gain over the self-made man, socalled? The educated man has the advantage of being **able to think more systematically.** He has at his control a mass of facts, and he is **trained to see the fallacy in false schemes.**—D. L. Moody.

2303. An old Greek officer counseled the generals on the eve of an engagement that **"the secret of victory is in getting a good ready."** That is the secret of victory not only in warfare, but in every life struggle.—J. F. Carson, D.D.

2304. The aim of the Christian college is not reached by turning out students who are merely believers in Christianity, who consent calmly and indifferently to its creed. It aims to fill its students with the spirit of St. Paul, to make them **alive in the service of Christ,** and to fire them with the enthusiasm of humanity.

There are special reasons today which show that **the part taken by the Christian college in our national life is growing important and strategic.** America, already the richest of nations, is to become far richer. The number of the wealthy will be increased, and millions will have most of the comforts, and even luxuries, which the very rich now enjoy. The tendency of opulence is to enervate. **Christian character needs to be hardened and fortified** against luxury. And **a "manhood that can stand money" is what the Christian college aims to produce.**

Our civilization rushes to a vast and fatal plunge unless God is enthroned in the educated minds of our people. **Education without religion is architecture without foundation and roof.**—Barrows.

2305. Teaching has three objects; 1) The communication of knowledge. 2) The stimulating of the activity of the student. 3) The development of character.

2306. Efficiency through education: Miss Calhoun, one of the most expert money handlers in the Treasury Department at Washington, has the remarkable record of counting 85,000 coins in a single day, each coin passing through her hands, and so delicate has her sense of touch become, that, should there be a counterfeit coin in the lot, she would detect it even when counting at this tremendous rate. She spreads the coins

upon a large glass top desk, and draws them off with the tips of her fingers, one, two, three, or four at a time, as she pleases, for her four fingers are all equally educated to the work. Her eyes have nothing to do with the detection of false coins. **Her fingers do it all.** They have become so very familiar with the exact weight of a true coin, the feeling of it, and the amount of its resistance upon the glass desk, that a **piece of spurious gold, silver, nickel, or copper money attracts her attention instantly.**—N. Y. Advertiser.

2307. Education appreciated. — Dr. Brumbaugh, superintendent of the public schools of Philadelphia, tells of a **Porto Rican mother** who walked miles each morning **to take her little boy to the American school** which had just been established. Between her cabin and the school-house was a river, and this she forded with her little boy poised upon her head. When she had put him down at the school-house door, she **went to the grove near by to dry her clothing and to await the closing of school in the evening.** The fording was repeated on the homeward trip. After the little fellow had eaten his supper and had been put to bed, this devoted mother **worked half the night to make up for the time** lost in taking her little one to the American school over which floated the American flag.

2308. So, also, men make wealth by their thoughts as well as by their hands. A **Morse** dreams of telegraphic communication, and his thought materializes in hundreds of millions of value in telegraph stocks. A **Stevenson** dreams of locomotive traction, and we have thousands of millions of dollars in railroads. An **Edison conceives** of speaking by a wire, and we have millions upon millions of wealth in telephones created by his thought. What, do you ask, does thought make money? Yes, I say, the thoughts of these and other **thinkers create actual money values.** So you see that the thoughts of men make wealth as well as the work of their hands.—Lansing.

2309. A little negro slave boy on a Southern plantation, one single garment, a coarse flaxen shirt, his only covering: he had never slept in a bed—not he; who his father was he never knew, nor his own age. He once went as far as the school-house door with his little mistress, to carry her books, and had the feeling that "to get into a schoolhouse and study would be about the same as getting into Paradise."

After the emancipation proclamation —a boy of ten or twelve years of age, working in the salt mines of West Virginia, but **with an intense longing for an education;** a little later attending night-school. Again we see him on his way to Hampton Institute, a distance of five hundred miles, with scarcely any money to buy clothing or pay his fare; sometimes walking and sometimes begging rides, sleeping under the sidewalk or in any shelter he might find, to save his money; reaching Hampton, at last, with just twenty-five cents in his pocket and looking like a worthless tramp.

Later we see him as **a student, doing janitor work to help pay his way.** Here, for the first time, he ate from a tablecloth, learned the use of napkins, tooth brush and the bath, also of sheets; the first night he slept under them both, and the next night on top of both. **At length, graduating with honor, he becomes a teacher;** is called back to deliver a post-graduate address, is tendered a reception in Richmond at which two thousand colored people were present, in a hall not far from the place where he slept under the sidewalk. **Beloved and respected by both white and black is Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute.**

2310. The influence of education may develop in a beautiful symmetry the constitutional excellences. It may cultivate the natural sentiments, refine the tastes, exalt and ennoble the temper and tone of the mind, give dignity and grace to the manners, light and authority to conscience, force and principle to character. It may inspire respect and reverence for the rites and solemnities of religion, form religious habits, and fill the breast with high religious veneration. But it **cannot shed abroad the love of God in the heart,** nor bring the soul under the power of the Cross, nor diffuse through it the spirit of Jesus, nor teach it to live by faith, nor introduce into it any of those fruits of the Holy Spirit without which all religion is a name and a delusion.—T. H. Skinner.

2311. A good education was thus defined by Edward Everett: "**Read** the English language well, **write** with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of **arithmetic,** so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice; and if you add the ability to write pure **grammatical English,** you have an excellent education. These are the **tools.** You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies are ostentatious rubbish."

2312. No part of our national defences are more important than our schools. No agency today is more efficient in transforming the untoward conditions brought about by the incoming tide of immigration than our public school. Our greatest security for the future requires a larger degree of attention to the moral and spiritual development of our youth. The best influences should be cast about them, especially during the period when they are in the preparatory school and the college. **In these institutions are being trained our future leaders.** They must meet the perils of the coming years; and the best part of their equipment will be love of truth and sincerity, and fidelity to conscience. Let us honor and **strengthen our educational institutions** because of the noble work they have done and are doing.—The Christian Advocate.

2313. When **a chief of the Cherokees** was asked why the Cherokees are so much in advance of the other tribes, he replied: **"Because we have taken care to educate our women as well as the men."** —Home Missionary Monthly.

Books. (2314–2319)

2314. The biographer of **Lucy Larcom** tells us that the aspiring girl pinned all manner of selections of prose and verse which she wished to learn at the sides of the window beside which her loom was placed; and in this way, in the intervals of work, she familiarized herself with a great deal of good literature. . . . To have **a book in one's pocket,** and the power of fastening one's mind upon it to the exclusion of every other object or interest, is to be independent of the library, with its unbroken quietness.

2315. The best things to be gotten out of books are not reserved for people of leisure; on the contrary, they are oftenest possessed by those whose labors are many and whose leisure is limited. . . . **James Smethem,** the English artist, feeling keenly the imperfections of his training, formulated a plan of study combining art, literature, and the religious life, and devoted twenty-five years to working it out. **Goethe** spent more than sixty years in the process of developing himself harmoniously on all sides; and few men have wasted less time than he. And yet in the case of each of these rigorous and faithful students there were other, and, for long periods, more engrossing occupations. . . . It is not wealth of time, but what **Mr. Gladstone** has aptly called "thrift of time," which brings ripeness of mind within reach of the great mass of men and women.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

2316. The book to read is not the one that thinks for you, but the one which makes you think.—Pres. McCosh.

2317. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens, and fine dinners, and wine and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king — I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.— Macaulay.

2318. A conservative estimate places **the annual number of new books at twenty-five thousand.** To select the few from this number which are good and valuable would be an impossible task. If wise, the reader will permit public opinion and literary critics to determine which are worth time and effort. **Emerson says:** "Never read any book until it is a year old; never read any but famed books; never read any but what you like." If, however, one dislikes Shakespeare and enjoys a trashy novel it is an indication of distorted taste.— Downs.

2319. In tracing the development of systems of government and the evolution of man, historians do not emphasize those nations which, because of geographical barriers, racial animosities, linguistic difficulties, or mental obtuseness, **failed to record and transmit to succeeding ages the record of their achievements and discoveries.** The papyrus scrolls, the birch-bark carvings, the clay tablets and the chiseled hieroglyphics were the books through which the investigations of the ancients were disclosed after the writers and the nations which they represented had been forgotten. Bacon speaks of books as "ships of thought, voyaging through the sea of time and carrying their precious freight from generation to generation." Downs.

Thought. Meditation. Reflection. Influence of Mind on Body. (2320–2331)

2320. In the British navy, whenever any sudden disaster, such as an explosion, occurs, it is the bugler's duty to play what is called **"The Still,"** and when the men hear it each is **to stop perfectly quiet for a moment and re-collect his** senses and thus be better prepared for intelligent action in the emergency.

2321. If it is true, as the psychologists are telling us, that **every emotional state produces some corresponding**

change in the body, then not only is it true that bad stomachs cause bad tempers, but also that nothing troubles the functioning of the stomach like moody dispositions. It is as impossible to live our best lives in an atmosphere where there are strained relations between husband and wife, where there is jealousy, constant bursts of anger or violent tempers as it is to live in a house where every window is sealed and no air can enter.—Hawkins.

2322. Dr. Flinders Petrie asserts that **man is at a standstill in physical development,** and that the same thing is true of his **mind.** When we become familiar with the details of the early ages nothing is more astonishing than to see how unaltered the mind of man is in its essentials, he says. So it is and so it will be forever with the carnal man of brain and bone and flesh. As he was in the beginning, so he is now and ever will be. **It is along the line of the spiritual that man's growth and development are to be henceforth,** and it will be carried on through the creative power of thought. **The thinking of a pure mind can and will create a new man,** an invisible spiritual man, within this body and brain, already at their zenith of development, with infinite capacity to improve, moving toward an ideal in this world and the next, answering within to a divine impulsion without until the deformed man of the first Adam is transformed into the likeness of the perfect man Jesus Christ.

2323. They tell us that we pass from thought to thought by bridges of suggestion and association. But all roads lead to our meditations, and it seems sometimes as if the law of suggestion had been swept aside by some insistent power which looks through every window, enters every door, besieges every unguarded and unoccupied chamber of the soul and passes, unchallenged and unforbidden, our keenest sentries. What does it all mean? It means that the soul is **saturated with one set of ideas,** and has become subtly, and sometimes almost tragically, capable of finding ways of **connecting every aspect of life with its central and commanding theme.** If we have so lived that our meditations have become holy, reverent, unstained, sincere and humble, then the very center of our conscious life is an inexhaustible fountain of felicity and strength. If, through our weakness and our perversions, we have given ourselves over to **greedy and unholy and selfish thoughts,** we walk—ah, God! by what poisonous and miasmatic waters.—Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, D. D., Congregationalist.

2324. Speaking of thought's power to gird for achievement, or lash into despair, Daniel Webster said, in the famous Knapp murder trial: **"With conscience satisfied** with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we can not either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. **A sense of duty pursues us ever.** It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or for our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light **our obligations are yet with us. We can not escape their power, nor fly from their presence.** They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us whenever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

2325. Some time ago I was talking with a friend. I inquired about his wife. "Well," he said, in reply, **"my wife is always well, and always happy.** I used to think that she had not the same sensitive nature that I have. When anything occurs to annoy me I am utterly upset. I can not eat my breakfast; I can not do my business; I am really ill. But the other day I found out the secret. Something had gone wrong, which very much worried me. In the course of the morning I went into the house, and found her **cheerily going on with her work,** actually singing as she bent over it; I felt quite annoyed. 'Really, my dear,' I said, 'you don't seem at all put out by what has happened today.'

"'Oh, no,' she said, 'I am not.' 'Well,' I said, rather angrily; 'then I think you ought to be.' 'No; no; you must not say that. Look here. Years ago I made up my mind that when anything went wrong I would ask myself honestly and earnestly: **"Can I do any good by thinking about it? Am I to blame in any way? If so, do not let me spare myself.** Can I do anything to put a better face upon it?" If, after looking at it honestly all around, I found I could do no good, **I made up my mind that I would give up thinking about it.'"**

"Thank you," said I to my friend. "That is **the philosophy of the highest life** — 'Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.'" — Christian Globe.

2326. Thoughts are things. In 1632 a boy was born at Wrington, England, who was educated at Oxford. His acquaintances thought he devoted his time to subjects of no practical value. Later, he put the results of these studies into his **Essay on the Human Understanding.** Few people read the book. But the few who did began to circulate its ideas. They were translated into French and Latin and were **soon potent influences in the intellectual life of Europe.** The ideas influenced the Encyclopedists of France, whose radical opinions **cut the people from the moorings of traditional and age-long thought. The fire and the blood of the French Revolution were the legitimate expression of the speculative essay of John Locke.** The persons whose heads were cut off in the Reign of Terror must have thought the ideas exceedingly practical.—James W. Lee.

2327. Thought rules the world. Humboldt habitually dwelt in the realm of principles and ideas. He spent only five years in America, and it took twelve quartos and sixteen folios, and a half dozen helpers, and many years to put on record what he saw.

The poem hangs on the berry bush,
When comes the poet's eye,
And the street is one long masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by.

2328. There are very definite laws which determine the relation between thinking and events. Robert College of Constantinople planted the seeds of the "Young Turk" Revolution which has recently transformed the Turkish Empire, and ended the "unspeakable" absolutism of Abdul Hamid with his deposition in 1909. **Thoughts are things.**

2329. A missionary cited the case of an athletic young man who was brought to him one day by a venerable old chieftain. From head to foot the young man was trembling with excitement. The cause of his illness was that he had by accident **eaten a "sacred potato."** He most firmly believed that for such an act of sacrilege the offended god had entered his stomach in the form of a lizard and was consuming his vitals. After making the orthodox examination of my patient, I gave him some **aperient pills,** and told him to keep quiet for a while and he would recover. The next day I was told that the young man was still ill, and would die. Repairing to the village, I found him pale, haggard but resigned, sitting at one end of a long hut open in front. From twenty to thirty chiefs were seated near him, smoking their pipes and discussing the current news. The old women were preparing the ovens for the entertainment of his friends, who would flock to the place on the report of his death. In three days he was to die, and they were making preparations for the event.

I expressed my regret and disappointment, and re-examined my patient. I found out my mistake; I had given him medicine internally. **I would now apply it externally, and with an air of the greatest confidence, I assured them that he would recover immediately on its taking effect,** and this they would know by its producing a stinging pain. On this I sent him a blistering plaster, with direction to apply it to the chest. In less than an hour the young man cried out, "It bites! it bites!" **and all said, "Now he will recover," and so he did.**—Youth's Companion.

2330. Christian Science enjoys no solitary distinction of being able to heal diseases without drugs. The "royal touch" healed thousands, if human testimony can be relied upon. The Roman Catholic Church has healed thousands by means of relics and shrines. **Lourdes** is running today and with thousands of witnesses to its healing powers. At **St. Anne de Beaupre** in Canada stacks of crutches are left every year. **Dowie** healed many. Many of our best physicians recognize **the value of suggestive therapeutics** and are using it successfully in the treatment of disease. Surgeons are substituting "suggestion" for chloroform and ether. Recently the writer underwent a quite serious and delicate surgical operation. No surgeon in the city, except one, would have dared attempt the operation without chloroform or ether. And yet the operation, **under the influence of suggestion,** and lasting fully thirty minutes, was performed painlessly while we watched the work and cracked jokes with the operator.—F. Marion Sims.—Interior.

2331. Although **Eddyism** in one form or another is as old as civilization, I am amazed that the undisciplined minds of Americans, usually so skeptical, should be taken in in such increasingly large numbers by **an elderly woman with a smile.** It is not against psychotherapy that I charge you, but against the proneness to overstate its claims as an available remedy. **No organic disease was ever cured by it, and its legitimate uses are circumscribed.** The rational employment of it in some cases is without doubt of incalculable benefit, but its wanton misuse is inexcusable. There are at least seven cults which have grown up about its tested worth, which are alike only in that they despise each other. They thrive partly because of

ignorance, partly because of the pride of untrained intellects pampered by the conceit that by subscribing to certain dogmas and sometimes paying fees they can themselves become "healers." I would not be understood as discrediting in any way the practice of treatment by influence upon the mind. **A very large element in any cure is confidence in the physician.** And nothing is more efficacious at times than the presence of a clergyman, fostering as that does a simple religious faith. **All treatment, in fact, has something of the mental in it.** I have myself called in a clergyman for assistance in cases I could not aid. I do not believe, however, that healing by suggestion is the domain of the clergy. —Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Wealth. Stewardship. (2332–2379)

2332. One of our prisons is said to display to its inmates **this inscription** conspicuously placed: **"The worst day in the life of a young man is the day he gets the idea that he can make a dollar without doing a dollar's worth of work for it."** Better taught late than never; but why not early, in the school, the home and the church? **Goethe** said; **"Our blessings are our greatest curses." General Armstrong** said; **"When you see me getting rich pray for me."**

2333. In 1846 Moses Y. Beach printed a list of **New York City's rich men.** He gave the names of 1,024 possessing $100,000 each, and of 23 men with $1,000,000 each. Now only millionaires are counted among the rich, and there are 1,300 of them in New York City alone.

2334. In Australia, **Sir Jervaise Clarke,** has a sheep ranch worth $150,000,000; and in South Africa **"Abe" Benley** is so rich that he gave 80,000,000 acres of valuable land as a contribution to the Salvation Army.

2335. Among the millionaires of London, **Sir Thomas Lipton's** $25,000,000 is "small fry" when compared with estates such as that of the infant Earl Grosvenor, valued conservatively at $80,000,000, or that of the premier Duke of Norfolk, whose income is $7,500 a day.

2336. A workman in a foundry finds a gap as large as a man's hand in a casting destined for an important place in the ocean steamer. I could name the shop where this was done. The workman takes a piece of cold iron, heats it and hammers in into the gap, smooths over the surface and thereby saves the thousand dollars it would cost to reject the piece and cast a new one. This very hour some ocean steamer, I know not whether passenger or freight, is carrying human lives on such security as that wedge of iron can give to that faulty casting. **If ever disaster shall bring the passengers and crew of that vessel to a watery grave, will the money-loving foreman,** who ordered that thing done to save expense, **be less a murderer than the money-loving Judas?**—Pres. William Dewitt Hyde.

2337. The Czar has always been called **the richest man in the world,** and his fortune is set at $1,200,000,000, but the Shah of Persia wears a green stone in his turban worth $4,000,000, and whatever Persia herself is worth, is his.

2338. Considering the growth in individual wealth, **we are justified in fearing a development of money power during the next 50 years that will be full of peril.** The safety of a nation is in the diffusion of its wealth.

2339. John D. Rockefeller's fortune is not less than $500,000,000. There are now 10,087 known millionaires (more than one-half of whom—5,027—are in America), their fortunes totaling $9,000,000,000. Every State and Territory is represented in the list, and one millionaire, an Indian, Melvin Dempsey, is in Alaska. Nearly all of the remaining 5,060 millionaires are in Europe, though Asia has 900, and Africa and South America each have their share.

2340. The great problem which we have now on hand is **the Christianizing of the money power of the world.** That tide-wave in the money power can as little be resisted, when God brings it on, as the tides of the sea; and like these also it will flow across the world in a day.—Horace Bushnell.

2341. At the seaport town of Po-hio in China, during a Christian meeting, a man arose and said: "Friends, you all know me. I have been a Christian less than a year. **I own a seagoing junk,** and yesterday we came into port, having been out in the great typhoon that swept the coast last week. Right in the midst of the storm the crew struck. . . **I prayed God to send them back to work. He did.** Now if I were still a worshiper of idols, I would have gone today to the temple on the hill and offered a **great sacrifice to show my gratitude.** I do not want to be less thankful to the God who heard my prayer. I have brought here **an offering of fifty dollars.** You know better what to do with it, I leave it with you." This man had been out of heathenism less than a year.

2342. A sad experience in my work as a missionary and agent of a benevolent

society is that **whilst many decline comparatively few advance in the race of Christian benevolence.** A good **old gentleman** upon whom I called some time ago, made substantially this statement: "When I was a young man, having just entered upon a business career, I found myself greatly embarrassed for the want of a few hundred dollars. **A young lawyer,** with whom I was but slightly acquainted, when told of my embarrassment, kindly furnished me with the money which I so much needed at the time. That lawyer has been eminently successful in his profession and has accumulated a large fortune. I, too, have been measurably successful. But if I were in need of a few hundred dollars today, it is not at all likely that he would give me any help." Now, what a melancholy spectacle is here presented! **A noble manhood going down before the uprising wealth!—Reimensnyder.**

2343. Calvin laid but little stress upon money and the luxury possible through wealth. **Pius IV.,** when he heard of his death, said: "The strength of that heretic consisted in this, that **money never had the slightest charm for him.** If I had such servants, my kingdom would extend from sea to sea."—William Henry Roberts, D. D.

2344. The Russian police recently arrested a woman who had been wanted for the past two years for having driven **a lucrative trade in artificial mutilation.** By injecting under the skin at the joints some preparation of petroleum, she produced a very natural-looking contraction of the joint operated on. Her clients were those who desired, at as small an expense as possible, to escape being taken for soldiers, and among less deserving and richer people a certain number of clever swindlers who defrauded accident insurance companies by effecting the same kind of disfigurement. It makes one shudder to think of a woman so degraded as thus **to live by administering disease and pain to others,** and yet we are constantly licensing tens of thousands of people in the United States to make their living that way. The Russian police suppressed this woman, but in America we license both men and women as **saloon-keepers** to communicate disease both of body and soul for greed. Surely **"the love of money is the root of all evil."**

2345. I was **talking with a millionaire** one day, a man whose association has been with the wealthiest men in the country, and I asked him how many men he had ever known who were rich to whom the acquirement or possession of **money had been a real help in the development of character.** I told him to think about it carefully and tell me. After thinking for some time he said, **"Not one."** I then asked him how many rich men he had known to whom the acquirement or possession of **money had been a hindrance,** so far as the development of their characters was concerned; and he thought again very carefully over quite a list, and said, **"Nineteen out of every twenty."**—God's World.

2346. The dangers of money-getting: 1) Of yielding to the temptation to take advantage of others. 2) Of violating the law of love by fraud. 3) Of inflicting positive injury on others for gain. 4) Of sacrificing our own higher interests. 5) Of robbing God.

2347. We need to distinguish carefully what is **the regnant principle of our lives.** Are we taking what God has given to us as **a sacred trust?** Are we using our gifts, be they many or few, for his glory, and are we willing to give him what he claims, by whatever messenger he sends for it? We may not recognize the messenger who shall make demands upon us. We may at first regard him as an intruder; as a beggar who asks for that to which he has no claim; but when we recognize that our Master sends him to us that we may give him of the fruits of our vineyard, then it becomes a different matter. **We are to give freely to the rightful owner,** and answer the messenger's appeal.—Christian Work.

2348. One-tenth of a cent per day, or one cent in ten days, is the present average contribution of the membership of the Christian Church throughout the world for the recovery of a thousand millions of heathen to a knowledge of that Gospel which we deem to be the bearer of boundless blessings to our race. And the fact is that the real average is much less than one-tenth of a cent per day, for it is to be borne in mind that quite a number give to the cause of missions who are not included in the membership of any of the churches. It is therefore evident that many professing Christians are doing absolutely nothing, or next to nothing, toward the advancement of those missionary agencies to which has been committed a duty and responsibility of the most momentous and solemn kind.—Harrison.

2349. It was **the message of the Spaniard to the Mexican sovereign,** "If the King of Mexico has any gold let him send it to us, for I and my companions have **a desire of heart which can only be cured by gold."**

2350. My definition of money is this: **Money is myself.** I am a working man,

and on Saturday night I receive twelve dollars, which is one week's worth of my brawn—of myself, my energy—put into greenbacks and pocketed. Or I am a clerk in a store, and at the end of the week I get twenty dollars—the equivalent of a week of myself. Or I am a merchant, and find that a week's worth of myself is one thousand dollars. **Money in the pocket is something human, for it represents power expended.** The electric storage battery is a marvel. The button is the governor of the stored power, able to light a house, move machinery, cure a pain, or kill a man. Money, too, is **stored power,** stored only to be loosed. The question is, **How shall it be loosed to build up or to destroy?**—Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D.

2351. A friend of mine, who at the time could have drawn his check for $20.000,000, once offered me $5,000,000 to meet the appeals made upon me for money, if I would give him a guarantee that that, divided up amongst those whom I knew to be needy, and those who knew me, would end all applications. He was a shrewd man; he knew that I knew that if I had all the money in all the banks and vaults in America, it would not achieve that result; that when it came to be known that I had money to distribute, **it would set the world howling after me.** There must be at least 40,000,000 of people in America who want a little more money for something else. Now, in such a case as this, each person must regulate his outlay wisely, and never give anything, and never do anything, simply to get rid of the solicitors.—Deems.

2352. Long-sighted kings of commerce should realize that they could make no better investment of their funds, in the way of preparing uncivilized countries for the entrance of their agents and the admission of their wares, **than by endowing mission workers.** Here, as elsewhere, not only is it right, but it "pays" in material results to "seek first the kingdom of God." Years ago President **Angell,** of Michigan University, said, in speaking to a gathering of capitalists: "The great empire of **China will not receive and keep your locomotives and telegraphs, until she has bowed her knee to your Christ.** She will not yield her ancient civilization until she has surrendered her ancient religion."

2353. Do not long after wealth; the men who have done most for the world have been those who could truly say, "Silver and gold have I none."—Drummond.

2354. Christian leaders often discuss "how to save the masses", but **it is harder to save the rich.** A thoughtful young lady of Fifth Avenue, New York, exclaimed: **"Who will save us, the lost ones of selfish wealth and wasteful, wanton luxury?"** "How shall we evangelize the slums?" is discussed; but the harder proposition is "How to save the selfish suburbs."—Crafts.

2355. I have seen miserable rich men and miserable poor ones, the misery of the one not coming because of his riches, nor of the other because of his poverty. I knew a man whose income was a million a year and he spent a hundred and fifty dollars a month. I said to him, "What is your happiness?" His answer was, **"Seeing the snowball grow."** I knew another who lived upon the fees which he received as a director in many corporations. He was persuaded late in life to visit Europe, and there came across an old associate who had become happy after retiring from a hard business life by studying art and accumulating the treasures which he understood. He took his visitor to see a painting at the salon which was interesting all Europe. While explaining its beauties with rare enthusiasm, he turned to see his friend busy writing upon a pad. He said angrily, "What are you doing? Are you trying to copy this picture?" "No," said his friend; **"I am reckoning how much money I am losing while here in director's fees."** The happiest man I ever knew was a peddler and a Methodist exhorter. He cheered the sorrowful, uplifted the sick, carried joy into houses of mourning.—Chauncey M. Depew, in Leslie's Weekly.

2356. Almost the only scientific aspect of distribution is tithe-giving, which is a custom of much less than a tithe of the church members. From the days of Adam and Abraham God has taught men that **one-seventh of time and one-tenth of property are sacred** against selfish uses. We may give more of both, but that much is not ours to keep. It is God's part as our partner, not taken for himself, ultimately, but for ourselves really, our nobler selves, and for the use of brotherhood. "Liberty under the Gospel" surely **does not mean liberty to be meaner than the Jews.** How easy is giving when it is not a new struggle every time, but only a draft on "the Lord's money!"—Crafts.

2357. I say, there is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving; and **half the world is on the wrong scent** in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and in serving others.—Drummond.

2358. There is a woman who has been over the washtub hour after hour, day after day. At the end of the week, when the blessed Sabbath comes, she enters the House of God. It may be only ten dollars, it may be less, that she has been able to win out of the soiled world that way, but **if it has been in her heart every day and every hour that the next Sunday morning** in the house of worship, with its quiet, with its beauty, with its sweet music, with its hush of the Divine presence, **she is to lay ten cents of every dollar on God's altar** for humanity, **her work—every bit of it—is made divine.** Even the ill-smelling, hot suds offer up incense. **A regular system of proportionate benevolence lays every stroke of work under tribute to God.**—Barnes.

2359. The battle has already commenced, **and one of the grandest triumphs possible in the near future is the destruction of this giant of selfishness within the church and the consecration of some fair proportion of her immense treasures to the cause of the Gospel and a shipwrecked humanity.** The sincerity of Christian men and women is being tested before the gaze of watching multitudes, and the religion of a spurious sentimentalism can no longer pass unchallenged in this time of reality and need. With the late Dr. **Bushnell** we may say that "the great problem we have now in our hands is **the Christianizing of the money power of the world.** What we wait for and are hopefully looking to see is the consecration of the vast money power of the world to the work and cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ. For that day, when it comes, is the morning, so to speak, of the new creation."—Harrison.

2360. No blessing rests on him who gives grudgingly for any good work, nor is any Christian work seen at its best where the motive is too evidently the hope of return. It is essential to true philanthropy that not all good work shall bring its instant return of bread cast on the waters. Christ must wait to the end of time to see fully of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. The servant is not above his Master in this. We must learn to give where we see no immediate prospect of recompense, **give for Christ's sake,** and for the sake of men for whom he died.

2361. It is remarkable how little we give God in comparison with what we waste ourselves. A pastor spent thirty minutes urging a lady of his church to give him a contribution for foreign missions. Finally, a check was handed him for two dollars. Looking at it he glanced up, and in subdued earnest tones said: "A check from a hand wearing five hundred dollars worth of diamonds should be larger than this if the wearer belongs to Christ." **The check was made larger,** but even then not large compared to the diamonds.

2362. Some men give so that you are angry every time you ask them to contribute. They give so that **their gold and silver shoot you like a bullet.** Other persons give with such beauty that you remember it as long as you live; and you say, "It is a pleasure to go to such men." **There are some men that give as springs do:** whether you go to them or not, they are always full; and your part is merely to put your dish under the ever-flowing stream. **Others give just as a pump does** where the well is dry, and the pump leaks.—Beecher.

2363. A man responded to the cry of another who had fallen overboard from a pier. The man took hold of the plank lying on the pier, one end of which was **covered with ice.** He reached out the plank to the man with the icy end to him. The man seized the end of the plank, and again and again his hands slipped off. At last he cried out in despair: **"For God's sake give me the end of the plank that has no ice on it."** We must serve God with the warm end of the plank. His money burns with heat, not from the tightness of the grip with which he has been holding on to it, but with the pulse of his eager heart as it runs down through his fingers, and sets his gifts on fire with love. —Independent.

2364. A Christian woman in Connecticut had a beautiful flower garden in which she took great pride, and from which she **gave away large quantities of flowers.** Two large baskets were fastened by the gate, and these were filled every morn with fresh-cut flowers, to which passers-by were invited to help themselves. The children on their way to school, men on their way to business, tramps as they passed, all alike blessed the thoughtful kindness of this woman. When asked, "Are you not afraid you will rob yourself?" she replied: **"The more I cut, the more I have."** So in life, what we give, we have; what we withhold, escapes from us.

2365. A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a church out West relates his experience thus: **"The first man I met said he was very sorry,** but the fact was, he was so **involved in his business** that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man **in debt** as he was owed his first duty to **his creditors.** He was smoking an ex-

pensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff buttons.

"**The next man I went to** was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he **was owing for his board,** was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything. That afternoon, as I went by the base-ball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand, where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"**The third man** to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but **times were hard,** his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed. A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family, and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars.

"The Bible says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' but it says also, **'By their fruits ye shall know them.'** And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'in debt', to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."—The Youth's Companion.

2366. I recall one old colored woman, who was about seventy years of age, who came to see me when we were raising money to pay for the farm. She hobbled into the room where I was, leaning on a cane. She was clad in rags, but they were clean. She said: "Mr. Washin'ton, God knows I spent de bes' days of my life in slavery. God knows I's ignorant an' poor; but," she added, "I knows what you an' Miss Davidson is tryin' to do. I knows you is tryin' to make better men an' better women for de colored race. **I ain't got no money, but I wants you to take dese six eggs,** what I's been savin' up, an' I wants you to put dese six eggs into de eddication of dese boys an' gals."—Booker T. Washington.

2367. A lady who is in the constant habit of giving away flowers from her garden, is often heard to declare, **"The flowers I give away never fade."** No—for they remain forever in the remembrance of those who receive them, keeping their color and fragrance to the end. Is there not in this a hint for all of us, concerning deeds of love and charity?—The Evangel.

2368. A young convert in my church who began a year or two ago **to consecrate a tenth** of his hard earnings to Christ **has grown so in spiritual life that I hardly recognize him.** God is prospering him already—perhaps because he sees that the young man can be trusted with money. The only rich men for whom their fellow-men care anything are the Samuel Morleys, the William E. Dodges, the Peter Coopers, and such as they, who **make money in order to make other people the happier and the better.** Wealth is commonly put into a sieve at any rate; but it makes all the difference in the world whether God or the devil shakes the sieve.—Cuyler.

2369. In early days, in a village of Cape Cod, the inhabitants were anxious for a meeting-house, and yet did not have in their judgment the funds necessary for its construction. Finally a meeting was called to consider what should be done in the matter. Any one willing and able to contribute money for the purpose was called for. No one seemed inclined to respond, until at last **a mere boy stepped** forward with the remark, **"I will be the first to contribute, and God helping me, I will give one hundred dollars."** Every one present was astonished, knowing him to be penniless, but the **effect of his example was magical,** and additional donations followed thick and fast. It is needless to add that the village built its church, and the best of it all was that the youth actually paid his contribution in full, for, borrowing a boat from an aged and invalid fisherman, he **devoted the summer to the fisheries** off the Cape, the sum which he realized from his catches equaling his gift and more. The supposition that a boy cannot participate in church work is surely a sadly mistaken one. One has but to inquire in any parish to find plenty of instances of **the good a boy can and has accomplished.** They are to be found on every hand. I recall from my own experience the case of **a little fellow who planted an abandoned corner of the farm with squashes and popcorn.** His associates were inclined to ridicule and belittle his enterprise at first, but their eyes opened wide with astonishment when at the close of the season he handed over **four crisp ten-dollar bills,** the profits of the venture, to be added to the church's contribution to the American Board.

2370. I have been watching the early blossoms clothing the trees as in the bridal array with their snowy luster, and loading the air with fragrance. But the blossoms fall, and leave the leaves in somber green. Nature is then apparent-

ly robbed of her beauty. But we know that instead of the blossoms will come forth the fruit, which is better. So outward prosperity is only the white harbinger of God's more fruitful love. What if it does not abide?—J. M. Ludlow.

2371. A Methodist minister says that in one of his charges a good man regularly gave every Sunday five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him. My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."

2372. He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.—Lowell.

2373. It is a curious fact that, whenever a subject affecting the conscience is pressed, it is invariably the people who are already doing as much as they ought, perhaps more, who are troubled; while those who are lethargic about it all remain lethargic still. A shrewd old farmer, with whom I used to ride home from school occasionally when I was a girl, used to say to me: "That there near horse of mine is always pricking up his ears for the sound of the whip-lash, and putting in his best jerks to do more whenever he hears it; and the truth is, it ain't for him at all, but for that lazy fellow on the off side, who never does half the work and don't pay any attention to the sound of the whip; he's got to feel it right smart before he moves. They're a good deal like folks."—Pansy.

2374. One of the last speeches that I heard the late Archbishop of Canterbury make was in Exeter Hall, when, speaking to a great gathering of students, he said that one of the most marvelous things in Christianity, to him, was in the way in which God had been willing to place in the control of his people the fulfillment of his own great command, and in which the Lord Jesus Christ, who died adequately to save the whole world, had made the communication of the knowledge of that fact to the world, not a matter of his own will, but of the will of those who loved him, and who called him Lord.—Robert E. Speer.

2375. We'll receive no good when we commence calculating how much we'll get by doing good. The good comes when we lose ourselves in the good work; when we give, not for the sake of the good that will come back to us, but for the sake of the Master, because of the love we bear him. The good comes when the gifts go not alone, but are accompanied by earnest prayers from loving hearts. The message to Cornelius was, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."—Bonar.

2376. A poor Irish woman went to a venerable priest in Boston, and asked him to forward to Ireland her help for the famine sufferers. "How much can you spare?" asked the priest. "I have a hundred dollars saved," she said "and I can spare that." The priest reasoned with her, saying that her gift was too great for her means, but she was firm in her purpose. It would do her good to know that she had helped; she could rest happier thinking of the poor families she had saved from hunger and death. the priest received her money with moistened eyes. "Now what is your name?" he asked, "that I may have it published." "My name?" said the brave soul counting out her money, "don't mind that, sir. Just send them the help, and God will know my name."

2377. A godly old man was left by his son, who was a real-estate agent, in his office in Chicago for a few minutes. Another real-estate agent who came to see the proprietor, while awaiting his return, entered into conversation with the old gentleman. He expatiated on his various plans, this addition to the city that was being projected, the number of lots that had been sold last week in another section, the value of this business property and of that corner lot, until at last the old gentleman rose up and said, with

great earnestness, **"See here, my friend, I think I may as well say to you that I would give more for standing-room in the New Jerusalem than for all the corner lots in Chicago."**

2378. A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession and no less eminent in Christian work and in **princely gifts to the cause of benevolence,** tells this story of what fixed his course of life. When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting, a plain man, said he had **a girl in his domestic service, at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions;** she also had a class of poor boys in Sunday-school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, "She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen." The young man went home with these three sentences sticking in his mind: "Class in Sunday-school—dollar a month to missions—**happiest girl.**" The first result was that he took a class in Sunday-school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could, and would. These were the immediate **effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.** But who can count, who can imagine, the sum total? **That lawyer was, for almost half a century from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.**—C. E. World.

2379. A poor servant girl in London, who attended the ragged schools, one evening, at the close of school, put into the minister's hand, much to his surprise, a note which contained **a half sovereign.** Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year. She very modestly remarking that it was not much. "But, sir," said she, "I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears." — Preacher's Magazine.

Philanthropy. (2380–2406)

2380. Economists and organizers of charity warn us against fostering folk who are thriftless and worthless. And it is true that the right spirit of Christian brotherhood may often compel us to refuse some beggar's request. But Christ continually lays awful emphasis on **the claim of the undeserving and the evil.** They that are whole need no Physician, but they that are sick—that is to say, the morally and spiritually unfit, the unlovely and unthrifty and unwashed and untrustworthy and unthankful. **Here is the challenge for our Christian service,** the altar for our Christian sacrifice — among the least and lowest and last of these, who in spite of everything are Christ's own flesh and blood—and sacred, for his dear sake. Surely a deep truth lies hidden in the paradox that **charity means pardoning what is unpardonable, and hope means hoping when things are hopeless, and faith means believing the incredible**—or else they are no virtues at all in the light of the Judgment Day.—T. H. Darlow.

2381. If you were to bring from the grave some old inhabitant of Pompeii and show him the dark side of New York, he would look wearily up into your face and tell you that **they did all these things in his day,** only perhaps a little more heartily and vivaciously than we do now. If you were to call up some ancient Babylonian and lead him through these scenes of vice and shame, he would assure you that it is old to him, and not half so interesting as it was in the open life of Babylon.

But suppose you were to call up an old Pompeiian sinner and a debauched citizen of ancient Babylon and **show them the Christian side of our modern life, take them to one of our hospitals, for instance. How their eyes would brighten.** "We never saw this in Pompeii or in Babylon. This is truly interesting. Who ever heard of such a thing as this?" "Why do you care for sick children like this? We used to let them die, or throw them out into the woods to perish of exposure. This is really interesting." Take them to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. How they would pinch themselves to see if they were awake! Take them to our Christian houses for the poor and afflicted and despairing, and watch their expressions. **"Why, this is something new! We never had these things in our day."**

2382. A sultan of India sent his grand vizier with millions of money to erect the most beautiful palace ever seen. But when Sultan Ahmed came to see it he found that Yakoob had spent the treasure upon the famine sufferers, and there was no palace. Yakoob was at once condemned to die. But that night Ahmed had a dream. He was summoned to heaven by an angel, and entering a palace of pure gold, more brilliant than the sun. "Ah, what palace is this?" asked the astonished Ahmed. "This," replied the angel, **"is the palace of Merciful Deeds,** built for thee by Yakoob, the wise. Its glory shall endure when all earth's palaces shall have passed away." **Let each man make his life God's temple,** and garnish it daily with gems of

mercy, jewels of kindness, and the pure gold of Christ-like love.

2383. "The Church of the Divine Fragments" is what some one called the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

2384. In six years, recently, **$40,000 was sent back to the Barnardo Home** in London from the boys and girls that splendid agency had rescued from London slums and found homes for in Canada.

2385. A speaker at the "opening-day services" of a Boys' Home said, "The million dollars expended for this plant will be well spent if **one boy is saved from ruin."** Afterwards another said to him, "Didn't you put that pretty strong?" "No sir!" was the answer, **"not if it was my boy."**

2386. True philanthropy is ready to consecrate personal effort as well as cash to the welfare of others. Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "War has broken out. The recruiting officer addresses a group of young men. **Are you patriotic, young men?** Will you serve the country? One young man says: I am patriotic; **I will join in singing the Star Spangled Banner.** The officer says: **I am not looking for men to sing; I am looking for men to fight.** Another man says: I am patriotic; I think this is a just war. The officer says: I am not asking what men think of the war; **I want to know whether you will enlist.** That is the one great question."

2387. Liszt, the famous criminologist, says: **"Our penalties do not improve or frighten criminals; they do not at all prevent crime, but work the other way, strengthening it."**

2388. Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity **a wrong he can help to remedy,** or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome.—Charles W. Eliot.

2389. One day last winter (1907) a wealthy woman **spent $40,000 on a dinner** in one of the swell hotels up town. While the doings were going on inside, a policeman outside was approached by a thinly-clad woman with a baby in her arms, who asked him for help. The big cop looked at her baby and said in his gruff voice, "Why, your baby's dead." With a shriek the woman collapsed. The policeman sent her and her dead baby to the station house in the patrol wagon. The baby had starved to death.—The Congregationalist.

2390. In England, during the nineteenth century, **the educated classes,** in almost all the great political changes that have been effected, **have taken the side of the party afterwards admitted to have been in the wrong.** They have invariably opposed, at the time, the measures they have subsequently come to defend and justify. . . . The motive force behind the long list of progressive measures . . . has come almost exclusively from the **middle and lower classes,** who have in turn acted, not under the stimulus of intellectual motives, but under the influence of their **altruistic feelings.**—Kidd's Social Evolution.

2391. P. T. Barnum, after recovering from a severe illness, said; "I could **hardly recall a benefit** I had ever rendered to my fellow men. The folly, the stupidity, of fooling away the few years given us here, in childish strifes and bickerings, occurred to me so strongly, that I resolved that the sun should never go down on me cherishing malice against a single human being."

2392. Only the golden rule will prevent the rule of gold. Only the golden rule can bring the golden age.—Joseph Cook.

2393. The cross teaches that the more a man has the greater is his responsibility to be a friend to him who has not. The more a man knows the greater is the reason for his being the companion of him that knows not. The finer one's sensibilities the greater is his obligation to be a neighbor to him whose sensibilities are brutalized.—Herron.

2394. A prison should not be an inferno, but a purgatory. The criminal is almost invariably weak of will and mind and body; he does not understand himself or his relation to society; his ideals are wrong, his passions have never known check. In this state of barbarism he is dangerous, and society in its own defense sends him into the exile of a prison. If it does no more, he returns, at the end of his sentence, worse than he went in. When it opens his cell door it must open the way to a new life. **The prison must be a school, a shop, a church, rather than a place of penitence,** for, till the mind and conscience are wakened, there will be no penitence: only anger and the nursing of revenge. **Mere punishment consigns its victim to darkness and hopelessness,** but the probation officer and the reformatory bring him to the light.—Sat. Evening Post.

2395. Men dare not look upon wealth as meaning immunity, but obligation. Men have no right to accumulate wealth except with the purpose of using it for **furthering the Kingdom.** The only true use of wealth is that which makes it a

medium of communion with God.—Herron.

2396. Hold fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbor. That is religion; that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come. —George MacDonald.

2397. It is no great virtue to be brave when we have neither trials nor temptations. One man may walk down the avenue with the liquor interests flaunting their devices on every hand, and he may have only a deepening disgust for the whole thing. There is there **no temptation** and it requires neither courage nor self-control for him to walk in the midst of these enticements. But to some unfortunate one who is addicted to the use of strong drink, and is trying manfully to overcome his besetting sin, to him it is a temptation to go down that avenue. He must walk with a prayer on his lips and courage in his heart that he may overcome the snares that are set for him. He is running a gauntlet of fire. He needs the help of God and a brother's hand. It is the man with an appetite who needs to pray that the angel of the Lord may be round about him. **He should have our sympathy and our help** that he may pass through his furnace of fire unscathed. To place temptation in the way of the man who is doing his best to reform, is worse than to put a stumbling-block in the way of the blind.—United Presbyterian.

2398. There was a mother whose boy was permitted to play in the front yard but not allowed to go outside the gate. The little fellow saw no hardship in this until he went outside the gate and beheld his little companions playing some distance off. He walked to the gate and looked wistfully at them but came back and tried to amuse himself alone; three times he went to the gate with the **temptation growing stronger** each time. At last he could resist no longer and **sped away to join his play-fellows.** On his return his mother called him in, and said she would have to punish him for his disobedience, and explained to him she had been sitting at the window and had seen him go to the gate two or three times and at last run off. The little fellow turned and said: "Mother, did you really see me go to the gate two or three times and at last run off?" "Yes," the mother replied, "I did." "Well, mother," he said, **"why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow out?"**

2399. No man has the Gospel for himself who does not have it as a missionary deposit. The Gospel is not a personal possession which I get from a Saviour who saves me and therefore could save the world. The Gospel is something which I have from a Saviour who saves me because he is the Saviour of the world. And **no one of us has the Saviour except as the Saviour of the world.** And just as we can have no Gospel at all in any real and living sense until we have it in its missionary conception, so **we cannot keep any Gospel except as a missionary trust.** There was never yet a Christian church that was guilty of malfeasance in its Christian duty. It may have held the Christian doctrine but it was no Christian church. **He that doeth the will of God, he it is that loveth God.** And the Saviour cares little for any other evidence of love that is not substantiated by this. "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me."—Speer.

2400. Luxury versus social service:— Because a man's property is his own shall he expend in one great ball or dinner what might cleanse a filthy street, or build a model block of tenements? **Jesus gives the key to the ethics of expenditure** when he tells this man that the motive must be **unselfish,** and the results enduring. Yet there are journalistic moralists who treat us to reasoning that would prove the gorgeous, wanton extravagance of great social functions to be acts of virtue and public benefit.—Monday Club Sermons.

2401. Just now in our zeal to get and keep property, we are "stealing" lives. The very virtue of the hunger for accumulation is degenerating into vice that is becoming stealing. The new and powerful tools in many of our factories can be run by children; in order to avoid paying full wage, men are trying as never before, to get children for half wage. For these economic reasons we have now **nearly a million children in our cotton mills, glass works, sweat shops, factories, and stores.**

2402. Last summer I saw two streams emptying into the sea. One was a sluggish, niggardly rivulet, in a wide, flat, muddy bed; and every day the tide came in and drowned out that poor little stream and filled it with bitter brine. The other was **a vigorous, joyful, brimming mountain river, fed from unfailing springs among the hills,** and all the time it swept the salt water back before it and kept itself pure and sweet; and when the tide came in, it only made the fresh water rise higher and gather new strength by the delay; and ever the living stream poured forth into the ocean its tribute of living water

— the symbol of that influence which keeps the ocean of life from turning into a Dead Sea of Wickedness; **of the spirit of Christian philanthropy bringing sweetness and light into embittered and darkened lives by its loving sympathy and gracious ministries.**

2403. The lower philanthropy tries to put right what social conditions have put wrong. The higher philanthropy tries to put right the social conditions. —Social Studies.

2404. To-night, before you retire, when the fire is burning low, you are to sit down and **count all the people who have helped** you, just as a miser opens his chest and takes out his gold and lets it clink, clink, piece by piece. — Ian Maclaren.

2405. A little while ago, having had the facts and figures burnt into my very soul, **a number of us decided to divide London into districts, and spend the night searching the places where the homeless little ones congregate.** We gathered in one night alone 76 children. One was Chinese, 3 German, 5 Irish, 3 Scotch, a few Italian and American, 33 from the provinces, while 26 were London born; 8 were hopeless cripples. One little girl had a back shaped like the letter S. There she lay, a beggar's child, exploited for gain. In spite of all we are trying to do, there was this little army of unhappy children.—Dr. Barnardo.

2406. "The man who has no wish to serve his fellows, but only to use them, has no moral right to be in the world. He is at odds with the universe; he is anti-social and anti-Christian, and has no moral right to live."—President W. H. P. Faunce.

TEMPERANCE. (2407–2497)

Temperance and Business. (2407–2433)

2407. In the liquor business labor gets less returns than in any other industry, and capital gets more. In some manufactures twenty-four per-cent goes to labor; but in the liquor business it is never higher than **five per cent.**

2408. It takes 100,000 new recruits from among our boys every year to keep the liquor business going.

2409. The so-called impregnable stronghold, **Port Arthur, was finally taken on the 2nd of January,** and when, ascending the hill Tokeikwan, overlooking those of Niryu and Shoju, the forts were in full view, I could not help wondering at the fall of the stronghold into our hands. Moreover, when I witnessed the surrender of such enormous multitudes of soldiers as they came out from the forts, trenches and barracks, my wonder was increased. They were so numerous that it took us full three days to complete the transfer of them all as prisoners. They numbered, in fact, **31,000 in all**; and, allowing for one half as invalids, the rest—fifteen or sixteen thousand — must have been able-bodied fighting men. Why were the Russians reduced to the point of surrender? What induced them to capitulate? In my personal observation of the Russians at Port Arthur what struck me most was **their inordinate drinking of such liquors as whiskey and vodka.** Even at the time of surrender, **both officers and men were found intoxicated.** This disgraceful practice was found to be in vogue everywhere, together with that of excessive smoking, even in the hospitals. Judging from these, I easily conclude that their **drinking reduced the troops to general incompetency and was the principal cause of the fall of the Port Arthur stronghold.**—Tokio Paper.

2410. Our working people throw away every year $750,000,000 for liquor. It empties our churches; it fills our prisons and insane asylums; it brings sorrow and misery to the homes of rich and poor alike; it carries thousands to an untimely grave; it mocks at and frustrates all our efforts to Christianize the heathen. **In the great sum total of misery** and suffering and all forms of evil that go to compose the great mountain of sin, that is some day to become a plain, the **liquor traffic is responsible for by far the greatest proportion.**

2411. Out of the 2,936 inmates of the New York City **alms house,** 2,729 were admitted for destitution; they were just helpless in the main because **they had yielded to the desire for drink** until long suffering friends could no longer bear the burden of their existence and had to turn them over to the state.—J. W. Keller.

2412. It is estimated that New York spends **$1,000,000 a day for liquor,** most of it bad, which amounts to more than half as much as the amount required to run the entire government of the United States.

2413. The saloon burns up $23,000,000 of our national resources every week. The story is told of the late **Henry Ward Beecher** that in his efforts at **farming** he once paid $100 for hogs which he fattened with $500 worth of corn and then

sold the lot for $400. His philosophy was that he "lost $100 on the corn, but made $300 on the hogs." **That is exactly the way Uncle Sam is making money on the liquor traffic.**—Ohio Herald.

2414. It has been proven that although we receive one hundred million dollars a year from the liquor traffic, nevertheless **fifteen dollars a head is added to our burdens and one dollar and sixty cents received.** So that **the loss to the nation is fifteen or twenty times the income.**—Joseph Cook.

2415. A number of years ago a firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A 1". They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied; but at the end it was written, **"but they all drink."** He thought it was a good joke at the time; but **a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.** That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all facts collected and embodied in their rating.

2416. When a Christian man, about to sell a standing forest years ago, refused to supply liquors to the crowd, as was then usual, the auctioneer said, "I am sorry, for **the trees look larger and men feel more generous when they have been drinking,** and you will get lower prices by omitting the drink." It reminds us of the custom in China to order one scale to sell by and another by which to buy. No less unjust is the man who uses drink to increase his selling price; no less foolish the buyer who accepts drink when it is so manifestly at his own cost.—Crafts.

2417. Some boys in a Sunday-school class did not like some of the doctrines in a temperance lesson, because they **said that Dewey and his men in Manila had taken liquor while in the fight.** To settle the matter, **their teacher wrote to the admiral** and received the following reply: "Dear Madam: I am very glad to have an opportunity of correcting the impression which you say prevails among your Sunday-school scholars, that the men on my fleet were given liquor every twenty minutes during the battle of Manila Bay. As a matter of fact, **every participant, from myself down, fought the battle of Manila Bay on coffee alone.** The United States laws forbid the taking of liquor aboard ship except for medicinal uses, and we had no liquor that we could have given the men, even had it been desired to do so."—Crafts.

2418. If the church does not promote specific temperance work, its general and indefinite teaching on that subject will go for nothing. If the church does not promote specific temperance work she will be definitely yoked up with intemperance. The man who in any respect whatever is actively or passively the friend of the liquor business is, so far forth, directly antagonizing the work of the church. Every boy and man who is captured by the saloon is lost by the church. It follows absolutely that the man who, in any respect, favors the saloon antagonizes the church, he is pulling down the church when he fails to pull down the liquor shop. — President Charles Blanchard.

2419. Getting born costs the people of our country about **$225,000,000** a year; **getting married** costs about **$300,000,000** a year; **getting buried** costs about **$75,000,000** a year. But **getting drunk** costs the people of our country more than **$1,427,000,000.**

2420. One night a gay party of ladies and gentlemen drove from the theater to the station-house to see there what one of them promised would be **"a glimpse of real tragedy,** more dramatic than anything they would find on the stage." There were the usual number of drunken men, hardened women, and a few young boys and girls at the station waiting to be locked up for the night. One of the ladies, very rich and handsome, to whose breath the odor of champagne clung, stopped with fascinated eyes before an **indescribably wretched and drunken old woman.** She dropped a gold piece into the drunkard's outstretched hands, and said, as if to herself, "I wonder who will give me a gold piece when I sit where you do now." The policeman who told the story said that for a brief moment she had seen **the downward path she was treading,** and her prophetic vision had been only too true.

2421. There is a great deal of significance in the reply made by a young man to the question of a friend who was interested in his welfare. Says the man who tells the story: "One day I happened to meet in the streets of a big city the son of an old friend, who had left his home in another, smaller city several years before, and **started out for himself.** I recognized him at once in spite of the lapse of time, and **his dilapidated and uncared-for appearance.** I asked him how he had prospered since leaving home, and he told me a story of

failure. Surprised at his account of himself, I asked him why it was that such a bright-faced fellow had not prospered better. He hesitated for a moment; then, looking me squarely in the face, he said frankly, **"The trouble with me has been that I have had too many saloons to support."**

2422. **A United States senator calculated the expense of saloons to the nation at $15 per capita;** the revenue from them at $1.69 per capita—$15 clean loss. How long shall we keep at this **fool's arithmetic?** The drink question is pivotal in national revenue. It is also a prime factor in the labor question. We are told that $250,000 a day pass over the mahogany counters of the New York saloons, of which $50,000 is easily from wage-workers — $18,000,000 a year robbed from the cottages of the poor. We cannot wonder at strikes; but we wonder why the laborer does not rise to strike the saloon.—Crane.

2423. **Drink puts a beast at the helm of life.** A large ship navigating the dangerous channels among the Fiji Islands had a drinking sailor at the helm, **who fell asleep at his post.** Whereupon **a tame monkey took the helm,** and moved the wheel about imitatively, but with no knowledge of the course. The ship soon struck a reef, and the man on watch, running back, found a monkey at the helm. The ship escaped wreck, but the man, who, by drunkenness, puts his beastly nature in control of his life, while his brain sleeps at its post, usually does not escape.—World Book of Temperance.

2424. **During the Pan-American Fair in Buffalo** a certain bar-room much frequented was managed by a man who considered himself humorous. The following sign was exhibited on the mirror behind the bar: **"If Whiskey Interferes with Your Business—Give Up Your Business."** In that sign there is more grim truth than gay humor.

2425. **A livery stable** in New York City has this notice pasted up: **"No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors.** No man shall speak loud to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse which hears it, and keeps them all nervous and uneasy."

2426. Well might the great **Edison** say, in explanation of his **abstinence from alcohol, "I have a better use for my brains."** But really there is no need for any one who opens his eyes and ears to run about in search of the verdicts of savants! Who has not seen ample evidence, before the scientists told us why, that the imbibing of alcohol at once **weakens the mind's self-control,** just while it flatters the drinker with an altogether mistaken notion of his own wit, wisdom, and brilliance in general? Long before the stage is reached when friends grow anxious and apprehensive, we see around us people who are otherwise sensible set free in talk, blabbing of their neighbor's business, if not their own, **and cajoled into bargains which they will repent of tomorrow.** Young fellows, usually shrewd and gentlemanly enough, grow excited and loosed from the wholesome checks of modesty and self-respect. Grave and reverend seniors, with flushed face and roving eye, draw near to the bench and cap of the fool. Girls grow giddy and perilously adventurous; in short,—here is the modern Circe's cup.—The Christian Register.

2427. **Wonderful victories of Japan** in the recent war were won by abstainers. Mr. Yoshito Komma, the Japanese Vice-Consul in Chicago, translates the following testimony: "Never drink wine," says Field Marshal **Oyama.** Major-General **Fukushima** says: "If I had been a drinker, my journey on horseback through Siberia would have been a failure." The late Commander **Hirose,** a hero of the Japanese Navy, had never drunk sake nor smoked tobacco, says Admiral **Yamanoto,** Minister of the Navy. The late Colonel **Ishikawa** said that sake and tobacco were the most formidable enemies of health. The late Colonel **Ishimura** never touched sake nor tobacco. Commander **Iwamuro** says: "I myself gave up drinking wine long ago, and have been a temperance man ever since." General **Kuroki** is also an abstainer.—Crafts.

2428. **The intemperate pleasures of the enemy caused the American victory at Trenton. Washington** expected that the Hessians, as was their custom, would have a carousal on Christmas Day, and he fixed upon the succeeding night as a favorable time for crossing the Delaware, and falling upon them during their heavy slumbers before the dawn. It was broad daylight when they approached Trenton, but they were **undiscovered until they reached the picket lines** on the outskirts of the village. A sharp conflict ensued lasting only thirty-five minutes when the Hessians were defeated and dispersed and Colonel Rall was mortally wounded.—Benson J. Lossing, D. D.

2429. **A test was once tried to determine the strength-giving power of alco-**

hol. **Two gangs of men, as nearly equal in size and strength as possible, were put to work breaking stone.** Both gangs contained an equal number of men, but to one gang liquors containing alcohol were given. At first, the alcohol gang did by far the most work, but **when the effects of the alcohol ceased, the men fell far behind** the other men in their work, so that at the end of the day the gangs which did not drink had done the greatest amount of work. This was continued for three or four days, the result being the same. The experimenters **then reversed the gangs,** giving the non-alcoholic gang alcohol, and allowing the alcoholic gang none; but **the men not using the stimulant came out ahead, as before.**—Golden Rule.

2430. A contractor who was opposed to the liquor traffic, needing a foreman on a large piece of work, offered the position to a man whom he had formerly employed, a heavy drinker, **on the condition that the foreman should become a total abstainer.** To this the man agreed admitting that liquor injured him in many ways. With the money earned on this contract the foreman paid debts to the amount of over one hundred dollars, which he had contracted in the days when he paid out his money for liquor and ran in debt for the necessaries of life for his family.

2431. Business shuts its doors absolutely on the drunkard. It has no use for him. Business competition has become so keen that only the men of steadiest habits can find employment. This fact the habitual indulger in alcoholics has found out. **The man of steady habits is the man of the hour.**—Ladies' Home Journal.

2432. The company which operates the **New York subway** system owned by the city has **taken a radical stand against drink.** "Take a drink and you lose your job" is in effect the dictum that has gone forth. The company is now employing large numbers of new men and taking back many of the old employes who went out in the recent strike. The company has made use of the opportunity to take a firm stand against intoxicants. **All successful applicants are required to sign a total abstinence pledge** as a condition of their being employed. The company employs thousands of men.

2433. When Governor Hanly of Indiana was delivering his famous temperance lecture at a "Chautauqua" in Southern Illinois, **a saloonkeeper arose** in the audience and said: "Governor, there are in this town nine saloons that besides paying license are paying taxes on $25,000 worth of property. **How is the deficit going to be made up if you knock us out?"** The governor promptly said: "Give me an hour and I will answer you." So the meeting was adjourned for one hour. The governor put in the time consulting the tax records of the county. At the end of the recess he returned to the platform. After leading his questioner to repeat the assertion that the saloons were paying taxes on property worth $25,000, the governor told the audience that in fact the nine saloonkeepers of the place were assessed on a total valuation of only $1,300 for all their holdings, and **the total taxes that the entire nine contributed to the public funds that year was $9.16.** The saloonists didn't try to measure conclusions with the governor again that day.—The Interior.

Temperance and Health. (2434–2447)

2434. In the United States it is found that twenty-six per cent of our lunatics are the victims of drink, and our insurance tables give the chances of life at forty years of age as twenty-nine to eleven in favor of the abstainer as against the man that drinks. With the well-attested facts of France and Norway before us, it is in vain to deny that we can do much by wise legislation to save our people from the curse. But the only way in which the friends of temperance can effect the reformation of morals which they seek, is by keeping "all at it and always at it."—Evangelist.

2435. At a banquet in New York during the visit of **Dr. Lorenz,** the great surgeon, he was reported by the newspapers to have said: "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. **No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers,** which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon, I must not drink."

But why should not every man's brain be clear, and his muscles firm and his nerves steady? If liquor makes these blessings impossible for a surgeon, it makes them impossible to men who are not surgeons; and what right have they, in God's sight and in justice to themselves, to muddle their brains, to weaken their muscles, and to unsteady their nerves? **A man should be the best man he can be, and not indulge in what impairs his manhood.**

2436. The report of **Dr. Bourneville,**

of the Hospital de Bicetre, giving statistics concerning the influences of alcoholism in the production of **idiots and epileptics,** says that among 2,987 idiot or epileptic infants, 1,069 of them came of a drinking father. In ninety-one cases, it was the mother who had been excessive in her cups. As many as 275 maladies in children were traced for a certainty to the inebriacy of their parents, and 114 others are theoretically ascribed to the same source. Nearly 50 per cent of all idiots, then, were children of drunken parents. Such figures need no comment.

2437. John Tatson, an Indian, a native of Lyme, in Connecticut, being found dead on a winter's morning, not far from a tavern where he had been drinking freely of spirituous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately assembled a jury of their own tribe, who, after examining the body, unanimously agreed, "that the said Tatson's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that had been imprudently **mixed with the rum he drank."** That is about the way that those who advocate the use of intoxicants reason. They are about as logical as those Indians.

2438. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous British surgeon, who operated with wonderful skill and success upon King Edward VII, at the time of his coronation, **has declared that alcohol is distinctly a poison,** and that its use ought to be limited as strictly by law as that of any other poison. He asserts that it is not an appetizer, that even a small quantity hinders digestion, that its stimulating effects endure only for a moment, and that when the brief access of strength is gone the capacity for work falls quickly below the normal level.

2439. I have tried alcohol in fever, and I have treated fever patients without alcohol; and my experience is, we lose 5 per cent in treating cases of fever without alcohol, and 25 per cent with alcohol. It is the experience of workhouses and hospitals that one patient in ten of those treated with brandy for fever died; but of those treated without brandy only one death in thirty cases occurred.—Henry Munroe, M. D.

2440. Lord Charles Beresford, England's fighting Admiral, **believed in total abstinence.** He one time said: "I do not believe alcohol in any form ever has or ever will do any one any good. I am now sixty years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find I can do as much work, or more, physically and mentally, than when I was thirty. I am always well, always cheery, always feel fit. If only some young men would try going without liquor for three months, I believe they would be convinced that **liquor is unnecessary."**

2441. The notion that beer can not be harmful because those who swill it down escape delirium tremens is false and misleading. The fact is that **beer drinkers die of other maladies caused by beer** before they reach the delirium stage of alcoholism. Dr. Gudden, in a German medical journal, explains that the typical beer drinker is either carried away by heart disease, tuberculosis, kidney disease, or other diseases in which beer is a factor; or else he is obliged, by the setting in of these diseases, to abandon or greatly reduce his beer allowance.—Biblical Recorder.

2442. A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he, "'But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am old, and **it warms me."** "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and **tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?"** The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame, and replied, "Of course not. It is burning itself." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol — you are **literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."**

2443. Amen-em-an, Egyptian priest, 2000 B. C., in a letter to a pupil: "Thou knowest that wine is an abomination; thou hast taken an oath concerning strong drink that thou wouldest not put such into thee. Hast thou forgotten thine oath? . . . I, thy superior, forbid thee to go to the taverns. Thou art degraded like the beasts! God regards not the breakers of pledges. — Lees' "Text-Book of Temperance."

2444. Health is a state which cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree. Nay, it is a state which, in nine times out of ten, is injured by alcohol; it can bear it sometimes without obvious injury, but be benefited by it, never. Alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off and injure the perfection and loveliness of health, both mental and moral. If there is any honest man who really wants to get at the truth, I would risk all I possess on the back of the statement that as certainly as he

tries the experiment for a month or six weeks, so certainly will he come to the conclusion that, however pleasant alcohol is for the moment, it is not a helper of work.—Sir Andrew Clark.

2445. One of the lawyers who spoke at a meeting in London of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance Society said that **if England were to turn sober the legal profession would be ruined.** The medical profession also would lose hosts of patients. This should be stored in the memory side by side with the English preacher's short definition: Let us call factionism once for all by its right name—alcohol.

2446. So I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take **alcohol** habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent **a menace to you.** I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed: (1) that you are **tangibly threatening the physical structures** of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood-vessels, your nerves, your brain; (2) that you are unequivocally decreasing **your capacity for work** in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic; (3) that you are in some measure **lowering the grade of your mind,** dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; (4) that you are distinctly **lessening your chances of maintaining health** and attaining longevity; and (5) that you may be entailing upon your **descendants** yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery. Such, I am bound to believe, is the probable cost of your "moderate" indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Part of that cost you must pay in person; the balance will be the heritage of future generations. As a mere business proposition: Is your glass of beer, your bottle of wine, your high-ball, or your cocktail worth such a price?—Henry Smith Williams, M. D., in McClure's.

2447. The statistics show that the **death-rate for the moderate drinker is 11 per cent greater** than the total abstainer between the ages of 20 and 30; between 30 and 40 it is 68 per cent; 74 percent between the years of 40 and 50; and 19 per cent between 50 and 60. The time between 30 and 60 is the period of life during which the great mass of men take and benefit by insurance. The totals for that period show that the moderate drinker furnishes 50 per cent more losses than his teetotal brother.

In view of the unanswerable testimony of medical experts, as to the hurtful effects of the use of alcohol upon the physical and mental powers, persistence in its use becomes suicidal.

General Evils of Intemperance.

(2448–2487)

2448. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of alcohol. **Hogg,** the Ettrick shepherd, was its slave. **Hartley Coleridge,** the son of the distinguished metaphysician and poet, nephew of Southey and the friend and favorite of Wordsworth, was reduced to miserable physical conditions by intemperance. The celebrated **Edmund Kean** experienced the wreck of his giant memory through its influence. **Richard Brinsley Sheridan,** orator, dramatist, statesman and wit, with gifts and faculties apparently almost beyond the human, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died where? In a garret, a broken-down, miserable wreck. And what was the cause? The same answer —drink! **Charles Lamb** was another of the bottle's victims. **Edgar Allen Poe** passed away in a state of intoxication. **William Pitt,** the younger, lost his health and his strength in alcoholic dissipation. **Byron,** the splendid poet, had his manhood degraded and came to his grave at thirty-seven years of age, by reason of intemperance.—Crafts.

2449. The tragic story of Madagascar. In 1800 the Malagasy were a nation of idolators; now they are a nation of Christians. Unhappily Mauritius became a sugar-producing colony, and **rum was made from the refuse of the sugar-mills.** What was to be done with it? It was not good enough for the European markets, and **Madagascar "was made the receptacle for the damaged spirits of the colony."** They received the curse in their simplicity, and it produced frightful havoc. **"The crime of the island rose in one short year by leaps and bounds** to a height too fearful to record." The native government was seized with consternation, and the able and courageous king, Radama I, paid the duty and **ordered every cask of rum to be staved in** on the shore, except those that went to the government stores. The merchants of Mauritius complained; the **English officers interfered;** and from that day the "cursed stuff" has had free course, and **deluged the land with misery and crime.**

2450. After all, if we hunt **vice and crime** back to their lairs we will be pretty sure to **find them in the gin-mill.** Drunkenness is the prolific mother of most of the evil doing. . . . Drunkenness is the prime cause of all the trouble.—Ex. Supt. of Police Thomas Byrnes.

2451. Malike, King of Nupe, in his well-known letter to Bishop Crowther

declared, "Barasa" (rum or gin) "has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people become mad. I agree to everything for trade except barasa. We beg Crowther, the great Christian minister, to beg the great priests" (the Church Missionary Society Committee) "to beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land. For God's sake he must help us in this matter. He must not leave our country to become spoiled."

2452. Max O'Rell tells a pathetic story of **a man who became so habituated to drink that he lost his power to guide his hands to his mouth.** All he could do to get the liquor to his lips was to tie a handkerchief around his neck and one end of it fast to his left arm while the other was fast to his right wrist. Then he would take hold of the cup with his right hand, and with the left hand draw down the handkerchief across his shoulders, thus using it as a pulley to bring the cup in the other hand within approaching distance of the mouth.

2453. Temperance and Missions: No doubt nine-tenths of the liquor sold is that poisonous and murderous stuff styled **"trade" rum and gin,** and its deadly quality was shown by what occurred on a **South African Coast steamer,** and of which I received an account from an eye-witness. **A gorilla,** which had been procured at the Gaboon river, died on its way home, and **in order to preserve its body it was placed in a cask of this trade rum;** but when it was opened in Liverpool it was found that the **hair and skin had been burned off** as if by vitriol, and that the body was in a **horrible state of putrefaction,** instead of in a fine state of preservation.

2454. A boy had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge, and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said, **"I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."** This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land who lives to grow up some position is waiting, as surely as if a rich man, judge, doctor or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. **Which will you choose, boys?**

2455. Ninety per cent of the women brought under the care of the Philadelphia police matrons are "drunks", and a large portion of the ten per cent are charged with offences primarily resulting from drink. Furthermore, the "prevalence of places where liquor is sold is one of the great handicaps to the reformation of these women; and **the great abundance of saloons,** ladies' parlors and amusement resorts is largely the cause of the demoralization of those who fall into the police dragnets."

2456. Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston for a number of years past, **believes that a boy's word is worth listening to.** One time complaint was made to him that a saloon was located too near a certain public school. After the mayor had listened to arguments from both sides, he said: "Well, **I'm going to let the boys of the school tell me what they think of the place.** Send me," he said to the principal of the school, "half a dozen of your brightest boys. I'll listen to them." The next day half a dozen of the boys, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, called on the mayor. Each boy gave some reason why he believed the saloon ought to be taken away, until it came to the last one, a youngster of twelve. He looked the mayor squarely in the eye, and gave as his reason: "My school gives me a chance to be mayor of Boston some day; the saloon can't. **I think us boys ought to have all the show we can get to be mayor.** That's all I know about it." The mayor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily; then, straightening up, he said to the last spokesman:

"My boy, you have said more than did all the politicians and the teachers. You shall have the show to be mayor. **That saloon will have to quit business at once."** The boys gave the mayor a hearty cheer, and marched out of his office. They had conquered, and were consequently happy and triumphant.—Congregational Work.

2457. "You cannot think about good citizenship," said a speaker at a recent convention, **"without getting out your gun and going for the saloon."**

2458. The following sign hangs over the door of a saloon in Portland, Ore.: "Drinks of all kinds, 10 cents. **The best drink in the house is cold water."**—Chicago Record Herald.

2459. Wendell Phillips tells how in a railroad car an old man, who had heard him lecture on temperance the night before, came and sat beside him and

said, **"I am master of a ship sailing out of New York,** and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. **Thirty years ago I was a sot,** shipped dead drunk, carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented. "My boy," she said, "I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards; **promise me you will never drink a drop of liquor."** I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me as a milksop, and a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor."

2460. Four young men in a Pullman car were chatting merrily together. At last one of them said, "Boys, I think it's **time for drinks."** Two of them consented; the other shook his head and said, "No, I thank you." "What!" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?" "No, fellows," he replied, "I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary; but **I have determined not to drink another drop,** and I will tell you why: I had some business in Chicago with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it he found it was **a pair of baby shoes with the buttonholes a trifle worn.** The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said, 'Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink.' **'Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me ten cents for a drink.'** Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of that demoralizing stuff would pass my lips again."

2461. Joseph Cook said, "The apple of the eye of the temperance reform is the fact that **the liquor traffic, like the slave trade or piracy, cannot be mended, and therefore must be actually ended.** The average citizen does not as yet believe this. If we are to judge by political platforms, our great historic parties do not believe it. They think the liquor traffic can be mended by license, high or low, by taxation, state partnerships, or something short of prohibition. It is an evil with which experience has proved that there can be **no successful compromises.**

2462. A young man, some years ago, while in the jungles of Africa with an exploring party, **caught a young boa constrictor,** which, for amusement, he **taught some wonderful tricks,** one of which was to coil itself about his feet and body, and as it reached above his head, to curve over and kiss his face, and then at a signal drop to the ground. By this popular exhibition in England he made money, and **then formed the habit of drinking.** One night he gave an exhibition in Manchester. The scene, an African jungle. A traveler came on the stage, stopped, and listened, spellbound. A rustle was heard as of a stealthy moving object, and there appeared the head of a great snake, with eyes like fire. It crept softly to the man, **wound itself about him, and brought its head in line with his face.** He gave the signal, but the serpent had him entirely in its power, and, tightening its coil about his body, **crushed out his life.** Even a serpent knew no man could retain his mastery of others when he had been mastered by drink. How many tragedies of young lives crushed out by the serpent of drink this story calls up in those who read it!

2463. Rev. James M. Stafford, of Indianapolis, who **patented a non-refillable bottle, turned down a $200,000 offer** for the rights of his invention because the parties wanting to buy are whiskey manufacturers.

2464. Sir Thomas Lipton, the yachtsman, warns young men that **"corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets ever saved."**

2465. From the **Alaskan mines** comes a story which is worth repeating. **A young Swede,** whose opportunities had been so limited that he was nothing but a stable boy before he went to the mines, was fortunate enough to secure a good claim, and to dig a considerable amount of gold out of it. His partner, also a Swede, asked him one day: **"What are you going to do with your money?" "I mean to do more for the world,"** was the quiet answer, **"than the world ever did for me."** He meant it, too, for this ex-hostler has since given something like fifty thousand dollars to endow a college and a hospital in the far West.—The Wellspring.

2466. Visitors to Atlantic City will recall a wrecked ship that lies a short distance south of the city. It came all the way from Japan, laden with Oriental goods, to be wrecked within sight of its destination. Recently there has been placed on the side of the great black hulk that looms grimly up out of the water the sign, **"Wilson's Whiskey is the Best." Best for what? To wreck souls as that ship was wrecked? Whiskey and wreck are closely connected.** — Presbyterian Banner.

2467. "You have no right to interfere with my personal liberty." That all depends. John B. Finch once said in a public address: "I have a right to swing my arm where I please up here on this platform; but if I go down there into the audience and get to swinging it and strike some man in the face, I will probably find out that **my personal liberty ends just where that man's nose begins.**"—Central Presbyterian.

2468. A little while ago **a man came home on Saturday night, an honest workman** who had spent his wages during the evening, a kind husband under ordinary circumstances, and a gracious father, whose wife had been waiting for him with her little children; far into the night he came. **He had been putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains;** he came through the door, and at her welcome he grasped her with his two hands, and before her screaming children **strangled her,** and the officer of the law came and took him to jail. The next day he awoke in his cell, and he said, **"Where am I?"** And the guard said, "You are in jail." "What for?" **"For murder."** For a moment he was silent with horror, and then he said, "Does my wife know?" And the guard said, **"It was your wife you killed,"** and he fell in a swoon; and the constable that arrested that man and took him to the prison was the man that owned the dram-shop, that whetted the knife, that nerved the arm; and the man in the corridor was a partner in the concern; and the judge that sentenced that man to a life of penalty at hard labor had voted to license it.

2469. A recent writer tells a story of **a famous horse trainer** who had a particularly bad-tempered beast brought to him for subjugation. At the first act of ugly temper on the part of the brute, the trainer paused, put up his whip, and said, with a deep drawing of his breath, **"Now, first of all, let me get a good grip on myself!"** After that his mastery of the horse came, not as an accident, but as a sequel. The man who can master himself can master a horse if he gives his mind to it.

2470. In a Kentucky town, it is said, a grandson of Henry Clay lay dying of a wound received in a drunken brawl; while at the same time **the grandson of John J. Crittenden** was wrestling with delirium tremens, and the **grandson of Patrick Henry** was serving out a term of imprisonment for attempted murder, also **the result of drink.**

2471. Mr. Perry was an old Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite. He would go out of his way at any time to avoid offending a neighbor or a friend. One day a neighbor met him on the street with "Hello, Mr. Perry; I was just going in to get a drink. **Come in and take something."** "Thank you, Mr.——, I don't care for anything," was the answer. "But come in and take something, just for sociability's sake." "Now, I want to be sociable, but I can't drink with you." "All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and he silently walked along in the direction in which Mr. Perry was traveling. Presently the pair drew near a drug store, when Mr. Perry broke out with, "Mr.——, I'm not feeling at all well today, and I think **I'll go in this drugstore and get some castor-oil. Won't you join me?"** "What? a dose of castor-oil?" "Yes." "Naw; I hate the stuff," saying which a chill went over the man as visible in its effect to Mr. Perry as if the ague had seized him on the street. "But I want you to take a glass of oil with me, just to be sociable, you know." The friend still refused, when Mr. Perry said: **"Your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you.** Don't you think I've as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?" The pair heartily shook hands, the dialogue was circulated in Covington, and Mr. Perry was **never invited to drink again.**

2472. It was on the street. A man recovering from a debauch was moaning to himself: **"I must quit!** I must reform! I must stop!" "Don't say dat, boss," put in a darkey. "Dat's no good. Say; **'I am quit. I is reformed.** I've done gone stopped.' **Do it now,** boss, an' den you won't forget it."

2473. In certain mountain passes of Austria are found sign-boards bearing, in German, the words, "Return forbidden." These roads are so narrow and precipitous that there is not room for two carriages abreast; therefore, to attempt to retrace one's path might bring disaster upon one's self and upon those

coming after. Austria is not the only place where there is need of the warning, "Return forbidden."—C. G. Trumbull.

2474. Oliver Goldsmith said: "In all the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or a village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses".

2475. A bartender complained, because he had to rub congealed drops of sticky beer off the bar. "But if I let them remain," he said, **"they rot the wood."**

"They rot the wood, do they?" fiercely repeated the beer bibber. **"Then what in the name of common sense do they do to my stomach?"** "It is beyond me to tell," replied the manipulator of drinks. "Of one thing I am confident, and that is, that man's stomach is made of cast-iron. Else how could he withstand the amount of beer that he pours into it? Let me show you something." **He placed a piece of raw meat on the counter and dropped it into a small measure of imported liquor.** In five minutes the meat had **parted into little pieces,** as though hacked by a dull knife.

It is not surprising that beer drinkers are held by life insurance companies to be extra hazardous risks. — Arkansas Searchlight.

2476. "This red flag is a signal of danger", said the tall engineer, as he gave his daughter a little red flag. "It means danger. If anything is not just right, that red flag on the railroad track is a sign, and the engineer will stop his train." She eagerly seized the toy flag, and delightedly played with it. Her father had scarcely left the room to hurry off to his train, when she heard her mother sighing. Then her mother cried. "Oh, I wouldn't cry!" urged Nannie, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. Tell me what is the matter." The mother hated to say. "I know what it is." She went to a closet and opened the door. **She pointed to a bottle on a shelf.** "That is it, mother." The mother nodded her head. "It's growing on him, Nannie. He does not think so, but he drinks more than he used to, and he drinks oftener. He will lose his place on the road the next thing." What could Nannie do? She resolved to do one thing the next day, though she made up her mind with fear and trembling. When the engineer went to the closet the next morning, he saw **the toy flag beside the bottle, the danger signal near the drink of death, and so the father was saved.**—The World Book of Temperance.

2477. It is easy to run into temptation but hard to come out uninjured. I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young ladies appeared dressed **in a dainty white gown.** When her friends remonstrated with her she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party. **"Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?"** she asked, petulantly. "Yes'm," returned the old man. **"There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."**

2478. The lettering on the window of a store, acquired **as the site for a new saloon, read: "Album Factory."** A painter was sent for to change it at as reasonable a price as possible. He informed the successful applicant that "the cheapest and quickest method would be to obliterate the first two letters." The saloon is a "Bum Factory" indeed.—The Catholic Abstander.

2479. Can any one comprehend the amount and intensity of the mental worry endured by 100,000 wives and mothers in our country, whose husbands and fathers are spending much of their time and money in the saloon or clubhouse with its bar and card table? Many of them become so weakened in vitality by the continued worry caused by ever-increasing dread of the fast approaching disgrace and poverty that they become **easy victims of consumption or other infectious diseases.**

2480. A story is told of a big, burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts, or in any of their revels in which evil was done. He was not surly and morose, but he steadfastly **declined all invitations to take part in his companions' carousals.** He was jeered at and subjected to all sorts of annoyances, but yield he would not. One night when the revelry ran high and many of the men were half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe", as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not, and I'll tell you why". He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger, and said:

"Boys, **I've got a motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from here,** and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dy-

ing I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man; and when I left my little one with her grandmother I promised them both what I'd promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by,' and she said: 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa.' It has helped me. I've worn it next my heart day and night, and **I'll never, never drink a drop,** nor do anything that she would be sorry to have me do while it is there. Now, do you want me to drink with you, boys?" The man who threatened to have whiskey poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say, "No," and **from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise.**—J. L. Harbour, in "National Advocate."

2481. The Statue of Liberty at the New York gates of the ocean and the Statue of Faith on the Plymouth shore are sisters. I never pass through New York harbor or visit Plymouth Rock without seeming to **hear the two statues converse** with each other. The Statue of Liberty is always uttering Webster's words: **"Liberty and Union,** now and forever, one and inseparable." And the Statue of Faith replies: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable; but these are **possible only to a people whose God is the Lord."** And today I hear both Liberty and Faith uttering in unison words of Neal Dow, with which we shall agree and which, God grant, the future may indorse: **"We forbid the bans of rum, religion and politics."** But, in the name of God and humanity, we **proclaim a union, holy and indissoluble,** of affection, as well as of interest, between **Temperance, Religion and Politics,** of every party and every sect.—Joseph Cook.

2482. Hold a mouthful of spirits — whiskey, for instance—in your mouth for five minutes, and you will find it burns severely; inspect the mouth, and you will find it inflamed. Hold it for ten or fifteen minutes, and you will find that various parts of the interior of the mouth have become blistered; then tie a handkerchief over the eyes, and taste, for instance, water, vinegar, milk, or senna, and you will find that you are incapable of distinguishing one from another. This experiment proves to a certainty that alcohol is not only **a violent irritant, but also a narcotic.**—Dr. McCulloch.

2483. At each moment of man's life he is like a king or a slave. As he surrenders to a wrong appetite, to any human weakness; as he falls prostrate in hopeless subjection to any condition, to any environment, to any failure, **he is a slave.** As he day by day crushes out human weakness, masters opposing elements within him, and day by day recreates a new self from the sin and folly of the past,—then **he is a king,** he is a king ruling with wisdom over self.—William George Jordan.

2484. Our sharing of responsibility for the opium traffic and the Chinese feeling were vividly impressed on the writer once when preaching on the street in Shashing. Hell was mentioned and a fine looking elderly man exclaimed with equal courage and severity: "Yes, there is such a place. **Since you foreigners came, China has become a hell!"**—G. L. Mason.

2485. The African never can be a moderate drinker; the appetite once formed, he has no control, and, under its influence, is maddened. **Joseph Thompson,** who led three expeditions into Eastern Central Africa, writes: "I traveled and suffered, inspired by the idea that I was doing good in opening new lands to commerce and civilization; but **all satisfaction was blighted as I felt that what little I had done were better undone,** and Africa would better remain the dark continent, if such must be the end of it all. Underneath the cry for gin I seem to hear the reproach, 'You see what Christians have made us. **You talk of peace and good-will, yet put devils into us.**' As things stand in many places, I translate this cry of opening Africa to civilization as really opening it to European vices, old clothes, gin, rum, powder and guns. Truly, liquor has been well termed 'the devil in solution.' "—Missionary Outlook.

2486. In my travels in foreign fields I learned that not only the customs of the people hinder missionary activities, but I found the slime of the pit as represented in the American saloon, had been transferred to those fields.—There is a brewery in Jerusalem. There is a distillery on Mount Lebanon. There are American saloons in Damascus. **The saloon is the church's greatest foe in its foreign missionary work.** The missionary goes to Christianize, while the rum-shop follows in his steps to destroy his work—even to hurl the people back into a worse than heathen darkness. — Dr. Brown.

2487. The father was a lawyer. He **kept wine in the house. His young son, a bright lad, had been forbidden to taste the dangerous stuff,** and it was kept out of sight, except when brought

forth to treat the father's friends. Several called at the house one evening on legal business, wishing to hurry in a consultation. A bottle of wine was opened, and after the talk, there was the sound of clinking glasses and a gala draught. Then the gentlemen left the apartment, and the lad who had been in an adjoining room entered, spied the bottle high upon a shelf, clambered to the back of a chair, **helped himself to a generous drink,** and made an unsteady descent. When discovered he was stupefied—drunk, under a table. At nine o'clock the mother returned home from a chat at a neighbor's. Directly her lawyer husband also came, after a trip to his office, where he had consulted certain authorities on the knotty case which confronted him. Together they searched for their little son, finding him at last on the carpet, under the shadows of a table-spread which hung low over the sides of the table. They drew him forth, saw the flushed face, heard the heavy breathing, smelled the alcoholic breath of the eight-year-old lad. **With tears they vowed theirs should be a temperance hearth henceforth. And it is!** That lawyer is "dry", his lesson well learned; his boy safe from further temptation. The sharp lash of conscience, and a heart of love, make that home citadel a temperance fortress.—The Temperance Tribune.

Temperance Effort. (2488–2497)

2488. A certain settler in the north woods of Maine let his young son, who wanted to go hunting, take a gun and trudge off alone into the woods through the deep Maine snow. The lad was strictly bidden to return within a very short time, but when he did not come, the troubled father started out to search for the boy. He had not followed the trail far before to his anguish he saw the tracks of a panther mingling with the tracks of the lad. **A murderous beast was following close on his son's footsteps.** With pace redoubled, the father pressed on with an awful dread in his heart lest he should find his boy torn to pieces. Suddenly he noticed **another trail** in the snow crossing at right angles the trail he had been following. He knelt and examined it carefully. The tracks were those of his boy, but here there were no panther tracks. The keen sense of the woodman read the story at once. The lad had circled the adjacent hill and recrossed his own path, but the panther following behind had not yet completed the circuit. The father's task was easy then; he secreted himself near at hand, waited until the panther came and shot it dead, then hurried along the new trail to overtake his son. **"We've got between the boy and the saloon now; let's shoot the saloon dead when it comes by on the trail."**—Dr. E. S. Chapman.

2489. The police in Denmark have a curious way of dealing with the drunk and incapable found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the patient inside it, then to the station, where he gets sober; then home, where he arrives sober and sad. The agents never leave him till they have seen him safe in the family bosom. Then the cabman makes his charge, and the police surgeon makes his, and the agents make their own claim for special duty, and **this bill is presented to the host of the establishment where the culprit took his last overpowering glass.**—The Age.

2490. "I won't drink, because doing so would interfere with a certain commission I have," said a very young man when pressed by three gay companions to take a glass of beer in a social way. "A commission!" echoed two of the young men incredulously. "What sort of a commission?" queried the third. "A commission **to prepare the way of the Lord** and to make his paths straight. With work of that kind in view I don't want to have impaired faculties."

2491. As a train stopped in front of a saloon before which a man was struggling with another, beastly drunk, trying to get him to go home, one of the Pullman car passengers remarked: **"The rum business is about the rottenest going.** If a man gets money out of it, he more than pays the price. **Every dollar is covered with slime and tears and blood."** A wholesale liquor dealer across the aisle straightened up and defended the traffic. He called the other man a crank, and accused him of talking about something he did not understand, as the people who sing psalms and go to church always do. The first speaker smiled a quizzical smile and said quietly: "If I don't know what the rum business is, I'd like to know who does. I know it top and bottom, inside and out. **I have been in it for twenty years, and am now running three saloons in Chicago."**—Cavan.

2492. The Cook county grand jury, in a report said: "We call attention to **the growing pernicious influence of saloons.** Repeatedly witnesses before us have testified to the fact that in saloons, which are the resort of thieves, hold-up men and dissolute women, robberies and burglaries are planned, criminals with well-known records issuing from

these vile dens to waylay men, women and children. In many cases saloon keepers and saloon employees serve as **receivers of stolen property.** In no less than six cases before this jury it was shown that **murders were committed** either in saloons or as the result of saloon influence. In Cook county, **75 per cent of the criminal offenses committed within the county are traceable directly or indirectly to the saloon.**

2493. Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has **"no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court and only one policeman.** Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island, and its 78,000 people are total abstainers since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate on the island, not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of public schools being perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment which every year publishes a number of excellent books on various lines." Such is the report brought by Northern travelers of this incomparable and ideal land.—Ram's Horn.

2494. The first century of the temperance movement of modern society has not yet closed, nor will, till the twentieth century is thirty years old. But then we shall see the accomplishment of most of those aspirations with which the early pioneers of the movement started out. **The nineteenth century** closed with every indication that the use of **alcohol as a social pleasure** and an aid to entertainment will soon be a thing of the past. A million households never admit strong liquors to the table at all, and the members of the family are total abstainers at home and abroad. In this twentieth century it will become as vulgar to drink anything intoxicating as fifty years ago it was fashionable.

2495. There is no hope of improving in any shape or form the liquor traffic. There is nothing now to be done but to wipe it out completely. I have lost too much time in speaking of total abstinence in hall and pulpit to men who while listening were with me, but who out in the streets would be invited by the saloonkeeper to come and take a drink and forget their resolutions. . . We Catholics will unite with our fellow-citizens of all classes and all denominations to do away with that terrible shame, sin and disgrace of the saloon. So come and say to your friends that you have enlisted for war, but meaning business this time, clean out the whole institution of dram-selling.—Archbishop Ireland.

2496. When the British torpedo-boat Thrasher struck on Dodman Reef and was torn open, the steam pipes of one of the boilers burst and the stokers were in instant peril of their lives in the scalding steam. **Stoker Lynch** managed to reach the deck in safety, but just then he heard his chum cry for help, and plunged back into the scalding steam, shouting, **"All right, Jim; I'm coming!"** The rescuer groped his way to his chum and bore him up to the deck, getting badly burned as he did so, but his only thought was of his chum. "Bear up, Jim; we'll get you through, dear old boy!" But **Jim died of his burns,** and Lynch almost died of sorrow added to his own injuries. When Lynch got better there was a parade of sailors before the admiral. **"Step forth, Lynch,** and receive this first-class Albert medal for conspicuous bravery!" And his comrades crowned his honors with a hearty cheer. Some days after, a lady, speaking to a group of navy stokers and others, used this story of Lynch's courage as an **illustration of moral courage needed in fighting drink and saving others.** "Stand up, Lynch!" shouted his comrades. Modestly he arose, and as an appeal had been made for pledge signers, he said: "I have not been a drinking man, but my temptations have been very great, and if I should become a drunkard it would break my mother's heart. I should like to sign the pledge." He did so, and a hundred men signed with him. **Thus he added a new act of courage to his record.** This incident may well remind us that the bravest of the brave are those who daily wage an unpopular war for the right, says Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts. The liquor forces are powerful and determined. He who opposes them needs hero-stuff in his makeup.

2497. Sometimes that which makes life hard is in one's own nature. Passions are strong; temper seems uncontrollable; the affections are embittered so that meekness and gentleness appear to be impossible; or the disposition is soured so that one finds it hard to be loving and sweet. The fault may be in one's early training, or the unhappy temper may be an inheritance . . . Must one go through life to the end thus marred, with disposition spoiled, quick-tempered, with appetite and passions uncontrollable? Not at all. In these things we may be "more than conquerors through him that loved us." The grace of Christ can take the most unlovely life and change it into beauty. Saintliness is impossible to none, where God is allowed to work freely.—J.R.Miller, D.D.

Zeal. Earnestness. (2498–2637)

2498. **Earnest purpose, unflagging zeal, bring success.** Sightless **Milton** taught men to see what eye hath not seen. **Deaf Beethoven** bequeathed us harmonies and melodies which men of most acute hearing had never heard. **Longfellow's sculptor,** failing to reproduce his ideal of the Virgin in costly woods brought from far off islands, found his instrument of opportunity in the charred wood on the hearth. "What men want is not talent," said Bulwer; "it is purpose; no other words, not power to achieve, but **will to labor."** As Charles Dudley Warner reminds us, **"A great artist can paint a great picture on a small canvas."**—Intelligencer.

2499. **The night before Jena** an artillery column got stuck fast in a ravine. "**Napoleon,**" we read, "assembled the weary gunners, provided them with tools fetched from the park in the rear. **Himself holding the lantern,** he urged on the work. Tired as they were, **the men labored under the eyes of the Emperor without a murmur,** and at last the obstacle was removed, and the long column began to move slowly on." **That is the way that conquerors, in all fields, win their battles.**—J. Brierly.

2500. **During the battle of Gettysburg, Chaplain Eastman was so badly injured by a fall of his horse as to be compelled to lie down on the field** for the night. As he lay in the darkness, he heard a voice say, "O my God!" and thought, **"How can I get at him?"** Unable to walk, he **commenced to roll to the sufferer,** and rolled through blood, among the dead bodies, till he came to the dying man, to whom he preached Christ. This service done, he was sent for to attend a dying officer, **to whom he had to be carried by two soldiers. Thus he passed the long night,** the soldiers carrying him from one dying man to another, to whom he preached Christ, and with whom he prayed, while he was compelled to lie upon his back beside them.

2501. As I was leaving New York to go to England in 1867, said Mr. Moody, a friend said to me: "I hope you will go to Edinburgh and be at the General Assembly this year. When I was there a year ago I heard such a speech as I shall never forget. **Dr. Duff made a speech that set me all on fire.** I shall never forget the hour I spent in that meeting." Shortly after reaching England I went to Edinburgh and spent a week there, in hopes that I might hear that one man speak. **I went to work to find the report of the speech that my friend had** referred to, and it stirred me wonderfully. **Dr. Duff had been out in India as a missionary. He had spent twenty-five years there preaching the Gospel and establishing schools.** He came back with a broken-down constitution. He was permitted to address the General Assembly, in order to make an appeal for men to go into the mission field. After he had spoken for a considerable time, he became exhausted and fainted away. They carried him out of the hall into another room. The doctors worked over him for some time, and at last he began to recover. When he realized where he was, he roused himself, and said: "I did not finish my speech; carry me back and let me finish it." They told him he could only do it at the peril of his life. Said he, "I will die if I don't do it." So they took him back to the hall. My friend said it was one of the most solemn scenes he ever witnessed in his life.

They brought the white-haired man into the Assembly Hall, and as he appeared at the door every person sprang to his feet; the tears flowed freely as they looked up to the grand old veteran. With a trembling voice he said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you have no more sons to send to India to work for the Lord Jesus Christ? The call for help is growing louder and louder, but there are few coming to answer it. You have money put away in the bank, but where are the laborers who shall go into the field? When Queen Victoria wants men to volunteer for her army in India, you freely give your sons. You do not talk about their losing their health, and about the trying climate. But when the Lord Jesus is calling for laborers, Scotland is saying, 'We have no more sons to give.'"

Turning to the President of the Assembly, he said: "Mr. Moderator, if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ in India, although I have lost my health in that land, if there are none who will go and tell those heathen of Christ, then I will be off to-morrow, to let them know that there is one old Scotchman who is ready to die for them. I will go back to the shores of the Ganges, and there lay down my life as a witness for the Son of God." Thank God for such a man as that! We want men today who are willing, if need be, to lay down their lives for the Son of God. Then we shall be able to make an impression upon the world. **When they see that we are in earnest, their hearts will be touched, and we shall be able to lead them to the Lord Jesus.**

2502. It was a noble thing, when Naples was suffering from the ravages of the cholera a few years ago, for King Humbert to turn aside from the races, where he had made appointment to be, and to hasten to the relief of his people. "A Pordenone si fa festa. Napoli si muore. Vado a Napoli. Umberto." (At Pordenone they are having sport. At Naples they are dying. I will go to Naples.) Such was the telegram he sent, and hail to any prince who acts in this spirit!—D. S. Schaff, D. D.

2503. The Duke of Wellington said that the British soldier was not braver than the soldiers of other countries, but he was brave five minutes longer, and, of course, the result could only be one thing, namely, victory. That is one of the great secrets of victory — **to keep brave the last five minutes.** Many an army has surrendered when just on the point of victory. And the same is true of many a man.—East and West.

2504. The title bestowed on Christian missionaries by Koreans, who had been watching their tireless zeal, was, **"The-Jesus-Doctrine-Doing-People."**

2505. Many fortune seekers passed over the "Last Chance Gulch", where now is the city of Helena, Montana, unconscious of its wealth, **until a miner, driven almost to desperation by his need, began vigorously to dig.** In a short time more than eight millions worth of gold was brought to the surface. **Vigorous digging gets results in life.** There are men for whom difficulty is a challenge. Henry M. Stanley said of the African explorer, **Glave;** "He is a man who **relishes a task in proportion to its hardness, and greets danger with a fierce joy."**

2506. When Admiral Farragut took command of the Western Gulf Squadron during our Civil War, **his orders from the Navy Department said: "The Department and the country will require of you success." The requirement was met.** On April 24, 1862, the fleet passed the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi and overcame, with very slight effort, a Confederate fleet of eighteen vessels. During the fight, when the men were leaving the guns, Farragut spoke the famous message: **"Don't flinch from that fire, boys; there's a hotter fire than that for those that don't do their duty."** Next day New Orleans was captured, and his orders had been executed. But it had been a hard contest. "It has pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known," **he wrote to his wife. "I shall return properly my thanks,** as well as those of our fleet, for his goodness and mercy. He has permitted me to make a name for my dear boy's inheritance, as well as for my comfort and that of my family."

2507. Luther Burbank, the famous plant breeder, seldom finds time for a vacation. In breeding lilies he has cultivated as many as 500,000 plants for a single test.

2508. "Are you a Christian?" asked one traveler of another. The answer was: **"A sort of a one."** "What do you mean by that?" said the first speaker, "one must either be a Christian or not one." "Well," said the first speaker, "I trust I am a Christian, but **I am not a very faithful one;** indeed, I fear I am a very unfaithful one, that is what I mean by a sort of a Christian—**a bad sort."**

2509. The faith that ignores duty and fidelity, that reposes on the omnipresence and omnipotence of God as a weak and weary child lies in its father's arms, **is degenerate; it is fatalism. Mohammed** tried to teach the ignorant Arabs to believe in the overruling providence of God. But they regarded this teaching as relieving them from all care. Hence when a tired soldier, at night, said, "I will turn my camel loose and trust in God," he was surprised at the prophet's reply, "Better tie your camel, and then trust in God."

2510. The inspiration of the noblest zeal is the consciousness of right. On the pedestal of the old monument to Luther at Wittemburg is this legend, **"If this be the work of God it will endure. If not it must go down."**

2511. Volunteers Christ wants to do his work at home and abroad. There are **no forced recruits** in his army. Would that when his call comes there might be **the response that was made by a Scottish regiment at Windsor, to an appeal for volunteers** for the last Ashantee war! The officer asked volunteers to step forward. He left them for a few minutes till they had decided, and when he came back they were **all standing in a line.** "What!" he asked, "are there no volunteers?" To his surprise he learned they were in line because **every man had volunteered.** Think of his calls to his people for workers in church, Sunday-schools, missions, and the responses.

2512. Perhaps you have **a great mind,** perhaps you have **an eloquent tongue;** it may be you have **a large purse,** and can glorify God and bless mankind with that; but **perhaps you have nothing in the world but a kind, sweet smile.** Then

let that fall upon some poor life that has no smiles upon it. Remember that dew-drops glistening in the sun are just as beautiful as a rainbow.—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

2513. Sir Henry Lawrence, in command at Lucknow, requested the following epitaph; **"Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty; may God have mercy on his soul."**

2514. Phillips Brooks said: **The chisel cannot carve a noble statue**—it is only cold, dead steel. Yet neither can the artist carve the statue without the chisel. When, however, the two are brought together, **when the chisel lays itself in the hands of the sculptor, ready to be used by him, the beautiful work begins.** We cannot do Christ's work—our hands are too clumsy for anything so delicate, so sacred; but **when we put ourselves into the hands of Christ, his wisdom, his skill, and his gentleness flow through us, and the work is done. Christ and** we do it—not we alone, for we could not do it; yet not Christ alone, for he depends on us.

2515. "Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!" The foreman said it to the little girl. She had been so much excited the day before by seeing the busy workmen clustered about the far point of the steeple. This was when the new church was being built. But this day the steeple was deserted, and the little girl had said to the foreman, "You aren't working so fast as you were yesterday, are you, Mr. Smith?" And the foreman said: **"Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!** It's too windy to work up there today. But run inside and see if it isn't coming on pretty well, after all!" And the little girl went inside, and saw there the planing and the measuring and the shaping of timbers, and all the work upon floors and partitions and great arches. And then she saw that it is not always the steeple that shows best the rate of progress.

In other kinds of work, also, there come "windy days." One cannot always work in sight, on lofty steeples. One cannot have always the satisfaction and excitement of seeing others working in open sight. But **the work, if it is a good work, may still go on, quietly and steadily and certainly. Be patient!** "Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!"—Golden Rule.

2516. Standing in front of the noble cathedral of Cologne, a lady overheard some one behind her say, **"Didn't we do a fine piece of work here?"**

Turning quickly, she saw that the speaker was a man in the plainest of working clothes, and on a sudden impulse she said to him, "Pray, what did you do about it?" **"O, I mixed the mortar for two years across the street,"** was his reply.

If those of us who seem to have **only very humble work** to do could realize that we are **sharers in the whole great plan,** should we not be both **more faithful and more happy?**—The Well Spring.

2517. There are men today who are interested in the cause of truth and righteousness, who appreciate the dangers and the opposition, but they **stand aside from an active career,** either on the plea that they have already done all that can be reasonably expected of them, or that they have no gifts, no calling, no opportunities. Whatever explanation they may make for their inaction, they are, nevertheless, **slothful and guilty.** — J. Ross Stevenson.

2518. Those who work hardest for the Lord have least time for sinning. The devil does not let them alone, of course; but he finds it difficult to get their attention, and still more difficult to get their time. **Idleness** is notoriously the devil's opportunity. **Vacation time** always finds him more welcome than work time. **A prominent physician,** writing of common-sense ways to avoid catching cold, says **"exercise every day until you puff and sweat."** That helps to get the better of disease germs. Earnest service is better than medicine.

2519. When Daniel Webster, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill shaft, besought the vast concourse of people to "stand back", lest the crowd should break down the speaker's platform at peril of life or limb, the answer was, "It is impossible!" "Impossible!" thundered the mighty orator. **"Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill!"**

2520. When **Mirabeau** first heard the young **Robespierre** speak in the States General, he said of him: **"That young man believes what he says; he will go far."**

2521. There can be neither life nor power in the world without motion. Sound, heat, light, electricity, are **all modes of motion.** With every plant and animal, motion is necessary to life. So when the Spirit made his advent, he came with **mighty movement,** shaking the whole house, starting the whole community from its lethargy, and unloosing the disciples' tongues. Spiritual life must always show itself in activity. **Stagnation is death.**

2522. That is the true Christian spirit,

the spirit of Christ-like patience, which **is content to do the duty in hand** without thinking overmuch about the reward that is to come for the task performed. As a general statement, it is true that a man does not work where his toil does not bring him a suitable return in the means of living. Yet he is not the best workman, he is not constantly improving in his branch of work, who is **concerned all the time about the pay** it will yield, but not much concerned to do his best in the work.

It is even so in the Christian life.—Kingsbury.

2523. "You want to do some work for Christ do you?" said a mission worker in the city to a young man who had expressed a desire to be actively engaged in the church. "Yes," said the young man ardently. "Are you willing to do anything?" "Yes." "Go anywhere?" "Yes." "Go any time?" "Yes." "Very well," said the missionary; "when you go home tonight take down your Bible——". "Oh, **I didn't mean that.** I can't do that, said the young man, shaking his head. "What! can't read the Bible?" "Oh, yes, I can, but—" "Never mind the 'but'. **Didn't you say you wanted to save a soul, and didn't you tell me your old father, with one foot in the grave, is still unsaved?** What business have you going around town trying to save other folks, leaving your old father at home to sink into perdition for want of a faithful son to help him up?"

"Well, then, I'll read the Bible to him," said the young man, penitently. "And when you have read a chapter get down on your knees—" "Oh, I can't do that; I never prayed in public in my life." "Nonsense!" Who is talking about praying in public. Get down on your knees and beg God—" "But I can't! I—I don't know how! **I thought you were going to tell me how to do some work."** And he turned away with a look of mingled impatience and disappointment.

2524. Henry IV greeted the tardy faint-hearted Crillon, after a great victory had been gained with: **"Hang yourself Crillon! we fought at Arques, and you were not there!"**—Mackenzie.

2525. "What have you done today?" I asked a ropemaker. "O sir, ten hours of hard work, just twisting tow, my fingers sore, my lungs choked with dust. I did not come to the prayer-meeting last night, I was too tired; I went to sleep when I was trying to say my prayers. I sometimes think if it were not for Mary I would end it all—**nothing but work, work, work.** I am so tired, and I only make enough to keep body and soul together." **This is one side. See the other. A ship with eleven hundred souls on board is being driven upon the shore**—a land of crags, like giant teeth, stretching up sheer and sharp. One anchor after another is dropped, each checking the speed of the vessel's drift. **The last anchor is down. Will it hold? Yes; the ship is saved! Go, tell the ropemaker not to think of the toil, and the dust, and the monotony, but of the eleven hundred men and women saved.** These things are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—the ring of every hammer, the click of every needle, the whirl of every loom. **They who truly wait upon the Lord** shall hear his angels strengthening them, as they strengthened Christ, with songs of peace and good-will to men.—Rev. Dr. W. Burnett Wright.

2526. One of John Wesley's converts among the Cornish miners, an old man whose life had been exceptionally base and vicious, after a year of sober, honest effort, came to Wesley, and said in the broad dialect of the coast, **"I'd like to help my neighbors as I've been helped;** but I can't do it." "Why not?" "I can't read or write." "You know the story of Christ; you can tell it to them." "I don't speak English, only Cornish." "So do they." The miner hesitated, then took a step nearer. "Sir, I've been a drunkard and a thief in my time." Wesley was silent. The old man's voice failed for a moment. Then he said hoarsely, "There's blood on my hands. I killed a man once." "Why, **you are just the man I want!"** exclaimed the preacher, "you know better than any of us how great is God's forbearance and mercy. You have been **deeper in the pit** than your comrades, and **you can show them how to escape** from it. Go and do it." The miner worked humbly and faithfully among his fellows, and **became an earnest helper** of the Methodist gospelers on the coast.

2527. We are not to be content with a little fruit—a poor, shriveled bunch of grapes that are more like marbles than grapes, here and there, upon the half-nourished stem. The abiding in him will produce a character rich in manifold graces. **"A little fruit" is not contemplated by Christ at all.** Why is it that the average Christian man of this generation bears only a berry or two, here and there, like such as are left upon the vines after the vintage, when the promise is that **if we will abide in Christ we will bear much fruit?**—Alexander McLaren.

2528. He who does not work six days

in the week is as guilty of breaking the fourth commandment, as he who works on the seventh.—Minton.

2529. If you do not wish for the kingdom of heaven, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come outside of us; but in the hearts of us. "The kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful and helpful Spirit.—Ruskin.

2530. The melodies of Beethoven never sprang spontaneously into being," says Camille Bellaigue in his sketch of Beethoven's life. "The sketch books of the master witness with eloquence unexpected to the persevering obstinacy and agony even, of his researches and efforts. He wrote, effaced, rewrote and effaced again, having always the rough draft of several works in his books at the same time." "There is hardly a bar in his music," says another writer, "of which it cannot justly be said that it has been written fifteen or sixteen times." And when we read how Schopenhauer, the apostle of pessimism and despair, said of one passage, "One has only to hear it to forget that the world is nothing but misery," and how Napoleon's old soldier, when he heard the finale of the C minor symphony sprang to his feet shouting, "The Emperor!" we should not forget the part that drudgery had in producing those masterpieces.—Hull.

2531. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, or a greater work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him any more than I can hand my responsibilities or my gifts. I must do it with these hands or these lips which God has given me. I may do little or I may do much. That matters not. It must be my own work. —John Ruskin.

2532. "We can do nothing well," said Mrs. Prentiss, "unless we do it consciously for Christ".

2533. The last year I was pastor, there were twenty-six families where the last member of the family came to know the life of Christ; and I used to like to go into those homes and kneel with them in the first flush of their joy, and say, "Glory to God, he that was dead is alive again!"—Mills.

2534. Wasted effort. The labor of 100,000 men for 20 years was required to build the Great Pyramid. 486 feet high, it covers twelve and a half acres. It was originally surfaced with polished marble. Canals were dug for the purpose of transporting the materials.

2535. To have seen a fallen brother regain his feet; to have trained a little child; to have watched a sick soul through to the end; above all, to have stood by and prayed and spoken while a soul passed out of darkness into light — that is a consummation, a fact accomplished, over which too many praises can never be sung.—R. W. Barbour.

2536. Crossing the Bar, that exquisite gem, was written on a day in October in Tennyson's eighty-first year. The poet's son, to whom it was shown, said: "It is the crown of your life's work." Tennyson answered, "It came in a moment." But beyond that moment lay more than three score years of fastidious care in thinking and writing.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—Bradley.

2537. With the magic word "Work" in your hearts all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it; the blind see by touch, the deaf hear with eyes, the dumb speak with fingers. Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in everyday life. Write the word on the tablets of your hearts and bind it on your foreheads.—Dr. Osler.

2538. As men become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so they become saints in the moral and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres by so many separate acts and hours of work. Silently, the power of judging builds itself up as a possession that will never pass away. —Dr. Wm. James.

2539. Not long since a religious conference of Christians was held in the district of Swatoa in China, where the only daughter of the present writer and her husband labor as missionaries. During the conference the question was started whether the addresses of the missionaries or the conversation of converts had brought most souls into the

Church. Those who were converted through addresses of missionaries were first asked to stand up. About **one hundred** responded. Then those who owed their conversion to the conversation of previous converts; of these there were about **two hundred.** Thus it appeared that **the converts themselves had trebled the church.** Is there not a lesson here for us all? If similar zeal prevailed in all our old churches might there not be similar results—the effect of the labors of the minister more than doubled by those of the office-bearers and people?—W. Garden Blaikie, D. D.

2540. Ruskin said, "Life without labor is guilt." The Master said, **"By their fruits ye shall know them."**

2541. There is no power in good-will unless it is expressed. How can personal good-will be efficiently expressed? Take John Smith, for instance. **He is a shoemaker.** He has taken a piece of calfskin and **mixed his personality with it,** put his good-will into it, and made a good pair of shoes for somebody to wear to keep the bare feet from the rough ground. They have returned to him a five-dollar bill. This money is an embodiment of his good-will; it is **an incarnation of hours and hours of his energy.** Those five dollars he can send anywhere on this planet. It may go out to one of the possessions of the United States, Porto Rico or the Philippines, reaching down and lifting up, bringing the good-cheer of God into human life anywhere in the world. **Good-will must be expressed, incarnated, in order to be a power in bringing God's good-cheer into human life.**—Dr. L. C. Barnes.

2542. My only trouble is that I have not time enough for my work. I can not understand why anybody should be idle, much less, why anyone should be oppressed by having time hang heavily on their hands. There is never a moment except when I am asleep, that I am not **joyfully occupied.** Please give me the hours which you say are a bore to you, and I will receive them as the most precious of gifts. For my part I wish the day would never come to an end. — Agassiz.

2543. Sir Isaac Newton, when asked how he had accomplished so much, **said that he had no genius; but that he had held his mind to things in attention.** So our own **Professor Henry,** of the Smithsonian Institute, ascribed his success, not to any genius, but to his habit of **turning all his guns upon one point** in the walls of obstacle before him.

2544. A life spent in brushing clothes, and washing crockery, and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop; a life spent in the laborer's hut, **may yet be a life ennobled by God's loving mercy** that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.—Canon Farrar.

2545. With the publication of **"The Rise of the Dutch Republic," John Lothrop Motley,** like Byron, rose one morning to find himself famous. But behind the fame **lay years of patient delving into the dusty archives of western Europe.**—Bradley.

2546. No Christian ought to begin a day without some definite plan of service for the Lord during the day; nor ought he to allow the day to come to a close without having done something in the way of service of definite purpose and intention. If we allow ourselves to fall into the way of saying, "O, I try to serve the Lord in everything I do," we will get amazingly confused as between what we do for ourselves and what for the Lord. A true Christian seeks by **definite acts** and service to glorify God as well as by the general flow and current of his life.—Pentecost.

2547. The French artist, **Millet,** used to say to his pupils, **"The end of the day is the proof of a picture."** That which will bear the test of the twilight hour is true in art; and that which will bear the test of the twilight hour is true in character. No life bears that test more triumphantly than the life that has been consistently **Christian throughout;** then the strong spirit reveals itself in a delightful mellowness, the luster of a patience that has had her perfect work, shines and fascinates, a life of honor discloses itself in a certain air of nobility, the temper waxes kindly and tranquil, and **years of sanctified joy and sorrow find their fruition in an unearthly beauty of soul and face.**—Watkinson.

2548. A teacher of one of our freedmen's schools told me that one day as she sat at her window, she saw **two negroes loading a cart.** One of them was disposed to shirk. The other stopped, and looking sharply at his lazy companion, said, **"Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?"** "Yes," was the reply. **"Then take hold and lift,"** said the other. There was profound philosophy in that remark. There are scores of Christians in our churches who expect to go to heaven, who would greatly increase their chances of going there by taking hold and lifting some of the burdens which they are letting their brethren bear alone.

2549. A man in a temperance meeting said that he wondered why God did not send his lightning to destroy all the rumshops. Another answered: **"God has lightning enough, what he needs is conductors."**

2550. I have lately heard of a man who took passage in a stage coach. There were first, second, and third-class passengers. But when he looked into the coach he saw all the passengers sitting together without distinction. He could not understand it till by and by they came to a hill and the coach stopped and the driver called out, **"First-class passengers keep their seats, second-class passengers get out and walk, third-class passengers get out and push."** Now in the church we have no room for first-class passengers — people who think that savation means an easy ride all the way to heaven. We have no room for second-class passengers—people who are carried most of the time, and who, when they must work out their own salvation, go trudging on, giving never a thought to helping their fellows along. **All church members ought to be third-class passengers—people who, whenever there is need, are ready to dismount and push all together, and push with a will.** —The Examiner.

2551. Henry Fawcett, who died some years ago in England, had **a fearful handicap** in life's race — he was **born blind.** Did he sit down under this limitation which nature put upon him and try to possess his soul in patience until God's messenger should give him his final release? Not he. With sublime courage **he resolved to make the most of himself in spite of that defect.** He acquired an education made a special study of economics, issued a text book which was widely used in English and American colleges, received honors from the great universities, entered Parliament, and became a member of the Cabinet as Postmaster General of England. How such glorious courage rebukes us when we are despondent over our infinitely lesser difficulties.

2552. But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.
—Matthew Arnold.

2553. When the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and, having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, **he turned to the captain of marines** and said: "Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company; it may be as well for you to say something to the men particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner: "My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shore which they were rapidly nearing. "That", said he, "is the land of Egypt; and **if you don't fight like the mischief, you'll soon be in the house of bondage."** The effect was electrical.

2554. "Do instantly whatever is to be done," wrote Sir Walter Scott to a friend. "Take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. **If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind,** till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion; a habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left at their own arrangement. But **it is like the ivy round the oak, that ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of vigorous and necessary exertion."**

2555. All conquest is by persistent endeavor, sustained effort, used opportunity. **Carlyle,** the apostle of work, said, "The latest gospel in the world is, Know thy work and do it; all true religion is work."—Bradley.

2556. A pastor once had occasion to visit one of his flock who was a farmer, on a spiritual errand. On arriving at the farmhouse the minister inquired whether his parishioner was at home. **"You will find him in the harvest field!"** was the reply. And so it proved. The busy farmer, making hay while the sun shone, improving the opportune weather for the ingathering of the matured crops, was discovered by the minister with the message at the post of duty, losing no precious moments in gossip, idling or mischief-making. **"Found in the harvest field!"** That is the true description of a faithful Christian laborer. —C. A. S. Dwight.

2557. The habit of work conserves and strengthens human life. Habit is a pathway through brain and nerve-centers into which we glide easily and in which we move swiftly. Character is a

mere bundle of habits. **Habit**, though evil habits are the fruitful theme of preachers, moralists and cynics, was designed for good and may be filled with blessing.

2558. A man can take Jesus' way, and as he sees work coming down the road to accost him, he can say: **"O work, thou art my best friend in disguise.** God sent thee to me. Thou comest with a stern face, but thou hast in thy heart strength and courage and good cheer, that I would learn from thee. Why, work, take off thy frown, for to the very limit of my strength I am twice as willing to work as thou art to make me." You see when a man feels that way about his work, when he **thinks of it as God-given,** when he wishes he had more strength to work with, and more hours in the day than twenty-four, when he dreams of heaven as a place where a man can work all the time at his best and never get tired, work drops its frown and begins to smile, and he and his work, good friends, will trudge on to the end and be sorry when the second mile is done.—Harry E. Fosdick.

2559. I found in a small country church away up among the hills of Vermont **a certain deacon of great wealth,** who was one of the most zealous and self-denying members in that little church, and known throughout the whole community for his good works. I ventured to ask him one day why he was pursuing a course so unusual for rich men. His reply was, "When I became a Christian, and began to read my Bible with appreciation of its meaning, **I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind at once that I wasn't called there to eat grapes, but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since."**—Christian Endeavor World.

2560. As goldsmiths sweep up the very dust of their shops, that no filings of the precious metal may be lost, so does the Christian man, when filled with the Spirit, **use his brief intervals.** It is wonderful what may be done in odd minutes. Little spaces of time may be made to yield a great harvest of usefulness, and a rich revenue of glory to God! —Spurgeon.

2561. A man stood upon the track when the engine was coming. A lady saw that his back was turned toward the train. So she screamed with all her force, **"Help, help, help!"** And he, turning, shouted, **"I am coming,"** and ran toward the house to save her from some imagined evil. It took him off the track. **His springing forward to assist her took himself out of danger.**

2562. Dr. Maclaren said: "Never mind whereabouts your work is. Never mind whether your name is associated with it. You may never see the issues of your toils. **You are working for eternity.** If you cannot see results in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near when you may rest from your labors, and then they will follow you."

2563. Wendell Philips was asked how he gained such skill in delivering his lecture on **"The Lost Arts."** He answered, **"By getting a hundred nights of delivery back of me." Work lies back of all proficiency.**

2564. A writer in "The North American Review" asserts that **manual training is almost as good a preventive of crime as vaccination is of smallpox.**

"What per cent of the prisoners under your care have received any manual training beyond some acquaintance with farming?" a Northern man asked the warden of a Southern penitentiary. "Not one per cent", replied the warden. "Have you no mechanics in prison?" "Only one mechanic; that is, one man who claims to be a house-painter." "Have you any shoemakers?" asked the visitor. "Never had a shoemaker." "Have you any tailors?" "Never had a tailor." "Any printers?" "Never had a printer." "Any carpenters?" **"Never had a man in this prison that could draw a straight line."**

2565. Jean Le Clerc, a French woolcarder, was convinced of the sinfulness of image-worship by reading the New Testament. He tore down a papal bull on indulgences from the door of the parish church and posted a figure of the pope as Anti-Christ. He was taken to Paris and condemned for heresy. He was scourged through the streets and branded on the forehead with a **fleur-de-lis.** His right hand was cut off; his arms were broken and his eyes gouged out. He was taken to the stake, and, as the fagots kindled, his head was encircled with red-hot iron. **A voice in the company was heard to say, "Stand firm, O witness for the truth!"** It was his mother's voice; and while the fervid metal was eating its way to the brain **he calmly repeated,** "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Amen." Then the voice of the proto-martyr of the Reformation in France was stifled.—Burrell.

2566. "Fire burns," said **Bishop Bonner** to **Audley** under sentence of death for loyalty to his convictions; **"fire burns**

and flesh cringes.'" "Aye," said Audley; "but what is flesh now and what is life to a man who surrenders all to God? **If I had as many lives as I have hairs on my head,** yet would I, without a moment's fear, lay all before him."

2567. The Atlantic cable cost Cyrus W. Field nearly nineteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. He said: "Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in the pelting rain, or on the decks of ships stormy nights alone, far from home, I have accused myself of madness and folly."

2568. Fidelity to duty. We have all laughed at the reputed story of Pat Murphy, at the battle of Trafalgar, whose version of the battle was as follows: "Lord Nelson came on deck and said, 'Is Pat Murphy on board?' And I said, 'Here I am, me Lord.' Then said his lordship, 'Let the battle proceed.'" And yet, while this was written for a joke, there is more to it than we are apt to think. **For if it had not been for the Pat Murphies, or John Joneses or Tom Smiths and others who were on hand, there would have been no victories for the Nelsons, Wellingtons, Napoleons or Grants** who now live in history as great commanders.—A. W. Graham.

2569. George Stephenson spent fifteen years in perfecting the locomotive. Watt worked for thirty years on the condensing engine. Hard rubber cost **Goodyear** ten years of study, poverty and ridicule. **John Hunter** allowed himself only four hours' sleep. **Michael Angelo** slept in his clothes when engaged in his greatest works and kept food within reach eating a bite at a time. Mendelssohn, Handel and Beethoven were all **prodigies at incessant work.**—Manhood's Morning.

2570. On a hot, sultry night a small company were vainly trying to be comfortable, sitting on the front stoop of a dwelling in a certain city. Suddenly one of the party **proposed that they all go to the prayer-meeting** "at the First Church." "What on earth put that notion into your head?" queried one of the party. "O, it is so hot here, I can't stand it any longer. I thought if we went down there we would get cooled off, it **is the coldest place I know of.**" This reminds us of what was once said by way of a report made at an association by a delegate from a certain church: "We are all united in our church," said the delegate, and sat down. As he took his seat he remarked in an undertone to a neighbor, **"Frozen together."** —Words and Weapons.

2571. Nothing, neither genius nor chance can take the place of the habit of work. Anthony Trollope puts into the mouth of one of his characters, a brickmaker, the words, **"It is dogged as does it."**

2572. A square flag-stone of a pound's weight was recently shoved out of place in an English town by the united efforts of only **three mushrooms** growing under it. This shows **the immense power of a thing that grows.** And three live Christians in a community will often, by the inherent force of their life, lift up the dead weight of worldliness over them.

2573. The captain of an ocean steamer is in charge of 1,500 people, and has authority over a thousand activities. But his great business is to get his ship alongside the pier at New York, safely at any cost, and as swiftly as may be. That one business settles many questions which might otherwise trouble the captain. He looks at every subject which claims his attention, and asks, "Will it hinder?" "If not, will it help?" And those questions keep his life properly narrow, so that it stays in its rightful channel. And this is exactly **what singleness of aim does for the Christian.** Without such unity of purpose the distractions of worldliness will overwhelm him, and the purity of his life will be lost.

2574. Summerfield, when dying, turned to a friend and said: "I have taken a look into eternity. Oh, if I could come back and preach again, **how differently would I preach** from what I have done before!"

2575. An old light-house keeper was passing away. For years it had been his duty to keep the lamps in the high tower burning. Now the fire of his own life was burning low, as he slipped out upon the sea of another world. Suddenly he raised himself upon one elbow, and asked:

"Is the lamp burning in the tower? You know we must not let it go out tonight. Some one will be watching for it." "Yes, the lamp is all right." "Then I can rest." And the old man passed away. **How is it with the light committed to our care? Is it burning brightly?**

2576. There comes a time when we must cease sitting at the feet of Jesus and **go out and fight his battles and our own.** We shall hear better next time if we are **up and doing** now. Every word from heaven heard but not obeyed weakens the foundations of our house. Every word obeyed makes us strong for the

storm and stress of life.—The Congregationalist.

2577. A Cornell student puts this well in what he says about **Horace W. Rose:** "One day he said to me, 'You fellows must be intending to do a mighty lot of personal work when you once get at it; **you are putting it off so long,'** for he knew that many of us who were holding conspicuous places in the Cornell University Christian Association were **not doing personal work,** but were excusing ourselves from it on the ground that we were enjoying special advantages in the equipment for study available at Cornell, and that by **putting more time into our college work we would be preparing ourselves for more effective Christian service later in our lives.** I believe we all see now that we will never be in a place of more exceptional opportunity for effective service than while in college."

2578. **Here on earth we are soldiers, fighting in a foreign land,** that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. **Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.**—Carlyle.

2579. **Kean, the tragedian,** whose impersonations were deemed so spontaneous and unstudied, **"studied and slaved,"** says one who knew him, "beyond any other actor I ever knew." All these men were superior to other men because they **took more pains** than other men — because, as **Turner** said to the lady who asked the secret of his success as a painter, they **"had no secret but hard work."**—Saturday Evening Post.

2580. **Earnestness is not fuss and feathers,** noise and clatter, but is better represented by **push and patience.** Some years ago, in the West, a large company of people gathered about the **mammoth van of a traveling show stalled in the mire.** The very best efforts of the six teams of lusty horses seemed to have no effect in starting the great wagon out of its rut. Presently a happy thought struck one of the showmen, and hastily detaching one of the horses, he rode down the street and was soon lost to view, the crowd gaping wonderingly after him. Soon there came in sight over the hill a magnificent specimen of an **elephant.** The great, unwieldy-looking creature came down toward the wagon at a clumsy pace. At a kindly word from the little keeper, the mammoth creature lowered his head and moved forward slowly, but steadily. There was no evidence of his immense power, beyond perhaps, the stiffening of the prodigious muscles, but **the great wagon moved out of its rut** without so much as a creak. Does not this illustrate **the difference between mere bustle and genuine push and patience?**—Rev. John H. Elliot in Golden Rule.

2581. **"I was half through college** when my old minister said that to me," said a thoughtful young fellow, noted for his personal helpfulness in numberless quiet ways to other young fellows in Harvard College. "I was telling him how I meant to be of use when I got out, and try as a minister to devote myself to helping young men and boys, for they need it. He looked at me very earnestly a minute, then said in such a way I never forgot it: **'Robert, don't wait to graduate! Be a minister now.'** He died in a few weeks, but his words will live in my mind forever."—Pilgrim Teacher.

2582. **A great man was once laboring in a large city among the most abandoned people in the place,** and his friends said, "You are **wearing out your life for nothing;** you are spending your strength for naught." His reply was this,—and may God help us to remember it,—**"If as the result of my life's labor I could be the means of preventing one of them from sinning for one day, I should feel my life's labor to be well repaid.**—Rev. Francis H. James.

2583. **At a certain place in the Alps there is a monument to a guide** who had perished when attempting to make the ascension of the mountain. The simple inscription on the stone is, **"He died climbing."** It is a noble tribute to a heroic man. He was in the line of his duty. His face was forward and upward. Higher and higher was his aim, not in a vain ambition, but in the line of duty. Without fault of his own he fell, the sacrifice to duty. Not lost, but living still, his simple monument telling the story of a life of **pure and high aims,** that shrank not from perils and death when he heard the call. **"He died climbing."** The words are an inspiration to men everywhere, an example that calls others to the same faith, even though it may have the same perils.

2584. **Christian earnestness is very patient.** While working all its forces, it learns to wait. It suffers disappointment, and labors on. **It sees the expected harvest fail, and begins to sow again.** Jesus saw all men, his very disciples, go away from him, and yet went up to Calvary to die. In one word, Christian earnestness is a reproduction in our hearts of the tender and undying com-

passion of the heart of Christ. **It is Christ living on in us, and working on for man's salvation.**—Alexander Raleigh, D. D.

2585. Said an evangelist, during a conversation arising out of a question concerning "the pay of evangelists," **"I would rather have one hundred consecrated Christians praying for me in my work than five thousand indifferent Christians praying for me."** Surely here was a true-hearted man who knew the secret of power and the true worth of things. Religious work, whether done by pastors, churches, missionaries or evangelists, cannot be successful if backed only by the power of money. **Prayer is more potent than anything else.**—Pentecost.

2586. When Morrison's colleague began to study the Chinese language, and found what **a colossal undertaking** it was, he wrote: "To learn Chinese is work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methusaleh!" To add to the difficulty in early days, for Chinamen to teach a foreigner their own celestial tongue was a capital crime. It was **amid mountain obstacles** that the necessary steps were taken for the translation and issue of the Chinese New Testament in 1813, and the whole Bible in 1823.

2587. I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That is the secret of all hard-working men.—Charles Kingsley.

2588. The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that **that which makes the difference between one man and another,** between the weak and the powerful, the great and insignificant, **is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then death or victory.**—Fowell Buxton.

2589. We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts.—John Ruskin.

2590. The army of France stood silent and still before a wide river over which it was necessary to throw a bridge. **"Measure this river,"** said Napoleon to the engineer. **"I cannot, Sire,"** was his reply, "for I have no surveying-instruments with me." **"You must."** And Napoleon, who gave the order, was a man who never allowed his will to be thwarted. "You must, or lose your place."

Necessity was the mother of invention, and the engineer on the spot invented a method so simple than any one could apply it. He used the walking-stick which he carried in his hand. Sighting it to his eye as one would sight a gun, he drew a bead upon a spot on the other side of the river, and then, imagining himself a pivot in the centre of a circle and the line which he sighted the radius of a circle, he wheeled half around on his heel, keeping the walking-stick as though it were still drawing a bead. With his eye upon the spot to which the walking-stick pointed, he paced off the distance between him and it, and then turned triumphantly to Napoleon and said, **"Sire, the distance is just fifteen hundred feet." And it was exactly fifteen hundred feet as the bridge afterwards demonstrated.** — Dr. Gregg.

2591. Here are **Charles Kingsley and Phillips Brooks conquering** the stammering tongue and drilling it to eloquence. Here is **Alexander Stephens,** the cripple and almost dwarf, wheeled into the Senate in his chair, but conquering his ancestral weakness and becoming a statesman. Here is **Huber,** through his love of science, triumphing over blindness. Here is **Beethoven** making splendid music despite his deafness. Here is **Robert Hall,** suffering with a spinal trouble that scarce ever left him by day or night, and sometimes made him insane for weeks, yet who struggled on, and after twenty years came to write such superb English that he shares with Shakespeare and Bunyan the praise of having shaped our English literature. And here is **Africaner,** the black chief, at forty a cannibal and a colossal lump of depravity, but who, wakened by the teaching and example of **Moffat,** took on the aspect of a man, became the emancipator of his race.—Hillis.

2592. Macaulay was an extraordinary worker, and when toiling at his history in 1848 rose at daybreak and wrought intensely—sometimes sitting at his desk twelve hours on a stretch. **"I have made myself what I am,"** said the giant of classical erudition, **Porson,** "by intense labor".

2593. Earnestness does not waste its strength in resolutions, discussions and recommendations. I have a great deal of admiration for the man who, when he was met by a neighbor on Monday morning and questioned closely as to why he had not been at church the night before,—the neighbor saying to him, among numerous other things: "Our pastor preached one of his best sermons on family religion, and the training and care of children; and you know you have a large family and **you ought to have been there. Where were you?"** This hardheaded, sensible, earnest fellow replied, **"I was at home doin' it."**

2594. You can measure a man's weight in this world by the strength and clearness of his convictions. Poor you may be, friendless, alone, weak, unlearned; but all this can be overcome if bright in the heart there burns the **unquenchable flame of some great passion,** some high faith. Given this fire within, all the tools shall be found, but without it the finest endowment of brain and body is valueless. Given but some great **principle,** some **purpose** which becomes a holy passion, **something** which leads you, like one of long ago who "steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem," then all power is yours. **The man who has faith to remove mountains always finds the picks** and the steam-shovels somewhere. He takes the tools he has, though they may seem but toys beside his task, and, lo, some morning when the dreamers awake the mountain is no longer there.

2595. He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—Francis Parkman.

2596. Jay Gould started out to conquer the world with fifty cents, and left $70,000,000. **Morgan,** the great banker, was a clerk in a country store. Cornelius **Vanderbilt** took cabbages and turnips to the New York market in a little sailing craft. **Stewart,** the merchant prince of his day, began his business career on a capital of $3,000. P. D. **Armour** ran away from home when he was seventeen and walked to California. **Pullman** was a clerk in a store. **Mark Twain** as a boy was thrown on the world to sink or swim, and he not only swam, but commanded a Mississippi river steamboat. **George W. Childs** was an errand boy in a bookstore. **John Wanamaker** was the son of a brick-maker. **John G. Whittier** was the son of a small farmer. **Leland Stanford** was another farmer's boy. **Sir John McDonald,** Canada's greatest statesman, was the son of a plain Scotch storekeeper. **Andrew Carnegie** was a district messenger boy. In the enormous transportation interests the poor boys have enjoyed almost a monopoly of the highest honors. **President Thompson,** of the Pennsylvania, was an apprentice in the Altoona shops, and **Mr. Roberts,** his predecessor, was a chain-carrier in a surveying gang. When a president was wanted for one of the great Pacific roads the other day, the man selected had begun as brakeman on a freight train.—Saturday Evening Post.

2597. When the great Duke of Bridgewater undertook to construct those canals which lie at the root of the vast wealth of modern England and had their part in the splendor of this metropolis, he found the strain so hard at last that he was glad to get a note accepted for five pounds. **He gave up his princely mansion, lived in a small house,** and clad himself so humbly that one day as he was standing by a great pile of his own coal, a boy, thinking he was a common person, cried, "Here, man, give us a lift with this sack!" He loved his bit of humor, so took hold with the boy, and got his thanks, "Ah, man, thou's big enough, but thou's lazy!" **He came at last to the end of his reserves of money and courage,** and on a Saturday night, sitting with Brindley, who had borne the burden with him, the mighty engineer said: **"Well, Duke, don't be cast down, we are sure to pull through."** They did pull through, and Brindley found strength **for it in his dauntless zeal,** and the result was the first splendid stroke which set England on her feet, and gave you the port you wanted in Liverpool. — Collyer.

2598. When a student was anticipating his first appearance in the intercollegiate games, a friend said, by way of encouragement, **"If you do not get the gold medal, you may win the silver one."** The reply came quickly: **"I never try for a second prize."**

2599. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. — William Mathews, LL. D.

2600. It appears from the diary of that eminent servant of Christ, **Oliver Heywood,** that in one year, beside his stated work on the Lord's day, he preached **one hundred and fifty times; kept fifty days of fasting and prayer,** and nine of thanksgiving; and traveled **fourteen hundred miles** in the service of Christ and immortal souls. And when we consider that these journeys must have been either on foot or on horseback, this distance was more than **ten thousand miles** by our modern railways.—James.

2601. When the morning fight began, Phil Sheridan was fifteen miles away, and so far as his personal influence and magnetism and power were concerned in that hour of the opening of the battle, he might have been a thousand miles away. A little later he was ten miles away,—no good to us; five, and no good; one, and no good. But Phil Sheridan on the field, Phil Sheridan riding down that line; Phil Sheridan crying, **"Boys, we**

will camp on the old field tonight. Let the nineteenth corps go forward at once!" and our flag was floating in victory, and that of the enemy was under foot. **God sends you on the field.** I do not care how good-looking you are; I do not care how brainy you are; I do not care how much money you own; **God wants the living man with the beating heart, with warm blood in every artery;** God wants him on the field.—R. L. Greene, D. D.

2602. When Rudyard Kipling was a lad, he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel got under way, Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the officers ran down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling" he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and, **if he lets go, he'll drown!"** "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, **"but he won't let go."**

2603. That great Viceroy of India, Lord Dalhousie, when in the sixth year of his memorable government, was assured by his physicians that **to stay any longer at his post was certain death.** The answer of the worn-out but still young ruler, the old man of forty-one, was worthy of a patriot and a Christian: "Believing it to be my duty to remain in India during this year in fulfillment of my pledge, and trusting in the providence of God to avert from me those indirect risks against which you have so clearly and faithfully warned me, I have resolved to remain." He remained, not one year, but two years, and then went home to die, resigning his great office on the last day of February. "It is well," he said to his physician, on the 26th, "that there are only twenty-nine days in this month. I could not have held out two days more."

2604. A young woman was struggling to get an education. She had to drop out for a year on account of sickness in the family. Her class passed on. Twice again she lost her class by having to stop. Discouraged? Not in the least. She kept sweet, kept taking a fresh start, kept pushing ahead. **"I'll get there."** And she did, with honor. **Instead of falling down over obstacles, she made stepping stones of them.**

2605. Uranus was not discovered by accident. Herschel, from a most careful study of the planets, observed certain perturbations, and knew there must be a cause, and **then through weary months worked out the problem** of the cause, and lifted his plan to the heavens and knew there must be a planet at such a spot, and turned his telescope to the place and lo! the new planet Uranus! **Michael Angelo's** "Last Judgment," one of the twelve master-paintings of the ages, was the product of eight years' unremitting toil of this brainiest of painters. Over two thousand studies of it were found among his papers.—Forward.

2606. What made **Bulwer,** who composed at first with great difficulty, so successful at last, not only as a novelist, but as an essayist, dramatist, historian, poet, orator and politician pamphleteer? It was a Herculean faculty of work, which manifested itself in spite of his lifelong invalidism, in not less than a hundred volumes, though he lived but sixty-eight years. Who needs to be told of **Pascal,** who killed himself by hard study; of **Cicero,** who narrowly escaped death by the same cause; of **Walter Scott,** rising to work daily at five o'clock in the morning, and "breaking the backbone of the day," as he used to say, before his family had assembled for breakfast; or of **Arnold of Rugby,** always up to his ears in work, learning some new language, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen some progressive movement of the age?—Saturday Evening Post.

2607. One of the impressive things about the greatest engines is the silence with which they do their work. The stars rushing through space with a force we cannot even imagine do so in silence. The same thing may be observed in regard to the work which is done in the world. The most powerful is always very quiet. The great spiritual ministry of the Christian Church is carried forward with very little noise. Noise is not the same as work; frenzy is not power.—Friendly Greetings.

2608. As **Carlyle said: "The race of life has become intense. The runners are treading on each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings."**

2609. John Hunt lay dying. The attendant friends noted how he kept on silently weeping. His emotions increased, and he sobbed as if in acute distress. No longer able to withhold himself, he cried out: **"Lord, bless Fiji, save Fiji!** Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" His own prospect was unclouded. His treasures, wife, and children were in the upper kingdom. Mr. Calvert said to him, "The Lord knows you love Fiji. We know it." For a while he grew quiet, but the burden was heavy. Fi-

nally, lifting his hand, mighty in its trembling, he cried with passionate force: "O, let me pray once more for Fiji. Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji, save Fiji." Then he grew quiet, and reached his end in unbroken peace. **Such glowing love can have no failure.** It shares the omnipotence of God, inspired as it is from contact with his own heart. It looks at the world-problem from the same point of view the Master had on the cross. It sees, hears, feels, toils, with the eyes, ears, heart, and hands, of the Christ. **It does not mark its sacrifice.**

2610. An infidel who had been converted, in speaking of it afterward, **gave the credit of his conversion to a timid old man who lived near him.** When the old man heard of this he was very much puzzled, and said: "I can't remember that I ever had very much to say to you about becoming a Christian." "No," said the ex-infidel, "you didn't have so very much to say about it, but **you lived me to death.** I could stand all their preaching, and upset all their arguments, but I couldn't stand the way you lived."—E. P. Brown.

2611. Baxter, though hunted and imprisoned by the demon of persecution, and tortured with the stone, was always preaching and writing, **till he had composed and published a hundred and twenty volumes.**

2612. Harlan Page was a merchant in New York City. What could a busy man do for the world's good? What were his possibilities outside of making money for himself and his home? He saw how many people there were to whom no one ever spoke a personal word about their Christian purpose. **He resolved that he would speak to as many as he could, or write to them.** He sought them in their homes and in their offices, he met them on the streets and walked with them, he sent them direct and persuasive letters when he could not reach them otherwise. It was no easy work. It was not always successful. **But it did good, great good,** and scores upon scores of people came forth under his influence as avowed and worthy Christians.—McClure's.

2613. During Dr. Payson's ministry his solicitude for the salvation of souls was so earnest, that he impaired his health by the frequency of his fastings and the importunity of his prayers. **His whole life was spent in one constant series of efforts** to produce revivals of religion; and the anguish of his mind when his labors failed, was so acute as to bring on bodily disease. It was said of him by his biographer, that his language, his conversation, and his whole deportment were such as brought home and fastened on the minds of his hearers the conviction, that **he believed and therefore spoke.**—James.

2614. You may remember that not only was **China** devastated by war from within her own borders by her heathen subjects, but there was a great **Mohammedan rebellion,** and the whole of Turkestan was wrested from her. And who expected that it would ever be recovered by the Chinese Emperor again? **Russia lightly promised to give back Kuldja as soon as China conquered Turkestan; and none of us expected to see that conquest attempted.** But when the Emperor sent for one of his able generals, the late **Governor Tso,** and put the problem before him, he was not afraid to look it in the face and undertake the re-conquest of Turkestan. **And he did it.** When the Emperor said to him, "Have you thought of this fact, that the distance from your base will be so great that the mules will eat all the provisions that they can carry before they get to the soldiers?" he replied, "Your Majesty, I have thought of it, and I have my remedy. We will go as far as we can as soldiers, and when the food fails we will all squat down as farmers for as many years as may be necessary to raise a store of provisions, and then we will go on again and repeat the process as often as it is necessary until the whole of Turkestan is restored to your sway." And they did it. These men were **prepared to take five years or fifty years to accomplish their purpose.** This then, is the class of persons that we have to deal with in China.—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

2615. A Sunday-school teacher, a business man, too, followed the individual members of his classes, praying for them and with them, giving them his heart's interest, until he **saw over 150 saved.**

2616. General Zachary Taylor, who died in the presidential office, July 9, 1850, was **one of the most beloved soldiers** that ever commanded the United States army. He did not know the meaning of the words "fear" and "defeat." While in Camp at Buena Vista, during the Mexican War, the general and Major Bliss (who was afterwards his son-in-law,) sat quietly discussing the condition of affairs, when a message was brought to the former from Santa Anna, commander-in-chief of the Mexican army, to surrender at once, as the Americans, who would be overwhelmed, stood no chance.

General Taylor's blood was up in an instant, and, in very forcible language,

he sent the reply: **"Tell Santa Anna that old Taylor never surrenders."**

"But, General," said one of the officers, respectfully, "we have only 4000 men against their 22,000 in the field. With most of our men at Monterey, what can we do against such numbers?" **"They'll have a good many less than that before tomorrow night,"** was the general's reply. And they did, for, before many hours, the Stars and Stripes were unfurled and floating over the enemy's camp, proclaiming that it was Santa Anna, not Taylor, who had **"stood no chance." Intrepidity,** such as General Jackson possessed, in doing what he knew to be right without fear of consequences, is **the greatest aid any one can have toward leading a Christian life.**

2617. There is no "dead-line." Farragut was sixty at the beginning of the Civil War, and Oyama was over sixty-three at the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. Haydn wrote his oratorio of "The Creation" after he was sixty-seven, Goethe finished his "Faust" at eighty-two, and Humboldt his "Cosmos" at seventy-six. Among the grand old men in the annals of American statesmanship it is sufficient to mention the names of George F. Hoar, John Quincy Adams, and Thaddeus Stevens. Henry Ward Beecher never preached better than in the last year of his life. Mark Twain is still "cutting up", though past seventy.

2618. When I was fourteen years old, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and **earn my share of the family expenses.** I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, "Boy Wanted." I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in. "Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk. "Back office," he said. I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in. It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, **I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly** as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk. I turned around quickly. "At home, sir." "Well, what do you want?"' "I came in to see about the boy wanted," I answered. "Oh!,' said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added; "I'm busy." I looked back at the door. "If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, **I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."** "Eh," he said, quickly. "All right. Go ahead." I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me. "Any parents?" he asked. "Mother," I answered. "Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.

2619. An old colored preacher was asked to define **Christian perseverance.** He answered: "It means, firstly, to **take hold;** secondly, to **hold on;** thirdly and lastly, to **nebber leave go."**

2620. The Rev. Matthew Wilks was once waited upon by a gentleman. He received him most kindly; but after some conversation asked, "Have you anything more to tell me?" "Nothing particular." "Any other question to ask?" "No." "Then," said Mr. Wilks, "you must leave me, as **I have my Master's business to attend to."** The gentleman said afterward that he had received a lesson on the value of time which he never forgot. Joseph Alleine used to say "Give me a Christian who counts his time more precious than gold."

2621. I remember **Benjamin Disraeli,** as I saw him last, sitting on the Government bench, in the House of Commons, the most powerful European then living. His imperturbable calm was his most conspicuous characteristic. The black lock of hair that fell over his pale, wide brow had a careless look of good-nature, and his thick, swollen lips and twisted mouth seemed just ready to laugh at the world. His was not the best of hearts, for he laughed at, rather than with the world; I fear he loved us little. Yet I could but recall that crisis in his career when hissed down, his youthful voice drowned by the opposition, in his maiden effort, years ago. **It was his changeless good-nature that kept him from despair and assured his final ascendancy. "You**

will listen to me yet," he calmly answered, smiling.—Haynes.

2622. When **Apelles**, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor upon his pictures, he replied, "**Because I am painting for eternity.**" We, too, use fast colors as we paint the picture of our lives for eternity.

2623. **He who begins by halving his heart between God and mammon** will end by being whole-hearted for the world and faint-hearted for Christ. We are so constituted that it is impossible for us to exercise a divided allegiance; we must be out-and-out for God, or we shall be in-and-in for the world and all its interests.—A. J. Gordon, D. D.

2624. **A subordinate clerk in a publishing office without wealth or funds or scholarship, Granville Sharp, determined to overthrow the slave trade in Great Britain,** to secure decisions in the courts against its rightfulness, and to influence natural legislation for its downfall. With every judge and lawyer in the kingdom opposed to him, he entered on the study of law, from its very rudiments, and, while toiling daily at his clerkship for bread, mastered the great principles of legal science, searched the records of judicial decisions and parliamentary enactments, and gathered the material he required for his great purpose. Publishing the results of his investigations, and scattering his essays widely through the land, **Sharp fought his test case to the highest tribunal of the realm, wrested from Lord Chief Justice Mansfield the admission of previous error,** and secured the promulgation of the decision that freed every slave on the soil of England. The result of his personal endeavors aroused, for the completion of his mighty undertaking, **Clarkson** and **Wilberforce** and **Buxton** and **Brougham**; and the contest entered on single-handed was continued, with constantly fresh accessions of funds and favor, until **slavery was abolished in all the British dominions,** and then in America; and now every freedman on our purified soil owes his liberty, instrumentally, to the movement begun by Granville Sharp, the humble ordinance clerk, who heard the cry of God, "Be thou strong . . . **and show thyself a man!**" and in fearless independence rose up to battle and conquer the world.—H. Clay Trumbull, "Shoes and Rations."

2625. **A New England clergyman,** enforcing on his congregation the necessity of **practical godliness,** and contrasting the early Christians with those of the present generation, very properly remarked, "We have too many resolutions and too little action. **'The Acts of the Apostles' is the title of one of the books of the New Testament; their resolutions have not reached us.**"

2626. In one of our western cities a Chinaman had opened a laundry. Not far distant, on the same street, was a saloon, with the words, "**Never closed,**" above its doors. Near by, in another direction, a drug store hung out notice, "**Open all night.**" The Chinaman wished to indicate that he, too, was alert and always ready for business, so he put above his door the words, "**Me Wakee Too.**" Is there not a suggestion to those of us who are working not for worldly gain but for the riches which are spiritual and eternal? We see **what efforts men will make to succeed in business,** what efforts we ourselves make; and yet when it comes to planning for church work we do not enter upon it with the same spirit.—Alexander Henry, D. D.

2627. There was **a river of difficulty** between **Shakespeare,** the boy holding the horses at the London Theatre for a sixpence, and Shakespeare, the world's dramatist winning the applause of all nations by his incomparable tragedies. There was a river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm trudging along the street of Philadelphia, and **Benjamin Franklin,** the philosopher, outside of Boston, playing kite with the thunderstorm. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turning off one sheet of writing paper after another sheet of writing paper until almost the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning? It was **Walter Scott.** Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? Lockhardt, afterwards his illustrious biographer. It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford. Lord **Mansfield,** pursued of the press and pursued of the populace, said, "If a man die in behalf of the law and liberty of his country, he cannot die too soon." And **there has been struggle for everybody that gained anything** for themselves, or gained anything for the Church, or gained anything for the world. We all understand it in worldly things. Why can we not understand it in religious things?

2628. "**Sire, remember the Athenians**", was what a certain great general, opposed to Athens, commanded his servant frequently to say to him.

2629. **Webster,** when he got his diploma, went with fellow students out on the campus and tore it up, saying, that if his making a success of his life de-

pended on that parchment he would never make it. That he would rely on his individual efforts.

2630. One of our presidents when asked, "What is your coat of arms," replied, "A pair of shirt sleeves."

2631. "O if I could only put my dream on canvas," said an enthusiastic artist. His master replied, "Dream on canvas! **It is the ten thousand touches with your brush that you must learn,** and then you can make your dream real."

2632. When David Hogg was dying, he said to David Livingstone: "Now, lad, **make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts;** for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you." **David Livingstone** did make religion the every-day business of his life, and so came at last into the achievement of that beautiful life, so great in labor, so rich in love, and which closed in such glory of trust in God. If we dream of a blessed Christian life, and chafe because we have no opportunities, let us faithfully do what we can, and after while God will make us ruler over many things.

2633. When Arago, the astronomer, was young, he became thoroughly discouraged over mathematics. One day he found on the fly leaf of a text-book a few words from the famous D'Alembert to a student who had been discouraged like himself. **D'Alembert's** advice was very short; it was, **"Go on, sir, go on!"** Arago said afterwards that that sentence was the best teacher of mathematics that he ever had. Following it doggedly, he went on until he became the leading mathematician of his day. No man has ever exhausted the power that lies in the words, **"Go on."** Going ahead, steadily and perseveringly, step by step, is the secret of material, moral, and spiritual success.—Forward.

2634. There is standing in New York City today a beautiful church edifice, with all modern appointments, which **had its origin in the desire of a poor woman to do something for God.** The church building had been talked of for some time, but the way had not opened for anything to be done. Finally, she declared, **"We ought to stop talking and do something."** Of her small means she gave a few hundred dollars, which formed the nucleus of a building fund, which grew by degrees until finally a wealthy gentleman gave a large sum of money for the erection of the building. To the poor woman, however, **is due the credit of having initiated the efforts** which resulted in the building of the church.—Westminster Teacher.

2635. Mrs. Ballington Booth relates an interesting little story about **her little boy.** The War Cry once had a picture of a boat in the midst of the sea, and all around it were struggling, gasping, sinking men and women. In the rear of the boat was General Booth reaching out his hand to the drowning. His little grandson, who is only a few years old, looked and looked at the picture, deeply interested in it. At last, he said; "Mamma, what is grandpa doing? **Is he trying to get people into the boat, or is he just shaking hands with them?"**—Banks.

2636. Some one has said that movements are just as strong as the men in them are in earnest. The saying is true and worthy of acceptance. It is the earnest soul, the fervent spirit that wins out. Many a great movement has lagged and finally failed because of a lack of zeal. Many a weak cause has been made to overcome great obstacles because of the earnestness with which it was prosecuted. These are truisms, but nevertheless they have in them much of the philosophy of success.

2637. It was the fiery zeal and unfailing earnestness of Garrison and **Lovejoy** and **Phillips** and **Beecher** and **Brown** that freed the slave and overthrew the institution of slavery. We doubt whether any less earnest man than **Martin Luther** could have won the Reformation. These are only examples, but they have their meaning. All liberty, and great achievement, all great institutions built up, all great endeavor brought to a successful issue, have been **won by men with great souls and fervid spirits.**

Thoroughness. (2638–2653)

2638. There is great spiritual strength in doing all things with serious, scrupulous thoroughness. Nothing so dignifies life and imparts into it a thousand solid and wholesome delights as this "doing all things heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men." Little things come daily, hourly, within our reach, and they are not less calculated to set forward our growth in holiness, than are the greater occasions, which occur but rarely. Moreover, **fidelity in trifles,** and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters, is a test of real devotion and love.

2639. There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all of their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that **do their duty and a little more.** There are many great pianists, but **Pad-**

erewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with young and old men who do a little more than their duty.—Carnegie.

2640. Someone asked a famous musician, "What is your favorite composition?" The answer was, **"Whatever I am playing."** That is the feeling that will cause a musician to throw his whole soul into his playing and a workman to do his very best work. **We have to like our work, or we shall not do our level best at it.** It may be that our present task is disagreeable, but it is possible to take a deep pride in doing it thoroughly and in leaving no rough odds and ends to worry others. To slight the music one is playing is a poor preparation for further music. If one makes up his mind that, whatever be the composition, he will handle the keys like a master, many things are possible to him. **Promotion nowadays comes to few men unless they like the present job well enough to do their work as masters.** And also, in the day of a higher judgment, entrance to joyful spheres is granted only to faithful servants.—East and West.

2641. Marshal Ney was so sure of taking Quatre-Bras that he reported that he was actually in possession. Then he rested his weary army a short distance from the place, instead of advancing immediately as he had been commanded to do. In the meantime **Blucher** took possession, and was able to re-enforce **Wellington** with forty thousand men. It is the part of wisdom **never to relax our vigilance** in our spiritual warfare.

2642. Charles Dickens said of the principle upon which the work of his life had been conducted: "Whatever I have tried to do in my life, **I have tried with all my heart to do well.** What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would not **throw my whole self,** and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules."

2643. Michael Angelo was showing a visitor over his studio and pointed out how, on the great work in which he was engaged, he had polished this part, softened that, retouched this since his last visit. "Yes, I see," answered the visitor, "but **these things are such trifles.**" "So they may be," replied the great master, "but remember that **trifles make perfection,** and perfection is no trifle."

2644. In the Court of Inquiry concerning the loss of the old warship **Kearsarge, Lieutenant Lyman** testified that the shipwreck was caused by **defective charts,** which did not give the proper information by which to navigate the vessel. Hence while sailing on unconscious of danger, the ship was driven straight to destruction.

2645. We saw recently **an ear of corn** which had been **sold at auction for one hundred and fifty dollars.** What made it sell at the rate of eight thousand dollars a bushel? A young Iowa farmer was aroused, at a former exposition, by the ideal of a perfect field of corn. He bought the prize ears and **set himself to raise the best one possible.** That movement has added tens of millions of bushels every year to the crop, and it has enriched the nation with unmeasured gold.

2646. A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: **"You blacked my father's boots once."** "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, **"and I did it well."** And because of his habit of doing even mean things well he rose to greater. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

2647. Do your best. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.—Emerson.

2648. Be sure you're right etc. "When you don't know what to do—don't go and do it."—Gov. Winthrop.

2649. Nestor stood before the Greek generals at Troy and said; "The secret of victory is in **getting a good ready."**—Hillis.

2650. I find the greatest thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must sail and not drift—nor lie at anchor.

2651. A young man in a telegraph office, who had shown himself an expert electrician, was sent from time to time to look after the work at other points.

The president of the company called at his office in the West, and, "liking his looks," invited him to take a trip with him through the State. On the trip the train ran off the track and the president expressed his fear that the train following might run into them. To this the young man replied, "I think not." To the surprise of the president, he borrowed a pair of "climbers", **went up one of the telegraph poles, cut a wire, and, taking a small instrument from his pocket, telegraphed back** to the necessary station, then reunited the line and descended to the ground. The astonishment of the president was great, and he said: "How did you know what wire to cut from the large number that were strung?" Said the young man: **"I always carry a diagram of the wires and poles"**, and showed him a complete record that he kept, so that when a break came he could direct the repairer without loss of time. "But", said the president, "where did you get the operating instrument?" **"I always carry it in my pocket, for I do not know what may happen."** The president said no more, but on his return East **appointed the young man general electrician for a large part of the United States.**

2652. Charles Kingsley says of **Turner**, the great painter, that he **spent hours and hours in the mere contemplation of nature without using brush or pencil.** An authentic story is told of how Turner was once known to have spent a whole day sitting upon a rock throwing pebbles into a lake. When evening came his brother painters showed him their sketches and rallied him upon having done nothing. He said: "I have done this, at least: I have learned how a lake looks when pebbles are thrown into it." **None of his fellow-students could ever paint the ripples as Turner painted them.** Many men and women find to their sorrow and dismay that **when the opportunity of a lifetime is presented to them they are utterly unable to grasp it because of lack of preparation.**

2653. It is told of **General Kitchener** during the recent war in South Africa that his chief of staff was the only one who knew anything of his intended movements when he started one day on an important expedition. No warning was allowed to be telegraphed on ahead. He arrived on the spot without previous notice, and no general in the army knew when or where he might appear. **Negligence or absence from the post of duty met with swift and sure punishment.** Even in the affairs of this world evil-doers are always in danger of sudden judgment. It should not seem strange that it is so in spiritual matters.

Enthusiasm. (2654–2681)

2654. In these expressive words **Henry Martin** gave utterance to his life ambition. **He wanted "to burn out for God."** Men burn out in other interests all about us. The flames of passion lick up all of the best things in many a man —his powers of body and mind, and his higher nature—and they leave him at last a charred cinder. The fierce fires of ungodly ambition; the conflagration in a man's moral nature kindled by the spirit of covetousness, hatred, and other hell-kindled fires, burn out many a man, and we look upon the smoldering ruins with deepest pity. But **"to burn out for God"** is a glorious ambition. **Fox** said that **every Quaker ought to light up the country for ten miles around.** Many a missionary has lighted it up for a hundred miles. He has thrust aside every selfish aim, and thrown himself into the work with passionate ardor. Human nature could not stand the strain long, and after a brief career he has exhausted his resources and died. But he "burned out for God." No life can make a better record than this. Not even the martyr at the stake.

2655. George W. Cable in one of his **Creole stories** told of going to **an old taxidermist** to have **a humming-bird stuffed.** "I was saying," he goes on, "that a huming-bird was a very small thing to ask him to stuff. But he stopped me with his lifted palm **"My fran', a humming-bird has de passione, de ecstasie! One drop of blood wid de passione in it—"** He waved his hand with a jerk of the thumb in disdain of spoken words, and it was I who added:**"Is bigger than the sun." So one heart glowing with a great passion is irresistible, unconquerable, almost omnipotent.**

2656. When **Lord Lansdowne** asked what he could do to reform the profligate people of a certain community, he was answered, **"Send them an enthusiast."**

2657. Gipsy Smith tells of a woman's enthusiastic confession of Christ. **"While preaching in Aberdeen** a year ago and conducting meetings, I took lunch one day with a merchant, a Christian man, and he said: "There is a lady here who wants to see you before you leave the house." I saw her alone and she said: "Last Sunday I sat on the platform three chairs away from you, and it seemed as though every word you preached was meant for me, and when you gave an invitation for those who

wanted Christ to rise I stood up. I believe I was the first. You asked those who had risen for prayer to leave their seats and go into the vestry. I stood there and said to myself, 'I cannot go there. Everybody knows me. I am one of the best known women in the city and they all suppose I am all right',— the supposing comes in again—my pride would not let me go and I did not go." I offered to pray with her then, but she said: "That won't settle it. I am coming to the meeting tonight early enough to sit in the same chair, right where the devil defeated me, and when the invitation is given **I am going to stand up before the 3,000 people, and when you ask us to come to the inquiry room I am going to confess Christ and get the victory".**

2658. To a very **successful settlement worker** I said not long ago, "Where did you acquire your tact, your sympathy, your power of control, which make young girls and children as wax in your hands, which enable you to carry with you on any suggested enterprise, these throngs of devoted adherents?" Her answer was significant: "Do you not think that God gives his talent, if one has it, in proportion to the need, and in the measure of the prayer?" **One who has no remarkable amount of enthusiasm, if his feeling is the true one, may gain it,** just as she has gained her special grace of direction, by an **application at headquarters,** by going straight to the throne, and leaving a petition there.— Margaret Sangster.

2659. When the troop-ship Birkenhead was lost, a young officer,—a lad of seventeen, — **Alexander Cumine Russell,** commanded one of the boats carrying the women and children. He saw a sailor's form rise close to the boat. There was not room for a single person more, but a woman in the boat cried in agony: "Save him! Save him! He is my husband!" Russell looked at the woman and her children and the struggling sailor, then plunged into the water and **helped the man to what had been his own place of safety.** Then he disappeared from view among the angry waves and the hungry sharks.

2660. Edward Fitzgerald and **Tennyson** were one day looking at two busts of **Dante** and of **Goethe. "What is there wanting in Goethe,"** said Fitzgerald, "which the other has?" Tennyson at once replied: **"The divine intensity".**— Literary Illustrations.

2661. Da Vinci wrought for ten years upon his master picture of the "Last Supper," in the refectory of the convent of the Madonna della Grazie, at Milan, often for whole days, so absorbed in his work that he forgot to eat, and then again for days coming and standing in silence before it as if devoutly studying his great theme. Again, in the heat of noon, he would leave the cathedral, where he was modeling his colossal "horse", and, hurrying to the convent, add a line or a touch of color to the picture and return.

2662. Silence marks the working of the greatest forces of life. No ear hears the sun draw up into the sky the countless tons of water that fall in rain. No man hears the groaning of the oak's fibers as it grows to its strength and height. Noise is usually an after-effect, and does not often accompany initial power. **Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals are noisy, but not powerful.** So the will reaches its decision in silence, and **it does not need much shouting to know when a man is in earnest.**

2663. There is something better than realizing the ideal; it is idealizing the real. Something like this is back of all true enthusiasm.

2664. You can not believe little things, and do great things; you can not believe in half successes and accomplish whole ones. A man's faith sets the boundaries of his work. He will do what he believes, and accomplish what he believes can be accomplished. Mountains are not subdued by men who stand discouraged at a mole hill. A man must conquer the fatigues of the way in his own heart, or he will never set out on the road. Back of all free action lies some **creed,** some **conviction.** All great battles have been fought and either lost or won in the heart. **The simple or stubborn confidence that leads to all-conquering effort — this is faith, the vision that vitalizes.**

2665. President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, says, **"The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going."**

2666. In temporal as well as spiritual affairs there is no real success without enthusiasm. It is ever the man who puts his whole heart in his work who is successful; the careless, the one who is slothful and indifferent, seldom gains confidence or prominence but the man who is pushing and energetic and enthusiastic in whatever he undertakes invites trust, and in most instances achieves reward. **There never was a man yet who amounted to anything in any department of life, but was an enthusiast.** Musician, sculptor, minister, physician or tradesman, whatever his choice or occupation,

if his whole soul were filled with the one purpose and ideal, all his thoughts and energies bent in the one direction, his desire and aim have generally been accomplished.

2667. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, would have been called a "phenomenal crank;" indeed he was **charged with insanity,** and the whole medical profession, with few exceptions, set themselves against him. **Robert Fulton was hooted in derision** when his first experiment appeared to be on the verge of failure, as for **Morse,** the inventer of telegraphy, he was satirized in the American Congress, for when some one proposed a contribution of a few thousand dollars to assist him in his experiments, a senator arose and moved to amend by appropriating a similar amount to the experiments of a certain itinerant mesmerizer who at that time was lecturing in Washington. —Buckley.

2668. With Christ there came into the world a new saving power; and hope for humanity made possible an **enthusiasm for humanity.** To have seen the radiant beauty of Christ, and then to see in the vilest the possibility of Christ's likeness, was **enough to make love and hope flame up into enthusiasm.** Another source of this enthusiasm which so characterized the early Christians was their love for their Master.—Josiah Strong, D. D.

2669. Jesus was counted mad simply and solely because he was **enthusiastic.** Jesus inaugurates the spirit which has its ebb and flow, but which at its height has no regard for ease or honor or life itself in the service of God and man. And the world, realizing as by an instinct the **intensity of this spirit,** took up an attitude of ridicule and criticism, and began there and then to pour cold water on religious enthusiasm, and has been pouring cold water unto this day. Two states of mind were flung into intense contrast: **the spirit rapt, inspired, and self-forgetful,** and the spirit cautious, critical, self-regarding,—the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world.—Ian Maclaren.

2670. I believe in enthusiasm,—an enthusiasm that has backbone to it, an enthusiasm that has life in it, an enthusiasm that has weight and power in it, an enthusiasm that has usefulness in it. A physician cannot be very successful unless he is enthusiastic about his profession . . . and I tell you **a Christian will never amount to much unless there is enthusiasm in his Christianity.** — Wharton.

2671. If I had the right to establish for all time the one unchangeable **definition of genius,** I should put it into the following words: **Genius is the power by which one mind generates in another mind an unmanageable enthusiasm.** — Maurice Thompson.

2672. Palissy, the potter, in 1539, having seen in Italy some decorated pottery, determined to discover the secret of enameling. For sixteen years he experimented. **He put his whole life into his work,** regardless of cost, of toil, of hardship, from each new failure and disappointment rising to another endeavor, and rejoicing even in failures because they narrowed down the circle within which success lay. He reduced himself and his family to the verge of starvation, and then broke up even his household furniture to feed the fires of his furnace when other fuel failed!

2673. At a county fair in New England there was a continual crowd around one agricultural exhibit which excited a great deal of admiration, and was the occasion of many remarks. The exhibit was marked, **"Raised on an Abandoned Farm."** The articles shown were grown by a man who had formerly followed another occupation, upon a farm in a rough hill town, which its owner had found an undesirable piece of property, and had practically deserted. The exhibit included twenty-two varieties of potatoes, several varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, and beans, onions, pumpkins, squashes, melons, beets, carrots, and turnips. **The people kept the proprietor of the "abandoned farm" busy explaining how he produced such wonderful results.** His reply was that he took delight in farming, and did the best he could. "O yes," said one bystander, **"he's farming for the love of it."** "And I imagine," said another bystander, "that if the farmer who had the place before this man took it had farmed a little more for the love of it, he wouldn't have had any occasion to go off and leave it."—The Youth's Companion.

2674. Quintin Hogg, the great London philanthropist, put a large fortune into the Polytechnic Institute. He was asked; "How much does it cost to build an institute like yours?" **"Only one man's life blood,"** was the reply.—Speer.

2675. The story is told of **a lady who was obliged to leave a home,** in beautifying which she had expended much time and thought, as well as money. As she turned away from it, with tearful eyes, she said to a friend: **"Ah, I have a good deal of heart stock in that house."** The people who do good in our

schools and churches are those who have heart stock in them.

2676. A fire-damp explosion in a Scranton, Pa. coal mine entombed a number of men. After three days' futile efforts at rescue the exhausted toilers were **about to give up in despair.** Just then a buggy was driven hastily up, and a young man leaped out of it. He was **the youngest member of the firm,** who had been absent at the time of the accident. He was very pale, but his eyes were shining. The women crowded around him. **"Dead? Not a bit of it!" he cried, cheerily.** "They had food enough to keep them alive longer than this. Hello, boys! Why, you have made tremendous headway! You must be near the men. Give me a pick. Come along! We'll have them out in no time." He had thrown off his coat, and was dealing muscular whacks at the barrier. "Give them a cheer to let them know we're coming. Now, all together! Women and all! One—two—three—hurrah!" He had put new life into them all. A rousing cheer rang out, and every man worked with a will. Hours passed. **His energy did not flag.** The women ran for food or stimulants. The gangs eagerly relieved each other, digging with zeal, and at intervals the cheery hurrah went up from many voices. At the last shout the leader threw up his hands for silence. A feeble cry was heard. The men were saved. **They owed their lives to the enthusiasm of that young man.**

2677. In one of the battles during the American Civil War, a young officer stood at a battery which had dwindled down to **a single gun.** That single gun he loaded again and again, and fired into the thick darkness upon an aim that had been given him in the light. At last the bugles rang out the victory of his army; and, said he, "Then I knew that whatever others did, for me a victory meant **keeping my gun loaded and fired."** Work in that spirit. Remember that **"in God's army slackness is infamy."**—F. W. Farrar.

2678. Fra Mariano was brought to Florence to counteract the influence of **Savonarola.** He was a better speaker, a more cultivated orator. He had wider learning, a richer voice, and he was loved by the citizens too. He was considered the greatest preacher in Italy, **but he failed because he** lacked the red-hot passion of the Florentine prophet. —McLeod.

2679. Enthusiasm will often lift a man above the depressing influence of affliction. A noble young man was mangled by falling rock, down deep in a Cornish mine. One day the news came that he had met with **this terrible accident,** and that his life had been despaired of, and they were **bringing up the poor, maimed body in the rude bucket** that was used at that time in the shaft. They turned the crank, and the chain creaked, and **the bucket came jolting up,** every motion bringing awful anguish to the young man; and the friends gathered around the yawning cavern, looking down into it and waiting for the first sign of the dear one that might come to them. They **expected to hear some shrieks or groans** and cries; they were weeping and crying out while they waited; but as the bucket came nearer and nearer to the top **they heard some one singing, and they knew his voice:**

"I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee;
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary."

2680. Enthusiasm has its price, like every other hid treasure or precious pearl. Its basis is sincerity without which, as Carlyle said, there is no truly heroic character. To be **genuine in spirit** and honest in conviction, to believe our beliefs and act upon them—that is the natural basis of enthusiasm. A deep experience of Christ's power and love—that is what makes disciples genuine, for it enables them to speak what they know. **When Morse sought to get from Congress an appropriation of $30,000** to build the first telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington **a committee of five** was appointed to consider and report. There was a tie vote. The chairman left the room with Mr. Morse, and by and by came back and said, "Now, gentlemen, I am prepared to give the casting vote for the appropriation, for I have myself sent and received a message over the wires." **Well may he have an enthusiasm for God, who has been in personal communication by prayer** with the throne of God, and has sent and received messages from above. —Pierson.

2681. James V of Scotland was on the eve of advancing against the English, and had assembled his nobles at Fala. None of them were willing to follow the royal standard, but **Sir John Scott,** who expressed his readiness to serve with the king under any circumstances. **The monarch, in evidence of his gratitude, granted him the right to add a sheaf of spears to his coat of arms,** and also the legend, **"Ready, aye Ready." A score of followers loyal to a great cause, and filled with an unquenchable zeal, are better than a luke-warm regiment.**

Courage. Self-Sacrifice. Heroism. (2682–2720)

2682. It was once my fortune to see **a young man take an ax in his hand and walk across two hundred yards of open ground under the fire of four hundred dismounted troopers, and deliberately cut down a telegraph pole.** While he was chopping away at the tough cedar wood I could plainly see the splinters whirling away from the pole from top to bottom, as the **whizzing bullets, aimed at him,** crashed through it, or seamed its sides with ragged scars. Near by stood a brick chimney, where a house had been burned down; a twelve-pound shot struck the pile, and it went tumbling to earth, scattering its bricks about, some of them striking the young soldier's legs. **He did not waver.** As regular as a beat of a pendulum was the swing of that ax, and when the pole fell friends and foes vied together in yelling their admiration of the young man as he **deliberately shouldered his ax and returned to his place in his command.**—Maurice Thompson.

2683. During a plague in Marseilles, the physicians decided that nothing could be done to save the people, unless a victim could be dissected, and the nature of the disease learned. But who would do this? **Dr. Guyon** rose and said he would do it. He wrote his will, bade his family farewell, entered the hospital, made the dissection and examination, wrote out the results, and **in a few hours was dead.** But now the physicians could treat the disease, and the plague was stayed. That was done in the spirit of Christ.—Peloubet.

2684. When Dr. Schauffler was told by the Russian minister at Constantinople, "My master, the czar, will not let you put foot on that territory," Schauffler's reply was, **"My Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, will not ask the czar of all the Russians where he shall put his foot."** —Canon Farrar.

2685. A sick soldier on furlough was sent to Mount Mansfield, Vt., to fight for his health. Arriving at the hotel on the summit, he found **all the rooms taken except one,** and that was the poorest in the house. He did not complain, but, as he was obliged to lie in his bed the greater part of the day, the outlook was cheerless to him. **A New York schoolmistress had the best room in the hotel,** and had engaged it long in advance because of the grand view to be had from the windows. As soon as she heard of the soldier's assignment, she went to the clerk and **asked to be moved from her room and have the sick soldier placed in it.** She stipulated that her giving up the room for his sake should be kept a secret from the soldier, and that he should be left to think that some guest had departed and left it vacant. **She left all her pictures, tidies, and little knickknacks that adorned the room, to make it look as homelike as possible,** and she took the meaner room with its cheerless outlook, repaid by the thought that the sick man could lie in his bed and look down into the valley where Stowe nestled, or watch the distant mountains with their changing shadows.

2686. There is David Livingstone, converted at twenty, thirty-two years a missionary in Africa, **sleeping in Westminster Abbey** amid the great of the English people. When I think of that man, decorated by geographical and scientific societies, honored by courts and parliaments, offered the freedom of cities, and yet sleeping on the coarse, damp grass, eating bird seed and roots and African maize, forty times scorched with fever, his arm torn by the teeth of a lion—**he stands before me transfigured like one of the tall angels whom Isaiah saw next the throne of God.** There are **three scenes in his life that are most prominent.** One was when he turned away from his dear Mary's grave to find a balm for his broken heart in trying to redeem Africa. The second was when he thought he was going to be called home and his great heart protested. He said, "If I am to go on the shelf, let that shelf be Africa." And the third was when Stanley found him and tried to induce him to return; and although he was weak, he would but send messages back home and labor on for a little while and die on his knees in the attitude of prayer. **David Livingstone gives us the lesson of an incarnated conscience, a life swayed by the Spirit.**—Bishop Galloway.

2687. Jane Welch was the daughter of the bravest man Scotland ever knew. When her husband was exiled, she went to the king to plead for his return lest he should die in a distant land. "Aye, madam," said her sovereign, "one word and he shall come back to thee; bid him recant." **And she lifted her apron and said** to her king, "Your Majesty, with all respect, **I would rather catch his head here."**—Burrell.

2688. Faith kindles courage. The officers of an exploring vessel in the Arctic, hemmed in and imprisoned by masses of ice, **could read in the sky each morning that the open sea lay not far away. So the Christian's vision of heaven makes him brave.**

2689. The lepers lived on the island of

Molokai without authority or moral restraint; there was no doctor among them; they all lived together in grass huts. There was no church on the island. **Father Damien consoled the dying hours of two thousand lepers; he brought to them a church and a library;** he built for them white-washed cottages, and showed them how to plant gardens; for eleven years he was the only clean man in all that crowd of rotting men. **Then the disease smote him, and the sacrifice of the man was complete.** After four long years of agony, to use his own expression, he "toiled up his Golgotha." **On a spring day in 1889 the welcome angel of death came.** Many had never heard of him. But when he died every paper in the civilized world told the story of his life, and a wave of profound emotion stirred the hearts of the nations. **You can not hide the man who serves. Self-sacrifice is sure certificate of greatness.** When the millionaires and warriors of the nineteenth century are forgotten, the leper priest of Molokai will still lovingly be remembered on earth. —N. McGee Waters, D. D.

2690. It is an April evening in 1521. Torches have been lighted. **As Luther goes** in to appear before the Emperor of Germany, the greatest general of the empire taps him on the shoulder and says; **"My poor monk,** my poor monk, you are on the way to make such a stand as I have never made in my toughest battles." The Emperor, the Electors and princes of Germany are there. In front of the King, on a table, are piled the books which this monk of Wittenberg has written. Luther was 38 years old. He has condemned the errors of the Church, and is asked to recant. The Emperor haughtily demands an answer without horns, plain. Whether he will retract what he has said contradicting the decision of Councils. Luther steps forward and briefly answers, "Since your imperial Majesty requires a plain answer I will give you one without horns or hoofs. It is this: I must be convinced either by the testimony of the Scriptures or by clear argument. **I cannot trust the pope or councils** for both have erred. **I cannot and will not retract."** An awful silence falls upon them all. And then the Augustinian monk continues: **"I can do nothing else. Here I stand. So help me God.** Amen".

2691. On August 14, Rasalama, the first martyr of the Church of Madagascar, was borne to the fatal spot of execution, a high cliff, down which the Christians were thrown. Rasalama calmly knelt on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell with the executioner's spears buried in her body. The heathen executioners declared: "There is some charm in the religion of the white people, which takes away the fear of death." Most of her more intimate companions were either in prison or concealment; but one faithful and loving friend, who witnessed her calm and peaceful death, when he returned exclaimed, "If I might die as tranquil and happy a death, I would willingly die for the Savior too." **Just before her martyrdom, Rasalama wrote a letter to one of the missionaries** who had taught her, in which she said, "This is what I beg most earnestly from God—that I may have strength to follow the words of Jesus who says: 'If any one would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' Therefore **I do not count my life as a thing worth mentioning,** that I may finish my course, that is, the service which I have received from my Lord Jesus. . . . Don't you missionaries think that your hard work here in Madagascar for the Lord has been, or will be, of no avail. No, that is not and cannot be the case; for through the blessing of God your work must be successful."—Missionary Comments.

2692. A father was an officer in the Union Army, whose son was a subaltern. He called his son; wrote out an order, and handed it to him, saying, **"Deliver this to the general away down on the firing line."** The young man placed the message under his belt, mounted his horse, and rode away. The enemy's bullets flew thick and fast while he made the dangerous ride. He drove the spurs into the flanks of his gallant steed, and went with iron nerve to deliver the message. **The father stood and watched, and waited,** and wondered, while that strange conflict raged in his soul that must take place where the father and the officer are one person, and the son and subaltern the other, and that son exposed to danger by the father's command. At last the son rode back into his father's presence on his foam-covered steed, and dismounted. The father threw his arms about his boy's neck, and said, **"My son, I did not want you killed, but I had to send a man that I could trust." So God's bravest and best soldiers are in the hard places.**—"The Changeless Christ."

2693. Melvin plucked his sovereign, Charles Stuart, by the sleeve in Scotland, and said: "Sire", — the king had refused the right of assembly to the

people and old Melvin said to him, "Sire, Sire, thou hast forgot that **there is a king born in Scotland in these last days** before whom all the Stuarts and all others who rule by a quasi jus divine must doff their bonnets and bow down."

"Who is this sir?"

"King people, sire."

2694. A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone, "How much he got" for wearing it.

"That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about £20,000 a year."

The wearer of the badge was **Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer,** and the intended successor in his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade and **refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of £20,000 a year.**

He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making, and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent-meeting on Mile End road, has grown steadily for thirty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."

2695. On one of the early Christian monuments at Rome there is an **epitaph of a young military officer,** declaring that he whose name is graved thereon **"deemed himself to have lived long enough when he shed his blood for Christ."**

2696. A good many years ago I was stopping in **a home in the West,** and saw there **a bright boy of thirteen.** He didn't bear the name of the family he was living with, and yet was treated like one of the family. I asked the lady of the house who he was, and she said: **"He is the son of a missionary.** His parents couldn't educate their children in India, so they came back here. But they had learned the language of India, and they did not feel that it was right for them to stay. Finally the husband said: 'You stay here and educate the children and I will go back.' The mother said: 'No. God has used me there with you and we will go together.' 'But', the father said, 'you can't give up those children. You never have been separated from them since they were born. You can't leave them in this country and go back.' She said: **'I can do it for Christ, if he wants me to.'"**

They made it a matter of prayer. Then that mother came down and took her boy to her bosom, hugged him and kissed him with a smile on her face—not a tear, and left. She went to five homes in the same way. **She went back to India,** but only lived a year and then went to meet her Lord and Master. Some years afterward I was preaching in Hartford and found **a young man who was in the habit of picking up the rough boys of the streets** and bringing them to my meetings. He would sit with them around him, and after the sermon would try to lead those boys to Christ. It pleased me very much and I asked who he was. They told me his name and said that he was in the theological seminary. I found that he was **one of those five sons and all of them expected to return to India** to take up the work that their father and mother had left. There is no account of that in history, but it is known up there in heaven.

2697. Astronomers tell us that in the distant past the substance of the moon formed a part of the earth, and that in the course of cosmic changes, it was thrown out into space, diminishing the earth's size. But it is the moon upon which the earth depends to illumine its darkness. **So the deeds that cost us self-denial will some day come back in benediction for our own lives.**

2698. When that extraordinary man, —perhaps the most inspiring leader of men in our generation,—**General Armstrong,** was first undertaking his work for the negroes in Virginia, he wrote a letter to a friend in the North, saying: "Dear Miss Ludlow: **If you care to sail into a good hearty battle, where there is no scratching and pin-pricking, but great guns and heavy shot only used, come here.** If you like to lend a hand when a good cause is short-handed, come here." Could any brave man or woman resist a call like that? It was a call to arms, a summons to a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—Prof. Francis G. Peabody.

2699. When the noble-hearted Christian, **Captain Allan Gardiner,** was dying of slow starvation on the desolate shores of Pictou Island, he yet painted on the entrance of the cavern which was his only shelter, a hand pointing downward to the words **"My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my hope is in him."** Near that mute, pathetic symbol of unshaken trust his skeleton was found. To die of hunger on an Antarctic shore among savages, not one of whom he had succeeded in converting — could anything look like a deadlier failure? And yet **from that heroic death of faithful anguish has sprung the great American mission.**

2700. Albert Spechbacher, a Tyrolese, ten years old, in a war with the French, **saved his village by throwing himself upon a partly sawed-through log,** across a deep ravine, over which the enemy was about to cross, and **hurling it, and himself, onto the rocks below.**

2701. Descending from the platform, the executioners of John Huss snatched the chalice from his hand, saying, "O, cursed Judas! Since thou hast abandoned the counsels of peace and art of the same mind with the Jews, we take from thee this cup filled with our Lord's blood." **"My trust is in the Lord God Almighty,"** was his reply. "My hope is in his mercy, for whose name's sake I patiently suffer this blasphemy."

2702. An English Colonel in India said; "In the first charge of my cavalry in battle, I always **tremble into courage and self-recollection."**

2703. During the German struggle for liberty in the first decade of the nineteenth century, it is said that **eleven Prussian officers were seized by the French and condemned to be shot.** After commending their souls to God and giving a cheer for their king, the command to fire was given, and ten of the eleven fell dead. The survivor, a mere lad of twenty, was only wounded in the arm, and a suggestion was made that the young Prussian be pardoned, but he checked it by replying, "No pardon! No pardon! Aim better, my men. **Here is my heart, and it is beating for my king!"** The guns were reloaded, the second command was given, and the loyal subject of his monarch joined his comrades in the trench of the dead. **"His heart was beating for his king,"** and that meant his life.

2704. "England expects every man to do his duty." This signal was hoisted by **Lord Nelson,** the English commander, just before the battle off Cape Trafalgar. It was greeted with great cheering on the part of the sailors, and the battle was a complete victory for the English. In the midst of the battle **Lord Nelson** was struck in the shoulder by a musket ball. He was carried below, and when his wound was examined by the surgeon, it was pronounced mortal. He died a few hours after, without a groan.

2705. In Pekin there was a young Chinaman who had been for a time a pupil in the mission. He begged the missionaries to give him some Christian work to do. They **fitted him out with a colporteur's pack,** and from that time on he gave himself to the task of carrying Bibles out into the country places. In the course of his journeyings he learned much of **the Boxers.** He listened in order to be able to help his friends, the missionaries. The hour came. It was June 13th, the day of one of the early massacres. The young colporteur himself was in a place of safety, but others were not. **He hurried into the city to give warning.** So far as is known, all whom he warned escaped; but it was **too late to save himself.** The infuriated mob surrounded him. "Are you a Christian?" they asked. **"I am,"** he replied, and straightway began to preach. They beat him upon the head and mouth to silence him, but still the eager words came. Finally, they killed him with the most horrible tortures. **He died with his Master's name on his lips.**—Youths Companion.

2706. The prophet has been in all ages, and is now, **the minister of liberty, of righteousness.** There have been Christian prophets as well as Hebrew prophets. Such was **St. Ambrose,** closing the doors of Milan Cathedral on the mighty **Theodosius,** when he came red-handed from the massacre of Thessalonica. Such was **Wycliff,** giving to England on open Bible. Such was **John Huss,** freeing Bohemia from traditional falsehoods. Such was **Luther,** breaking the yoke of oppression. Such was **Bishop Ken,** rebuking Charles II. for his unrepented sins. Such was **Wesley,** startling the slumber of faithless England. Such was **Howard,** purging the prisons of their cruel horrors. Such was Lord **Shaftesbury,** making his friends of the humblest, and the most castaway. Such was **Clarkson,** purging his country from the horror of slavery.

Such have been in all ages, **all good and brave men,** who disdained to sell truth for advantage, or to palter with God for gold; who did the thing, and scorned the consequence. —Farrar.

2707. During the Boxer riots the Boxers tested the native Christians they had seized. Drawing a rude cross upon the ground, they called on their prisoners to trample it under foot, offering life and freedom to those who did so, and death to those who refused. In that hour of terror some fell from a scarcely grasped faith, but **many thousands — men, women and children — could not bring themselves to put a contemptuous foot on the rudest symbol of the holy passion of their Redeemer, and they died unflinchingly.**

2708. During John Adam's administration, there was trouble between the United States and France, and a war was feared. This country was not strong enough then to engage in a war

with France, and **Charles C. Pinckney** was one of the ambassadors sent to France to try to adjust the difficulties. While at the French court, he was informed that in order to secure peace the United States must make a loan to the French government and pay secret bribes to the members of the French Directory, which was then the ruling power in France. It was then that **Charles C. Pinckney uttered these famous words in reply to this insulting demand, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."** Affairs were soon after settled when Napoleon Bonaparte overcame the French Directory, and a new agreement was made with the United States.

2709. When General O. O. Howard was a cadet at West Point, the other cadets laughed at him because he would go to church and Sunday-school. After he had been many years a brave soldier he said that his companions' laughing and making fun had been harder to face than all the shot and shell of the battle. But he said: **I gripped my Bible, shut my teeth, and went for mother's sake."** Any boy who means to be true to his mother's teachings and to the Lord will some time have to stand alone. But that is God testing him. If he stands firm, he can do something fine with his life.

2710. I was crossing the shoulder of one of the lower Alps, the Furren Alp, whose bold, rocky head looks down into the lovely valley of Engleberg. My guide-book told me that I should reach a place where **the visible track would cease,** but it vouchsafed no further information. I reached the place, and with the place the end of a beaten road. For a time I wandered about uncertainly, guided only by the somewhat vague and capricious counsel of a compass. And then I caught sight of what seemed like **a splash of blood upon a rock,** and then at some little distance another rock similarly splashed, each one I came to bringing into view another further away. And then I inferred that these were to be my dumb guides across the trackless waste. **I was to follow the blood marks! By the red road I should reach my destination!** Those red marks upon the Furren Alp brought me back to myself, to my ministry, and to my people. I seemed to see more clearly than I had ever seen before that the only wise and safe course for them and for me and for all men, in the midst of our trackless years, is to **follow the red marks and to pursue the sacrificial life.** "If any man will come after me," let him follow the red road. "Let him deny himself, and **take up his cross daily,** and follow me."—Congregationalist.

2711. On one occasion old John Howie, (the father-in-law of James, and the great-great-grandfather of the author of "The Scots Worthies") had gone to bed, worn out with an attack of asthma, and fell asleep. **He dreamed that he was at Kilmarnock Cross,** and heard General Dalzell give orders to a party of his men to go to Lochgoin and search for Pentland rebels. They compelled him to go with them as guide; and, after accompanying them two miles, one of the soldiers maltreated him so badly that he awoke. He again fell asleep, and **again dreamed** that he was acting as guide to the soldiers; and that, when they were crossing a water, one of them took him by the shoulders and pushed him into the stream. He awoke; but again fell asleep and **again he dreamed** that he was leading the soldiers; and that he accompanied them until "he came to his own hill-foot," where they again ill-treated him. **He awoke for the third time, and was so impressed by the dream that he cried aloud to those who were sheltering in the house to look out.** They ran to "a little height at the house-end", and, in the grey light of the morning, discerned the gleaming bayonets within forty falls of the house. **They had just time to rush into a low-lying ground and moss,** which led into a brook, under the banks of which they got out of sight.—Princeton Theological Review.

2712. Isabel Howie, of the famous Scotch family, **was a brave woman.** On one occasion, when five of the sufferers had spent the whole night with her husband in prayer and conversation, they were surprised in the morning. The night had been very stormy, and, on that account, they felt the more secure. Suddenly the door was opened, and a sergeant, who had left his men outside, stepped in. Isabel Howie at once rushed up to him, and, exerting all her strength, pushed him backwards towards the door. In the struggle he fell, and the gun dropped out of his hand. **The Covenanters ran into the byre,** which communicated with the house, and emerged in two parties, James Howie and his son John leaving the byre by one of its two doors, and the rest leaving it by the other. The larger party had to run four or five miles in order to escape. **From that day, Isabel Howie was a marked woman; and many a cold night she had to spend in a moss-hag with a young child at her breast.** Before the Revolution came,

the house of Lochgoin had been plundered twelve times.—Princeton Theol. Review.

2713. A more remarkable example of Christian courage and heroism has never been presented than that shown by **Mrs. S. J. Brooks,** the telephone operator of Folsom, N. M., in 1908, who, when warned by a resident of the hills to flee for her life from the flood speeding to engulf the valley, **rejected the opportunity to save herself** and employed the hour that intervened between the warning received and her own death by drowning in calling up subscribers by telephone and acquainting them with their danger. **More than forty families have already acknowledged their lives saved through the magnificent courage of one frail woman,** whose lifeless body, with the telephone headpiece still adjusted to her ears, was found twelve miles down the canyon.—Christian Work.

2714. During the battle of Chancellorsville, to hold the advance of Gen. Stonewall Jackson with 25,000 men until Gen. Sickles could get his guns into position, Major Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania, with a few hundred cavalry was ordered forward, to engage them. **"You must hold them at any cost,"** said **General Sickles. "I will,"** was his calm, smiling response, although he knew the order was his death warrant. Ten minutes later he was dead, and a good part of his regiment lay bleeding around him, but their charge had stayed the Confederate rush and accomplished its purpose, for Pleasanton was ready to sweep the ground with his artillery.

2715. Chaplain McCabe told about a superannuated Methodist preacher, who was an officer thirty years ago and more at Missionary Ridge, who amid the rain of bullets and bursting of shell shouted to his soldiers, "Come on! Come on!" and they followed him in a glorious charge up the mountain. **General Grant,** who was present and looking on, said to **General Sheridan: "Did you order that charge?" "No,"** said Sheridan; **"they are doing it themselves."**—Banks.

2716. Several years ago there was an earthquake in Japan near the coast, and **an old man** who had been through earthquakes looked toward the sea and saw a wave 30 or 40 feet high rise up in the air and recede from the land. He ran out of the village to the high ground **where the rice shocks were and set them afire.** When the people saw the fields burning they rushed out, and, when some one accused him of being the incendiary, they were about to stone him, for the rice fields were their food, but he said, "Look," and as they looked back toward the village they saw it submerged by the waves. **If the people had not come out to see their rice fields burn, they would all have been drowned.** The old man was then **the hero of the town.** God sometimes has to attract our attention by treating us severely, to burn some things in our lives in order to save us from danger, to be severe in order to be gentle, and when we see his purpose in it we love him all the better for it.—Sunday School Times.

2717. In 1483 Torquemada became Grand Inquisitor General of all Spain, and the organic laws of the new Tribunal were framed, which Inquisitor General Valdez, in 1561, brought to their final form. Appointed jointly by King and Pope, the inquisitors-general became invested with absolute power. Llorente estimates that under Torquemada 8,800 were burned; under Seza, 1,664; under Ximenes, 2,536. From **1483 to 1808**—when Joseph Bonaparte abolished the Inquisition—the estimate is: **burned alive, 31,912; burned in effigy, 17,659;** subjected to various pains, penalties and penances, **291,450, a total number of victims reaching 323,362!**—Dr. A. J. Pierson.

2718. Moffat, looking into the eyes of a savage, who threatened his life, calmly said, "We are resolved to abide by our post. . . . You may shed our blood or burn us out. . . . Then shall they who sent us know that we are persecuted indeed." **Mrs. Moffat stood by with her babe in her arms.** Moffat threw open his waistcoat, and said, "Now, then, if you will, drive your spears to my heart." The Lord again heard prayer. **The chief was confounded.** He shook his head significantly, and said to his followers, **"These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death.** There must be something in immortality."

2719. Miss Liu Wen Lun, a teacher in the girls' school, and her widowed mother were **seized by the Boxers.** All were surprised that the teacher showed no signs of fear. She was given her choice either to recant or die. She replied: **"I can never deny my precious Savior. You can kill me,** but you can not compel me to deny Jesus and worship false gods." Her body was hacked from head to feet in a shocking manner, and then thrown into a dry well. The mother is supposed to have been killed at the same time.

2720. One night Coligny heard the

sobs of his wife, the Lady Charlotte de Laval. "I regret," said she, "to disturb your rest. But think, my lord, that **while we are reposing here in luxury, the bodies of our brethren, our own flesh and blood, are lying in prisons,** or in the fields, at the mercy of dogs and ravens. **I tremble to think that your prudence may be worldly.** Oh, my lord, the blood of our dead weighs heavily on my soul!" Coligny explained to her the difficulties of civil war, and added, "'Put your hand on your heart, and think if you would have **the courage to endure flight, exile, shame, and hunger** not only for yourself, but, what is worse, for your children; if you will suffer death by the hand of the public executioner, after having seen your husband exposed to the mockery of the rabble, and your children servants to your bitterest enemies. I give you three weeks to decide, and if your heart is strong enough to bear all this, then will I go and die with you and with your friends." Charlotte de Laval answered with these sublime words: **"My lord, these three weeks are over!"** Death was merciful to the heroic woman; it spared her most of the calamities of the civil war, and the direst of them all, the murder of her beloved lord.—Missionary Review.

Worldliness. Self-Seeking.
(2721–2761)

2721. George Eliot, in **"Romola"** makes her heroine, in speaking of **Tito** to Lillo, give this quiet but remorseless **analysis of his selfish life:** "There was once a man, very near to me, who made all fond of him by his clever and beautiful manners. He had no thought at first of anything cruel or base. **But because he tried to slip away from everything unpleasant and cared for nothing else so much as his own comfort and ease, came at last to commit the basest deeds.** Denied his father; betrayed every trust that he **might keep himself safe and comfortable. And yet calamity overtook him."**

What a picture that is of the self-seeking worldling. He shuts out God, he lives for **self-gratification.** He shirks life's responsibilities. And he pays the price of character-deterioration, and final failure.

2722. In the gorgeous ritual used in enthroning the popes there is a remarkable stage. When the wall that had closed the entrance where the college of cardinals had been electing the Pope, has been broken open and the voice of the clerk of the Holy College has been heard proclaiming the name of him who is to be Pope, **a procession is formed to St. Peter's.** As they pass up the aisle of that imposing building to where the throne is, there is **a sudden pause.** A priest suddenly appears, within his hand **a reed and on it a bundle of flax.** The lighted taper in his other hand is applied to it and **in a moment the ashes have fallen** at the feet of the supreme pontiff and you hear a sonorous voice say, **"Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi."** (Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world). Three times this is done, and then the procession moves on.—Myers.

2723. A man who had been a whaling captain, once when he was asked to give his heart to God he said, "Give God my heart? **I have no heart.** If you were able to dig down to the place where my heart ought to be **you would find the image of a whale."**

2724. A ragged beggar was creeping along the street. He carried an old wallet, and asked every passer-by for a few cents. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that people who had so much were never satisfied, but were always wanting more. **"If I only had enough to eat and wear, I should be satisfied,"** said the beggar.

Just at that moment **Fortune came down the street.** She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him: "Listen! **I have long wished to help you.** Hold out your wallet and I will pour this gold into it: **all that falls upon the ground shall become dust.** Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the beggar.

"Then have a care," said Fortune; "your wallet is old."

He opened the wallet quickly, and the yellow metal was soon pouring in.

"Is that enough?"

"Not yet;" said the beggar.

"Isn't the wallet cracking?" asked Fortune.

"Never fear. **Just a little more,"** said the beggar; "add just another handful."

Another handful was added, and the wallet burst from end to end. — The Round Table.

2725. I remember well how disappointing was my first view of Italy. I landed at **Brindisi,** a straggling, idle town, with crooked, dirty streets and ugly houses, huddled together. And I had heard of sunny Italy, vine-clad Italy, the artist's Paradise — ah! but stop; **I had not yet seen the sky.** Walking on through these forbidding streets, I came at last to the open, and ascended a hill **just in time to watch the glories**

of the setting sun. Then I forgot Brindisi; I forgot the scowling faces of the strange people, the whole face of nature was transformed for me, as I gazed on the sky, whose radiant splendors kissed every visible thing and made it beautiful, and made my heart leap up in wondering gratitude to him who made this world so fair. **I think I know men who have no sky over their work.** They see the curse, they feel the sweat, they hear the commands of hunger calling them forth morning after morning, and with their eyes bent over their work, they grind away like slaves until death sets them at liberty. But oh! my brothers, hear also the voice of the Lord! He cannot give you another work, perhaps, but he will give you a new commandment: **"Do all to the glory of God." Take away from your work your covetousness and selfishness and let this glory fall on it.** It has a splendor which will transform your old employments.—Rev. T. H. Lewis.

2726. Two friends, driving along a country road on the Sabbath day, in the far South, met a negro carrying a fat 'possum. They remonstrated with him that it was the Sabbath. He replied that **"a religion that could not bend** enough to permit a negro to kill a fat 'possum on the Sabbath day couldn't be 'stablished round here noway!" **Many people desire a religion that will bend. But the type of religion that wins respect does not bend.** The really great men are rigid on questions of right and wrong. Those who do our best work will bend their knees oft; their religion never.—East and West.

2727. A man puts on a life-preserver in the billows, and so some souls put on faith. But there is **many a one who no more thinks of carrying faith into his counting-house, than of wearing a life-preserver in his parlor.**—H. S. Carpenter.

2728. Faith's noblest office is to detach us from the present.—Maclaren.

Burke once said that he would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world.

2729. If I divide my time, my strength, and my means between these worldly things and the service of Jesus Christ, by a well-known law I simply **neutralize** the good by the evil; nay, even worse, for a little folly destroys much good, **as a single particle of permanganate will deeply tinge a glass of water clear as crystal.**

2730. The world is like a cavern near Naples, in which there are poisonous gases. The carbonic acid gas, however, being heavier than the common air, sinks to within a foot or two of the ground. If a man walks upright, he will be unharmed. But **if he stoops down, in a few minutes death would ensue.**

2731. Selfishness is the silver veil that covered the distorted and horrible features of Mokanna. It is the royal robe that covered the emperor who was a leper. It is not a visible crime, like murder, or lying, or lust, but it is quite as deadly a crime to the soul. **It shows a heart utterly contrary to heaven and to God,** utterly unfit for heaven, embodying in itself the seeds of all sins and crimes, the very fuel which kindles the flames of hell.

2732. Many a professing Christian would be surprised to see his life as it appears to others who come in contact with him. He might repeat the experience related in the following from "The Tatler" (London): **"An Oxford don, more highly esteemed for intellectual activity than modesty,** was asked to speak into a phonograph. A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice. He listened in silence, then turned to the company. 'It is very strange!' he said, in a tone of mingled surprise and resentment. **'I can't understand it, but through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious and affected manner!' "**

2733. Henry Ward Beecher has a quaint illustration of this idea of **an evil motive spoiling all — even the loveliest actions.** "I noticed", he said, **"a vagrant spider taking a morning-glory, in full bloom, and spinning his web over the mouth of it.** And there never was a prettier nest in this world—a nest more richly gemmed with beauty—than this was. But, after all, it was the same spider, whether he lay in the dark hole at the corner of the trellis or in the blossom of that exquisite flower. Now, **selfishness may weave its web** in the dusky places or in the hideous-looking recesses of a man's disposition or about the mouths and graces of sweet affections; but **it is the same selfishness, after all."**

2734. The Nardoo plant of Australia closely resembles flour, but it lacks its nutritive properties, and those who feed on it, though insensitive to hunger, slowly starve to death. So it is with the **world-centered soul.**

2735. The highest service which we can render to God in ourselves and through the lives of our fellow-men is simply but **strenuously to live, in the fear and love of God** and without self-

consciousness or needless anxieties as to effects, the life which, in its main outlines, circumstances have prescribed to us.

2736. A self-centered life will always be a disturbed life, because it is a life out of poise. Everything is centripetal. There is nothing to prevent a whole universe of friction from crushing and wearing upon the soul. **Attention, interest, affection—all center on self.** No wonder there is distress. The cure is normal action—action in the interest of others. **And the supreme motive for action is love. Get in love with something, or somebody; lose yourself in** some absorbing effort to better the life of your fellows, and in that absorption shall come balance, immunity and peace.—Congregationalist.

2737. Sensitiveness — which is one phase of selfishness — is a source of much unhappiness in the world. We have sometimes thought that the volume of this suffering might be decidedly reduced if the sufferers could only be brought to see that oversensitiveness instead of being a virtue, the mark of refinement and breeding, is in reality **a somewhat offensive species of egotism.** It assumes that others are going to the trouble to remember our little whimsicalities and to snub us for them, when as a matter of fact, other people are like ourselves, thinking of themselves alone. The man who thinks himself to be the center of the world will find the world a cold and cruel one. It does not revolve around him; indeed, it is unaware of him. **His thin skin and his sufferings are matters neither of satisfaction nor of sympathy. The world is busy.**

2738. In the early centuries — the times of martyrdom and of hardships— the preacher could **set heaven over against earth** and appeal to them on the ground of its inducements. **Not so now. Earth is attractive,** and holds out counter inducements which cast their spell over men's hearts.—President Tucker.

2739. Wealth is increasing with startling rapidity. In the "Missionary Review of the World" is the following statement: "In 1850 the whole wealth of the country was $7,000,000,000. The products of the soil, in 1908, amounted to $7,778,000,000, or more than the whole country was worth in 1850. But not only is the sum total rapidly increasing, but it is increasing more and more rapidly. From 1860 to 1890 the average daily increase over all consumption was $4,600,000. From 1890 to 1900 it was $6,400,000, and from 1900 to 1904 it was $13,000,000. In all this vast increase of wealth in the hands of men **various motives are at work, and according to the motive which actuates men in their money making, so will it be a blessing or a curse to those engaged in its acquisition.**

2740. "My life has been a failure," said a celebrated French Marshall, after devoting his best years to the world.

2741. On the bank of an Indian river, so the fable runs, a stork was one day busily hunting for slugs and snails. A swan dropped down beside him, and he was delighted with her beauty. "Where did you come from?" asked the stork. "From heaven, far above the mountains," said the swan. "Is it a good place to live?" "Oh, it is beautiful far beyond this," was the reply. **"Do they have any snails there?"** asked the stork. "No, indeed," said the swan, with an expression of disgust. **"Oh, well, then, I don't care to go there,"** was the deliberate reply. How many, many of this earth are in love with low and sensual pleasures, and will prefer them even to the joys of a beautiful heaven. They prefer snails!

2742. Every life of religious ease has its nemesis. It will lose what little possessions it has and finally be cast out into utter darkness. **Unused gifts decay, unappreciated privileges depart, unimproved opportunities withdraw.** Those who are complacent with their own spiritual attainments will lose the little spirituality they have; those who are satisfied with an unprogressive, stationary church will soon find their church an ecclesiastical skeleton staggering to its grave; **those who are unconcerned about the social mission of the church and are happy to be shut up in their own little ark, will soon find a leak in the boat** that will send it to the bottom.—The Interior.

2743. Passionate ambition. Mahomet II summoned his grand Vizier to his bedside at dead of night and bade him "give" him "Constantinople", saying; **"Do you see this pillow? All night long I have tossed on it. We must become masters of Constantinople."**—Gibbon.

2744. Some one, one day, went to a wealthy invalid with an appeal for help for a family who were in distress. "These people are suffering from cold and hunger. "I am sure I don't see how they can be suffering from the cold, when the weather is so pleasant," said the invalid, looking complacently about **her own cheerful, well-heated room.** So long as she had every comfort herself, it was **difficult for her to realize**

that others were suffering. So, today, there are those who are living in the blaze of Gospel light who seem to forget that all the world is not thus favored.

2745. The best preacher in New York is a silent man. You may see him standing on the corner of Broadway and facing the multitudes that hurry past, preaching without a word or gesture. His hands are bound behind his back; his lips are sealed. It is only his attitude that speaks; but what a sermon! **"Men and women of the jostling crowd, what seek ye? Wealth is yellow dust that will presently sift through your stiff fingers! Pleasure is like a snowflake in the river, a moment white, then gone forever! Honor is a wreath of laurel that fades with the setting sun! Pause and consider the things that are worth while because they endure! Live today that ye may live forever!"** It is a bronze figure of **Nathan Hale**, the patriot spy.—David James Burrell, D. D.

2746. By the side of a country road stands a large elm. The mistletoe has fixed on its branches. This wintry weather the mysterious parasite is the only green thing about the tree, from which it **steals its sustenance.** The seeds of the mistletoe have a glutinous quality; they adhere where they fall, sprout and send down rootlets that pierce to the sap of the tree. Thus it feeds and grows. This dwarf shrub is not a graft, it is an alien growth. It has nothing in common with the lordly tree on which its paltry, stiff plumes flutter. I often go that road for **the serious lessons the mistletoe suggests.** I look up at the sinister growth that benefits nothing, and think of **the evil habits that get fastened on men to their injury**—Rev. S. C. Baldridge.

2747. A selfish man is a Dead Sea, and wants all things to be inlets without any outlets; but a character, like a sweet-water lake, must have outlets as well as inlets. His life is an interesting study for his likeness to the Dead Sea. Dr. T. S. McPherson.

2748. The devil seeks to do with our works what he is thought by the Highlanders of Scotland to have done with a peculiar plant which grows among the heather. The roots of this plant terminate so abruptly that it looks **as if all the ends had been cut off,** and so the saying is that this was the work of the devil, **who bit off all the ends because they possessed a healing virtue.** Certainly this is his manner of working in the world. He will not very much object to your beginning many good things, **if you stop short in the middle** and bring them to no abiding issue. You can make as many good resolutions as you please if you never put them into practice. You may launch a hundred religious and benevolent schemes for reaching the masses at home and the heathen abroad if you give them up in petulant discontent at the first discouragement. **You may have the soundest creed in Christendom if in your life it is a dead letter.** In short, **if you allow Satan to bite off the ends of your good works, he will make you welcome to all the beginnings.** —MacKay.

2749. "One must live!" I see no such necessity. The time will come when you must die, and **if you can't live without doing wrong it is plain that for you that time has come.** For we do not know that God wants you to live, but we do know that he does not want you to do evil. Do not think that this is a mere play upon words. How many of the glorious army of martyrs might have lived if they had only compromised. When brought before their judges the decisive question invariably was; **"Are you a Christian?" "Yes" meant fire, or stake, or sword, or the lion's gory mane. "No" meant instant deliverance.** The truth meant death; a lie meant life. Is any trial that has ever come upon you to be compared for a moment to that? Then never again urge as an excuse for worldly practices this word—"One must live."

2750. A bubble is bigger than a drop, but it does no more to fill the spring, for bubbles are but drops distended. **Bubbles of pride, bubbles of hypocrisy and self-assertion, bubbles of outward seeming** unhelped by inward worth, shine on the surface of the river of time, **until God's finger touches them and they are gone.**—The Congregationalist.

2751. It was one of the conceits of ancient poetry that **the oarsman, Charon, was permitted on one occasion to visit the earth.** From a lofty mountain top he looked down upon the cities and palaces and works of man. As he went away, he said, **"All these people are spending their time in just building birds' nests.** No wonder they fail and are ashamed." Building birds' nests to be swept away in the floods, when they might be erecting palaces of immortal beauty to dwell in forever.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

2752. Dr. Guthrie preached a sermon from the words, **"Demas hath forsaken me", having loved this present evil world."** He presented Demas as **a pirate hung in chains,** alluding to the old Eng-

lish custom of erecting along the borders of the Thames piles of timber, in the form of huge cages some forty or fifty feet high, in which pirates were hung up until the flesh dropped from their bones, and the bones fell asunder, leaving the chains dangling and clanking among the wooden bars: **a loud and lasting warning** to every tar who sailed up or down the stream as to the fate of any man who might be convicted of piracy on the high seas.—Irvine.

2753. There is but one lake on the surface of the globe from which there is no outlet, and that is the Dead Sea, which receives much, but gives nothing. Such a lake is a perfect illustration of a church all whose **efforts terminate upon itself.** Around it there will be desolation, and in it there will be no life.—William M. Taylor, D. D.

2754. I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, **two heads made of metal.** The one was perfect: all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognized: it was all marred and spoiled. **"The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir,"** said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while warm with the love and glow of early youth, **is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.**—Canon Shore.

2755. There are so many people who cannot enjoy amusements **without a dash of wickedness** in them! **A representative Frenchwoman** held aloft a glass of pure water in her jewelled hand at a banquet, and thus moralized: **"Oh, if it were only a little wicked to sip that water, how sweet it would taste!"** So many seem to think that a spice of sin sweetens the taste of pleasure!

2756. Speaking in connection with another subject, Dr. W. L. Watkinson says: **"Practical men say that there is no barricade like snow.** A bullet fired from a distance of fifty yards will not penetrate a wall of snow six feet thick; whereas the same bullet passes through dense earthworks and shatters trees when discharged from a much greater distance. **The trick of the snow is all its own.** It greets the missile with disarming courtesy, lulls it with a caress, kills it with a kiss. Strangely enough the fairy flakes are more effectual than solid cores of wood or steel. **In this same way the spirit of worldliness lulls, disarms, repels all the approaches of the Spirit, and the influence emanating from the other world.**

2757. There is danger in worldly absorption. The native Peruvians derided their Spanish conquerors for **building massive houses,** for in the earthquakes of Peru, more lives are lost from the falling of heavy objects than from any other cause.

2758. Caligula spent four hundred thousand dollars for one supper. The ordinary cost of a banquet of Lucullus was one hundred thousand dollars. Croesus was worth only about seventeen millions, which is about the yearly income of one man in America. And he was no more happy than Xerxes, who, not content with enormous armies and fleets and wealth that was fabulous, **offered a reward to the inventor of a new pleasure.**

2759. Off Cape Horn we witnessed a very singular sight. For some miles there was **a narrow strip of water,** where the great waves flew in broken spray, and dashed high over the ship. **On either side the sea was comparatively calm,** whilst this boiled with fury, rolling and singing. Yet there was no rock about which the sea surged, nor was there any such fierce wind as to account for it. Overhead the air was thick with sea-fowl. Thousands of birds dived into this troubled water. The smaller fish were, I suppose, flung up by the toss, and thus fell a prey to the birds. I asked naturally what was the reason of this strange sight, and found it was **the point at which the tide met the strong current of the sea, and here they raged together.** Within the tide only ran and it was calm. Without the current prevailed and there too was calm. **On this troubled bit they met and neither prevailed. It is the picture of those who are at once too religious to belong to the world—too worldly to belong to religion: torn by both and satisfied by neither.**—Mark Guy Pearse.

2760. The noises of the world drown the voice of God. While on Broadway, New York, I have often heard **the chimes of Trinity Church** pour out their music at noonday. But I have noticed that very **few of the busy crowds on the street followed the music.** Too many sounds dispute with the chimes the possession of the ear. I have tried to follow the sacred song pealing through the air, but note after note was lost in the roar of the city, and in the noise and rattle of the wheels of commerce. The song was broken into a hundred un-

meaning parts. There are hours, however, when the chimes in the Trinity steeple are heard in all their power and emphasis without a break. These are **the midnight hours of solitude. There is no difficulty in hearing and enjoying the anthems on Christmas night,** or on that night each year when the bells ring out the old year and ring in the new.—Hall.

2761. All is vanity. Bagehot, writing of **Lady Mary Wortley Montague,** describes this inner weariness. "Society is good," says the woman of fashion, "but I have seen society. What is the use of talking or of hearing bon mots? I have done both till I am tired of doing either. **I have laughed till I have no wish to laugh** again, and made others laugh till I have hated them for being such fools. As for instruction, I have seen the men of genius of my time, and they tell me nothing of what I want to know. **They are choked with intellectual frivolities."**

Spiritual Indifference. Drifting.

(2762–2795)

2762. The city of Adria, in Northern Italy, which was at the beginning of the Christian era so famous as a seaport that it gave its name to the Adriatic Sea, **is now sixteen miles inland.** There was a time when the waters of the sea, throwing their rippling waves upon the banks, sung a continual song for the listening ears of Adria. The unchanging sea tempered the heat, and at evening time its breezes cooled the brow heated by the toil of the day. Ships bearing supplies of food daily entered the harbor. But now all has changed. **The debris from the mountains and valleys around has filled the harbor and driven the waters back** and the sea, which was once the joy and comfort and source of supply for the city, is now sixteen miles away. **The experience of Adria is that of many Christians.** There was a time when God's grace was a continual source of joy and comfort and supply. But slowly and imperceptibly **the world was carried into the channels of the life, and the sea of God's grace was pushed away.**—Shirey.

2763. An engineer from Cologne has just discovered a new system for petrifying the bodies of the dead, and claims that a body so preserved would take the place of a statue, and he believes that some day famous people will be petrified in this way.—**Many a church is merely such a museum of mummies.**

2764. A man was carried in a dream to a church. In his vision he saw the **organist** vigorously playing the organ, but **no sound was heard.** The **choir** and congregation began to sing, but **their voices were not heard.** Then the **minister** began, energetically, to pray, but **no tones came from his lips.** The man turned in wonder to his angel guide. **"You hear nothing," said the angel, "because there is nothing to hear. These people are not engaged in worship, but only in the form of worship.** Their hearts are not touched, and this silence is the silence that is yet unbroken in the presence of God. But listen now." And, listening, **the man heard a child's voice, clear and distinct** in all that silence, while the minister seemed to pray, and the people seemed to join. Only the child's voice was heard, because only the child's heart was touched. **"Our Father which art in heaven."** "That," said the guide, "is **the only true worship in all** this great church today: all the others are concerned with but the appearance of worship."

2765. And will any one tell me, and expect me to believe it, that **if the Church has been faithful to her great powers and opportunities, there would have been one alien faith left today?** I never hear a reference to the Mohammedan creed and Moslem history without shame. That history is the largest and foulest blot upon the career of the Church. **The Moslem power sprang from the ashes of an extinguished Missionary fire; the Moslem power could never have arisen in the days of a living Church.** Anti-Christs, what are they? They are **the spawn of degenerated Churches.**—Rev. E. E. Jenkins.

2766. The epitaph of an ancient city was written in the words 'Deleta Silentia." The legend runs that its prince, having been alarmed once without cause, gave orders that **no word of evil tidings should be brought** on pain of death. He spent his days and nights in ease and pleasure. When the foe came the sentinel dared not sound the tocsin. At last his master was startled from his ease by the shrieks of the dying when his palace was in flames, and the city taken. **"Deleta silentia"—destroyed by silence! Thus many a soul, suppressing all the kindly influences from above, has gone on smiling toward death.**—Burrell.

2767. Schopenhauer, the luxurious pessimist, knowing no better god, died with the gilded statue of Gotama Buddha looking at him from the mantelpiece. That **disuse may destroy spiritual faculty, evil habits grow fixed, and disbe-**

lief unbroken become final and fatal, are awful and admonitory facts.

2768. There was laid one morning on a minister's pulpit, a little folded paper containing the words, "The prayers of this congregation are requested **for a man who is growing rich."**—Dr. J. R. Miller.

2769. King James the Second commanded an Act of Parliament, called the "Liberty of Conscience Act," **to be read in all the churches.** The clergy were very unwilling to read it, and some of their congregations did not wish to hear it. One Sunday a clergyman, when the time came for reading the document, said to his congregation: **"Though I am compelled to read this, you are not compelled to hear it", upon which the people rose up and left the church,** and the clergyman read the Act of Parliament to the pews, hassocks, and walls. But we may not thus treat the Gospel. **This is God's message to our souls.**

2770. Carlyle, in narrating an instance of the preservation of **court etiquette in the palace of Louis XVI.,** while the mob was demanding entrance to his private apartments, and the empire was going to pieces, compares it to **the house cricket still chirping amid the pealing of the trump of doom.**

2771. A vessel was once approaching Liverpool. Night was drawing near, the sky was cloudy, and there were tokens of a gathering storm. The captain did not seem to understand his business, and managed to get his vessel away down on the flats, where it was in imminent **danger of being wrecked.** A pilot started out to board the ship. He would have been glad to have avoided the job; but it was his turn, and he must go where duty called. The pilot boat came alongside, and the pilot jumped into the chains, sprang on deck; and said to the captain: "What have you brought your ship down here for? Call all hands aft." They came, and he said, "Now boys, it's **death, or deep water!"** The men saw at once that there was work to be done, and a pilot on board who knew his business. **They sprang to their places with a will, and by putting forth their best exertions, they saved the ship.** Are there not too many people who are out of the channel, **and drifting onto the shoals of worldliness,** who need to hear the faithful pilot's voice crying out, "Now, boys, it is death or deep water?"

2772. A gentleman was walking on the Parade at Llandudno and was watching **a pretty little vessel** with its white sails shining in the sunlight. **"How is it that this ship does not seem to be moving?"** he said to a seaman standing by; "her sails are spread, and there is plenty of breeze, but she seems to make no progress" **"She's anchored, sir,"** replied the sailor. "That's just how it is with many of us," said the gentleman, in answer; "there is everything to help us on our heavenward journey, but we can make no progress at all because **we are anchored to something here on earth—some sin indulged in, or some worldliness we cannot give up."**

2773. We were in **a pottery** and saw **a vase fresh from the potter's wheel. With the pressure of the finger we could dint it.** With the movement of our hand we could shape it. When we saw the vase again it had **gone through the fire.** Try as we might we could not dint it then, our hands could no longer affect its shape. The only thing our hands could do would be to break it. For a score of years perhaps, God's finger touched us, and our souls received an impress. His hand was on us and we yielded. **Possibly today that hand makes no impression.** What is the trouble? Has that hand lost its cunning? Has the truth lost its impressiveness? Nay, but we have lost ours. **The penalty of the disuse of a faculty is the loss of it. Neglecting religious knowledge and privileges, the very power to make any use of them slowly passes away from us.**

2774. Away on the coast I have seen some projecting crag, bold and mighty, joined, as it seemed, and rooted with all the solid continent: one with the ground that stretched down through the round world and away under the seas to the shores of the far west, and inland bound to the hills that were topped and crested with the granite crags, — there it stood **facing the blasts of the Atlantic defying them** and looking proudly forth on the wild seas that stormed and tossed below it. Yes, winds and waves would never have fetched it down. **But within were hollow places, tiny streams that washed the deepening watercourses:** then came the silent frosts that gnawed at it, crumbling underneath it; so hollowed out within: **then came some day the crash** and din of thunder and clouds of dust that darkened heaven and the proud headland was hurled far down below, dashed by the tumbling seas and swept triumphantly by the wild waves. **Oh, my brother, are you the man,** whose prayers were once fervent pleadings with God, and now they

are an empty round of phrases?—Mark Guy Pearse.

2775. The clock of the Pottsdam Garrison church, which Frederick the Great in his day had placed in the tower of that cathedral, and which hourly chimed forth the familiar strains of the old choral, "Praise the Lord", and half-hourly, "Be ever faithful, ever true", suddenly stopped, and ceased to intone its sacred melodies. The cause of this sudden cessation of both its works and its music was **the intrusion of a brown butterfly,** which alighted in its wheel-works and brought to a standstill the correct and never-failing time-keeper and choral-intoner." **Is it not often thus with the heart of man,** out of which swell songs of joy and praise—songs suddenly and unexpectedly reduced to silence? The cause of it often is so insignificant a thing as a transient thought, a carking care, which becomes entangled in the delicate spiritual works and brings the heavenly music to a standstill.—Lutheran Herald.

2776. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan says that at a great meeting in Manchester, England, Holman Hunt's beautiful picture of **Christ Knocking at the Door** was thrown upon a screen. **"Why don't they let him in?"** a twelve-year-old **boy excitedly asked his father.** "I suppose they **don't want to,"** his father answered, but that did not satisfy the boy. "Oh! no, it can't be that; anyone would want to let him in, he said, and then he added, **"Oh! it's because they're living at the back of the house".** And this applies to multitudes who are **too much engrossed with life's cares and pleasures to heed the Master's knocking.**

2777. It is amazing to see with what coolness some of the church members will say—"Now, **I do not interfere;** if the officials and pastor consider it is best to go ahead on certain lines, they can do so, I will not stand in their way; **I just let them do as they please".** Yes, and in that very position as they idle they do stand in the way. They are not as they suppose blocks on the side of the track, they are right on the rails, **impeding the train.** A single soul has been so inert and inefficient, that it was as much as the driving power of the whole organization could do to go over him to victory. Each counts. If not for, he is included in those against. —Chas. M. Griffin, D. D.

2778. These men excused themselves out of the feast, but not one of them could excuse himself back. So it is perfectly possible for any one to excuse himself out of heaven, but none can excuse himself into heaven when once the door is shut.—A. F. Schauffler, D. D.

2779. "Of course, I am not a Christian. I don't pretend to be. I do a great many things that are wrong, but **I don't make any loud profession** like neighbor John across the street." What kind of a spirit is underneath such a confession? The man who makes it talks as if he thinks frankness about being a sinner is almost equal to salvation. Being wicked, he **appears to believe that a confession of his wickedness will make him more meritorious in the sight of God.** The fact that we are outspoken in our evil does not change the character of the evil.—Herald and Presbyter.

2780. One sinner destroyeth much good. So does one objector. Out on the crowded street was **a long line of vehicles,** most of them with strong, willing horses to draw them. There were carriages, delivery wagons, great trucks, express wagons, and vehicles of all descriptions, but they were all standing still. What was the trouble? Why, **in the very forefront there was a lean, weak little horse,** attached to a light buggy which a child could draw. That lean little horse was **balky.** He would not pull a pound, but he succeeded most wonderfully in stopping a whole procession. Probably every church has at least one member who is **built on the pattern of that balky horse.**—Cumberland Presbyterian.

2781. Mr. Meyer, in describing backsliders, tells us of his stylographic pen. It was one of some value, and had been given to him for his private use. For a long time he carried it with him everywhere, and used it on all occasions. And then a more improved pattern came out and he used the new one instead of the old; the old one was still his, but it was disapproved and set aside. Mr. Meyer says he can imagine how the pen would say, as it thought of the past: **"There was once a time when he used me always—and now, never. There was a time when I knew his thoughts before anyone else, and now I am set aside. There was a time when I was his closest companion, and now I am never used."**—Chapman.

2782. A great deal of the skepticism of the day is merely the superficial thinking—or lack of real thought—of **worldly indifference,** and deserves to be treated as such. **The late Dr. Jowett, the famous master of Balliol College,** Oxford, evidently was a discerner of spirits. On day he was met in the "quad" by **an undergraduate** who in-

formed him that he, for his part, could find no positive evidence of the existence of God. Quickly perceiving that he had on his hands a shallow-pated, bumptious, agnostic sprig, the wise and resolute master, always patient toward a real case of distress from having been in distress himself, but never to be trifled with by pretenders, took the trenchant and decisive way of dealing with this pretentious case, and struck it smartly a stinging blow after his fashion: "Well, Mr. B., if you do not find a God by five o'clock this afternoon, you will leave this college!" A simple bit of surgery, done with neatness and dispatch; the pus let out of that tumefaction with one stroke of the lancet!—Kelly.

2783. We effectually defeat the desire of God by our indifference and neglect. We do not dwell upon what he said to us in his Word; we do not think upon what he is doing for us; we do not obey his command and fulfill the conditions on which his promises are made. Thus in regard to personal grace, we do not cultivate that which has been given us; we do not reach out for more. The same is true in regard to the kingdom of God; we know there are great results sought by God for the world, but they are not yet attained. We defeat the grace of God by our want of faith. "He could there do no mighty work because of their unbelief." — United Presbyterian.

2784. Even the men of the City of Destruction derided Pliable for running back when once he had started. Be sure that worldlings, whatever they may say, do watch those that start out in the Christian way, and admire them, in spite of themselves, when they persevere. And if they backslide, as Pliable did, even worldlings are ashamed of them, though they may praise them to their face. The hardest, closest ice is that which forms on a surface which once has been thawed.

2785. "I saw in California," said Dr. F. E. Ellinwood, "the stump of one of the gigantic Sequoiae, thirty-two feet in diameter. How had the monster been laid low? No arm of woodman with his axe could span its breadth. So the great trunk had been bored through and through in a thousand directions, though always in the same plane. It was a slow process, and seemed to make little impression for a long time. The proud form still rose in apparent strength, the mightiest in the forest. Yet the honeycomb process went on; the top became a little pale and sickly; there was a tremor under the influence of every breeze; till at length a strong wind brought the giant low, and the whole forest was shaken as by an earthquake." So spiritual indifference makes its gradual inroads upon a life, preparing the way for a final and irreparable crash.

2786. In Westminster Abbey, on a slab over the poet Gay, are written these words, from one of his own poems:
"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

2787. I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2788. "Alas! dear sir," said Pope, turning from his physician, "I am dying every day of the most favorable symptoms."

2789. "Neither be ye of doubtful mind," said Christ to his disciples. The word describes the tossing and veering of a ship that is at the mercy of wind and wave; a miserable condition for a soul to be in. The opposite and happy state of mind is to have a goal, an aim, a course in life, and to hold to it without swerving.—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

2790. Climbing or drifting — as with the soldiers, so with all of us. Those who get the honorable stripes of this world's rewards and the Captain's "Well done" are not those who are carried along by circumstances, but those who make circumstances their servants, and who vigorously and faithfully make the most of their duties and themselves.

2791. Men can easily manufacture excuses for shirking duty. Some years ago a juror came before a Supreme Court Judge in Brooklyn with a certificate that he was incapacitated for jury duty by deafness. The certificate was couched in the most technical of medical phraseology, and the judge gravely read it through while the afflicted juror stood by, his hand behind his ear, in an attitude of pained attention. Finally the judge looked up and said softly: "I'm sorry for you, sir, you can go." "Thank you," said the delighted juror, starting to leave the platform. "Back and sit down," roared His Honor, "where you will be in readiness to act as a trial juror in this court. This certificate is a lie."

2792. The Athenians walk with supine indifference amongst the famous

ruins of their country, so debased are the descendants of Plato and Socrates that they are incapable of admiring the greatness of their predecessors.—Gibbon.

2793. I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself and none beside.
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if he had never died.

2794. The strongest evidence of real spiritual decay is the calmness and indifference of the soul in the presence of spiritual realities. There is a peace which death gives as well as life. It would appear that **the unpardonable sin** committed is not such because God cannot pardon, but because the soul cannot receive the pardon. **In a prison on a certain day the warden announced to the assembled convicts that he held in his hand five pardons.** The breathless pause was too painful to be endured, and he read one name after another to the end. The last man, who had been twenty years within the prison walls, **heard his name read and did not move a muscle.** His face betrayed no sign of interest. Again it was read and there was no sign given, save a slight turn of the head to see who the man with the same name might be. It was only after the pardon was put in his hands that he began to believe that he was a free man. Now there we see how hope had died out and how **the capacity to accept mercy from the governor seemed lost.**

2795. The great cult of today is selfishness. Our people are pleasure mad, ease mad, gold mad; parents are training their children to "get on." They ought to be training them to "get up." We rise to the level of our loftiest and most worshipful thoughts and ideals. We sink to the level of our basest purposes. **Selfishness is ruining lives and breaking hearts innumerable.** The eternal note that lends the note of distinction has fallen out of the deeds of time. **Many characters are becoming mediocre and imperfect.** There is a crack in the vase, a yellow stain on the statue, an ugly rent in the garment, a muddy hue in the eye.—Hillis.

Indolence. (2796–2800)

2796. A young girl, who had been very active in Christian work, decided she would "take a rest for a while." She did so and soon found herself losing her interest in spiritual matters. When she realized her condition she **immediately entered into active Christian work again** and thus renewed her spiritual life. **An unoccupied room in a house becomes the "catch-all"** for all the rubbish of the household. **We cannot let ourselves "take a rest" even for a little while, for the world is ever near** with its tempting sights and sounds to unmake us, and, before we are aware of it, it has filled our lives with its **poisonous rubbish.**—Record of Christian Work.

2797. The church is full of apoplectic saints who are crammed full with spiritual truths but are suffering from lack of exercise. We, as pastors, elders, deacons and people have something else to do than administer a Gospel boarding-house and an evangelical restaurant.—Parkhurst.

2798. We can only hold fast what we have by constantly using it. If we have a measure of **love** we must daily study the means of manifesting it. It is easily recovered from yesterday, but not from the day before. If we have **joy** we must persevere in rejoicing; every day must have its spiritual joy. Our **peace,** too, we must daily see to it that it is with us. **Whatever we would retain we must keep near our consciousness;** our will, our memory, our understanding, all must be conversant with it.—George Bowen.

2799. In one of his novels **Robert Louis Stevenson** says of a certain character: **"His career was one of unbroken shame.** He did not drink, he was exactly honest, he was never rude to his employers, yet he was everywhere discharged. **Bringing no interest to his duties, he brought no attention; his day was a tissue of things neglected and things done amiss;** and from place to place and from town to town he carried the character of one thoroughly incompetent".

2800. Leisure misused—an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think—these are the main temptations to evil. **Fill up that empty void, employ these vacant hours. Fix your attention on things above,** and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.—Dean Stanley.

Hypocrisy. Inconsistency. Insincerity. (2801–2814)

2801. It is one of the mixed results of revivals that some gain a religious vocabulary, rather than a religious experience.—George Eliot.

2802. In Roman building contracts

the words "Sine cera", (i. e. "without wax") were frequently used. Sometimes the blocks of marble from Mt. Athos, famous for their beauty, would be chipped or marred in transportation. Builders doctored them with white wax. While this could not be seen at first, later it would come off by frost and rain. To avoid this these words were inserted. They wanted marble as sound as it looked.

2803. Seneca's fame as a moralist and philosopher was due, perhaps, in the first instance to his position about the Court, and to his enormous wealth. A little merit passes for a great deal when it is framed in gold, and once established it would retain its reputation, from the natural liking of men for virtuous cant. Those lectures to Lucilius on the beauty of poverty from the greatest money-lender and usurer in the empire! Lucilius is to practise voluntary hardships, is to live at intervals on beggars' fare, and sleep on beggars' pallets, that he may sympathise in the sufferings of mortality and be independent of outward things. If Seneca meant all this, why did he squeeze five millions of our money out of the provinces with loans and contracts? — Froude.

2804. George Eliot, in one of her novels, says that great delusions are sometimes mistaken for great faith.

2805. John Bunyan wrote: "What I preached to others I did myself feel, yea, I did smartingly feel!"

2806. Some men think the invisible powers will be soothed by a bland parenthesis here and there, coming from a man of property.—George Eliot.

2807. May not religious scruples be like spilled needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating?

2808. Back in the days when paper money was at its worst someone tells of making a purchase in a shop kept by a Scotch woman. He laid the bank-note on the counter, and the shop-woman took her "bank-note detector" to test it. At length she thrust back the money saying, "Ah, man, it winna stan' the book." So, when all is said and done, the Bible is the ultimate test of life and character.—Burrell.

2809. "There are some men," says the author of Middlemarch, "whose celestial intimacies do not improve their domestic manners."

2810. Once upon a time a Japanese peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange looking upon it. "What is that?" he asked. "Is it something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.) "No", was the reply; "those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it, so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not." After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it. "What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?" "No," he was told; "these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so, when they died, their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

2811. A noted author describes certain people "whose imitative piety and native worldliness are equally sincere."

2812. George Eliot says that "there are people who contrive to conciliate the consciousness of filthy rags with the best damask."

2813. A thoroughgoing genuineness, transparent sincerity is often effective in influencing others for good even when no direct and conscious effort to influence them is put forth. Someone tells of an American teacher who was employed in Japan on the understanding that during school hours he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. The engagement was faithfully kept, and he lived before his students the Christ-life, but never spoke of it to them. Not a word was said to influence the young men committed to his care. But so beautiful was his character and so blameless his example, that forty of the students, unknown to him, met in a grove and signed a secret covenant to abandon idolatry. Twenty-five of them entered the Kioto Christian Training School, and some of them are now preaching the Gospel which their teacher has unconsciously commended. Christ's Gospel received its corroboration in its fruitage.

2814. What we think about the things that are greatest will determine how we do the things that are least. What are your primary thoughts about God? The prints of those thoughts will be found in your courtesies, in your intercourse, in the common relationships of life, in the government of commerce, in the control of the body, and in all the affairs of home and market and field.—J. H. Jowett.

Questionable Amusements. (2815–2832)

2815. There are three practices more or less indulged in by a large number of Christians, which according to all observations only **tend to destroy spiritual life and unfit them for spiritual work.** We speak of the dance, the theatre and the card table. We do not in this place enter into any discussion of the subject, but state it as a fact which we have carefully observed for more than twenty years. **We have never known a Christian who was an habitue of the theatre, or the ball-room or of card parties, who was ever of much use to the church spiritually.** They are not the Christians whom the pastor relies upon for the prayer-meeting; or to lead inquirers to the Savior. We are sure that nine-tenths of the ministers of the Gospel who have been successful soul-winners will bear us out in this statement.—Rev. George F. Pentecost, D. D.

2816. Pleasure is Nature's premium on healthy exercise of function. The more of it the better. There is **no asceticism about the Gospel** of Jesus Christ, though his followers have often tried to tack it on. We all like pleasure, and are not ashamed to own it. **Not suppression, but fruition,** is the ideal of our nature. **There is not a bad appetite or passion in our nature, unless perversion makes it so.** Our bodies are good; and physiological function is good, and the pleasure that comes of it a thing to be rejoiced in as the seal of vigor and vitality. Our minds are good; and all joys of mental exercise are glorious witnesses to the divine image in which we are made. Our heart's loves are good and tender ties that bind us together in families and friendships and mutual affections are the best gifts of God to men.—Pres. Wm. De Witt Hyde.

2817. A teacher was pleading with his pupils against gambling, when one of them asked, "Do you play cards?" He admitted he did. It was useless for him to urge that he never played for money. In his scholars' eyes cards and gambling were inseparably connected. He saw that **he had lost his influence with them,** and he felt it deeply. When he went home he threw his pack of cards into the fire and has never played since.

2818. In a railroad train sat four men playing cards. One was a judge and two of the others were lawyers. Near them sat a poor mother: a widow in black. The sight of the men at their game made her nervous. She kept quiet as long as she could, but finally rising, came to them, and addressing the judge, asked, "Do you know me?" "No, madam, I do not," said he. "Well," said the mother, **"You sentenced my son to prison for life."** Turning to one of the lawyers she said, "And you, sir, plead against him. He was all I had. He worked hard on the farm, was a good boy, and took care of me **until he began to play cards,** when he took to gambling and was lost."

2819. A Chinaman, says the "Christian Advocate", **applied for the position of cook** in a family in one of our western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So, when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked: "Do you drink whiskey?" "No," said he. **"I Clistian man."** "Do you play cards?" "No, **I Clistian man."** He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave **a "progressive euchre" party** and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work. "Why, what is the matter?" she inquired. John answered:**"Clistian man; I told you so before, no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"**

2820. A mother returned from a card party where she had come very near winning a beautiful prize. Her disappointment was so great it actually made her ill enough to go to bed. Her son, who dearly loved her, found upon inquiry that there was a duplicate of the costly vase to be had in the city, so he bought it and brought it to her bedside. "Where did you get the money, my boy?" she asked at length. **"I won it,"** he responded frankly. **"I won it last night** down at the club from Mr. So-and-So. "You won it!" she almost shrieked with horror. "O my son, you surely never play cards for money! Don't tell your mother her only son is a gambler." "Mother," came the reply, "before you call me that name let me ask you a question—**What is the difference between playing cards for a prize as you do uptown among your friends, and playing them down town at the club for money as I do?"** The mother had no answer to make. Unthinkingly she had sown to the wind and was reaping the whirlwind.—Interior.

2821. I have all my days had **a card-**

playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that that which is the universal resort of the starved soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations, the tendency of which is to **unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters**, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius embellish, but can never dignify it. I have this moment, said Dr. J. G. Holland, ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, "**Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.**"

2822. It is a fact that **the three leading amusements are card-playing, dancing and theater-going.**—It is a fact that the Bible demands that Christians shall be **separated from the world.**—It is a fact that **not a single evangelical denomination approves** of these amusements; and many of them have formally declared against them.—It is a fact that worldly members of any church **contribute little or nothing to the spiritual forces** and work of their church.—It is a fact that the persons most difficult to win to Jesus Christ are the children of church members who approve of these pastimes.—It is a fact that indulgence in these amusements has **led multitudes to disgrace and ruin.**—It is a fact that if you are a Christian, indulging yourself at all in these worldly pleasures, and will, for the honor and glory of our glorious Savior and Lord, at once and forever renounce them, **you will have his sweet approval,** the approval of your own conscience, and such joy as the world cannot give.—Munhall.

2823. Can pleasure, then, like riches, be redeemed and made an acceptable offering to the Lord? Is there a heaven for the pleasure-seeker and the pleasure giver, as well as for the rich? Most certainly. **Normal pleasure is the counterpart of healthy function,** and blesses the giver no less than the recipient The practice of any worthy art is ennobling, and gives more pleasure to the artist than to the looker-on.—William De Witt Hyde.

2824. Our very activities may be a cause of backsliding if they so fill as **to leave no time to be alone with God.** Leanness and starvation come from overwork and underfeeding. Christ was very busy in doing, but he often spent the whole night in solitary communion with God.—Christian Advocate.

2825. Mrs. A. B. Sims, of Des Moines, Iowa, winner of the women's whist championship gave up playing. She said: "**The card craze, as it prevails among the women of this country, is the most serious competitor the church has today.** It is causing them to abandon home and church interests. I have had letters from women in every leading city in the United States, in which they declared that the Church and society women have gone mad over bridge whist and other games. Letters in similar strain have come to me from Canada, Europe and Mexico. It was when these messages began to pour in upon me that the hold cards have taken on civilized women fully dawned on me. I want the women of the country to hear my experience. I want to convince them, if I can, that **card-playing and Christianity will not go together.**"

2826. The **theatre** wastes time. Its devotees become intoxicated, attend night after night, unfit themselves for active duties, and squander their golden hours. **It wastes money.** How many young men of small salaries are tempted to a dishonest life by this extra demand! In a thousand ways, theater-going draws upon and wastes hard-earned money. **It destroys health.** Late hours, evil associations, want of rest, and sinful practices ruin forever this gift of God.—The Golden Rule.

2827. Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, **whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is a sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.**—Susannah Wesley.

2828. My advice is, Don't dance: don't play cards; don't go to the theater. Even when you prove that there is nothing necessarily or essentially wicked in the things we call "a social dance", "a game of cards", "a play at the theater", the fact remains that each thing represents an institution, and that these institutions, the dance, the card-table, and the theater, on the whole, do more harm than they do good. **Now a Christian is one who lives not to please himself, but to do good to others.** Therefore, he should not encourage in the slightest degree any institution that, on the whole, does to society more harm than good.—Bishop John H. Vincent.

2829. A Catholic priest told me that the secrets of the **confessional** revealed that nearly all the **fallen women were**

victims of the round dance—the dance of the balls that people patronize.—Mills.

2830. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan said: **"What form of amusement must you give up if you become a Christian?** No amusement that is recreation. That must be your philosophy of amusement —**Re-creation.** Anything that destroys you, spirit, mind or body, of course you must give up, because Jesus is set upon making you perfect and beautiful, and he will not tolerate a retention of anything that stultifies you physically, or dulls you mentally, or blights you spiritually".

2831. In Des Moines the directors of the **industrial school for fallen girls** have impressively shown what one of these perils is, in making it a condition when these girls are paroled and go back to try life once more, that they **shall not go to any public dance.**

2832. Pleasurists are obedient to the laws of the State, to the customs of society, and to the mandates of propriety. There is nothing flagrantly immoral to be alleged against them. But they are **utterly selfish,** bent upon amusement or whatever promises personal gratification. They frequently give to good causes, but only of their superfluity. They never give themselves.—Christian Work.

Godliness Profitable. (2833–2839)

2833. Meeting a man engaged in work for the homeless people in the city of Boston, and who had cared for some three thousand persons, about eighty passing through his hands every day, we asked the question. **"How many Christians have you found among them?" "Not one;"** was the prompt reply. What is the meaning of this? Why are not a large proportion of the homeless and suffering people Christians? Why do we not more often find the children of God in a condition of want? The reason is, **God takes good care of his children,** but the devil does not take good care of his: the Lord provides for his servants, the devil neglects his; and though we now and then hear of an ungodly rich man, and of children of the Lord who are poor, yet for one who becomes rich in the service of the devil there are a hundred who live poor, wretched, beggarly lives; **for every godless millionaire there are a thousand godless tramps,** bummers, and deadbeats; and for every Christian who actually comes into distress and want, there are probably a hundred servants of the devil who are poorer than any Christian ever thought of being.

2834. I once passed a magnificent estate on the Harlem Railroad. The house, a fine old mansion, was hardly visible; it was embowered in trees, and reached by a splendid avenue, on either side of which were ancestral oaks and pines; but only **four days before my visit the owner had been taken to Sing Sing** and incarcerated there under a sentence measuring a third of a life time, for fraudulent issues of stock in connection with the city railway of which he was president. **Godliness is profitable for the life that now is.**

2835. There are external successes which are, in point of fact, stupendous failures. William M. Tweed exerted more power for a few years than many of the sovereigns of Europe; he scattered his bribes lavishly; with the magician's wand he changed the face of the great city of New York, he corrupted legislators, he blinded justice, he polluted everything he touched, and pointed the finger of scorn at the American people and asked with a sneer, "What are you going to do about it?" In the midst of his pinchback glory his admirers wanted to build a statue to him in Central Park. Now, to the glory of William M. Tweed let it be said, that he turned upon those who made that proposition and responded: "Do you think that I am a fool?" **William M. Tweed was a fearful failure** and died at last, as he had lived, among criminals, not as before in the enjoyment of the results of thefts, but in a felon's garb and dungeon.—J. M. Buckley, D. D.

2836. One thousand millions of dollars are spent by the United States annually for liquor, over five hundred millions for tobacco, one hundred and sixty-five millions for education, **one hundred and twenty-five millions for churches, and the pitiful sum of five millions for foreign missions. And yet this amount yields a larger per cent of interest than any of the other items mentioned.** England has discovered the value of foreign missions, and now has incorporated in its governmental policy the responsibility of sending missionaries to the heathen. And well may she, for in fifty years her outlay for missions in India has been only six hundred thousand dollars, while in one year alone her trade with that country amounted to thirty times that sum.

2837. Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts tells of a **Hebrew commercial traveler who, on finding no church in a certain com-**

munity left on the first train declining business relations with the people.

2838. In the ante-bellum days, the slaves of a kind-hearted, generous, wealthy man were a happy people, much freer from care than most mortals usually are; for they were fed, clothed, sheltered, warmed, nursed when they were sick, and **never thought it necessary to concern themselves in the least as to how or whence these blessings would come. Their only care was to please "ole Master",** for whom, in many instances, they would have been willing to die. If only we are willing to work for our Lord, gladly to sacrifice for him, to spend and be spent in his service, if need be, to die for him, it is as certain as the word of God that **he will never forsake us, nor let us want any good thing.**

2839. How much it would mean to be able, by the skill of the student of plant life, **to convert some widespread noxious weed into a nutritious breadstuff plant** for the sustenance of the race. But how much more it means—means for the good of the whole race—to take lives, prolific in morally disastrous influences, and by the change wrought by the new birth to make them fountains of living water, fruitful branches on the tree of life.

THE FUTURE LIFE. (2840–2972)

Death. (2840–2914) (See 264–301)

2840. A Southern Christian woman, while dying, imagined in her delirium that she was riding in her carriage with her faithful servant on the driver's seat. **"Is David driving?"** she asked. "There is no danger if David is driving." "No, no, Missus," replied the weeping negro at her side. "Poor Dave can't drive now. **De Lord has hold of de lines."** And the humble servant spoke the truth for all ages. The Lord of life holds the lines and guides his children safely through the gate of death into the Paradise of God.

2841. An old Scotchman, while dying, was asked what he thought of death, and he replied, "It matters little to me whether I live or die. If I die I will be with Jesus, and, if I live Jesus will be with me."

2842. "Mamma," said a little child, "my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a while, that we may prepare for a better world; but, mamma, **I don't see anybody preparing.** I see you preparing to go into the country and Auntie is preparing to come here; but I don't see any one preparing to go there. **Why don't they try to get ready?"**

2843. When Ben's master died they told him he had gone to Heaven. Ben shook his head: "I 'fraid massa no go there."

"But why, Ben?"

"Cos', when massa go North, or go a journey to the Spring, he talk about it a long time, and get ready. I never hear him talk about going to heaven; **never see him get ready to go there."**

2844. "How grand the sunlight! It seems to beckon earth to heaven," said **Friedrich Heinrich Humboldt,** looking his last on the world's glory.

2845. There is no such startling contrast as that between the uproar of this world and the silence of that beyond. Yet everything bids us be of good cheer about the journey. It is natural, and always what is natural is good. **Socrates** was convinced that his condemnation to death was a good thing for him. We, who are also condemned, may be sure of the same thing. **The way out here is a way up.** When the last moment comes we shall find ourselves endowed with the feeling appropriate to that moment. **Said Dr. Donne,** when his turn came: **"I am therefore full of inexpressible joy and shall die in peace."** Men have gone out through the flames of the stake and found the road tolerable. **When Dr. Taylor,** the Marian martyr, was brought to the common where he was to suffer, his word was: **"Thank God, I am even at home".**—J. Brierly.

2846. When Horace Bushnell was dying, he murmured one day slowly, and in great weakness, to those around his bed, "Well now, **we are all going home together;** and I say, the Lord be with you — and in grace — and peace — and love — and that is the way I have come along home."

2847 Everything made or done here is organized for migration. It is like the anatomical structure of birds of passage. Everything has wings.—Austin Phelps.

2848. Rabelais, dying, said, "I am going to meet the great Perhaps."

2849. Shakespeare, in all of his references to **death,** never expresses anything but passionate dread.

2850. To a lady distressed with a dread of dying, Voltaire once wrote: "All things considered, I am of opinion that **one ought never to think of death.** This thought is of no use whatever, save

to embitter life. Death is a mere nothing. Those people who solemnly proclaim it are the enemies of the human race; one must endeavor always to keep them off." **Voltaire's physician left this testimony:** "It was my lot that this man should die under my hands. . . . As soon as he saw that all the means he had employed to increase his strength had just the opposite effect, **death was constantly before his eyes. From this moment madness took possession of his soul.** Think of the ravings of Orestes. He expired under the torments of the Furies."—Dorchester.

2851. Historians, and even ecclesiastical historians, are too apt to **regard men simply in classes,** or communities, or corporations, and to forget that the keenest of our sufferings, as well as the deepest of our joys, take place in those periods when we are most isolated from the movements of society. Whatever may be thought of the truth of the doctrine, no candid man will question its power in the house of mourning and in the hour of death. **"The world," wrote Wesley, "may not like our Methodists and evangelical people, but the world cannot deny that they die well".**—W. E. H. Lecky.

2852. It is not wonderful that souls without the fear of God before their eyes, weary of life and praying for death, have answered their own prayer. What a ghastly gallery **the suicides** would make if we could collect their faces. **Theodore, the Abyssinian king,** sprang off into eternity rather than submit to a captivity which his proud spirit could not brook. **Beaurepaire,** the French general, compelled by the municipals to surrender Verdun to Brunswick and the King of Prussia's 60,000 men, strode away indignant to his room, from which, when he had shut the door, was heard a pistol shot and the heavy fall of his dead body. His epitaph in the Pantheon reads: "He chose death rather than yield to despots". It is said that **Marshal Ney,** after his treason to Louis XVIII during the hundred days of Bonaparte's last struggle for the throne, fought like a man who only cared to die. There is a story that on the night of the day on which the abdication of the throne had been given, the victorious allies being camped on the boulevards of his beloved Paris, **Napoleon** at Fontainebleau took poison. He could not bear defeat. —"The Ripening Experience of Life."

2853. Dr. Abbott tells how, after **sailing on the muddy waters of Lake Huron,** he came on deck one morning, and, looking over the prow, started back in instinctive terror, for, looking down into **the clear waters of Lake Superior,** it seemed as if the keel were just going to strike on the sharp pointed rocks below; but he was looking through fifty or sixty feet of clear water at the great rock bed of the lake. "Now we endeavor in vain to fathom God's judgments. As by a great deep they are hidden from us. But **by and by the sea will grow as clear as crystal,** and through the mystery we shall see and shall understand. We shall know not only the life that was in the ocean, but shall trace the footprints of him that walked thereon."—C. E. World.

2854. Mr. Needham told me on one **occasion he asked an old colored woman what she would do in the hour of death,** since Satan was so strong. "Well," she said, "when two dogs are fighting for a bone, does the bone do anything? It don't fight; it lies between them, and the stronger gets it. So when I come to Jordan, an' ole Satan tries to get me, **'I'll turn him over to Jesus, and jest keep still, for Massa Jesus he's stronger than Satan."**

2855. The Earl of Chatham knew how to gain time for sleep or play without letting his business suffer. Dr. Todd says of him that "a friend one day called on him when premier of England, and found him **down on his hands and knees playing marbles** with his little boy, and complaining bitterly that the rogue would not play fair, gaily adding 'that he must have been corrupted by the example of the French.' The friend wished to mention a suspicious-looking stranger who had for some time taken up lodgings in London. Was he a spy or merely a private gentleman? Pitt went to his drawer, and took out some scores of small portraits, and holding up one which he had selected, asked, 'Is that the man?' 'Yes, the very person.' 'Oh, I have had my eye on him from the very moment he stepped on shore.'" **If we are thus "ready over night,"** as the saying is, we need not be anxiously watchful and expectant of Christ's coming.

2856. "How do you happen to be in golf rig today, I should like to know? I've got to cram till midnight! Don't you know tomorrow's 'exam.' is on for nine o'clock?" "That's why I'm playing," returned his friend. "Want to be fresh for it. **My work's all right —saw to that beforehand."**

2857. The unscrupulous **Earl of Rochester, dying said, "Oh, would that I had been a blind beggar, or a leper,**

rather than to have lived in the midst of glorious possibilities and forgotten God."

2858. When the **Rev. G. Campbell Morgan** was returning from America to England with a friend, he tells us, they **watched a glorious sunset** together, and his friend broke the long silence by saying: **"What a blessed thing it is that before we go hence God will enlarge our capacity.** If there is anything much more beautiful in heaven than that, I do not think I could bear it. How beautiful God must be when he paints a picture like that just to gladden us, and presently he will blot it out as though it didn't matter." Does not this friend's thought explain **why we are told so little about heaven?** Our capacity must first be enlarged before we can appreciate it. The few words which Christ spoke about our future home, though they fall short of what we naturally long to know, are full of comforting assurance.

2859. Man in this world is like a traveler who is always walking towards a colder region, and who is therefore obliged to be more active as he goes further north. **The great malady of the soul is cold,** and in order to counteract this formidable illness, he must keep up the activity of his mind not only by work, but by **contact with his fellowmen and with the world.**—De Tocqueville.

2860. A millionaire in New York recently offered his physician all his fortune, **two and a half millions of dollars, if he would prolong his life for one hour;** and the physician **could not do it.**

2861. I have made a sketch of a golden twelve-rayed sun with the clock in the center. The rays correspond to the hours, and in each of the golden points a word is painted in Gothic letters. Here they are as they stand in succession: I. we begin, II. we want, III. we learn, IIII. we obey, V. we love, VI. we hope, VII. we search, VIII. we suffer, IX. we wait, X. we forgive, XI. we resign, **XII. we end.** The advancing handle marks the hour and its words, and there is many a one we should like to pass quickly by, so as to tarry longer at others—but we must accept all the hours, the good and the bad ones, as they follow each other on **life's inexorable great clock.**—"The Letters Which Never Reached Him.'"

2862. A skeptic once said, "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life." "What is that?" inquired a friend. He responded, **"I am afraid the Bible is true.** If I could know for certain that death is an eternal sleep I should be happy; but the fear that the Bible is true is the thorn that pierces my soul, for **if the Bible is true I am lost forever."**

2863. Mhegard, professor of philosophy in the University of Copenhagen, was long an apostle of skepticism. In the introduction of the second edition of one of his works he **makes a notable confession:** "The experience of life, its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul and have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished; **when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cable of science, broke like thread.** Then I seized upon the help which many before me have laid hold of. **I sought and found peace in God.** Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned to it another place in my life."—Dorchester.

2864. Dr. F——, the chaplain of Newgate, relates the incident, that when a reprieve arrived for one under sentence of death, he **returned a Bible and prayer-book,** which the doctor had given him, with his thanks, observing that he had no further need of them now.

2865. Lord Henry Otho, a follower of John Huss, having received sentence of condemnation from his popish judges, said: "Kill my body, disperse my members whither you please, yet do I believe that my Savior will gather them together again, and clothe them with skin, so that with these eyes I shall see him, with these ears I shall hear him, with this tongue I shall praise him, and rejoice with this heart for ever." As he was going to the scaffold he said to the minister, **"I am sure that Christ Jesus will meet my soul with his angels.** This death, I know, shall not separate me from him." After he had prayed silently, he said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Have pity on me through Jesus Christ, and let me see thy glory;" and so he received the stroke of the sword.

2866. When a bell is cast, two molds of sand are made, an inner and an outer, so arranged as to form between them precisely the shape desired for the bell. The metal is poured in and then the molds are broken. **But that form is not destroyed, it is only fulfilled** and the bells ring out the glad song of fulfillment.—Peloubet.

2867. It is a great thing to have pre-

pared for your home-going. When the plague came to London, King Charles fled to Hampton Court. He took with him all the ship money for his treasures. His people were dying like flies in the streets, and corpses were being burned on street corners. But **Charles left no penny for the relief fund.** His people would not forgive him for his unspeakable cruelty. One day he returned to London with his outriders blowing their trumpets. **Then the people refused him welcome.** Every man went into his house and shut the door. A herald brought word to Charles that he was entering a dead city. **Shame mantled the monarch's cheek.** This would never do; so the king turned aside. That night, like a whipped dog, the monarch **crept into town, hidden in the darkness.** And many a man at death will go home to God, and the judgment, with no one to come out to meet and greet him.

2868. I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to meet and mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: "There! **She's gone!" Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all.** She is just as large in the mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me, and not in her. And just at that moment when some one at my side says, "There! She's gone!" there are other eyes that are watching for her coming and **other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes". And that is — dying.**—Evangel.

2869. "I must now hasten away, since **my baggage has been sent off before me,"** thus **Bailli de Roche**, known as La Riviere, when the distinguished French philosopher was told that his servants had accepted his dying gift of goods too literally, leaving him destitute and alone.

2870. Some time ago a man of large property died, and I asked a friend, **"How much did he leave?"** I was somewhat startled when he answered, **"All of it Sir, he didn't take a cent with him."** He went out of the world as poor as when he entered it.

2871. Moody's last words are familiar to all: "I see earth receding, heaven is opening; God is calling me." **Samuel Rutherford** had an end equally triumphant. For thirteen years he was rector of the University of Aberdeen, and poured forth many vigorous volumes through the press. When **Charles II.** came to the throne the heroic Rutherford was to appear at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. The summons found him on his death-bed, and he replied to his enemies as follows: "I have another summons from a Superior Judge. I behoove to answer my first summons, and ere your day I will be where too few kings and great folk ever come." On his bed of pain he cried out: "Oh, for arms to embrace him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp!" As the enrapturing vision of the gates of paradise broke upon his failing eyes he exclaimed: **"Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."** With this shout upon his lips he passed through the gate into the city. When the news reached Parliament that he was dying, some of the sycophants of the profligate Charles proposed that he should not be allowed to die as rector of the university. **Lord Burleigh** arose and said: **"You cannot vote him out of heaven."**

2872. A beautiful fancy was that of Dr. Guthrie, the famous Scotch preacher, who **compared the infirmities of old age to the land birds, alighting upon the rigging of the bark,** telling the weary mariner that he is nearing the desired haven. Life is wisely likened to a voyage, and its ending should be as the entering into the port of the homeland. The keel of the vessel may be covered with barnacles and her motion not so rapid as when she steamed from the pier and began her journeyings, but there is **something noble and majestic in her rounding into the haven,** as our imagination pictures the storms she has weathered and the dangers through which she has ridden. The infirmities of Christian old age should call for admiration and sympathy rather than impatience and resentment. — Christian Observer.

2873. Among the **dying sayings of the heavenly-minded David Brainerd,** President Edwards has recorded the following: **"My heaven is to please God,** and to glorify him, and give all to him, and to be wholly devoted to his glory; that is my religion and that is my happiness, and always was ever since I supposed I had any true religion; and all those that are of that religion shall meet me in heaven. **I do not go to heaven to be advanced, but to give honor to God.** It is no matter where I shall be stationed in heaven, whether I

have a high or a low seat there, but to love and please and glorify God is all."

2874. Upon the tomb of Atolus of Rheims it was written: **"He exported his fortune before him into heaven by his charities.** He has gone thither to enjoy it." Happy he who has a right to such an epitaph.

2875. Years ago, on a boat on the North river, the pilot gave a very sharp ring to the bell for the boat to stop. The engineer attended to the machinery, and then he came up, with some alarm, on deck to see what was the matter. He saw it was a **moonlight night,** and there were no obstacles in the way. He went to the pilot and said: **"Why did you ring** the bell in that way? **Why** do you want to stop, there's nothing the matter?" And the pilot said to him, **"There is a mist gathering on the river,** don't you see that? and there is night gathering darker and darker, and I can't see the way." Then the engineer, looking around and seeing it was bright moonlight, looked into the face of the pilot, and **saw that he was dying, and then that he was dead.** God grant that when the last moment comes **we may be found at our post doing our whole duty;** and when the mists of the river of death gather on our eyelids, may the good Pilot take the wheel from our hands and guide us into the calm harbor of eternal rest.—Talmage.

2876. "God has been cutting off one source of enjoyment after another," said the **Rev. Dr. Payson on a sick bed,** "till I find I can do without them all, and yet enjoy more happiness than ever in my life before." — "It has pleased God lately to teach me more than ever," said the **Rev. Samuel Pierce,** "that likeness to him, friendship for him and communion with him, form the basis of all true enjoyment."

2877. "So I am waiting quietly every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly, I rise and say;
'Surely, it is the shining of his face,'
And when a shadow falls across the room
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head and ask if he is come."

2878. Not long ago there was a tragedy on one of the great western lakes, in which a whole family was destroyed. A friend was asked to break the news to the only survivor of it. One daughter was left at home and she had not heard as yet of what was known in all the town. Everyone feared for her reason when told of the great calamity. Gathering courage for her hard task, the friend began: **"I have something to tell you."** The girl at once divined something terrible was coming, as she asked: "Is it father? where is he? And mother—where is mother?" The girl's heart stopped beating for suspense. "Your mother is drowned, and your father too." "But Tom, why is he not here? is he gone too?" "Yes, he too." The poor girl could only whisper: "And Jennie—is she dead too?" "Yes." "And Ethel and Frank and the baby?" "Yes, all gone." "Are they all dead?" "Yes, God help you, they are all gone." A wild look came into the tearless eyes. Her friend was a devout woman, and so she said: **"But God is left."** The poor girl gave her a blinding look, and burst into a flood of tears. **That old-fashioned comfort which was the mainstay of our forefathers came to her aid.**

2879. "The best sermon I ever heard Mr. Spurgeon preach," says Mr. Gough, "was in the **Boys' Orphanage.** There was an infirmary connected with the orphanage, and in it was **a dying boy.** Mr. Spurgeon sat down by the little cot, and in a voice full of tenderness, said to him, — 'My dear, you have a great many **precious promises** all around this room, and do you know you are not going to stay with us long? Do you love Jesus?' 'Yes.' **'Jesus loves you** better than you love him, and he is going to take you to himself. There will be no suffering there. Did you have a good night?' 'No, sir; I coughed all night.' 'Ah, my child, coughing all night and weary all day. Here, outside are the boys overflowing with health, and you coughing all night, weary all night—but **Jesus loves you; and he is going to take you to him,** and then he will tell you all about it, and then you will be glad you waited here so patiently.'"

2880. When **Horace Bushnell** was dying, his wife repeated to him this text: "The good and perfect and acceptable will of God." "Yes," the dying man replied; **"acceptable and accepted."**

2881. A certain nobleman had a spacious garden which he left to the care of a **faithful servant,** whose delight it was to trail the creepers along the trellis, to water the seeds in time of drought, to support the stalks of the tender plants, and to do every work which could render the garden a paradise of flowers. One morning the servant rose with joy, expecting to tend his beloved flowers, and hoping to find his favorites increased in beauty. To his surprise, he **found one of his choicest beauties rent from the stem.** Full of grief and anger, he hurried to his fellow servants and demanded who had

robbed him of his treasure. They had not done it, and he did not charge them with it; but he found no solace for his grief till one of them remarked, **"My lord was walking in the garden this morning, and I saw him pluck the flower and carry it away."** Then, truly, the gardener found he had no cause for his trouble. He felt that it was well his master had been pleased to take his own; and he went away smiling at his loss, because his lord had taken delight in the flowers.—Spurgeon.

2882. John Huss went to his martyr's coronation with a radiant hope. Writing from his cell he says, "I am no dreamer; but I venture this for certain that the image of Christ will never be effaced. Popes and bishops have wished to destroy it, but **it shall be painted afresh in all hearts by much better painters than myself.** The nations that love Christ shall rejoice at this, **and I, awaking from among the dead, and rising, so to speak, from out my grave, shall see it with great joy."**

2883. On the cold, gray morning of the great battle of Fredericksburg, regiment after regiment marched out from the cover which before had hid it, and took its place in the long, blue line which was to make the assault. And as the great host, unit by unit, wheeled from column into line, and the officers galloped down behind the men to see that everything was ready for the tremendous struggle, the boys had one brief moment in which to look over a field upon which sixteen thousand of them were to fall before sunset.

The veteran could scarce forbear a smile as he told how, **quick as a flash of lightning, a thousand men thrust each a hand down into the hip pocket of his blue trousers, and drew forth, as if at one command, a thousand packs of cards, and scattered them to the winds.**

That one glance "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," brought to each soldier the same thought: "To-morrow the bearers will be searching my pockets for things to send home. **I don't care to have them send back to father and mother a pack of cards."** And more than one prayer went up to God in that short moment ere the charge was sounded, that a forgiving Hand would blot out some things which looked so different now when the "sorrows of death" cast their shadows on the field.—The Interior.

2884. An old lady of fourscore had been a pillar in the church for more than half a century. She was ever an active, earnest Christian. Her life had been blameless and beautiful. When she had reached the closing period of life she **sent for the pastor** and his wife. The wife was first summoned to her room, and she was desired by the venerable woman to talk to her and sing to her. Both requests were complied with. Then, dismissing the pastor's wife with a cheerful farewell, she sent for the pastor. To him she said: **"Will you tell me why I am so nervous?** I tremble, and am uneasy, and I cannot control my nerves. Can you explain this?" "Yes," said I, **"God is taking down the tabernacle,** gradually, a little at a time so that the shock of final dissolution will hardly be noticed." "Oh!" said she, "I am so glad you told me that. It throws much light on the subject. Now," said she, "I want you to sing, not too loud, 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!'" And as I sang, she kept beating the time with her hand. The singing concluded she said, "Now: I want you to pray for me." At the conclusion, she said: "Now you can go. Good-bye", she said, **"and be sure to meet me in Heaven." She died a few hours later, in great peace and joy.** The tabernacle was taken down so quietly, that the precise moment of her decease could scarcely be determined.—Omaha Christian Advocate.

2885. "Over my spirit glow and float in divine radiancy the bright and glorious visions of the world to which I go," smiled the dying **St. Teresa.** "That is enough to last until I go to heaven," was **Archbishop Warham's** answer when his servant informed him that he still had thirty pounds in his purse.

2886. A veteran retired English officer, who had seen much active service in India, was one day **telling some friends of his thrilling experiences.** As he related his hair-breadth escapes their interest grew intense. Finally he paused for a moment, then he said; **"But I expect to see something much more exciting than any of these.** They failed to catch the old man's meaning; and he added, in an undertone, "I mean **in the first five minutes after death."**—Donald Sage Mackay, D. D.

2887. It is told of one South African tribe that they had never thought of anything to correspond with **our idea of heaven.** The missionary had to be satisfied with the best word which their language could afford him, which is a word meaning **"the top of a tree."** And **this is all the nearer to the spiritual conception of heaven that multitudes in Christian lands ever get.**

2888. "Well! God's will be done. He knows best. My work, with all its faults and failures, is in his hands, and before Easter I shall see my Savior;" thus died the "Leper Priest of Molokai," **Father Damien.**

2889. "Be much at death-beds," said Spurgeon to his students. "What splendid gems are washed up by the waves of Jordan!"

2890. The yearly mortality of the globe is 40,000,000 persons. This is at the rate of over 100,000 per day. The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population die at or before the age of 7; one-half at or before 17. Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years. One in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 to the age of 60.

2891. "I feel as one who is waiting and waited for," said **Douglas Jerrold.** "I have done my work," said **Ernest Renan.** "Happy!" breathed **Raphael,** as the earthly light faded. "We are all going to heaven," forgave the dying **Gainsborough,** "and **Vandyck** (with whom he had been at variance) is of the company."—Colson.

2892. In the stormy days of the French Revolution **Mirabeau passed out of the sight of his countrymen,** and thereafter for many days when the assembly reached what appeared to be a perfectly hopeless situation, **instinctively it would turn and look toward the empty seat in which Mirabeau had sat.** So, it has well been said, is it with us **when death has claimed some strong friend on whom we were wont to lean.**

2893. "Christians never see each other for the last time.—Adieu!" said the German Princess, **Maria Dorothea,** as she bade farewell to a parting missionary.

2894. The grave itself is **but a covered bridge**
Leading from light to light thro' a brief darkness.—Longfellow.

2895. The late Dr. A. J. Gordon told of spending his summer out of Boston, and of his children who played throughout the long day in the dirt; but when they knew that he was coming, **their hands and faces would be clean as they met him at the station.** One day he went away, and said, "Now, children, I do not know when I shall return. It may be today, perhaps not for some little time." As a matter of fact, it was one whole week before he came, but **the children met every train that came in;** filled with expectancy they looked for him, and this expectation kept them clean for the entire week. So should the thought of Christ's coming influence us.—Chapman.

2896. It was said of the death of Bishop McCabe, that **when he fell, thousands wept and cried out,** "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." It was said that **when William of Orange died, the little children wept in the streets.**

2897. "O, that peace may come!" was the dying prayer of the "gentle queen", Victoria. Farewell, my children; I go to your father," sighed poor, high-hearted Marie Antoinette. Unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, and Christopher Columbus all departed with sad resignation: "O, Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" Everyone remembers the bitter words of "Bloody Mary"—"After I am dead, you will find Calais written upon my heart."—Colson.

2898. Says one who knows too well **the emptiness of a life** shaped by other maxims: "The most logical attitude of the thinker, in the presence of religion is to act as though it were true." "One should behave as though God and the soul existed." Whose experience dictates this as the philosophy of life? Of course, every believer's; but, I believe in the depths of my soul, every infidel's not less, **when daylight dies away from him and the shadows of the dark valley begin to appall.** For he who says this is the brilliant **Renan,** the same unhappy man whose perpetual endeavor it has been to double damn his countrymen, delivering them over again to a reign of terror and despair. —Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

2899. While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only painless, but welcome. Pain-racked and fever-scorched patients long for death as the weariest toiler longs for sleep.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twin brother." —American Magazine.

2900. Two men are going on board a vessel as it is about to sail. **One goes sadly,** for he is an exile, leaving everything dear behind. The land to which

he goes is strange, and lonely, and dreary to him. **The other goes gladly.** He has been a student and traveler, and **the country most dear to him is beyond the sea.** There are the scenes he has most cherished, there are the friends that are nearest, and he is going home. The joy or sorrow of any departure is decided by what we are leaving, and to what we are going. It is possible so to live that death may be welcomed, but such a life is built on a faith that is childlike in sincerity, and manlike in strength and earnestness. A lady, whose experience on the ocean had given her a deep dread of it, said, **"I never could cross it, if it were not to get home."** So with death. How could we endure it, if it were not our only way to go home?

2901. A literary Chinaman was assisting Rev. Mr. Morrison in translating the Bible into Chinese; and this Oriental had gathered a great reverence and adoration for the Infinite One; and finally he came to the passage, **"We shall be like him for we shall see him as he is".** "O, impossible!" said he, "my people never can believe that; let me write it down to their comprehension. See him as he is, face to face, the King in his glory? no; let me say, Dr. Morrison, that I may hope to kiss his feet." "No, no," said Morrison, **"give the Word of God as it is."** And so we sing in lofty speech, "I shall see him face to face, and be like him." The Christian's death is bright with this hope.

2902. In the cemetery yonder there is **a bronze representing a sculptor** who in the midst of his interesting toil, just as his hand is raised to strike another blow, **is surprised by the Angel of Death** who arrests the uplifted arm and bids the workman cease. If you and I shall be faithful, though God's angel may surprise us in the midst of our labor, he will come as the angels came to the shepherds when Christ was born; **he will come as a glad messenger of peace,** a herald of glad tidings, the **bearer of a summons to come home,** that where the Master is we may be also.—Rev. A. S. Gumbart.

2903. Ingersoll was a born leader of men. He might have gathered a vast army, and led them a victorious campaign against some of Satan's strongholds. He might have been a Howard, a Wilberforce, a Wendell Phillips. But this leader of men did not lead them, and his following grew less and less until his sudden death. His was great eloquence, Ingersoll the orator. He might have swayed men's minds with the noblest themes as Phillips Brooks did. He had a keen mind. He might have defended the truth with the sharpest of blades. Bravery was his, the courage to face a cannon, a hostile jury, an angry—and deservedly angry—world. What might he not have done with his courage, if he had used it on the right side? What enemies of Jehovah might he not have sent gibbering to perdition? **Ah, the death he might have died,** with sorrowing nations for his pall-bearers, with psalms of praise and victory pealing from his tomb! And alas! for the death he did die.—Golden Rule.

2904. Sir Henry Wotten, a Christian statesman, under James I. of England, used to say, **"How much have I to repent of and how little time to do it in."**

2905. One said to **Ebenezer Erskine** when dying, "I hope you have now and then a blink to bear up your spirit under affliction. He replied, **"I know of more words (promises etc.) than blinks."**

2906. General Havelock's (The hero who went to the rescue of Lucknow during the Sepoy rebellion) dying words: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear."

2907. A devoted mother, after the loss of a darling child, wrote me these words: "Not a desire to keep for ourselves our first-born and only one arose in our hearts, not a doubt as to his way being best, **not a murmur** when, through a short, bitter agony of suffocation, she found the door to endless delights. We sang the doxology and gave thanks when her breath was gone. I seem to live in heaven, there is such a quiet in my heart. **He has so upheld us and caused us to triumph in this that my confidence in him is increased a thousandfold."**—James Mudge, D. D.

2908. The little child comes to the home, and love stands at the door with its welcome. It touches hearts with a heavenly magic. Hosts of pure and mighty affections spring into being. Love guards the cradle and happiness sits at the fireside. But another day and the little minister returns to "the service of the inner shrine." But, thank God, **the babes cannot go back to heaven and leave us as though they had never come into our lives.** The newborn affections do not die. There are no cemeteries where sorrowing mothers and fathers bury love under withering flowers. **Then comes a new ministry.** The darling in the home adds to our peace and contentment here; but the little one in heaven becomes a magnet

drawing its lovers upward. Those who have thought of heaven as a foreign country now sit to hear what the faithful witness reveals of its glories. The Christ has a claim upon our devotion as we think of him as taking our own into his tender care. **We grope in the darkness of sorrow along the way the little feet have passed.** Of many pilgrims with their faces toward the city of God it might be written: **"A little child shall lead them."** May the Father give all bereaved parents the poet's vision:

"Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."
—"The Higher Ritualism."

2909. A "fire call" summoned the ambulance from Gouverneur Hospital, N. Y., to No. 36 Hester street, at seven o'clock one evening. The surgeon found a little girl, 6 years old **almost roasted to death.** The little one's name was Annie Ashpurvis. Her parents sent her to the cellar for some firewood. She carried a lighted lamp in her hand. Going down the cellar stairs she stumbled. The lamp fell from her grasp and exploded. The flame of the burning fluid soon enveloped her entire body. Quickly **wrapping the crisp, writhing mass of humanity** in what is known as a "Stokes prepared sheet," the surgeon told the driver to get to the hospital quickly. Tenderly placing the poor little sufferer in a cot the house staff did all that is known to science to alleviate her agony. It was impossible to save her life. Under the influence of a narcotic she soon fell asleep. Thus she lay slowly breathing for seven hours. Her face was so swollen she could not open her eyes. The light of this world was forever shut out from her. About 2:30 next morning she showed **signs of returning consciousness.** The watchful nurse asked her, if she desired a drink. She distinctly answered "Yes." A little brandy and milk were given her, and then the nurse ran and called House Surgeon Aspell, saying the little one was awake and talking. In a minute he was beside the cot. He felt the pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions and turned to go away. As he did so the little creature moved her body. She turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. **The swollen lips pursed out, and, in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing** the hymn,

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows and **drank in the sweet melody.** The first verse completed she **gradually sank back on her pillow.** Her strength began to fail and with it her voice, and only the humming like distant music of the air of the hymn could be heard. **The humming ceased. All was over.**

2910. It was a gray afternoon, nearing sunset time, and **the lake was rough. A family party had come down to the shore for the homeward crossing,** but their small boat could not take them all at once. There was a brief consultation about the best plan of procedure—the possible peril of crossing, the discomfort and risk of remaining—and finally the group divided and a part embarked. The mother, a middle-aged Scotch woman, stood a sturdy figure on the beach, and with anxious eyes watched the rowboat until it was a mere speck nearing the opposite shore.

"They're in where it's smooth, now," she said, with a sigh of relief. "But I doubt the rest of us'll no' be able to cross to-night," her husband remarked, surveying wave and sky. "We must do as we can. **I'll be braver for knowin' the father and the lasses have won safe across,"** she answered, with the note of thankfulness still in her voice.

It was only a little scene by the lakeside, but it brought a thought of **the life shore and its partings,** and how often, instead of being braver because some are safe, we grieve selfishly, and forget to be thankful that they have "won safely over."

2911. People who pass **the Rothschild mansion** in the fashionable quarter of London often notice that the end of **one of the cornices is unfinished.** One is likely to ask, "Could not the richest man in the world afford to pay for that cornice, or is the lack due simply to carelessness?" The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known. **Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew,** and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth. The incomplete cornice on the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets, bent on amassing worldly wealth, or going along with the maddening crowd in the paths of folly: **"This is not Lord Rothschild's home; he is traveling to eternity!"** We, too, should remember that we are travelers. The good Dean Stanley left as an inscription to be placed on his tomb these words: **"The end of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem!"**

2912. A tiny child belonging to a primary class was very ill. Perhaps a shadow fell from the grave faces of the mother, nurse, and doctor. The little one looked into the dear mother's eyes and asked, **"Am I going to die?"** "You are very sick, darling," said the mother, steadying her heart and her voice for her child's sake. "Perhaps Jesus means to take you home to be with him."

"Will I go to Jesus, mother?" "Yes, dear." **"Is it that Jesus that Mrs. C. tells about in the class? just the same one?"** "Yes, the very same Jesus." **"Oh, then I'm not afraid to go to him,** for Mrs. C. keeps telling us how good he is and how he loves the little children and says, 'Come unto me and forbid them not.' "—Julia H. Johnson.

2913. Ingersoll's address at his brother's coffin. "Whether in mid-ocean, or amid the breakers of the farther shore, **a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all;** and every life, no matter if its every hour be filled with love and every moment be jewelled with a joy, **will at the last become a tragedy,** as sad, and dark, and deep as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.* * Life is a dark and barren vale between the cold and ice-clad peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We lift our wailing voices in the silence of the night and hear no answer but the bitter echo of our cry." **With this hopeless despair compare Paul's—"I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."**

2914. One beautiful Sunday evening on the Oceanic, in mid-ocean, a large group of **Welshmen** out on the main deck **sang melodiously** in Welsh and in English — sang the great old church hymns. Many hundreds of the **twenty-three hundred souls** on board crowded about to listen. It was dark when the familiar tune told us they were singing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." After singing it in Welsh they repeated it in English. Just as they finished the line,

"Safe into the haven guide."

the **captain** on the bridge tapped **three bells** (half past nine). The watchman on the first lookout repeated the three taps loudly on his larger bell, and then sent out over the decks and out over the waves the cry, thrilling when first heard, **"All's well!"** Far up in the crow's nest, nearly one hundred feet from the deck, the watchman in the second lookout caught it up and sent it out farther yet into the ocean darkness **"All's well!"** One on deck, thinking of eternal safety, said in a moment, **"Wouldn't it be fine if every soul on this great liner could from the heart and for himself echo it yet again, and fling it up to the angels above, 'All's well!' "**

Heaven. (2915–2951)

2915. A man in Dublin had a boy whom he almost idolized. The boy died, and every night the father would take his tallow candle and his Bible and go off alone and read till ten or eleven o'clock. "What are you doing?" some of his friends asked him. **"Trying to see where Johnnie's gone.** I mean to find out all I can about the place where Johnnie's gone, and then I mean to go there too." You can find out in the Word of God.

2916. The materialistic temper of this age leaves no room for the angel. We no longer watch for the flash of his glory or listen for the rustling of his wings. We have relegated the angel to much the same category as the ghost. We have subscribed to the Sadducean doctrine that there is neither angel nor spirit, and so we have impoverished our universe and emptied it of its glory and romance. We pride ourselves on our emancipation from superstition; **nevertheless, it may well be that the Jew was far nearer the truth than we,** and if we only had our eyes opened we too should, like Elisha's servant, see the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire and should realize that man does not go forth into life's fierce battle unguarded and unfriended, but **compassed about by gleaming ranks of angels** charged of God to keep him in all his ways.—Jowett.

2917. A soldier rose in a meeting soon after the Rebellion and said that he enlisted because his brother had done so. They had never been separated, and when he heard that his brother was going to the War he decided to go too. They went to the front and marched together, shoulder to shoulder, day after day. At the battle of Perryville, a **minie-ball struck his brother** and he fell mortally wounded. There was no time for delay. The battle was on, and so he had time only to put his knapsack under the head of the dying man. Then he bent over and kissed him on the forehead and started forward. He stopped to look back and heard the familiar voice say "Charlie, come back a moment. Kiss me, Charlie, on the lips. There, that's for mother." As he lay dying, he said, suddenly: **"This is glorious."** "What is glorious?" **"I see Jesus standing at God's right hand.** I see the glories of the Heavenly land. It is glorious."

2918. The old rabbins say that when

the famine came on in Egypt, and the store-houses were opened, Joseph threw the **chaff** of the grain upon the Nile that it might **float down the river,** and show those who lived below that there was an abundance of provisions laid up for them farther up the river. So the soul-blessings of this world are little more than the **husks of the heavenly good things,** sent down on the river of divine grace, to indicate what is in store for us in heaven. The peace we get here is very sweet; but it is only a faint prophecy of the peace of heaven. When in holy meditation, or in sweet communion in prayer and praise, faith and hope and love flame up, how joyous we are! And yet it is only **a slight foretaste of what heaven has in store.**

2919. "The ship may sink and I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave in the ocean grave
May be slipped and spared and no loss to me.
"What care I, though falls the sky,
And the shriveled earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn
"Let go the breath! There is no death
For the living soul, nor loss nor harm
Nor of the clod is the life of God,
Let it mount as it will from form to form".

2920. A converted Japanese artist said recently to a missionary, "I suppose **the reason why English artists put so much perspective into their drawings** is because Christianity has given them a **future;** and the reason why Oriental artists fail to do so, is because Buddha and Confucius do not raise their eyes above the present."—Regions Beyond.

2921. When Charles Kingsley lay dying in one room his wife was dangerously ill in another. She sent him a message one day to ask if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul to tremble before the mysteries of an unknown world. "Not cowardly," was his response, **"but remember it is not darkness we are going to, for God is light; not loneliness, for Christ is with us."**—Mackay.

2922. What will be the substance upon which they shall stand who worship God and praise him in the ages of eternity? I find manifold fitness in the answer that tells us that it shall be a **"sea of glass mingled with fire."** Is it not a most graphic picture of that experience of the **rest always pervaded with activity,** of calm, transparent contemplation always pervaded and kept alive by eager work and service, which is our highest and most Christian hope of heaven? Let us be sure that our expectations regarding heaven are scriptural and true. **Heaven will not be pure stagnation, not idleness, not any mere luxurious dreaming over the spiritual repose** that has been safely and forever won by active, tireless, earnest work, fresh, live enthusiasm for high labors which eternity will offer. These vivid inspirations will play through our deep repose and make it more mighty in the service of God than any feverish and unsatisfied toil of earth has ever been.—Phillips Brooks.

2923. At death the Christian simply crosses the summit of the earthly life, and lives on a sunnier side, whilst our poor sight stops with the intervening line hills. The immediate Beyond may be an **intermediate state of glory,** where saints await the resurrection and the general judgment; a life that never extends downward into hidden glades and deep shadows and experiences of pain, but one that suggests rather the plain of Sharon, which, leaving the troubled sea behind it, is continually ascending until it enters the city by the Joppa gate. — Robert F. Sample, D. D.

2924. It is mostly in fiction that exercise of the virtues is substantially rewarded by some remarkable turn in fortune, but sometimes fact outdoes fiction. **Louis de Boubet,** a commercial traveler living in Paris, is the hero of this little romance in real life. **M. de Boubet lives with his blind father,** whom he has been supporting on a slender income. On his return home from a recent business journey he was called upon by two strangers. One of them was a notary from Feurs and the other the solicitor to the late Marchioness de Vivens. They informed the astonished commercial traveler that he was **entitled to $2,000,000** and the splendid historical chateau of Vivens, left by the late Marchioness. This appeared to him like one of the things that happen only in the course of fairy stories, as he had no expectations concerning the wealth of his distant kinswoman. She had no near relatives, and the notary, after several days' investigation, discovered that the nearest relative was a cousin, three degrees removed, named Louis Odet de Boubet. **It was necessary to show M. de Boubet the written proofs before he would credit his fortune and accept his inheritance.**

2925. Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and **behold the city shone like the sun;** the streets, also, were

paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, **I wished myself among them.**—Bunyan.

2926. Some things about heaven have been made reasonably plain, but a full knowledge of what we shall be has not been made manifest—but **"we shall be like him."** We shall be free from all the environments and limitations of our earthly bodies. It matters not what becomes of them. **There will be moral activity in heaven.** One-third of the human family die before reaching the age of moral accountability. Gladstone, the grandest man of his time, lived to a ripe old age. Perfection is not attained at the gate of heaven; this is not God's way. There will be progress in heaven. All life is a growth—an unfolding, a development. Life in heaven will be no exception. **There will be service there;** "Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple. Service will not be labor; it will be the highest pleasure, the source of unspeakable joy. **Heaven will be a social place.** I cannot explain the Trinity—the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. But where there is a father and a son there will be social enjoyment. **Heaven is a real home,** beautiful, lovely, a most delightful place to live in—not eternally the same, but ever growing more beautiful, more lovely. **Heaven is a place prepared for those who are prepared for it.**—W. C. Bitting, D. D.

2927. Anna Shipton tells of her vision of heaven, how one night as she lay down, weary in her work, she fell asleep and dreamed that she was sailing into the harbor of heaven through a sea of glass, and myriad forms of loved ones were standing on the shore to welcome her. But **looking round, she noticed that the waters were filled with drowning men and women and children,** and they were reaching out their hands with despairing cries for her to save them. Immediately she lifted up her face to the beautiful city and said: **"Father, not yet do I ask thee to take me to that blessed heaven, but rather to send me back to save those lost ones."** And then it seemed to her that the very cords of her heart were loosened and became cables as she swam through the sea, and the drowning ones clung to her very heart-strings as she painfully drew them home, and the very water was stained crimson from her own heart with the agony of her love.

2928. "We loved, we love, and we shall love," is the epitaph on **Charles Kingsley's tombstone.**

2929. "Heaven must be attained by a ladder, not by a leap, step by step, not at a bound." And yet Christ, who is the glory of heaven and the opener of it to us, may be had by a single act of the soul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." **He becomes our ladder** and our way; as we walk in him and with him we will at last in and with him walk into heaven.

2930. "You will soon meet with the loved ones that have gone before you to your Father's home," said one to a dying Christian. To which the dying Christian replied: **"I do not think so much of that, as of meeting my Savior and seeing him face to face,** and being welcomed by him at the gate of Heaven."

2931. "Safe home, safe home in port,
Strained cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But oh! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!"

So wrote **Joseph of the Studium** over a thousand years ago, and so say we today. "Now abideth — Hope."—Rev. S. A. Dyke.

2932. When we return home from a long journey, it is not the house, the furniture or the fireside that gives us joy; it is the sight of the loved ones there. So in our Father's House it will not be the pearl-gates or the golden streets; we shall be glad when we see our Lord! In the language of **Bonar's sweet hymn**—which I heard sung at his funeral—

"Christ will be the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender.
Praises to the Lamb we render,
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Broken death's dread bands that bound us.
Life and victory around us,
Christ the King himself hath crowned us,
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
—"Help and Good Cheer."

2933. What has been the great, and what is now one of the strongest **and most influential powers or motives in the human heart? A desire to find some better place, some lovelier spot, than we now have.** For what does the tradesman toil? For what does the physician practice? For what does man hope at the decline and close of life? Some sheltered nook, some quiet

spot, where, if he cannot have a rest that will never be moved, he may have, at least, a foretaste and foreshadow of it. What was it that carried Columbus across the western wave amid insubordination within his ship, and the unexpectedly wild waves that roared and curled around and without? What sustained him on the unsound sea, amid the untraversed waste of waters? **The hope of a better country.**—Dr. Cummings.

2934. There is a legend of a wealthy woman who, when she reached heaven, was shown to a very plain cottage. She objected. "Well", she was told, "that **is the house prepared for you.**" Whose is that fine mansion across the way?" she asked. "It belongs to your gardener." "How is it that he has one so much better than mine?" "The houses here are prepared from the materials that are sent up. **We do not choose them, you do that by your earthly deeds.**"

2935. Too little do we, in the rivalries and anxieties of our human life, permit the blessed influences of that holy world to allure and to occupy us. We give absorbing thought to the questions of today. We grasp for the prizes of this vain world. We vex ourselves over the disappointments and defeats which are only of temporary significance. Yet, ever above us is a world which holds all the elements which appeal most strongly to natures like ours. It is an eternal world. It is a happy world. It is a world full of love. It invokes all that is best and noblest in us. It wins us from everything that is sordid, to all that is sacred.

2936. Seek heaven only by Jesus Christ. Christ tells us that he is the way, and the truth, and the life. He tells us that he is the door of the sheep: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved; and shall go in and out and find pasture." If we, therefore, would improve our lives as a journey toward heaven, we must **seek it by him,** and not by our own righteousness; as expecting to obtain it only for his sake, looking to him, having our dependence on him, who has procured it for us by his merit. And expect strength to walk in holiness, the way that leads to heaven, only from him.—Jonathan Edwards.

2937. Days without nights, joys without sorrows, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying; communion of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in **a blessed country** where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.—Jeremy Taylor.

2938. An eminent minister, after having been silent in company for a considerable time, and being asked the reason, replied that the powers of his mind had been solemnly **absorbed with the thought of eternal happiness.** "Oh, my friends," said he with an energy that surprised all present, "consider what it is to be forever with the Lord—forever."

2939. "We know but little about the other side," said a lady of heaven. A friend replied; "You know that we invited you to visit us a year ago, and you came. When you received the invitation you had no idea about our home, the scenery and surroundings. **But this you did know, that you would be most joyfully received** with open arms, and knowing this you were fully satisfied. The scenery would come after the welcome."

2940. To be ten minutes in the company of Agassiz was to obtain the strongest argument for the immortality of the soul.

2941. The resurrection flower of the eastern deserts, is swept from its birthplace, withered by heat, and yet, by a touch of moisture in its new home, it is **revived, and blossoms forth in beauty.**

2942. The soul's independence of the body is shown by the fact that the soul often seems most vigorous when the body is weakest; at point of death. Large portions of the brain may be taken and not affect the thinking powers. In sleep, the action of the voluntary muscles is completely suspended, and in a swoon the activity of the mind itself is suspended, and yet the integrity of the soul itself is not impaired.

2943. An old Virginia slave, like the apostle to the Indians, Eliot, whose dying whisper was, "Welcome joy," approached death triumphantly, saying, **"Brother, I have had a rough time of it in this world, but, bless God, it is almost over.** I love Jesus, and I know that the Lord has **a good home for me in heaven."**

2944. Savonarola in the Florentine dungeon, the night before he was burned, was seen by the jailor to smile. "What is it?" the guard asked. **"I hear the sounds of falling chains, and their clangor is like sweet music to mine ears."**

2945. Some years ago, in the city of Boston, a beautiful young girl lay dying. For a long time she refused to see her rector, who was Dr. Donald, of Trinity Church; but at last she sent for

him, and he gladly came. The Youth's Companion tells the story. "Dr. Donald," said the dying girl, **"I am horribly afraid to die!** What shall I do? What shall I do? I went to Sunday-school, and I was confirmed, and I've always been to church, and I supposed I had done about all I could do: but now I know that I have done nothing! I am just being thrust out of my happy life here **into the dark. I can't see anything!** I can't believe anything! What shall I do?" The rector's grave, strong face grew very tender as he looked at her. He thought a moment before he answered her, and then he said: "Jennie, you remember that a year ago a **baby came into your sister's household** — a dear, sweet, healthy girl; but as helpless as a wave of the sea. **Do you remember all that was done for her?** How everybody in the family tried to think of some new service for that tiny bit of human life—from the dainty linens and laces made ready before she came to the scientific preparation of her food and her rules of life, and to the love which waked and watched day and night for her comfort? Now, dear child, that is the kind of care that we human beings give to the new life which comes into our lives. **Do you suppose that God is less loving than we?** Can't you believe that in the home which he is calling you to enter there is making ready every device for your happiness and every protection by which love may make you feel at home? Think about that, dear girl." The word brought a new light to her face, even as he spoke. The dying girl recurred to it again and again, and in the very last moment, looking up into Dr. Donald's face with the ineffable smile of one who dies in peace, she whispered: **"To prepare a place for you."**

2946. Rowland Hill, after preaching one of his great sermons and after his great evening audience had withdrawn, **was heard repeating, as he paced up and down the aisles of his church the following simple words** with childlike rapture:

"When I am to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me,
I cannot tell why;
But this I do find,
The two are so joined,
He'll not be in Heaven,
And leave me behind."

—Christian Work.

2947. How real and how near heaven may be to us if we only live in nearness of spirit to it! An invalid girl lay for many months in a little room that had two large windows, one facing toward the southwest and the other toward the southeast. On bright days the little room was filled with a flood of sunshine all day long, making it warm and cheerful. The invalid's couch was so placed that she could look out of both windows; and at a certain hour of the day, when the sun's beams struck into the little room at just the right angle, looking through the south window, nearest her couch, the pain tortured girl **could see the reflection of the other window clearly outlined against the blue sky as if it were a window in heaven.** She used to lie and wait eagerly for this hour; and when it came, and the reflection was suddenly cast upon the sky, she would cry out, happily, **"Oh, I can see my window in heaven!"** Then she would lie for a long time looking with rapt eyes through this sky window. So it came to pass, from her daily looking into heaven, that **the blessed country became as real to this poor suffering girl as the world about her.** There was for her no dark flood, no great silence and darkness and uncertainty between the two worlds—only **a flood of God's blessed sunlight,** and a dear, familiar **window opening into the bending sky,** the home of the angels. — Christian Work.

2948. A dying child said to his father, "Lift me higher," and the father tenderly lifted the child higher on the pillow. But the child said, "Lift me higher," and the father took him in his arms. **"Higher, higher, higher,"** and the father lifted him till he could stretch his arms no farther. And the little one went up higher into the gloryland.

2949. When Melanchthon came to die, he was asked, "Is there nothing else that you want?" **"Nothing but heaven,"** he replied.

2950. Revelation 21 gives the measurements of heaven. The most interesting calculation on the subject is that of Capt. J. B. Sharkley, a measurer of vessels in the Boston Custom House. He takes the statement in Revelations 21, and figures it out thus: "And he measured the city with the reed 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and height are equal." Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet cubed—497,793,088,000,000,000 feet. Reserving one half of this space for the throne and court of Heaven, and one-half of the remainder for streets, we have 124,198,273,000,000,000,000 feet. We will suppose the world did, and always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 31⅓ years, making in

all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 1,000,000 years, or 10,000 centuries, 29,700,000,000 inhabitants. Now suppose there are 100 worlds like this, equal in the number of inhabitants and duration of years, a total of 2,970,000,000,000,000 persons, there would be more than 100 rooms, 16 feet square, for each and every person.—Atlanta Constitution.

2951. "A prepared place for a prepared people." I have a friend who for many years has been engaged in business in a great city. Successful and honored, he yet wishes to buy a farm and live upon that. His friends dissuade him. How do you know, they say to him, that you will like the new life, that you will prosper in it? I want to try—is all the man will say. But let us see. Have you ever had a door-yard? Yes? And did you sift the soil in that and plant choice seeds in ribbons and circles about your door so that all who passed said: How that man loves flowers and a smooth, rich lawn? Have you had a garden plot or a place for one behind your house, and have you raised on that little plot year by year such luscious vegetables that your guests would ask your secret of gardening? **If you can answer Yes to each of these questions, I will recommend you for promotion to a farm and a market-garden; if No, who would dare encourage you?**—Pilgrim Teacher.

2952. There is a legend of a man wrecked at sea and borne by the waves to an unknown shore. He was conducted by the inhabitants to a palace and saluted with reverence. Asking an explanation, he was told that "once a year the people took someone who reached their shores in this way and made him king. They obeyed his commands, and he reigned in splendor for a year." "But what will become of me at the expiration of the year?" "You will be placed in an open boat and conveyed to an island beyond the horizon, uninhabited and desolate." "What will be my fate then?" "It is expected that you will starve." Like his predecessors, the new king at first gave himself up to feasting and drinking. But toward the close of the year he called his chief adviser to him and said: "Am I still king?" "You are." "And will the people obey all my commands?" "Every one, until the last moment." "Then," said he, **"I will devote the rest of the year to sending forward provisions** and all necessaries for my comfort on that island beyond the horizon." **"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."**

2953. At the close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town, **Wendell Phillips'** friends entreated him not to return to Boston.

"The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw; and you will have twelve miles of rough riding before you get home."

To which he replied: **"But at the other end of them I shall find Anne Phillips."**

Some of my readers may be **having a hard time.** They may find their life journey like that cold midnight ride of the famous orator. But let them **think as he did, of the one they are to meet at the other end.** Jesus said: "I will receive you to myself, that where I am ye may also be." Should not that promise **comfort us in the darkest hour?**—Cincinnati Leader.

Recognition in Heaven. (2954–2957)

2954. Recognition is implied in the Scriptural representations of heaven. Take the figure of a mansion. Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions;" what is the idea here, but that of a family at home, and this means that the good who are separated here, shall be united there, and this implies recognition, for leave out recognition and the most essential feature of a home is gone. To poor sorrowing mortals mourning for lost ones, Jesus says, in substance, Let not your heart be troubled, there are mansions in heaven, where you shall find your lost ones. And that finding of friends which is to heal the sorrow caused by the loss of them must include recognition. — Rev. John W. Langley.

2955. There we shall meet the dear departed ones, whose virtues and graces, etherealized by the touch of death, are garnered in our memories. **In a moment we shall know them.** Though so strangely altered, though in every lineament and feature there shall be the glow and beauty of heaven, we shall know them at once. Oh, the joy of those meetings! Who can tell of the sweetness which the interchange of love shall add to all the felicity of heaven without which it would not be heaven? How shall we love to talk of all the way God has led us!—G. W. Field, D. D.

2956. The question is often asked, **Shall we know each other in heaven?** And it is asked sometimes with anxiety, Shall I have fellowship with my friend who on earth was the very soul of my soul? Yes, you shall. So certain is the

fact that the question is almost foolish. It should never have had an existence. Our love for God shall continue; why not all other pure and kindred loves? To answer this question in the negative would imply a destruction which is quite opposite to the dealings of God with our nature. Memory would have to be abridged. Vision would have to be impaired. There would have to be a loss or a paralysis of our affectional nature. Something would have to fall out of our mental constitution before our friends could fall out of our life. If our friends fell out of our life, why not all remembrance and thought of our salvation and of our Savior? The question is absurd. **Certain physical relations will cease there, but all soulful relations will continue,** and these will be filled with joyful reminiscences which will keep us perpetually in the spirit and mood of praise. Shall we know our friends there? What is the significance of immortality if it means forgetfulness? How forgetfulness narrows this life? Of what use is immortality if we lose our identity?

2957. The marriage supper of the Lamb will not be a convocation of strangers but a home gathering in our Father's house; and I believe **we shall have the power to know each one, so that there will not be a stranger in all heaven;** and, of course those who constituted our family circle in Christ, shall be there, and shall be known as such. You tell me that heaven is the temple of God, that it is the city of God, that it is a beautiful city, and all these representations clothe heaven with immortal beauties and resistless attractions that entrance my senses, and captivate and fascinate my soul! But, oh, when you tell me that heaven is the home of the soul, the brightest vision of all unfolds before me! For there, amid the ineffable glories, I recognize familiar faces, and hear familiar voices, and my heart swells and throbs with the hope of a blessed reunion with loved ones on yonder peaceful shore, where the parting hand shall never be given and "good-by" shall never be spoken! Yes, reason and Scripture and common-sense all unite in confirmation of the soul's immortal conviction that we shall know each other better when the mists have cleared away.—Langley.

Judgment. Retribution. Hell.
(2958–2972)

2958. You and I write our lives as if on one of those **manifold writers** which you use. **A thin, filmy sheet here,** a bit of black paper below it; but **the writing goes through upon the next page;** and when the blackness that divides two worlds is swept away, there **the history of each life written by ourselves remains legible in eternity.** — Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

2959. There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns for the purpose of determining whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery by unerring laws, **throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another.** That process is a silent but solemn parable; it affords the most vivid similitude of **the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day.** —Arnot.

2960. The Emperor Constance with an untrembling hand **put his brother Theodosius to death,** but in his exile the wraith, created by remorse, followed him, holding up to him **a cup of red, warm blood, saying, "Drink, brother, drink!"**

2961. A man who has obtained his wealth wrongfully will live to see that wealth a curse to his children; amid it all, he will be unsatisfied as Tantalus amid the fleeing waters, while the eagle of remorse will ever feed upon his own vitals. **England sells the opium to China,** but her own empire of India is undermined by the growing craving for the drug. **The last Napoleon** waded to the throne through seas of blood, and at Sedan, amid seas of blood, his empire sank. **Sin carries in itself the seed of its own fatal penalty;** that there is no need for God to arise and take a thunderbolt in hand; if only he keeps still and allows sin to work out its own result, according to his constitution of the world, the wrong-doer will be abundantly punished.—F. B. Meyer.

2962. He who sacrifices the eternal to the temporal loses both. An Italian one day found his enemy in his power. As he was about to pierce him with his dagger he said, **"I will spare your life if you will abjure the religion of Christ."** The wretch abjured. "Now," exclaimed his enemy, as he drove his weapon home, "I have a sweet revenge, **for I kill body and soul."**

2963. In the reign of King Charles I. the goldsmiths of London had a custom of weighing several sorts of their precious metal before the privy council. On this occasion they made use of scales poised with such exquisite nicety that the beam would turn, the master of the company affirmed, at the two-hundredth part of a grain. **Noy, the famous attorney-gen-**

eral, standing by and hearing this, replied, "I should be loath then to have all my actions weighed in these scales." "With whom I heartily concur", says the pious Hervey, "in relation to myself". And since the balances of the sanctuary, **the balances in God's hand,** are infinitely exact, oh what need have we of the merit of Christ!

2964. What do the proverbs say of retribution? They say "God moves with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands." "Punishment is lame, but it comes." "God is a creditor who has no bad debts." "The gods are slow but sure paymasters." And listen to this proverb, which Trench has called "awfully sublime": "The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool." Noiselessly, they approach, as one whose feet are wrapped in a fleece, to strike down the sinner who is totally fearless and unsuspecting in his self-security. They give no sign of their coming, no signal appears in the sky, no rumble of their footfall is heard, no rustle among dry leaves, till the sharp ring of the axe of judgment echoes in the air. History flings a red glare on this proverb. Again, "Who sows thorns, let him not walk barefoot." "As he has brewed, so must he drink." "He has made the bed, he must lie on it." Let these suffice to show how **this fearful truth** is burnt deep into the soul of man, with the iron of old experience and brooding observation.—Rev. R. C. Cowell.

2965. A western farmer pointed out to a friend from the East a grove of trees. He asked him what they were. "Chestnuts," was the confident reply. "Come and see," the farmer said. The ground was strewn with acorns. Greatly surprised, the traveler looked up. The leaves, surely, were chestnut leaves, but the boughs hung full of acorns. It was the chestnut-oak of the west. Not the leaf, but the fruit decided its species. We often detect the chestnut-oaks. **What only begins to appear here is made clear to all beings at the harvest, or the judgment.**—Monday Club Sermons.

2966. When we fall into the outer darkness, we do not go in bands and companies—**each man must fall by himself. And this same solitariness will mark the judgment of each soul. "Thou must go forth alone",** is the hardest part of the verdict pronounced upon the impenitent sinner.

2967. Huxley said: "I am a very strong **believer in the punishment of certain kinds of actions,** not only in the present but in all the future a man can have, be it long or short." And I suppose that all men with a clear sense of right and wrong have now and then **descended into hell** and stopped there long enough to know what infinite punishment is. For if a genuine immortality awaits us, such immortality, without some change like that depicted in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, **must be in eternal misery."**

2968. Describing the later days of Raleigh's career at Court, Kingsley sums up the tale of his fopperies with the words: "But enough of these toys, while God's handwriting is on the wall above all heads. **Raleigh knows the handwriting is there.** . . . Tragic enough are the after-scenes of Raleigh's life; but most tragic of all are these scenes of vain-glory, in which he sees the better part, and yet chooses the worse, and pours out his self-discontent in song which proves the fountain of delicacy and beauty which lies pure and bright beneath the gaudy, artificial crust. **What might not this man have been!** And he knows that too. . . . **Anything to forget the handwriting** on the wall, which will not be forgotten." — Literary Illustrations.

2969. Strauss wrote near the end of life: "I have reached, indeed overstepped the threshold of old age. There every earnest man has to listen to the Voice within: **'Give an account of thy stewardship,** for thou mayest be no longer steward.' "

2970. Chaplain McCabe once talked with **Admiral Schley** in the harbor of Valparaiso. He asked him what he was thinking about during the battle of Santiago. **Schley replied,** "Well, you would hardly guess. In the midst of that thrilling engagement which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet that Sunday morning, my mind was continually going back three hundred years when the Spaniards drove my ancestors out of Spain. I thought how strange it was that I was there to help to pay that debt by the humiliation of that wicked nation." **Retribution!** "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."—The Evangel.

2971. A gentleman while crossing the Bay of Biscay, became exceedingly alarmed and anxious as he beheld what he thought was an approaching hurricane or tornado. He trembled and addressed himself to one of the experienced sailors: "Do you think she will be able to live through it?" "Through what?" inquired the man. "Through

that fast approaching storm!" The old sailor smiled and said: "Sir, you need not be alarmed; that storm will never touch us, it has passed already." **So in regard to the believer; judgment, so far as sin is concerned, is past already.** Christ has been tried, condemned, and executed in his stead for his sins.

2972. In a letter to his friend Wade, Samuel Taylor Coleridge revealed how galling to him were the fetters of his sin. These are his hopeless words: **"Conceive a spirit in hell,** employed in tracing out to others the road to that heaven from which his own crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of — ingratitude to my Maker; unnatural cruelty to my poor children; self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach!" He wished the narrative of his wretchedness to be made public to deter others by his direful example. As a philosopher he believed in the freedom of the will; yet with Paul he was forced to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" He was holden with the cords of his sin. **What a spectacle of the loftiest humanity laid prostrate, a powerful, capacious, aspiring mind bound down to hopeless slavery and anguish by one disastrous habit!**

MISCELLANEOUS. (2973–3001)

Evangelistic. New Year.

2973. That was a wise thing that **Doctor Johnson** said in his old age: "I have been resolving these fifty-five years; **now I take hold on God."**

2974. The late Henry Irving tells a pathetic story of **how the tragedian Macready played "Hamlet" for the last time.** The curtain had fallen, and the great actor was sadly thinking that the part he loved so much would never be his again. And as he took off his velvet mantle and laid it aside, he muttered almost unconsciously the words of Horatio, "Good-night, sweet Prince," then turning to his friend, "Ah," said he, "I am just beginning to realize the sweetness, the tenderness, the gentleness of this dear Hamlet." One never consciously does anything for the last time without sadness of heart, and **as we turn away from a year which we shall never see again,** and which is full of things which have happened and can never un-happen, it is natural and wholesome that we should be visited by the uneasiness that springs from discontent.—Edward Jordan, D. D.

2975. There is a passage in Virgil that made a deep impression upon my college days. Evander, the soldier, has come to the end of his career. **Looking backward with bitter tears and regrets, he recalls the past.** The present moment was big with opportunity, but he was unequal to its overture. Responsibilities were there, but his shoulders could not bear them up. An unexpected crisis had come, and he could not meet it. It was an hour for a leader who had a giant's strength, and lo, Evander finds the grasshopper a burden. In his grief he exclaims: **"Oh, that I was as in the day when I led my army out in the Valley of Praeneste."** How pathetic the hero's cry, piercing the heart like a sword. Gone forever the physical energy that in his youth never tired. Gone the zest of living—life had run to its dregs. Gone the passionate ambitions, burning out like candles; gone all desire for the applause of men. For that applause now seemed empty as crackling thorns. And the things Evander had lost were lost forever. We can revisit old scenes, reopen old books, seek out familiar friends—**we never can recover our lost years, and the opportunities that have fled.** All man's days lie on the bosom of eternity as snowflakes lie upon the river's current. A moment there, then gone forever. There is one task to which even omnipotence is not equal—**the task of recovering a wasted youth, and a lost year.**—Hillis.

2976. When Thorwaldson was asked, "Which is your greatest statue," he replied, "The next one."

2977. Douglas Jerold said; "There is nothing at which the devil laughs more than at an act of parliament." The same thing is true of many New Year's resolutions.

2978. Everyone of our actions finds its reflection in the life of someone else. No matter how humble may be our surroundings we have an influence on some other life. Individual good cheer means general happiness. If we are bright, we brighten our neighbor; the neighbor is an emissary to the community, and the community, in turn, to the world at large.—Christian Scotsman.

2979. Life holds many lamps that shine in the night, but the brightest is **the lamp of experience.** Would you know how to get the most possible out

of this New Year? Consider well the mistakes of the old year.

2980. Life's voyage and its perils. Five years ago the merchant ship Albatross sailed from an Atlantic port, bound for the coast of Africa. "And she will never reach it," said an old sailor on the pier. "Why?" asked a bystander. "She seemed to me to be a staunch well built vessel." "She should have had a copper bottom. Here is what I found on her hull." He held out his hand, on which lay a soft, tiny mass, a lump of jelly within a wall of shell. "What harm could that do?" said the other, laughing. "It is a harmless, half-dead creature." "Harmless, half-dead creatures like that will eat into the soundest hull that ever was laid, and leave it a rotten hulk," was the reply. **At the end of a year the good ship Albatross was reported to have sprung a leak, and sunk.** The barnacles had eaten their way through the sound oak timbers, and brought ruin and death.—The Youth's Companion.

2981. Divine help for human resolutions. Some time ago, at a meeting held in a large seaport town, two sailors, when spoken to about salvation, said: **"It ain't no use.** If we give up drinking and swearing to-night, **we should be as bad as ever tomorrow."** The leader of the meeting took his watch from his pocket and said. "Do you think the maker of this watch could wind it up again?" "Of course he could, sir!" was the answer. "Well, God is your maker, and don't you think he could wind you up and keep you going?" "I never thought of that, sir." "Come to him, then, and prove his power. He can put you in working order, and keep you going, on board ship just as well as on land."—The Baptist Standard.

2982. The upward look. There is a tradition that Michael Angelo, by his prolonged and unremitting toil upon the frescoed domes which he wrought, acquired such a **habitual upturn of countenance** that, as he walked the streets, strangers would observe his bearing, and set him down as some visionary or eccentric.

2983. Cecil Rhodes arrived at the termination of his career with the lamentation on his lips, "So much to do, and so little done"—which was, in effect, a confession of failure. **A life spent in eager, feverish quest of things material is certain to come to its close with regret, if not despair.** It lacks the glad glow and uplift that come from the constant performance of noble deeds in the name of the Master of men. It is dark because it has been selfish; it is disappointing because it has never risen to the royal levels of self-sacrifice. —Epworth Herald.

2984. Painting life-pictures for Christ. Raphael's chief joy was to paint scenes from the life of Jesus. His last work, the culmination of years of study, was "The Transfiguration." It was scarcely finished when he became ill, and so he had the picture hung in the sick-room that his thoughts might ever be directed to his glorified Savior. When he died the picture was hung above the body, and, as great crowds came to pay their last tokens of respect to the painter, they beheld above him the vision which had transfigured his life and given birth to his genius.

2985. In Baltimore, one Sunday morning as the people were going to church, a telegraph pole, large and strong and round, suddenly, without any warning, like a great strong man struck down by an unseen bullet, groaned, and then, with a snapping, tearing, grinding sound, the upper portion fell to the street, leaving about twenty-five feet standing. A crowd soon gathered, marveling what should have caused such a catastrophe. Just then a small boy began to climb the stump that was left, to investigate. When he reached the top he found that right where the pole had broken was a scooped-out place where a pair of woodpeckers had cut out their nest, and there in the nest was a poor little woodpecker frightened half to death.

Unnoticed, but steadily, stroke after stroke, the birds **had dug their way back into the heart of that great, strong telegraph pole until they had sapped its strength.** Sometimes a man comes crashing down. His outer life has seemed strong and round and respectable. The whole world marvels at it; but after a little bit it is discovered that some secret sin had eaten into his heart.

2986. Albeit failure in any cause produces a correspondent misery in the soul, yet it is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully eschew.—Keats.

2987. Utilizing our opportunities. An illustration of the new lights which science throws upon old questions is the modern explanation of an experiment made nearly three centuries ago by the Flemish physician, Van Helmont. In a

pot of earth weighing 200 pounds he planted a willow branch weighing five pounds. He kept the plant well watered, and in five years the willow had gained 164 pounds in weight, while the earth in the pot had lost only two ounces. Van Helmont inferred that the plant's gain was due only to the water which had been supplied. Modern botanical science proves that the gain was, in a great measure, due to carbon absorbed from the air.

2988. The Book of Common Prayer begins the **religious year** at Advent, because the nations of the globe have regarded various periods as the commencement of the year. Before A. D. 1752 our New Year began on March 25. It is a fortunate circumstance, for with this arrangement the introduction of Christianity into a foreign land, such as Persia, China, or Japan, does not interfere with its civil and legal year. John Wesley grafted on the eve of New Year's day the keeping of a "Watch Night," which, although it was regarded by his biographer, Robert Southey, as a strange innovation, is now observed by Christians of every name. — Homiletic Review.

2989. A great Southern statesman said to those who asked if some one should pray for him, as his pulse was failing: **"No; my life must be my prayer.** This solemn moment is not so significant as the solemn years that are gone. Let them stand."

2990. A little Shakeress with a meek face beneath a large green bonnet, was hastening along the main street of Springfield Mass., one afternoon, so as not to keep the old elder waiting in the big wagon, when she unwittingly ran against a small newsboy, and sent his papers flying on the wind in all directions. After assisting the youngster to collect his wares, and dropping a nickel into his hand with the apology, **"I am sorry for thee, and my carelessness, my son",** she hastened away. The little fellow gazed after the retreating figure with awe, and at last turned to a companion with the question, **"Say, Mickey, be that the Virgin Mary?"** The little boy was not far wrong, perhaps. For no doubt the same blessed ideal of purity and gentleness that dwelt in the heart of the mother of Jesus glorified her humble life.

2991. I am not simply what I am, but what I was, as well. As a tree gathers up all the growths of former years, and contains them in itself, so my life is the summary and substance of all my past. **All that I was, I am.** What a solemnity this fact gives to our daily living! Every today will soon become a yesterday, and then it will be fixed and stereotyped forever; but it will still be a part of myself. O man! O woman! look out for your todays, if you would have your yesterdays look backward with a smile.—The Watchword.

2992. One of the most forceful of English writers said, in his old age, as he took up a volume he had written when he was twenty-three, **"My God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"** But this is **not a healthy way of looking at the past;** it usually betokens some morbid feeling. Dean Swift, when he made that remark, was on the verge of insanity.—Zion's Herald.

2993. Some fifty years ago a gang of Belgian miners, angry with another set of underground workers, set a mass of coal on fire to smoke out their comrades. How well they succeeded, let the record of half a century tell. Years have passed away; a generation has faded; the angry passion of those who sought revenge has become a thing of the past; **but the fire started long ago blazes on, and no earthly skill has yet found a way to extinguish it. And this same thing is true of the influence of our deeds and words. Let us guard them carefully.**

2994. We cannot get so far away from our past as to be sure that it will never overtake us. If our own memory shall agree not to appear against us in court, there are other memories which may do so. Therefore the only security is to make your present such that when it becomes a past you will not be afraid to meet it. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known," says Matthew. Happy is the man, therefore, that is not afraid of his past; so that, whether he meets it at midday or at midnight, he may not hide from it as an enemy, but may shake hands with it heartily, and say, I am glad to see you.—The Watchword.

2995. A society woman, greatly admired for the beauty of her person and the loveliness of her character, relates an early experience that proved a turning point in her life. While away at school she found herself in a class of bright and pretty girls, while she herself was exceptionally homely and awkward and dull. This preyed upon her spirits until she became sullen and morose. One day her French teacher, an old woman, said to her, "What ails you, my child?"

"I am so ugly and stupid," she replied; "that it puts me in perfect despair."

Upon this the teacher put in her hand the bulb of a plant. It was coarse and scaly and stained with earth. "That is you," said the teacher. "Plant it and take care of it." She took the bulb and put it in the earth and faithfully watered it, until at last there emerged from its unsightly shell an exquisite Japanese lily—bright omen, as it proved, of the unfolding of her own character. In some such way as this **the soul that fully commits itself to the gentle hand of Christ will be changed into his image from glory to glory.**—Christian Observer.

2996. An opportunity to do good is tantamount to a command to undertake the work.

2997. In Cole's celebrated picture, or rather series of pictures, on **the voyage of life,** he makes the youth eager in the pursuit of pleasure and of fame, to rush forward on the turbid stream. Shipwrecked he would be evidently, but for **the guardian Angel,** who hovers near, and guides him along the stormy scene. This guardian Angel personifies **the care of God.**

2998. Let merchants write **"accountability"** on their desks; the farmer over the income of his farm; the laborer over his wages, the professional man over his salary. **A business man who had made a donation of $100,000 to a Christian enterprise, once said in the hearing of the writer: "I hold that a man is accountable for every sixpence he gets."**

2999. In South Wales, I made the acquaintance of a Welsh gentleman. He was then a landed proprietor, living in his own mansion, and in very comfortable circumstances. He had been before carrying on an extensive business in a large town. By the death of a relative he had unexpectedly **come into possession of this property.** After considering whether he should retire from business, he made up his mind that **he would still continue to carry it on, though no longer for himself, but for Christ.** I could not help being struck with the gleesomeness of a holy mind which lighted up his countenance when he said: **"I never knew before what real happiness was.** Formerly I wrought as a master to earn a livelihood for myself; but now **I am carrying on the same work as diligently as if for myself, and even more so, but it is now for Christ, and every halfpenny of profit is handed over to the treasury of the Lord** and I feel that the smile of my Savior rests upon me."—Dr. Duff.

3000. Improving the time. One morning after Jenny Lind had given a charity concert, a clergyman found her counting and sealing up the money received, preparatory to distributing it among the poor. He began to compliment her, but she cut him short by saying: **"It is the only return I can make unto the good Lord** for the gift he has bestowed upon me, which is the great joy of my life. I can repay him only through the poor and the suffering."

Her motive in visiting America was to earn thirty-six thousand pounds to be used for educating the poor children of Stockholm, whose great ignorance and degradation touched her sympathetic heart. Just before embarking she remarked to a friend: "May I not hope for God's blessing upon this work, undertaken for the lambs of Christ's flock? My daily prayer is that I may be spared three years in order to carry out my plans for my poor children in Stockholm."

3001. Living helpful lives. An old lady from a New England village had been taken by the niece whom she was visiting in the city to consult a young oculist. After a long life of steady use in the behalf of relatives, friends, and neighbors and poor people, her eyes had, as she expressed it, "gin out jest a mite," so that she had decided to get a pair of spectacles. "My dear madam," said the young oculist, after a careful examination, "there is no danger to be apprehended if you take proper precautions, although your eyes at present are not in as good condition as I could wish. The glasses will be of great assistance, of course. Besides that, however, I should advise entire relaxation of the nerves for some time to come. You should be free from annoyance and excitement, and even from care, for the next six months. And above all, my dear madam," he added, impressively, "you should avoid all trouble and worry. Do not associate with sickness and distress. The effect of such things is to increase the difficulty which you at present experience."

"Why child," said the old lady, looking at the doctor with an expression of gentle reproof in the eyes of which he spoke so glibly, **"I guess you mistook my meanin'. I came to get fitted to a pair of specs. I wasn't calculatin' to wear 'em to heaven, but right here in this world o' sin and trouble.** I'm afraid maybe you'll have to fit me all over again!"

HOMILETIC INDEX.

	No.
The Bible	1– 96
A Divinely Inspired Revelation	1– 20
The Incomparable Book	21– 32
The Bible's Influence on the Race	33– 41
Its Influence on the Individual	42– 73
Bible Study; Importance	74– 96
God	97– 340
Some Attributes of God	97– 133
Invisible	97– 100
Omnipresent	101. 102
All-Seeing	103– 106
All-Wise	107– 110
Omnipotent	111– 113
Holy	114. 115
Loving	116– 133
The Trinity	134– 138
God the Father. Providence	139– 197
God in Nature	198– 212
God the Son	213– 308
His Deity	213– 224
The Incarnation and Birth. Christmas	225– 236
Christ's Wonderful Words and Works	237– 244
Christ's Death. The Atonement	245– 263
Christ's Resurrection. Easter. Immortality	264– 301
Christ's Ascension. Intercession	302– 308
God the Holy Spirit	309– 340
The Holy Spirit's Character and Mission	309– 313
"Filled with the Spirit"	314– 321
How the Spirit Helps Us	322– 340
Sin	341– 623
The Fall. Sin's Beginnings.	341– 344
Sin's Nature; Guilt; Growth; Methods	345– 369
Doubt. Skepticism. Infidelity	370– 382
Sin's Power; Slavery. Habit	383– 396
Sins Classified. The Decalogue	397– 547
The First Commandment. "Other Gods"	397– 401
The Second Commandment. Idolatry	402– 406
The Third Commandment. Profanity. Irreverence	407– 415
Sins Classified. (Continued)	397– 547
The Fourth Commandment. The Sabbath	416– 430
The Fifth Commandment. Filial Love	431– 439
The Sixth Commandment. The Sacredness of Life. Murder. Hatred. Envy. The Tongue. Temper. Persecution	440– 460
The Seventh Commandment. Purity	461– 478
The Eighth Commandment. Honesty	479– 496
The Ninth Commandment. Truthfulness. Slander	497– 513
The Tenth Commandment. Covetousness	514– 547
Temptation	548– 569
Conscience	570– 600
The Consequences of Sin	601– 623
The Immediate, Present Consequences	601– 618
The Future, Final Consequences	619– 623
Satan. 623, 341, 345, 348, 383, 387, 394, 722	
Salvation: Offered and Accepted	624– 870
God's Offer of Salvation. Grace	624– 660
Salvation Accepted	661– 870
Repentance. Confession of Sin	661– 701
Faith	702– 735
Faith and Feeling	736– 744
The New Birth. Regeneration	745– 755
Moralists	756– 761
Christ's Transforming Power.	762– 835
Procrastination	836– 870
Specific Duties, Privileges and Graces of the Christian Life	871–2839
Confessing Christ. Union with the Church	871– 906
The Church. Its Place and Claims. Public Worship	907– 925
Loyalty to the Church. Church Attendance	926– 935
The Sacraments	936– 942
Baptism	936
The Lord's Supper	937– 942
Music, Influence of. Hymns.	943– 964
Christ Our Friend	965–1007
Prayer	1008–1087
Prayer and Disease	1078–1087
Christian Love	1088–1142
Gratitude. Thanksgiving Day.	1143–1170

No.

Specific Duties. (Continued)..... 871-2839
Consecration. Holiness. Other-worldliness.....1171-1229
Obedience.....1230-1272
Trust. Assurance. Freedom from Worry and Anxiety.....1273-1382
The Promises.....1383-1399
Hope, Christian Optimism...1400-1418
Happiness. Cheerfulness. Peace. Contentment..1419-1468
Patience.....1469-1487
Humility. Meekness.....1488-1505
Chastening. Affliction. Adversity.....1506-1596
Christian Unity.....1597-1609
Brotherly Love.....1610-1641
Forgiving Others.....1642-1667
Kindness. Sympathy. Tact..1668-1773
Friends and Friendship.....1774-1785
The Home.....1786-1820
Marriage. Divorce.....1821-1834
Mothers: Their Influence. ..1835-1850
Opportunity.....1851-1865
Character. Will. Motive...1866-1914
Heredity.....1915-1924
Environment.....1925-1933
Influence.....1934-2005
Example.....2006-2036
Soul-Winning.....2037-2098
Missions, Foreign and in General.....2099-2184
Missions, Home.....2172-2184
The Immigrant.....2185-2192
The Young.....2193-2313
Christian Nurture. Childhood. Adolescence..2193-2231

No.

The Sunday School.....2232-2272
Young Men.....2273-2292
Education.....2293-2313
Books.....2314-2319
Thought. Reflection. Meditation. Influence of Mind on Body.....2320-2331
Wealth. Stewardship.....2332-2379
Philanthropy.....2380-2406
Temperance.....2407-2497
Temperance and Business...2407-2433
Temperance and Health.....2434-2447
General Evils of Intemperance.....2448-2487
Temperance Effort.....2488-2497
Earnestness. Zeal.....2498-2637
Thoroughness.....2638-2653
Enthusiasm.....2654-2681
Courage. Self-Sacrifice. Self-Denial. Heroism.....2682-2720
Self-Seeking. Worldliness...2721-2761
Spiritual Indifference. Drifting. Excuses.....2762-2795
Idleness. Indolence.....2796-2800
Hypocrisy. Insincerity. Inconsistency.....2801-2814
Questionable Amusements...2815-2832
Godliness Profitable.....2833-2839

The Future Life.....2840-2972

Death.....2840-2914. 264-301
Heaven.....2915-2957
Judgment. Retribution. Hell.....2958-2972. 619-623

Miscellaneous. Evangelistic.....2973-3001

TOPICAL INDEX.

ABILITY. Talents. 1939. 1942. 1946. 1950. 1952. 1961.
Abstinence from Drink. 2448-2487.
Acceptance of Salvation. 661-870.
"Accidents," Providential. 149. 151. 152. 163. 167.
Accountability. 341. 342. 345.
Activity, Christian. 2498-2637.
Admonishing Wrong-doers. 366-488. 2278. 2766.
Adolescence. 2213. 2222. (2193-2313.)
Adoption. 753. 754. 1007.
Adultery. Impurity. 461-478. 2167-2168. 2204. 2213. 2216. 2222.
Adversity. Chastening. 1506-1596.
Affections, The, Love to God and Man. 1221. 1088-1785.
Affliction. 1506-1596.
Aim, A Noble. 2281.
Allurements, Sin's. 2880.
"Almost Persuaded." 836-870.
Almsgiving. Stewardship. 2332-2379.
Altruism. 2380-2406.
Amusements, Questionable. 1192. 2815-2832.
Ambition. 1265. 2281. 2736. 2743. 2754.
Ancestors. 1915-1924.
Angels. 1494. 2916.
Anger. 346. 441. 443. 446. 449-454. 456. 2321.
Answered Prayer. 1008. 1011. 1014. 1016. 1021. 1023. 1027. 1028. 1031. 1035. 1047. 1048. 1054. 1064. 1065. 1077.
Anti-Christs. 2765.
Anxiety. 1273-1399.
Apostacy. Backsliding. 2762-2795.
Appetite. 2397.
Appreciation. 1700.
Ardor. 2654-2681.
Ascension, Intercession, Christ's. 302-308.
Asceticism. 2816.
Associates. 1775. 1934-2005.
Assurance. 1273-1382. 336. 998. 999.
Atheism. Infidelity. 369-382.
Athletics Overemphasized. 2279.
Atonement, Christ's. 128. 130. 245-263. 654. 656.
Attainments, Christian. 821. 826. 829. 830. 832. 1180. 1182. 1185.
Attendance, Church. 908. 909. 918. 924. 926-934.
Auto-suggestion. 2320-2331.
Avarice. 479-496. 514-547. 2332-2379.

BACKSLIDERS. 85. 2781. 2784. 2824.
Bad habits. 383-396.
Baptism. 936-941.
Belief. Faith. 702-735. 678. 679.
Benefactors. 2332-2379.
Benevolence. 2332-2379.
Bereavement. 264-301. 2840-2914.
Besetting Sins. 346-369.
Bible, The. 1-96. 1366. 1383-1399.
Bible and Human Progress, The. 33-41. 808.
Bible, The, Influence on the Individual. 42-73. 826. 762. 835.
Bible, The, Inspiration of. 1-20.
Bible-Schools. 39.
Bible-Study. 74-96. 489. 2223.
Bible and Woman, The. 62, 65.
Bigotry. 1597-1609.
Blessings, God the Source of. 1143-1170.
Books. 30-38. 96. 469. 473-478. 704. 1797. 1953. 2212. 2293. 2314-2319. 2326.
Boy, The Influence of a. 2369.
Brahminism. 1093.
Bravery. 2682-2720.
Brotherly Love. 1610-1773.
Buddhism. 1093.
Business and Religion. 689. 1234, 2833-2839.
Business and Temperance. 2407-2433. 2471-2479.

CALAMITIES and God. 171. 177. 181.
Calmness. 1434.
Calumny. 502. 507. 508. 512. 1681. 1899.
Card-Playing. 2815-2832.
Care, Worry. 1506-1596.
Careless, The, Spiritual Indifference. 2762-2795.
Caste. 795.
Catastrophies and God. 171. 177. 181.
Catechetical Instruction. 208. 2197. 2203. 2204. 2206. 2210. 2216.
Chance or Providence. 139-197.
Character. 1380. 1866. 1914. 1915. 1934.
Character Transformed by Christ. 762-835.
Charity (Christian Love). 1597-1785.
Charity (Philanthropy). 2380-2406.
Chastening. 1506-1596.

Cheating. 479-496.
Cheerful Giving. 2371. 2378.
Cheerfulness. 1419-1468.
Child-Labor. 2401. 2405.
Child, The Death of a. 2908.
Child-Nurture. 2193-2313. 850.
Children, Christian. 2197. 2203. 2204. 2208. 2224.
Children's Day, Origin of. 2262.
Choice. 836-870.
Christ. 199-288.
Christ's Atoning Death. 245-263. 658.
Christ Our Friend. 965-1007.
Christ's Transforming Power. 58. 1093-1095. 1119. 1194. 1960.
Christianizing Wealth. 2359.
Christian Liberty. 753. 754. 815. 1940.
Christian Living. 871-1272.
Christianity and Human Progress. 33-41.
Christian Science. 2330. 2331.
Christmas. 225-236. 909. 1293.
Church, The. 907-925.
Church and Community. 913. 914. 918.
Church Attendance. 926-934.
Church Building. 920-923. 935.
Church, Conditions of Growth. 650. 914-919.
Church, The. Its Claims. 907-925.
Church, Loyalty to. 926-935.
Church-Membership. 871-906.
Church Music. 943-965.
Church Work. 2498-2637.
Church Worship. 907-925.
Church Union. 1597-1609.
Church, Uniting with the. 871-906.
Circumstances. 1925-1934.
Citizenship, Good. 1879. 1880. 1885. 1887. 1891.
Civility. 1670. 1673. 1677. 1687. 1705. 1706. 1730. 1736. 1738. 1757. 1767. 1769.
Civilization and Missions. 2141. 33-41.
College, The Christian. 2296. 2310. (2293-2373.)
Comfort (Christ Our Friend). 965-1007. (Trust.) 1273-1382.
Commandments, The. 397-547.
Commercialism. 362-368. 2206.
Communion with God. 904-939. 1044. 1068. 1069. 1075.
Communion Service, The. 245-263. 937-942. 965-1007. 1117.
Companionship of Christ, The. 965-1007.
Competition. 2338.
Compromises. 2749.
Concentration. 2638-2653.
Conduct. 1869. 1870. 1872. 1878. 1885-1892.
Confessing Christ. 871-906.
Confession of Sin. 677. 678. 718. (661-701.
Confidence in God, Trust. 1273-1399.
Conflict, Life a. 343. 348. 1901. 548-569. 1506-1596.
Congregation, The. 916. 924.
Conservation of Energy. 1991. 1993.
Consequences of Sin. 601-623.
Conscience. 311. 424. 493. 570-600. 613.
Conscience Money. 586.
Consecration. 745. 1171-1279.
Consistency. 1111-1229. 1970. 2004.
Consolation. 2840-2972.
Contempt. 1495.
Contentment. 1419-1487. 2301.
Contrition. 661-701.
Controversy. 1597-1608.
Conversation, Religious. Soul-Winning. 2037-2098.
Conversion. 661-735. 1053-1202. 187.
Conversion of Noted Men. 696-700.
Conviction of Sin. 662-664. 670. 673. 677-701.)
Convictions. 2520. 2594. 2664. 2665. 2680.
Courage. 2682-2720. 2616.
Courtesy. 1671-1677. 1703-1711. 1722. 1737. 1741.
Covetousness. 514-547. 2332-2379.
Cowardice. 871-874. 886. 905.
Creation. 110-112.
Criminals. 1871. 1920. 1922. 2275. 2387. 2394. (1915-1934.)
Cross, The. Atonement. 245-263.
Culture, Christian. 2193-2313. (2293.)
Damien, Father. 2689.
Dancing (Questionable Amusements.) 2815-2832.
Daring. 2682-2720.
Day of Judgment, The. 2958-2972.
Deaconesses. 168. 1627.
Dead, The Blessed. 298.
Death (Funerals.) 264-301. 2840-2957. 1297. 1329. 767. 1222. 198. 120. 1366. 1368. 1383. 1386. 1394. 1398. 1400.
Deathbed Repentance. 675. 678. 2864.
Death Without Hope. 617. 621.
Decalogue, The. 397-545.
Decision. 1258-1272.
Decision Day. 2244-2256. 390. 2266. (See Christian Nurture.)
Decision for Christ. 390. 836-870.
Dedication of a Church. 1959. 907-925.
Deity of Christ. 213-224.
Degeneracy. 345. 1866-1914.
Delay Dangerous. 836-870.
Deliverance from Danger. 1286. 1291. 1304. 1318. 1326. 1327. 1335.

Denominational Exclusiveness. 1597-1609.
Dependence upon God. 1273-1382.
Depravity. 1917. 1921. 1922. 1924.
Depression. 1367. 1368. 1382. 1386. 1410.
Design. 108-118.
Despair. 373. 1289. 1297. 1300.
Despondency. 1367. 1368. 1382. 1386. 1410.
Determination. 2654-2681.
Devil, The. 623. 341. 345. 348. 383. 386. 387. 394. 416. 722. 1274.
Difficulties. 1506-1596.
Diligence. 2498-2637.
Disappointment. 1509. 1518. 1521. 1527. 1533. 1534. 1539. 1540. 1552. 1558.
Discipline. Probation. 1506-1596. 1876. (548-569.)
Discontent. 1419-1487.
Discouragement. 1509. 1517. 1518. 1527. 1529. 1538. 1543. 1546. 1547. 1551. 1559. 1691.
Disease and Prayer. 824. 1078-1088. 1671.
Disobedience. 1230-1272.
Divinity of Christ, The. 213-224.
Divorce. Marriage and the Home. 1786-1834. 470. 473.
Dogmatism. 1597. 1600. 1605.
Doing Good. 1668-1773.
Doubt. 370-382. 129. 398. 836-864. 1707. 2077. 2913.
Dreams. 711. 1405. 2711.
Drifting. Spiritual Indifference. 2762-2795.
Drunkenness. 2407-2497.
Duties of the Christian Life. 871-1272.
Dying Grace. 1542.

Earnestness. Zeal. 2498-2637.
Easter. Immortality. Death. 264-301. 120. 308. 2840-2914.
Education. 2293-2373. 1889.
Educated Classes, The. 2390.
Effort, Christian. 2498-2914.
Egotism. 345.
Eighth Commandment, The. 479-496.
Election. Predestination. 1253.
Emotions. Feeling and Faith. 736-744.
Encouragement. 1668. 1673. 1683. 1689. 1694. 1696. 1700. 1702. 1720. 1722.
Endurance. 1470. 1471. 1476. 1477. 1487.
Enemies. 1562. 1575. 1587.
Energy. 2583. 2586. 2587.
Enthusiasm. 2654-2681. 2498-2637.
Environment and Heredity (See Christian Nurture.) 776. 827. 1309. 1801-1871. 1915-1934. 1968. 1982. 2211.
Envy. 440-460. 514-547. 345. 1422. 1432.
Error. 382.
Eternal Punishment. 619-623. 2973-3150.
Eternity. 264-301. 2840-2972.
Ethics and Religion. 397. 398.
Evangelism. 1934. 2037-2098.
Evil. 341-369.
Example, Influence of. 2006-2036. 2226. 1935-2005. 2369. 2378.
Excuses, Spiritual Indifference. 687. 689. 2762-2795.
Experience. 999. 965-1007. 1087-1139. 2680.
Experience, Christian. 1307. 1118. 1182. 1183. 2680.
Extravagance. 2361. 2365. 2389. 2400.

Failure. 2597. 1509. 1510. 1512. 1514. 1517.
Faith. 702-735. 1035. 1349.
Faith and Feeling. 736-744.
Faithfulness. 578. 2498-2637.
Fall, The. 341-344.
Fame. 2736. 2743. 2728. 2734.
Family, The. 1786-1834.
Family Prayer. 1816-1820.
Fanaticism. 458. 459. 1603. 2654-2681.
Fatalism. 2509.
Fatherhood of God. 139-197.
Faults, Little. 2641-2644.
Fear. Anxiety. 1273-1382.
Feelings and Faith. 736-744.
Fellowship with Christ. 965-1007. 924.
Fervor. 2498-2637.
Fidelity to Duty. 578. 2498-2637.
Fifth Commandment, The. 431-439.
Filial Love. 431-439. 1698. 1722. 2205.
First Commandment, The. 397-401.
Foes, Spiritual. 1562. 1575. 1587.
Foreign Missions. 2099-2184.
Forgetting Wrongs. 1666.
Forgiveness, God's. 624-660.
Forgiving Others. 1642-1667. 346.
Formalism. 2801-2814.
Fortitude. 2682-2720.
Fourth Commandment, The. 416-430.
Free Grace. 624-870.
Freedom of the Will. 1258. 1272.
Friendship. 1002. 1774-1785.
Frivolity. 2761.
Fruitfulness. 2498-2637. 1171-1229.
Funeral Thoughts. 2840-2914. 264-301. 767. 120. 198. 1296. 1297. 1299. 1329.
Future Life, The. 2840-2972.

Gains, Unlawful. 481. 490. 495.
Gambling. 481. 490. 495.
Generosity. 1744. 2346. 2355. 2358. 2360. 2364. 2366. 2367. 2371. 2376. 2378. 2379. 2391.
Gentleness. 1665. 1671. 1682.
Giving. Stewardship. 2332-2379. 1974.
Gladness. Joy. 1419-1468.
Glory. Fame. 2736. 2743.

God, Attributes of. 97-340.
God's Immanence. 977. 979-982. 988. 989. 995. 1026.
God's Love. 116-133. (Providential Care.) 139-197. (Offer of Salvation.) 624-870.
God's Providence. 139-197.
God in Nature. 198-212.
Godliness. 1171-1229.
Godliness Profitable. 2833-2839. 360.
Godly Sorrow. Repentance. 661-701.
Good Works. Christian Efford. 2498-2637.
Good Works, Moralists. 724. 755-761.
Gold. Wealth. 2332-2379.
Gospel, The. Redemption. 624-660.
Grace, Free. 624-660.
Graces, Christian. 1088-2832.
Gratitude. 1143-1170.
Grave, The. 264-301. 2840-2914.
Greatness, Worldly. Ambition. 2721-2761.
Growth in Grace. 1866-1914.
Grumbling. 1463-1468. 1483.
Guidance. 172. 179. 182. 184. 192. 691. 1051.
Guilt. 346-369.

Habit. 383-396. 687. 2306. 2557.
Happiness, Joy. 1419-1468.
Hatred. 440-460. 346.
Health and Happiness. Disease and Prayer. 1078-1088. 2320-2331.
Heart-Life. 1171-1229.
Hearing and Heeding. 353.
Heathenism. (Missions.) 2099-2184.
Heaven. 2915-2957. 123. 265. 266. 2077.
Hell. 2958-2972. 619-623.
Heredity and Environment. 1915-1934. 357. 365. 567. 1801. 1871. 1969. 1982. 2210. 2211.
Heroism. 2682-2720.
Hindrances. 1506-1596.
Hinduism. 1093.
History, God in. 139-197.
Holiness. 1171-1229.
Holy Spirit, The. 309-340. 138. 745-755. 1194.
Home, The. 1786-1820. (Mothers.) 1752-1764. (Marriage.) 1738-1751.
Home Missions. 2172-2184. 1917.
Honoring Parents. 431-439.
Honesty. 479-496.
Hope. 1400-1418. 1452.
Hospitality. 1772. 1758. 1765. 1769.
Hospitals. 2381.
Human Nature. Depravity of. 341-369.
Humility. 1488-1505. 413. 1049. 2078.
Humor. 1702.
Husband and Wife. 1821-1834.

Hymns. Music. 943-965.
Hypocrites. 2801-2814.

Iceland. 2493.
Ideals. 2281. 2663-2681.
Idleness. 2796-2800.
Idolatry. 402-406. 2135. 2146.
Ignorance Dispelled by Education. 2293-2373.
Image Worship. 402-406.
Imagination, The. 2320-2331.
Imitation of Christ. 1171-1229.
Immanence, God's. 977. 979. 982. 988. 989. 995. 1026.
Immigrant, The. 2185-2192. 1616.
Immortality. 264-301. 2840-2972.
Impatience. 1469-1487.
Importunity in Prayer. 1011. 1016. 1028. 1045. 1064. 1070.
Impulsiveness. 2597.
Impurity. 461-478.
Incarnation and Birth of Christ. 225-236.
Inconsistency. 2801-2814.
Indecision. Procrastination. 836-870.
Indifference, Spiritual. 2762-2795.
Indolence. 2796-2800.
Industry. 2563. 2569. 2592-2600. 2800.
Infidelity. 370-382. 1707.
Influence. 1934-2005. 204. 511. 512. 797. 850. 887. 896. 1192. 1444. 1464. 1691. 1695. 2006-2036. 2226. 2239. 2266. 2326. 2350. 2378. 2572. 2903.
Influence of Mind on Body. 1989. 2320-2331.
Ingratitude. 437. 1143-1170.
Injuries Forgiven. 1642-1667.
Insanity and Religion. 1081. 1279. 1284. 1289. 1292. 1298. 1304. 1305.
Insincerity. Hypocrisy. 2801-2814.
Inspiration of the Scriptures. 1-20.
Installation-Service Thoughts. 920. 921. 930. 1074. (1171-1229).
Insult. 1642. 1657. 1662.
Intemperance. 2407-2497.
Intention. Motive. 346. 348. 349.
Intercession and Ascension, Christ's. 302-308.
Intercession. Prayer. 1008-1087.
Intermediate State, The. 2923.
Invitation, God's. 640. 641.
Irreverence. 416-430.
Irritability. 440-461.

Jealousy. 1626. 2321.
Jesus Christ. 213-308.
Joy. 1419-1468.
Judgment-Day, The. Retribution. 2958-2972. 619-623. 367.

Jukes' Family, The. 1871. 1922.
Jurka, Frau Ida. 1920.
Justification by Faith. 702. 706-709. 711-717. 719. 726. 731.

KINDNESS. 1668-1773.
Kingdom of God, The. 33-73. 2529.
Knowledge, The Acquirement of. 2293-2373.

LABOR. Christian Effort. 2498-2637.
Law, Deliverance from the Bondage of. 753. 754.
Law and Gospel. 682. 753. 754.
Learning. 2293-2373.
Leprosy. 1516. 2689.
Liberality. 2332-2406.
Liberty, Christian. 753. 754. 687.
Liberty, Personal. 1746.
Life a School. 1506. 1592. 1593. 1596.
Life, The End of. 2840-2914.
Life, Sacredness of. 440-460.
Likeness to God. 1171-1229.
Literature. 2314-2319.
Little Sins. 341. 343. 346. 348. 350. 351. 358. 359. 1040. 2641-2644.
Little Things, Influence of. 1947. 1951. 1961. 1975. 1978. 1983. 1988.
Lord's Supper, The. 937-942. 245-263. 965-1007. 1117.
Lost Souls. 601-623.
Love to God. 1088-1142.
Love to Man. 1597-1785.
Loyalty to the Church. 926-934.
Lukewarmness. 914-916. 2762-2795.
Lust. 461-478.
Luxury. 2361. 2365. 2366. 2389. 2400.
Lying. 497-513.

MADAGASCAR. 2449.
Mammon. 2332-2379.
Manhood, True. 2273-2293. 1877. 1866-1914.
Manual Training. 2564.
Marriage and Divorce. 1821-1834.
Martyrs. 1362. 1363. 1386. 1394. 1528. 1575. 2566.
Martyr-Spirit, The. 2682-2720.
Materialism. 363-369. 2738. 2739.
Means of Grace, The. 907-964.
Mediator, Christ Our. 302-308.
Medical Missions. 1743. 2130. 2163.
Meditation. 2320-2331. 1043. 2760.
Meekness. 1488-1505.
Melancholia. 1362. 1368. 1382. 1411.
Memorial Day. 1104. 1116.
Memory and Conscience. 571. 591-599.
Men's Movement, The. 2273-2293.
Mental Healing. 2320-2331. 1031.
Mental Mirages. Illusions of Sense. 405.
Mercy, God's. 245-263. 624-660.
Merciful Deeds. 2380-2406.
Mind, Influence on Body. 2320-2331.
Ministry, The Call to the. 1051. 920. 921. 930. 1074.
Miracles. 242. 243. 1050. 1052.
Miracles of Grace. 762-835. 1960.
Misfortune. 1506-1596.
Missions in General. 2099-2184. 133. 647. 650. 666. 676.
Missions, Home. 2172-2184.
Missions and the Liquor Traffic. 2119-2131. 2451. 2453.
Missions, Reflex Influence of. 2137. 2138. 2141. 2147. 2168. 2169.
Modesty. 1408-1505. 2376. 2732.
Mohammedanism. 1093.
Money. 2332-2379.
Moral Deterioration. 1886. 345.
Moralists. 756-761. 1203.
Morality. The Commandments. 397-547.
Morality and Religion Inseparable. 397. 398. 1203.
Mormons. 2128.
Mothers. 1835-1850. 2223. 432. 433. 1698. 1713. 2223. (2193-2231.)
Motives, Our. 346. 348. 349. 2733. 2736.
Mountains. 1291. 1354. 1421.
Murder. 440-460.
Murmuring. 1369. 1374. 1380. 1382.
Music, Influence of. 943-965. 1085. 1696.
Mysteries of Providence. 139-197.

NARROWNESS. Bigotry. 1597-1609.
Nations, God's Dealings with. 34. 41. 140. 145. 147. 184. 189.
Native Missionaries. 2128.
Nature and Grace, Their Conflict. 345.
Nature, God in. 198-212.
Negligence. 2640-2653. 2773.
New Birth, The. 745-755. 762-835.
New-Year. 1326. 1863. 2973-3002. (Opportunity.) 752. 1350. 1339.
Ninth Commandment, The. 497-513. 2338.
"Now." Procrastination. 836-870. 390.
Nurture, Christian. 2193-2231.

OATHS, Profanity. 407-415.
Obedience. 1230-1272. 346. 364. 365. 367. 673. 674. 2399.
Obedience to Parents. 431-439.
Obstacles. 1506-1596.
Omniscience of God. 103-106. 361. 1840.
Opium traffic, The. 2484.
Opportunity. 1851-1865. 2903. 2975.
Opposition a Spur to Effort. 1518-1521. 1530. 1539. 1545. 1558. 1559. 1562.

Optimism. 1400-1418.
Ordination Thoughts. 1074. 1051. 920. 921. 930.
Other Gods. The First Commandment. 397-401.

Pain. 1506-1596.
Parables, Christ's. 237-244.
Pardon. 624-660.
Parents. 431-439.
Passion. Anger. 440-460.
Patience. 1469-1487. 676. 2160. 2534.
Patriotism. 2386.
Pauperism and Drink. 2407-2433.
Peace. 1419-1468. 1354. 1355. 1363. 1365. 1380. 1415.
Penitence. 661-701.
Perfection, Striving for. 1171-1229.
Persecution. 458. 459. 1362. 1363. 1386. 1394. 1525. 1575. 1605. 1657. 2566.
Perseverance. 2498-2653. 1476. 1477. 1479. 1485. 1486. 1487. 1957.
Personality, The Influence of. 1866-1914.
Personal Liberty. 1746. 2467-2469. 2474.
Personal Work. 2577-2584.
Pessimism. 405. 1380. 1425.
Pharisaism. 2801-2814.
Philanthropy. 1679. 2380-2406.
Physical Culture Over-emphasized. 2279.
Piety. 1171-1229.
Pilgrimage, Life a. 2881. 2911.
Pity. 1668-1773.
Pleasure, Lovers of. 2721-2761.
"Point of Contact," The. 2243.
Politeness. 1675. 1680. 1703. 1706.
Poor, The. 2380-2406. 1915-1934.
Poverty, Its Claims. 2380-2406.
Power, Christ's Transforming. 58. 762-835.
Power, Spiritual. 326-337. 749.
Praise. 1668. 1710. 1711. 1718. 1753. 1771.
Prayer. 1008-1088.
Prayer and Disease. 1078-1087. 824.
Prayer, Family. 1816-1820.
Prayer Meeting, The. 2570.
"Practising the Presence of God." 989.
Prejudice. 1597. 1609.
Preparation. 2303. 2855. 2856.
Preparatory Service Thoughts. 1150. 1155. 1156. 1174. 1178. 1182. 1183. 1190. 1207-1229.
Pride. 1496. 2724-2732. 2746. 2750.
Prisons. 2275. 2387. 2394.
Probation. Testing. 1506-1596. 548-569.
Procrastination. "Now." 390. 836-870. 1255. 1271. 1272.
Profanity. 407-415.
Professing Christ. 871-906.
Promises, God's. 1383-1399. 1273-1382. 1042. 2905.
Prophets. 2706.
Proportionate Giving. 2356-2359.
Prosperity. Wealth. 2332-2379.
Proverbs, Their Testimony. 2964.
Providence. 139-197. 250. 272. 407. 422. 2172.
Power, Spiritual. 326. 331. 333. 334. 335. 337. 749.
Psychotherapy. 2320-2331.
Public Schools. 2312. (Education.) 2293-2313.
Public Worship. 907-925. 930.
Punishment of Sin. 601-623. 2958-2972.
Purity. 461-478.
Purpose in Life. 2594. 2498-2637.

Quarrels. 441-456.
Questionable Amusements. 2815-2832. 689. 1204. 1621. 2019.
Quenching the Spirit. 609.

Readiness. 2641. 2649. 2651.
Reading. 2314-2319.
Rebuking Sin. 366. 408. 410. 2278. 2766.
Receiving Christ. Conversion. 661-870.
Recognition in Heaven. 2954-2957.
Recreation, Christian. 2815-2832.
Redemption. 624-870. 245-263.
Reflection. Meditation. 2320-2331.
Reflex Influence of Missions. 651. 2100. 2101. 2105. 2115. 2116. 2126. 2137-2147. 2155. 2167-2169.
Reformation and Regeneration. 756-761. (745-755.)
Regeneration. 745-755. 322-340. 472. 764-835. 1194. 1200. 1202.
Rejecting Christ. 370-382. 609. 689. 836-870.
Religion, Genuine. 1258. 1261. 1269. 1271.
Religion, Influence of. 33-73. 762-835.
Religion and Sanity. 1081. 1279. 1284. 1289. 1292. 1298. 1304. 1305.
Religious Ordinances. 907-942.
Remorse (Conscience.) 570-600. (Retribution.) 2958-2972.
Repentance. 661-701. 187.
Reputation. 1899. 1910. 1886-1912.
Resignation. 1279-1285. 1296. 1297. 1311. 1368. 1542-1548.
Resolution. Earnestness. 2498-2637.
Responsibility For Influence. 1934-2005.
Responsiveness. 1962. 1968. 1969.
Rest, The Soul's. 1321. 1354. 1356. 1363. 1378. 1379. 1461.
Restitution. 493. 586. 589. 592.

Resurrection. 264-301. 2840-2972. 1297. 1329.
Retaliation. 441. 443. 445. 452. 453. 456.
Retribution. 2958-2972. 529. 619-623.
Revelation. 1-73.
Revenge. 441. 443. 445. 447. 453. 456.
Reverence. 407-415.
Revivals. 1654. 1934. 2219. 2801.
Riches. 2332-2379.
Ridicule, The Fear of. 871. 873. 874. 876. 882. 886. 890. 902. 905. 906.
Righteousness. 1171-1229.
Ritualism. 916.

Sabbath, The. 416-430.
Sacraments, The. 936-942. (Communion Meditations.) 965-1007.
Sacred vs. Secular. 820.
Sacrifice, Self. 2682-2720.
Saints. 1171-1229.
Salvation. 624-870.
Sanctuary, The. 907-925.
Sanctification. 1171-1229. 762-835.
Satan. 623. 341. 345. 348. 383. 387. 394. 722.
Schism. 1597-1609.
School, Life a. 1506. 1592. 1593. 1596.
Scriptures, The. 1-96.
Second Coming of Christ, The. 302-306. 308.
Secret Sins. 354-361. 1171.
Sectarianism. 1597-1609. 1616.
Secular vs. Sacred. 820.
Secularized Education. 2304. 2310.
Selfishness. 1773. 2721-2761.
Self-confidence. 2721-2761.
Self-control. 441-454.
Self-denial. 1197. 1227. 1228. 2682-2720.
Self-depreciation. 1488-1505.
Self-examination. 1172. 1178. 1184. 1190. 1193. 1197. 1208. 1210. 1219.
Self-forgetfulness. 1488-1505.
Self-righteousness. 756-761.
Self-sacrifice. 2682-2720. 1107. 1119. 1197. 1227. 1228.
Self-seeking. 1773. 2721-2761.
Senses, Temptation Through the. 557, 566.
Sensitiveness. 2731.
Sensuality. 461-478.
Separation from the World. 1171-1229.
Service. Christian Effort. 2357. 2383-2388. 2406. 2498-2637.
Shepherd, Christ Our. 966. 991. 1000.
Sickness. 1585-1591. 1078-1087.
Sickness, Ministry of. 1589.
Silence Golden. 448-451.
Sin. 341-623.
Sincerity. 2680. 2764. 2801-2814.
Singleness of Aim. 2573.
Sin's Beginnings, Nature, Growth. 341-369.
Sins Classified. The Decalogue. 394-547.
Sin's, Slavery. 383-396.
Sixth Commandment, The. 440-460.
Skepticism. 362. 370-382. 268. 2087. 2862. 2863. 2913.
Slander. 497-513. 1471. 1681.
Slums, The. 2174. 2179. 2180.
Socialism. 1640.
Social Service. 2380-2406.
Solitude. 1178. 2760.
Song, Influence of. 1696. 943-964.
Sonship. 753. 754.
Sorrow. 1506-1596.
Soul, The. 267.
Soul-winning. 2037-2098. 668. 900. 923. 1108. 1695. 1960. 1982. 2290.
Spiritual Conflict. 345. 348. 548-569.
Spiritual Indifference. 2762-2795.
Spiritual-Mindedness. 1171-1229.
Steadfastness. 2498-2653.
Stealing. 479-496.
Stewardship. 2332-2379.
Stinginess. 2365. (2364-2376.)
Sub-Conscious Mind, The. 395. 396.
Submission. 1279-1285. 1296. 1297. 1311.
Substitution. The Atonement. 245-263.
Success, Conditions of. 2640-2681.
Suffering. 1506-1596.
Suggestion. Auto-suggestion. 2320-2331.
Suicide. 495. 2852.
Sunday School, The. 2232-2272.
Sunday School and Missions, The. 2233. 2238. 2240.
Superstition. 542. 2038.
Surrender. 1173. 1188. 1203. 1215.
Sycophancy. 1112. 1492.
Sympathy. 1668-1773. 2355. 2363.
Systematic Benevolence. 2356. 2358. 2359.

Tact. 1668-1773.
Talents. 1851-1865. 1939. 1942. 1946. 1950. 1952. 1961. 2903.
Teacher-Training. 2232. 2235. 2271.
Teaching. 2249. 2250. 2293-2313.
Temper, The. 440-460.
Temperance and Business. 2407-2433.
Temperance Effort. 2488-2497. 1964. 2034. 2434.
Temperance, Evils of Intemperance. 2448-2487. 839. 2029. 1964.
Temperance and Health. 2434-2447.
Temptation. 548-569. 1847.
Tests, Life's. 548-569.
Thanksgiving Day. 1143-1170. 2172.
Theatre, The. 2815. 2822. 2826-2828.

Theft. 479-496.
Therapeutics, Mental. 1078-1087.
Third Commandment, The. 407-415. 621. 2135. 2146.
Thirsting for God. 1088-1094.
Thought, Influence on Life. 346. 391-396. 1431. 1434. 2320. 2331.
Thought. Reflection. 2320-2331. 346. 391-396. 1431. 1434.
Thoughtfulness for Others. 1668-1773.
Thoroughness. 2638-2653.
Time and Eternity. 2840-2972.
Timid Believers. 871-874. 886. 905.
Tithing. 2356-2379.
Tomorrow. Procrastination. 836-870.
Tongue, The. 440-513. 1668-1773.
Tract, Influence of a. 1951.
Training. 2197. 2210. 2216.
Training, Home. 1806-1813. 2193-2231.
Transforming power of the Gospel, The. 762-835. 666.
Trials. 1506-1596.
Tribulation. 1506-1596.
Trifles, Fidelity in. 2638-2653.
Trinity, The. 134-138.
Troubles. Adversity. 1506-1596.
Trust in God. 1273-1382. 954-959. 1228.
Truth, Revealed. 1-23.
Truthfulness. 497-513. 2338.

Unbelief. 362-382. 2913.
Unconscious Influence. 1936-1938. 1948-1956. 1971-2036.
Unfaithfulness. 2762-2795.
Uniting with the Church. 871-906.
Unity, Christian. 1597-1609. 2570.
Unselfishness. 2682-2720.

Vanity. 2732. 2750.
Vengeance. 448. 452. 456.
Vice. 345. 347. 352.
Victory Over Sin. 762-835.
Vigilance. 343. 348. 354. 359. 1021. 1040. 1183. 1190. 1198. 1204. 1206. 1255. 1256. 2608. 2641. 2651.
Vindictiveness. 1664.
Virtue. 1171-1229. 1866-1914.
Visions. 771. 1362. 1365. 1405. 2711.

War. 460.
Warfare, Life's. 343. 348. 1901. (548-569.) (1506-1596.)
Watchfulness. 343. 348. 354. 359. 1021. 1040. 1183. 1190. 1198. 1204. 1206.
Wealth, The World's. 2739.
Wealth. 2332-2379. (Covetousness) 514-547. 1314.
White Cross, The. Purity. 461-478.
Wicked, The. 341-596.
Will, The. 1866-1914. 346. 348. 445. 687. 689. 693. 695.
Witnesses. 871-900.
Woman and Christianity. 56. 1786-1820. 1835-1850. 2112. 2130.
Women and Education. 2313. 2293-2313.
Words, Our. 1471. 1971. (Tongue, Temper.) 440-460. (Purity.) 461-478. (Truthfulness.) 497-513. (Tact.) 1668-1773. (Influence.) 1934-2005.
Words and Works of Christ, The Wonderful. 237-244.
Work, Christian. 2498-2637.
Worldliness. 2721-2832. 342. 351-354. 529.
Worry. 1273-1399.
Worship, Family. 1816-1820.
Worship, Public. 907-925. 2764.
Wrath. 346. 441. 443. 446. 449-454. 456. 2321.

Young, The. 2193-2313.
Young Men. 2086. 2273-2293.

Zeal. 1263. 2492-2637. 2654-2681.
Zenana Work. 2112. 2130.
Zoroastrianism. 1093.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

Abbott, Dr. Lyman. 2853.
Abdallah. 383.
Abdul Hamid. 2328.
Adams, John Quincy. 74.
Addison. 2448.
Adolphus, Gustavus. 950.
Aesop. 511.
Africaner. 772. 2591.
Agassiz. 1155. 1616. 2542. 2940.
Alcibiades. 347.
Alexander the Great. 1292. 1333. 1401. 1781.
Alexander I of Russia. 1885.
Alexander III. 439.
Alexandra, Queen. 1704.
Ambrose. 2706.
Andereya, King. 2140.
Angelico, Fra. 543.
Angell, Ex-President. 2352.
Antiochus, Epiphanes. 1603.
Antoinette, Marie. 2897.
Antony, Mark. 448.
Antliff, Dr. 1328.
Apelles. 2622.
Arabis, Pasha. 394.
Arago. 2633.
Aristotle. 1877. 2198.
Armour, P. D. 1979. 2596.
Armstrong, General. 2699.
Arnold, Benedict. 545.
Arnold, Dr. Thomas. 40. 1526. 2606.
Arnold, Matthew. 1584.
Arthur, King. 237.
Astor, John Jacob. 438.
Athanasius. 500.
Atley, George. 249.
Atolus of Rheims. 2874.
Audley. 2566.
Augustine, St. 40. 192. 827.
Augustine. 297.

Bain, Alexander. 1530.
Balzac. 1815.
Barbarossa. 1364.
Barnardo, Dr. 2384. 2405.
Barnum, P. T. 722. 2391.
Barton, Clara. 730.
Baxter. 2611.
Beach, Moses Y. 2333.
Beattie, Dr. 109.
Beaurepaire. 2852.
Beecher, Henry Ward. 2617.
Beecher, Lyman. 1471.
Beethoven. 946. 2530.
Belfrage. 1099.
Beresford, Lord Charles. 2440.
Bernard of Clairxeaux. 40. 1965.
Bernardino of Siena. 1986.
Berry, Dr. Charles A. 1188.
Bessus. 593.
Biddle, Nicholas. 420.
Bilbro, Judge James A. 1055.
Billroth, Dr. 2018.
Bilney. 702.
Binns, "Jack." 835.
Binoka, King. 1025.
Bismarck. 1492. 1666. 2338.
Black Prince, The. 1522.
Blake, William. 209.
Blaine, James G. 1432.
Blair, Dr. 1725.
Bliss, P. P. 2203.
Blücher. 2641.
Boehler, Bishop. 2219.
Bolingbroke. 612.
Bonar, Andrew. 1360.
Bonner, Bishop. 2566.
Booth, Mrs. Ballington. 2635.
Borromeo. 2217.
Boubet, Louis de. 2924.
Brainerd, David. 2000. 2873.
Bray, Billy. 623. 416.
Breadalbane, Earl of. 591.
Bret Harte. 1475.
Bridgman, Laura. 1199.
Bright, John. 881.
Brooks, Phillips. 976. 1673. 1692. 1967. 2137.
Brooks, Mrs. S. J. 2713.
Brotherton, Joseph. 1426.
Brougham. 1811. 2624.
Browne, Sir Thomas. 2062.
Brown, John. 249. 1334. 1843.
Browning, Robert. 278. 1097.
Bruce, Dr. Robert. 1231.
Buckle. 1837. 1933.
Bucher. 259. 1678.
Buchanan, Dugald. 1912.
Bull, Ole. 449.
Bulwer. 2606.
Bunsen. 1864.
Bunyan. 258. 2805.

Burbank, Luther. 2507.
Burke, Edmund. 455. 1781.
Burr, Aaron. 846.
Burritt, Elihu. 2293.
Bushnell, Horace. 1671. 1965. 1966. 2846. 2880.
Buxton. 1067.
Byron, Lady. 2204.
Byron, Lord. 1422. 1440. 2448.

Cable, George W. 2655.
Caesar, Julius. 1393.
Cairns, Lord. 74.
Caligula. 2758.
Calvin, John. 1392. 2217. 2229. 2343.
Cameron, Simon. 1992.
Canova. 359.
Carberry, Countess of. 405.
Carey, William. 153. 1216. 1505. 2114. 2150.
Carlyle, Jane. 1392.
Carlyle, Thomas. 1382. 1427. 1429. 1823. 1849.
Carnegie, Andrew. 523. 1538. 2596.
Catharine of Siena. 1883.
Cecilia, St. 1338.
Chalmers, Dr. 1094. 2063.
Chamberlain, Dr. Jacob. 2068.
Chambers, Robert. 2061. 2066.
Channing, William Ellery. 1938.
Charles of Bala. 197.
Charles I. 2963.
Charles II. 1814. 2871. 2901.
Charles IX. 459. 598.
Charlemagne. 491. 615.
Charrington, Frederick. 2694.
Chase, Salmon P. 1929.
Chatham, Earl of. 2855.
Chesterfield, Lord. 763.
Childs, George W. 1538. 2596.
Chrysostom. 76.
Cicero. 107. 448. 2606.
Clarke, Sir Gervaise. 2334.
Clarkson. 2624. 2706.
Clifford, Prof. 373.
Clough, J. E. 2156.
Coan, Titus. 2120.
Cobden, Richard. 881.
Colby, John. 790.
Coleridge, Hartley. 384. 1825.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. 30. 383. 1825. 1949. 1996. 2220. 2972.
Coligny. 2720.
Collingwood. 1694.
Collins, Patrick A. 2456.
Collins. 379.
Collyer, Robert. 1870.
Columbus. 649. 1362.
Condor, Dr. John. 293.
Confucius. 1877. 2132.
Constance, Emperor. 2960.
Cook, Mrs. Bella. 1852.
Cortez. 1923.
Cranmer. 1657.
Crillon. 2524.
Cromwell, Oliver. 40. 898. 1392. 1892.
Crowther, Bishop. 2149. 2451.
Cuyler, Theodore. 1833. 1999.
Cyrus. 1324.

D'Alembert. 2633.
Dalhousie, Lord. 2603.
Damien, Father. 2689. 2888.
Dante. 784. 2660.
Darwin. 1487. 1691. 1825.
D'Aubigne. 1653.
Davis, Senator. 1702.
Demosthenes. 1877.
DeRoche, Bailli. 2869.
Devereaux. 1910.
Dewey. 2124.
Dickens, Charles. 1440. 1550. 2642.
Diogenes. 1422.
Dionysius of Halicarnassus. 173.
Disraeli. 2621.
Doddridge. 307. 1941.
Dodge, Wm. E. 1961.
Dods, Dr. Marcus. 1982.
Donne, Dr. 2845.
Dorè. 1911.
Drummond, Henry. 831. 1956. 2139.
Dubois, Madame. 42.
Duff, Dr. 2501.
Duncan, William. 2069.

Edison, Thomas. 1280. 2308. 2426.
Eddystone. 658. 1486.
Edwards, Jonathan. 649.
Edward II. 2229.
Eleanore, Queen. 655.
Eliot, George. 1958.
Eliot, John. 2943.
Elliott, General. 1240.
Elliott, Charlotte. 949.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. 1905.
Epaminondas. 1781.
Erskine, Ebenezer. 2905.
Erskine, Lord. 594.
Erskine, Ralph. 1965.
Evans, Admiral. 1322.
Evans, John. 785.
Ewald. 21.
Falconer, Keith. 1412.
Farragut. 2506. 2617.
Farrar, Prof. 205.
Fawcet, Henry. 2551.

Finney, Pres. 943.
Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. 1386.
Fiske, John. 1813.
Fook, Lough. 2171.
Foss, Bishop. 2221.
Fox. 1781. 2654.
Francke. 74. 2219.
Franklin, Benjamin. 438. 1029. 1885. 1951. 2627.
Froude. 486.
Fry, Elizabeth. 1812.
Fry, Samuel. 1812.
Fulton, Robert. 1850. 2667.
Fulvia. 448.

Gainesborough. 2891.
Galileo. 25.
Gardiner, Allen. 1487.
Gay. 2786.
George III. 705. 1843.
Gibbs. 575.
Giles, Brother. 1281.
Gilmour, James. 1472.
Gladstone. 512. 930. 1075. 1537. 1938. 1980. 2060. 2315.
Glave. 2505.
Godfrey of Buillon. 1781.
Godwin, William. 1691.
Goethe. 12. 1453. 1914. 2315. 2617. 2660.
Goldsmith. 498.
Goodyear. 2569.
Gordon, "Chinese." 74.
Gordon, Dr. A. J. 2895.
Gordon, George Maxwell. 2009.
Gorringe, Lieut. Com. 1757.
Gossner, Pastor. 1065.
Gough, John B. 2879.
Gould, Jay. 1538. 2596.
Gounod. 1350.
Gourrand, Colonel. 512.
Grant, U. S. 428. 667. 1957. 2715.
Gray. 1429.
Gregory IX. 1883.
Grey, Lady Jane. 40. 1544. 2897.
Gudule, St. 1021.
Guizot. 1666.
Gunsaulus, Dr. 1979.
Guthrie, Dr. Thomas. 2872.
Guyon, Dr. 2683.
Guyon, Madame. 328.

Hadley, S. H. 663.
Hadrian, Emperor. 1603.
Hale, Edward Everett. 1904.
Hale, Nathan. 2745.
Hall, Robert. 2591.
Hallam, Arthur. 1781.
Hamilton, Alexander. 1781.
Hampden. 1781.
Hanayah, Rabbi Joshua ben. 97.
Hancock, John. 705.
Handel. 1334.
Hanly, Ex-Governor. 2433.
Hare, Bishop. 2026.
Harms, Louis. 1278. 1378.
Harvey. 2667.
Havelock, Sir Henry. 74. 906.
Havergal, F. R. 74. 1172. 1383.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. 1829.
Haydn. 1423.
Hayes, Mrs. R. B. 1842. 1964.
Haygood, Bishop. 2070.
Hazlitt, William. 1949.
Hegel. 1380.
Heine, Heinrich. 967.
Henry, Patrick. 1929.
Henry, Professor. 2543.
Henry II. 637.
Henry IV. 2524.
Henry, Philip. 1036.
Hephaestion. 1781.
Herkomer, Sir Hubert. 1722.
Herschel. 359. 1815. 2605.
Heywood, Oliver. 2600.
Hildebrand. 40.
Hill, Rowland. 2111. 2946.
Hipparchus. 25.
Hoar, Senator George F. 1702.
Hoch, Governor. 2172.
Hogg, David. 2632.
Hogg, Quintin. 2448. 2674.
Homer. 1938.
Hooper. 1605.
Horace. 1781.
Howard, General O. O. 978. 1198. 1970. 2709.
Howard, John. 193.
Howe, Julia Ward. 1755. 2039.
Howie, John. 2711.
Hovey, H. C. 375.
Hsi, Pastor. 403.
Huber. 2591.
Huguenots, The. 1392.
Hume, David. 378. 1438. 2001.
Humbert, King. 2502.
Humboldt. 1063. 2327. 2617. 2844.
Hunt, John. 2609.
Hunt, T. D. 2175.
Huss, John. 1658. 2701. 2706. 2882.
Huxley. 380.
Hyacinthe, Father. 66.

Ian Maclaren. 1668.
Ignatius. 1860.
Ingersoll, Robert G. 373. 799. 1105. 2903. 2915.

"Ironsides," Cromwell's. 898.
Irving, Edward. 1394.
Ivan of Russia. 1043.

Jackson, "Stonewall." 1015.
James II. 661. 2769.
James V. 2681.
Jay, William. 1943.
Jerrold, Douglas. 2891. 2977.
Joachim II. 709.
Joan of Arc. 1362. 1868.
John The Almsgiver. 1661. 1663.
Johnson, Andrew. 1538.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel. 498. 1774. 1900. 2973.
Joseph of Studium. 2931.
Jowett, Dr. 2782.
Judson, Adoniram. 2107. 2782.
Jukes Family, The. 1871. 1922.
Jurka, Frau Ida. 1920.

Kant, Immanuel. 1615.
Kean, Edmund. 2448. 2579.
Keenan, Major. 2714.
Kekela. 1122.
Keller, Helen. 208.
Kendall, Amos. 892.
Ken, Bishop. 274. 2706.
Kepler. 1484.
Kingsley, Charles. 699. 1820. 2591. 2921.
Kipling, Rudyard. 843. 2476. 2602.
Kitchener, General. 2652.
Kuropatkin. 406.

Lafayette. 103.
Lamb, Charles. 447. 1900. 1996.
Larcom, Lucy. 2314.
LaRochefoucauld. 1425.
Laurance, Sir Henry. 2513.
Le Clerc, Jean. 2565.
Leighton. 87.
Lennox, James. 1910.
Lincoln. 904. 1165. 1332. 1361. 1611. 1909. 1992.
Lindsley, Dr. A. L. 2178.
Lind, Jenny. 964.
Lipton, Sir Thomas. 2335.
Lisle, Lady Alice. 191.
Littre. 380.
Livingstone, David. 100. 141. 153. 696. 1184. 1385. 1505. 2042. 2165. 2287. 2632. 2686.
Locke, John. 2326.
Longfellow, H. W. 1503. 1905. 1940.
Lorenz, Dr. 2435.
Lorraine, Claude. 1941.
Louis IX. 1094.
Louis XI. 1159.
Louis XVII. 1665.
Lourdes, Our Lady of. 2330. 2331.
Lovejoy. 1530.
Loyola. 1260.
Lucca, Pauline. 962.
Lull, Raymond. 1134.
Luther. 6. 736. 886. 1086. 1279. 1324. 1334. 1392. 1880. 2217. 2510. 2690.
Lyman, Lieut. 2643.

Macaulay. 2592.
MacDonald, Sir John. 2596.
Mackenzie. 1472.
Macready. 2974.
Mackay, Alexander. 153. 657.
Maclaren, Ian. 1668.
Mahomet II. 2743.
Mahan, Captain A. T. 673.
Malike. 2451.
Malthus. 1691.
Manning, Cardinal. 512.
Mansfield, Chief Justice. 2624. 2627.
Maria, Dorothea. 2893.
Marie Antoinette. 2897.
Mariano, Fra. 2678.
Mark Twain. 2596.
Marsh, Dr. William. 2027.
Martin of Basle. 886.
Martyn, Henry. 1472. 2000. 2654.
Marsden. 1470.
Mary, Queen of Scots. 2897.
Mathewson, Duncan. 959.
Mathsdotter, Maria. 1195.
Maury, Lieut. 1534.
Mayflower Pilgrims. 1116.
Mayer. 2059.
McCabe, Bishop. 2896.
McCheyne. 1999.
McCabe, Chaplain. 408. 2715.
McKinley, William. 433.
McLeod, Norman. 2177.
McQuade, James F. 524.
Medici, Catharine de. 1392.
Meigs, General. 483.
Melanchthon. 1086. 2949.
Melvin. 2693.
Mendelssohn. 1815.
Mhegard. 2863.
Michaelangelo. 1498. 2268. 2605. 2643. 2982.
Millet. 649. 812. 2547.
Milne, Dr. 2170.
Mirabeau. 2094. 2892.
Moffatt. 178. 1095. 1210. 2591. 2718.
Mohammed. 1397. 1926. 2509.
Monica. 1045.

Monod, Frederick. 1653.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley. 2761.
Montaigne. 1885.
Moody. 1297. 1501. 1948. 2871.
More, Sir Thomas. 40.
Moon, Dr. 1533.
Morgan, J. P. 2596.
Morrison, Robert. 2239.
Morse. 2308. 2667. 2680.
Motley. 2545.
Moule, Bishop H. C. G. 681.
Mozart. 946. 955. 2223.
Muller, Max. 15.
Muller, George. 1273. 1379. 1968.
Munhall, Dr. 2019.
Murillo. 1794.

Napoleon, Bonaparte. 1109. 1417. 1748. 2499.
Napoleon III. 2852.
Neesima. 404.
Nelson, Admiral. 871. 1615. 2065. 2704.
Neri, Philip. 1488.
Newcastle, Duke of. 1858.
Newman, John Henry. 697.
Newton, John. 576.
Newton, Sir Isaac. 5. 1916. 2543.
Ney, Marshall. 2641. 2852.
Nicholas, Czar. 2336.
Nightingale, Florence. 1268.
Nilsson, Christine. 960.
Nitsch. 1103. 1639.
Nloko. 666.
Nott. 2160.
Noy. 2963.

Oliver. 1781.
Omar, Khayyam. 1002.
Oppert. 1.
Orestes. 1781.
Otho, Lord Henry. 2865.
Ousely, Gideon. 741.
Oyama. 2617.

Paderewski. 2639.
Page, Harlan. 1961. 2612.
Palissy. 2672.
Parker, Dr. Peter. 2163.
Parker, Theodore. 60.
Parnell, Charles Stuart. 606.
Pascal. 1815. 2606.
Paton, Captain John. 2048.
Paton, John G. 811. 1031.
Pattison, Bishop. 141. 1998. 2240.
Paxton, Stephen. 2238.
Payne, John Howard. 958.
Payson, Dr. 1448. 1506. 2613. 2876.
Peabody, George. 765.
Pelopidas. 1781.
Pentecost, Dr. Geo. F. 888.
Pericles. 1877.
Perry, Commodore. 1744. 2139.
Petersborough, Lord. 1789.
Petrie, Dr. Flinders. 2322.
Phidias. 1877.
Phillips, Wendell. 1947. 2459. 2563. 2953.
Philips, Captain. 1054.
Pierce, Rev. Samuel. 2875.
Pindar. 1877.
Pinckney, Charles C. 2708.
Pitt, William. 1938.
Pius IX. 2343.
Plato. 405. 1877. 2198.
Plummer, Dr. 656.
Poe, Edgar Allen. 2444.
Polk, Bishop. 1631.
Polybius. 974.
Polycarp. 40.
Pope, Alexander. 2788.
Porson. 2592.
Post, Dr. George E. 1333.
Powers, Hiram. 2195.
Ptolemy. 25.
Pullman. 2596.
Pylodes. 1781.
Pym. 1781.

Quetelet. 474.

Rabelais. 2848.
Rainier, Archduchess. 1182.
Raleigh, Sir W. 376. 2968.
Rainsford, Dr. 1673.
Randolph, John. 366. 410.
Raphael. 1447. 2011. 2984.
Rasalama. 2691.
Renan. 1815. 2891.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua. 796. 1774.
Rhodes, Cecil. 504. 2983.
Richard III. 588.
Ridley. 84. 1605.
Riis, Jacob. 2101.
Robespierre. 379. 2520.
Robertson. 1944.
Rochester, Earl of. 377. 2857.
Rockefeller, John D. 2339.
Rogers, Henry. 110.
Roland. 1781.
Romanes, George J. 2010.
Rose, Horace W. 2577.
Roosevelt. 730.
Rosse, Lord. 25.
Rothschild. 2911.

Ruskin, John. 74. 1255. 1806.
Rutherford. 74. 2871. 2901.

Savonarola. 700. 1392. 1941. 2678. 2944.
Schiller. 1781.
Schley, Admiral. 2970.
Schopenhauer. 2204. 2767.
Schumann, Clara. 1969.
Schweinfurth, Dr. 1375.
Scott, Sir Walter. 1550. 1787. 1900. 2606. 2627.
Scott, Sir John. 2681.
Scudder, John. 1810. 1940.
Selwyn, Bishop. 1998.
Seneca. 974. 2803.
Seward. 1811.
Shaftsbury. 1831.
Shah of Persia. 2336.
Shakespeare. 2627. 2849.
Sharp, Granville. 2624.
Shaw, Barnabas. 172.
Shelley. 369.
Sheridan, Gen. 483. 2601. 2715.
Sheridan, Richard B. 2448.
Shipton, Anna. 2927.
Shultz, Stephen. 1315.
Sickles, General. 2714.
Sidney, Sir P. 178. 1843.
Simpson, Sir James. 1708.
Simeon, Rev. Charles. 2000.
Smethem, James. 2315.
Smith, Joseph. 1972.
Socrates. 652. 2284.
Sojourner Truth. 998.
Somerset, Lady Henry. 1019.
Sophocles. 1877.
Spechbacher, Albert. 2700.
Speer, Robert E. 2240.
Spener. 2219.
Spurgeon. 167. 1360. 2889.
Stael, Madame de. 1945.
Stanford, Leland. 2596.
Stanley, Henry M. 555. 644. 657. 1856. 2013. 2115.
Stanley, Dean. 1254. 1843.
Stephens, Alexander. 2591.
Stephenson, R. L. 1550. 2308.
Stevens, Thaddeus. 1997.
Stewart, A. T. 2596.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher. 1941. 2071.
St. Pierre. 401.
Strauss. 2969.
St. Teresa. 2885.
Summerfield. 2574.
Sumner, Charles G. 1737. 2039.
Sutherland, Earl of. 1237.
Sulla. 760.
Swedenborg. 2845.

Taft, President. 2154.
Tancred. 1781.
Tauler. 1229.
Taylor, Father. 1615.
Taylor, Zachary. 2616.
Taylor, James Brainerd. 1940.
Taylor, Jeremy. 40.
Taylor, J. Hudson. 902.
Temple, Sir Richard. 358.
Tennyson, Alfred. 202. 1334. 1427. 1781. 1954. 2536.
Theirs. 1666.
Themistocles. 1877.
Theodore, King. 176. 2852.
Theodosius. 95. 2706. 2960.
Thompson, Joseph. 2485.
Thompson, President. 2596.
Thorwaldson. 2976.
Tiberius. 610.
Tissot. 246.
Todd, John. 1565.
Tolstoi. 1104.
Toplady. 1600.
Torquemada. 2717.
Treves, Sir Frederick. 2438.
Tso, Governor. 2614.
Turner. 1454. 2579. 2652.
Tweed, William M. 2835.
Tyndall. 380.

Vanderbilt, Commodore. 2596.
Vauvenargues. 1425.
Victoria, Queen. 2897.
Virgil. 1781.
Voltaire. 35. 171. 379. 2850.
Von Moltke. 1416.
Von Welz, Baron. 1113.

Wallace, William. 40.
Wanamaker, John. 1538.
Warham, Archbishop. 2885.
Warren, James H. 2176.
Washington, Booker T. 2309.
Washington, George. 397. 1781. 1892. 2428.
Washington, Mary. 1843.
Watson, John. 1668.
Wayland, Dr. 2111.
Webster, Daniel. 790. 1334. 2324. 2519. 2629.
Webster, Dr. 595.
Welch, Jane. 2687.
Wellington. 1417. 2641.

Wesley, John. 74. 173. 561. 800. 1253. 1263. 1600. 1843. 1961. 2219. 2526.
Wesley, Suzanna. 561.
Whalon. 1122.
Whitefield. 1221. 1600.
Whittier, John G. 630. 2596.
Wicliff. 2706.
Wilberforce. 2274. 2624.
Wilkes, Sir Matthew. 2160. 2620.
William of Orange. 2896.
William III. 1880.
Williams, John. 2152.
Wilmot. 46.
Winstanley. 658.
Winthrop, Governor. 2648.
Woolman, John. 1304.
Wotten, Sir Henry. 2904.
Wurtemberg, Felix, Earl of. 608.

Xanthus. 511.
Xavier. 1260. 1682. 2217.
Xerxes. 1838.

Zinzendorf. 1223. 1941. 2219.
Zurbriggen. 2052.
Zwingli. 2217.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

(To the End of 1912.)

1909.

Oct. 3. (Persecution) 459. (Bigotry) 1603. (Fidelity amid trials) 1551. (Heroism) 2709. 2711.

Oct. 10. (Trust) 1281. 1306. (Divine protection) 1285. 1286. (A youth's influence) 2369.

Oct. 17. (Paul's zeal) 2686. (Confessing Christ) 874. 906. (Delay) 854.

Oct. 24. (Obedience) 1242. 1270. (Enthusiasm) 2667. 2668. 2674. 2676.

Oct. 31. (The Father's care) 178. (Strange Providences) 143. (The calmness of faith) 1336. 1366. 1369.

Nov. 7. (Divine deliverance) 151. 152. (God's care) 177. (Paul's trust) 1363. (Protection) 197.

Nov. 14. (Safety) 195. (Confidence amid dangers) 1304. 1305. (Triumph over trials) 1547. 1573.

Nov. 21. (Martyrs) 1362. 1363. 2566. (Heroism) 2700. 2703. 2705.

Nov. 28. (Brotherly love) 1765. 1771. (Temperance) 2479. 2484. 2488.

Dec. 5. (Christian giving) 2357. 2358. 2361. 2364. 2369.

Dec. 12. (Last words) 2891. (Urging to zeal) 2585. 2586. 2588. (Readiness for death) 2895.

Dec. 19. (Golden Text) 343. 348. 1901. 2934.

Dec. 26. (Christmas) 225-236.

1910.

Jan. 2. (Repentance) 661. 667. 677. (Humility) 1489. 1501. (Fruits of repentance) 683.

Jan. 9. (The Trinity) 134-138. (Temptation) 557. (Resist the Devil) 560. 562.

Jan. 16. (Gospel light) 33. 41. 42. (Repentance) 684. (Zeal for souls) 2501.

Jan. 23. (The great Teacher) 244. (Poor in spirit) 772. (Penitence) 690. (Meekness) 770. (Forgiveness) 1644.

Jan. 30. (Formalism) 756-761. 2801-2814.

Feb. 6. (Pride) 1496. 2724. 2746. 2750. (Wrong giving) 2360. (Prayer) 1054. 1067. 1068.

Feb. 13. (Covetousnss) 514-519. Mammon) 523. 528. (Trust) 1369-1374. 1382.

Feb. 20. (Temperance) 2487. 2468. 2488. 2491. (The Golden Rule) 1637.

Feb. 27. (The wide gate) 341. 348. (Hypocrisy) 2803. 2813. (Fruits) 1245. 1261.

March 6. (Leprosy) 1516. 2689. (Sickness) 1585. (Prayer and healing) 1078-1087.

March 13. (Life's storms) 1540. 1563. 1567. (Deliverance) 982. 985. (Trust) 978. 980.

March 20. (Sickness) 1591. (Healing) 1080-1084. (Pardon) 628-632. 124.

March 27. (Easter) 264-301.

April 3. (Prayer) 1077. 1086. (Faith) 724-730.

April 10. (The Bringer of blessings) 35. 36. 42. 642. (Christ's compassion) 127. 128. (Soul winners) 2063.

April 17. (Christianity's influence) 50-54. 782. (Heroic service) 2706. 2707. 2711.

April 24. (Neglected privilege) 2773. 2774. (Sin's final doom) 619. (Rest) 1442. 1443.

May 1. (The Sabbath) 416-430.

May 8. (Temperance) 2442. 2446. 2448-2458.

May 15. (The Holy Spirit) 309-340.

May 22. (Conscience) 575. 582. 586. (Bold rebuke) 2278. 2766.

May 29. (Miracles) 242. 1050. (Spiritual supplies) 238. 259.

June 5. (Prayer) 1009. (Adversity) 1567. (Our Deliverer) 995.

June 12. (Salvation for Jew and Gentile) 635. 646. 651. (Prayer) 1077. 1084. (Healing) 1078-1087.

June 19. (Indifference) 2762. 2766. (Delay) 839. 854. (Endurance) 1477. 1487.

June 26. (Satan) 623. 341. 383. (The end of the world) 2958-2972.

July 3. (The growth of the Kingdom) 33-41.

July 10. (Golden Text) 1-32.

July 17. (Christ's deity) 213-224. (Confessing Christ) 871-880.

July 24. (Visions) 771. 1362. 1365. (Christ's glory) 237. 239. 241. (Friends in heaven) 2915.

July 31. (Forgiving those who wrong us) 1654-1666. (Money) 2332-2379.

Aug. 7. (The child) 2193-2198. (Consecration) 1191-1202.

Aug. 14. (Idleness) 2796-2800. (Christian effort) 2612-2615. (The reward) 2953.

Aug. 21. (The cross) 247. (False ambition) 1265. 2281. 2743. (Humility) 1494.

Aug. 28. (Christ the King) 219-221. (Glorifying Christ by our lives) 1874. (Dishonoring God in His house) 915-917.

Sept. 4. (Unfaithfulness) 2729. 2735. 2741. (Sin's doom) 2964. 619. 622.

Sept. 11. (Rejecting God's grace) 844. 846. 849. (Mercy's offer) 638. (Sin's penalty) 617. 620.

Sept. 18. (Good citizenship) 1910. 2180. 2181. 2185. 2457. (Love) 1088. 1091. 1106. 1116.

Sept. 25. (Brotherly love) 1616. 1621. (Temperance) 2453. 2454. 2460.

Oct. 2. (Ready for Christ's coming) 2840. 2841. 2914. (The sudden call) 2902. (Unprepared) 2903. 2913.

Oct. 9. (Influence) 1936. 1939. 1941. (Talents used) 2604. (Neglect) 2721.

Oct. 16. (Retribution) 619. 621. (Judgment) 2959. 2960. 2966. 2967.

Oct. 23. (Golden Text) 2594. 2710. 2720.

Oct. 30. (Devotion) 1127. 1129. 1130. (Covetousness) 535. 543. 545.

Nov. 6. (The atonement) 245-250. (The Lord's supper) 937-940.

Nov. 13. (Be ready) 2914. 2903. (Vigilance) 343. 359. 1021. 1040. 1204.

Nov. 20. (Prayer) 1015. (Submission) 1296. 1297. 1311. (Watch and pray) 1256. 2641.

Nov. 27. (Christ rejected) 366. (The crime of crimes) 245. (False witness) 497. 502.

Dec. 4. (Self-confidence) 2750. 2754. (Denying Christ) 871. 873. 878.

Dec. 11. (The cross) 249. 250. (Our substitute) 257. (The power of the cross) 258.

Dec. 18. (Easter) 264-301.

Dec. 25. (Christmas) 225-236.

1911.

Jan. 1. (Youth's opportunity and temptations) 2276-2278. 2281. 2289. 2291.

Jan. 8. (Idols) 402-406. (Prayer) 1082. 1083.

Jan. 15. (Rectitude rewarded) 1248-1250. 1252. (Zeal) 2503. 2510. (A national covenant) 1237.

Jan. 22. (Influence) 1936. (National righteousness) 34. 35. 41.

Jan. 29. (Godliness profitable) 2833-2839. (Bible study) 91. 92. 96. (Religion and prosperity) 403.

Feb. 5. (The prophet) 2706. (Providence) 150-154. (Prayer) 1082.

Feb. 12. (God's hand in human affairs) 194. 195. (Indecision) 836-839. (Prayer) 1083. 1077.

Feb. 19. (God and I) 1318. (Trusting in the dark) 1361. (Depression) 1367-1375.

Feb. 26. (Covetousness) 539. 544 547. (Conscience) 588. 591. 593-595.

March 5. (Going to heaven) 290. (Our departed friends) 295-298. (Heaven) 2915. 2921.

March 12. (Loving ministries) 1765-1772. 1541. 1545. 1556. 1589. (Prayer and disease) 1078-1087.

March 19. (Temperance) 2415. 2417. 2419. 2420. 2428.

March 26. (Golden Text) 1424. 1436. 1448.

April 2. (Affliction) 1506. 1514. 1516. (A child's influence) 1972-1977. 2476. (The prayer-cure) 1082.

April 9. (Angel helpers) 1494. 2916. (Providential protection) 147. 150. 166. 175. 176.

April 16. (Easter) 264-301. 2915-2930.

April 23. (Young Christians) 2194. (Church-building) 913. 920. 925. 930. 2369.

April 30. (Foreign Missions) 2100-2115.

May 7. (Pride and humility) 2746. 1489. (God's school) 1518. (Chastening) 1541. 1545. 1556. 1589.

May 14. (Visions) 771. 1362. 1365. (God's holiness) 114. 115. (Rebuking sin) 366. 488. 2766.

May 21. (Worldliness) 2733. 2735. 2742. (Temperance) 2443. 2449. 2451.

May 28. (War) 460. (Peace) 1607. 1608. (Prosperity) 35. 39. 41.

June 4. (Pentecost) 309-340.

June 11. (Spiritual convalescence) 933. (Revival of interest) 934. (The Lord's Supper) 938. 942. (Re-consecration) 1171. 1182.

June 18. (Sin's power) 383. 610. 616. (Penalty) 619. (Idolatry) 402. 404. 406.

June 25. (Golden Text) 1215. 1219. 1221. 1225.

July 2. (Our divine Ally) 1009. 1014. 1048. (Denying God) 397-401. (Providence) 150. 175.

July 9. (The Crucified One) 245-263.

July 16. (Sin) 343. 348. 355. (Penitence and pardon) 662. 637.

July 23. (Boy Christians) 2194. 2197. 2215. (Fruitfulness) 1189. 1202. (Idols) 403.

July 30. (A neglected Bible) 91-96. (The inspired Book) 1. 13. 21. 27. (A covenant) 1237.

Aug. 6. (A divine commission) 1362. (Rebuking sin) 2278. 2786. (Prophets) 2706.

Aug. 13. (The Bible and infidelity) 46. 63. 374-377. (Warning) 611. (Bible study) 74.

Aug. 20. (A young man's sins) 2278. (Sin's consequences) 602. (Martyrs) 1363. 1528. 1575.

Aug. 27. (Sin's consequences) 608-623.

Sept. 3. (Golden Text) 808. 810. 811.

Sept. 10. (Purpose) 2594. (Godliness profitable) 2833. (Temperance and efficiency) 2427. 2429. 2434. 2444.

Sept. 17. (Persecution) 458. 459. (Heroism) 2682-2690. (A present Savior) 971. 974. 1001.

Sept. 24. (Courage, fidelity) 2694. 2699. 2703. 2705. (Deliverance) 192-197.

Oct. 1. (The prophet) 2706. (Voices) 1362. (Rebuking sinners) 2062. (Watching for souls) 2067. 2074.

Oct. 8. (The Gospel's transforming power) 762. 795. 816. 822. 826. 830. 44. 54.

Oct. 15. (God in history) 140-150. (Church building) 920-923. (Giving) 2348. 2360. 2364.

Oct. 22. (Church loyalty) 926. (Church building) 935. (Devotion) 2501. (Dedication) 921. 925.

Oct. 29. (Prayer) 1014. (Deliverance) 995. (Grace) 628. 632. 124.

Nov. 5. (Intercession) 1017. 1023. 1028. 175. (God's agents) 184. 186. (Soul-saving) 2056.

Nov. 12. (Sin's penalty) 602-606. 610. (Intemperance) 2448. 2454. 2480.

Nov. 19. (Influence) 1934. 1937. (Trust) 1333. (Prayer) 1015. (Liberality) 2341. (Zeal) 2550.

Nov. 26. (Zeal for God's cause) 2575. (Sympathy) 1668. (Prayer) 1016. 1031. (Penitence) 684.

Dec. 3. (Work) 2498. 2499. (Devotion) 2501. (Trials) 1521. 1562. (Vigilance) 2641. 2651.

Dec. 10. (Foes) 1562. 1575. (Temptation) 549. 562. 2518. (The strength of right) 2510. (God's protection) 1553.

Dec. 17. (The Bible) 21-32. (Bible study) 75-83. (Sharing blessings) 2357-2361.

Dec. 24. (Christmas teachings) 225-230. (Hypocrisy) 2801-2814.

Dec. 31. (Golden Text) 631-641.

1912.

Jan. 7. (Piety) 1184-1191. (Visions) 771. 1362. (Christian nurture) 2215. 2217. (Heaven) 2513. 2565.

Jan. 14. (God's sure promises) 1383-1390. (Salvation) 634-637. (The fore-runner) 2706.

Jan. 21. (The Birth of Christ) 231-236. (Joy) 1423. 1446. (Peace) 1461.

Jan. 28. (Jesus Christ) 214. 224. 236. 237. 244. 259.

Feb. 4. (Christ's birth) 229. 230. 232. 236. (Conscience) 591. (Hypocrisy) 2810. (Giving) 2361.

Feb. 11. (Christian nurture) 2193. 2194. (Child Christians) 2197. 2203. (Duty) 2573.

Feb. 18. (A hero) 2682. (Repentance) 683-686. 662. 665.

Feb. 25. (The Trinity) 134-138. (Temptation) 557. (Resisting Satan) 560. 562.

Mar. 3. (Trust and obey) 1327. 1230. (Fishers of men) 2037. 2049. 2055.

Mar. 10. (Prayer and disease) 1078-1087. (Miracles) 242. (Sickness) 1585.

Mar. 17. (Soul winning) 2070. 2071. (Sickness) 1586. (Faith) 731. 734. (Pardon) 646.

Mar. 24. (Christ the teacher) 237. 244. (Christ's invitation) 631. 633. (To save sinners) 656. 663.

Mar. 31. (The Light of the world) 35-36. 42-51. 642.

April 7. (Easter) 264-301.
April 14. (The Sabbath) 416-430.
April 21. (The Healer) 1078-1087. (Called to serve) 2558. 2559. 2565.
April 28. (The Teacher) 244. (Poor in spirit) 772. (Penitence) 690. (Meekness) 770. 2068.
May 5. (Forgiving others) 1646-1667. (Hatred) 440-460.
May 12. (Pharisaism) 756-761. 2801-2814.
May 19. (Purity) 461-468. (The motive) 346. 348. 2733. 2736. 367.
May 26. (The Holy Spirit) 309-340.
June 2. (Charity) 1626. 1648. 1681. (Obedience) 1242. 1253. 1270.
June 9. (The Gospel brings blessings) 50-54. 782. (Heroic service) 2706. 2707. 2711.
June 16. (Penitence) 666-675. 678. (Divine compassion) 630. 631. 639.
June 23. (Temperance) 2407-2497.
June 30. (Golden Text) 219-224.
July 7. (The devil) 623. 341. 348. 383. (Unbelief) 361-363. (Blasphemy) 366.
July 14. (Spiritual indifference) 2762. 2766. (Procrastination) 839. 854. (Persistence) 1477. 1487.
July 21. (Growth of the kingdom) 33-41.
July 28. (The enemy) 623. (The judgment) 2958-2972.
Aug. 4. (The great salvation) 635. 636. 642. 647. 668.
Aug. 11. (Deliverance) 192. 193. 197. (Christ our friend) 1001. 1007. 1017.
Aug. 18. (Sin's slaves) 383. (Christ's power to free) 772. 779. 790. 795.
Aug. 25. (Sickness) 1591. (Prayer) 1084. (Raising the dead) 264-301.
Sept. 1. (Temperance) 2448. 2450. 2470. (Martyrs) 1362. 1363. 1368. 2565.
Sept. 8. (Soul winning) 2070-2074. 2076. (Zeal) 2556. 2575. 2581.
Sept. 15. (Opportunity wasted) 839. 840. (Revealed truth) 13. 20. (Rest) 1442. 1443. 1461.
Sept. 22. (Miracles) 242. 243. 1050. (Spiritual recuperation) 1004. 1016. (Christ supplying the world's needs) 238. 259.
Sept. 29. (Golden Text) 24. 25. 31. 33. 40.
Oct. 6. (Trials) 1540. 1567. 1563. (Deliverance) 982. 985. (Trust) 978. 980.
Oct. 13. (Formalism) 2801-2808. (Heart religion) 2813. 2819.
Oct. 20. (Salvation offered all) 635. 646. 651. (Prayer) 1077. 1084. 1086.
Oct. 27. (Christ's transforming power) 771. 780. 782. (The wonder worker) 239. (Feeding the hungry) 2155. 2156.
Nov. 3. (Our help in God) 1295. (The Light of the world) 1291. (Trust) 1337. 1424.
Nov. 10. (Temperance) 2499. 2454. 2460. 2475. 2487.
Nov. 17. (Christ is God) 213-224. (Confessing Christ) 871. 873. 882. (Self-denial) 2683. 2685.
Nov. 24. (Visions) 771. 1362. 1365. (Christ supreme) 237. 239. 241. (Friends in heaven) 2915.
Dec. 1. (Why Christians fail) 1040. 1044. (Sin's bondage) 396. (Deliverance) 795. 797.
Dec. 8. (Christian nurture) 2197. 2207. (Child Christians) 2203. 2204. 2247. 2248.
Dec. 15. (Forgiving others) 1654-1666.
Dec. 22. (Christmas) 225-236.
Dec. 29. (Golden Text) 1230. 1235. 1236. 1252.

JUNIOR CONGREGATION INDEX.

ANGER. 443-456.
Attendance, Church. 930. 931.
Avarice. 225. 519. 527.

BIBLE, The. 13. 42.
Bravery. 2616. 2699. 2700. 2703. 2709.

CHARACTER. 1898. 1908. 1910.
Cheerfulness. 1444.
Christ, Confessing. 871. 878. 886. 893. 906.
Christ Our Friend. 966. 971. 978. 986. 987. 1000. 1001.
Christmas. 226. 235.
Church Attendance. 930. 931.
Church Loyalty. 930. 931.
Confessing Christ. 871. 878. 886. 893. 906.
Conscience. 571. 573. 578. 582. 592. 593. 598.
Consecration. 1191-1202.
Consequences of Sin. 603. 607. 614. 620-622.
Courage. 2616. 2699. 2700. 2703. 2709.
Covetousness. 225. 519. 527.

DECISION for Christ. 840. 842. 844. 849. 852. 853. 859. 864. 866.
Doing Your Best. 2639. 2643. 2646. 2649. 2652.

EASTER. 264-266. 268. 269.
Education. 2307.
Effort. 1232.
Encouraging Others. 1734. 1756. 1764.
Example. 1223. 2026. 2029.

FAITH. 679. 692. 703. 721. 726. 729. 730.
Forgiveness. 1643. 1650.
Friendship. 1777-1785.
Fruit-bearing. 1189. 1202.

GIVING. 2369.
God's Love. 117. 120. 124. 127. 128.
God's Power. 111. 117.
Goodness and Greatness. 1904.
Gratitude. 1149. 1157. 1159. 1167.

HABIT. 383. 387. 393. 394. 2306.
Hatred. 443. 456.
Helping Others. 1616.
Holy Spirit, The. 319. 321. 330. 335. 339.
Honesty. 482-485. 491. 493.
Honoring Parents. 432. 433. 437. 439.
Humility. 1489-1505.
Hymns. 947. 948. 953. 954. 956. 959. 961. 962. 963.
"I'LL try, Sir." 1232.

Immortality. 266. 268. 285. 297. 299. 300.
Influence. 1935. 1949. 1952. 1955. 1959. 1990. 1995. 1996. 2091.
Irreverence. 408-410.

JESUS. 237. 239. 253. 257. 259. 260.

KINDNESS. 443. 444. 1625. 1633. 1689.

LIFE-BUILDING. 2260.

MOTHERS. 1836. 1840. 1842. 1847. 2307.

OBEDIENCE. 1230. 1240. 1242. 1259. 1349.
Omniscience. 103-109.
Opportunity. 1852-1861.

PATIENCE. 1476. 1477. 1486.
Perseverance. 2621. 2622. 2631.
Prayer. 1012. 1017. 1020. 1034. 1046. 1048. 1054. 1062. 1063. 1073.
Providence. 149. 165. 180. 190. 202. 208.
Public Schools. 2293-2313.
Purity. 461. 475.

REGENERATION. 748. 750. 751. 772. 781. 787. 797.
Repentance. 665. 685. 694.
Resurrection, The. 266. 268. 285. 297. 299-301.

SABBATH Observance. 416. 418. 420. 422. 429. 430.
Salvation. 637. 648. 658. 659. 662.
Self-sacrifice. 2713.
Sin. 341. 343. 345. 347. 348. 350. 352. 358. 383-387.
Sin's Consequences. 603. 607. 614. 620. 622.
Sin's Growth. 1927.
Song, Influence of. 947. 948. 953. 954. 956. 959. 961. 962. 964.

TEMPERANCE. 839. 2408. 2409. 2415. 2419. 2420. 2454. 2460. 2461. 2462. 2466. 2470. 2471. 2476. 2480.
Temptation. 548. 549. 554. 555. 557-559. 564. 565.
Tongue, The. 443-451. 456. 511. 512.
Transformed Lives. 772. 775. 780. 787. 790. 795. 797. 808. 809. 817. 831. 833. 835.
Trials Conquered. 1522. 1530-1534. 1538.
Trust. 1286. 1306.
Truthfulness. 501. 504. 505. 507. 510. 511. 512.

WORDS, Our. 443-451.

ZEAL. 2516. 2572. 2618. 2619. 2622. 2624. 2626. 2635.

TEXTUAL INDEX.

GENESIS.

1: 1. 111-113.
1:16. 107. 108. 110. 111. 117.
1:27. 123. 125. 129.
1:31. 203-211.
3: 6. 341-344.
3: 9. 570-600.
3:11. 582. 592. 596. 597.
3:13. 548. 569.
3:22. 601. 611-613.
3:23. 617.
4: 6. 608. 610. 618.
4: 8. 440-460.
4: 9. 850. 1102. 1982. 2003. 2056. 2060. 2081.
4:16. 608. 609. 613. 616. 618.
5:24. 2943. 2938. 2939. 2952.
6: 3. 844. 851. 852. 859. 866.
7: 1. 143. 144. 150. 172.
7:16. 151. 175. 176. 181.
11: 8. 145. 154. 189.
12: 4. 1230-1272.
15: 6. 702-735.
16:13. 103-106. 361. 1840.
17: 1. 1171-1179.
18:23-33. 1016. 1018. 1031. 1048. 1077.
19:16. 836-850.
19:26. 861-870.
21:19. 328. 330.
22: 7. 245-263.
24:63. 1043.
25: 8. 2840-2914.
25:34. 2762-2795.
28:15. 146. 152. 165.
28:12. 771. 1362. 1365. 1405. 2711.
30:27. 1118. 1182. 1183.
32:26. 1008. 1015. 1016. 1021.
33:4-9. 1616. 1621. 1625.
35: 3. 1152-1154.
37: 5. 771. 1362. 1365. 1405. 2711.
39: 2. 139-197.
40:23. 1157. 1159. 1166.
41: 9. 581. 582. 586. 589. 591. 592. 598.
45: 5-8. 139-197.
47: 8. 2900. 2901. 2904. 2911.
49:22. 37. 41. 44. 50. 55.
50:20. 165. 169.
50:24. 116. 118. 121. 141. 143.

EXODUS.

2:20. 1759. 1764. 1765. 1769. 1772.
3: 5. 407-415.
3:14. 97-102. 108. 111. 116.
4: 2. 1971-1977.
5: 2. 366.
8:19. 139-197.
9:16. 170. 184.
12:14. 3057-3076. 1161. 1166.
13:21, 22. 151. 152.
14:13. 194.
17:12. 1625. 1626. 1637. 1640.
19: 8. 1383-1399.
20: 4. 2135.
20: 5. 1915-1924.
20: 7. 407-415.
20: 8. 416-430.
20:12. 431-439. 1698.
20:13. 440-460.
20:14. 461-468.
20:15. 479-496.
20:16. 497-519.
20:17. 514-547.
23:20. 192-197.
28:36. 1217. 1221. 1226.
30:27. 1592. 1593. 1595.
32:26. 871-906.
34:29. 1967.
34:29. 1489-1505.
35:21. 2340. 2355. 2358. 2359. 2363.

LEVITICUS.

6:13. 2609. 2623. 2631. 2636. 2637.
10:1-3. 619-623.
13:45. 663. 665. 677. 684.
19: 4. 397-406.
19: 9, 10. 2380-2406.
20:22. 1230-1272.
26:8, 9. 762-835.

NUMBERS.

10:29. 1699. 2060. 2072. 2073. 2074. 2098.
12: 3. 1488-1505.
14:24. 1315. 1316. 1327.
14:40. 665. 667. 677. 678.
15:41. 116-138.
23:10. 2840-2914.
29:11. 245-263.
32:23. 591. 597. 605. 613. 614.
35:11. 983. 992. 998. 1000.

DEUTERONOMY.

1:30. 189. 195. 196.
2: 3. 2973-3002.
2:36. 167. 174. 175.
3:20. 1623. 1625. 1626. 1632. 1633.
3:22. 189. 195. 196.
4: 9. 1148. 1149. 1151. 1153.
4:29. 684. 685.
4:39. 397-401.
5:67. 397-401.
5: 8-10. 402-406.
5:11. 407-415.
5:12-15. 416-430.
5:16. 431-439.
5:17. 440-460.
5:18. 461-478.
5:19. 479-496.
5:20. 497-513.
5:21. 514-547.
5:29. 1230-1272.
6:12. 1148. 1149. 1151. 1153.
8:2-11. 1088. 1160. 1170.
9:23. 370-382.
11:20, 21. 1230-1272.
12:30. 1040. 1062. 1174. 1198. 1204. 1206.
13:1-3. 397-401.
18:13. 1175. 1185. 1221. 1228.
20:1-4. 1332. 1333. 1335.
23: 5. 127. 128. 130. 132.
24: 5. 1786-1820.
25:13. 16. 479-496.
30:19. 836-870.
32:11, 12. 120. 124. 128. 131. 1306. 1311. 1327. 131. 1306. 1311. 1327
33:25. 1383-1399.
33:27. 954. 1001. 1366. 1368. 1378. 1379.

JOSHUA.

1:6, 7. 2694. 2698. 2699. 2703.
3: 4. 2973. 3002.
3:17. 165. 167. 169.
4: 9. 1149. 1151. 1157. 1165. 1166.
5: 6. 1230. 1231. 1237. 1239. 1240.
6:20. 703. 708. 731. 733.
7: 8-10. 601-618.
10:11-14. 34. 39. 41. 117. 129.
10:25. 1286. 1346. 1358.
14:14. 1173. 1176. 1361. 1362. 1365.
18: 3. 1295. 1310. 1381.
20: 2. 975.
21:45. 1383-1399.
22: 4. 1310. 1381.
24:15. 846-859. 1271. 1272.

JUDGES.

5:20. 111. 616. 621.
6:13-16. 150-155.
7: 4. 120. 165. 170.
7:20. 1302. 1308. 2624. 2636. 2637.
13: 8. 2193-2231.
16:21. 601. 609. 612. 614. 2452. 2454.
18: 9. 2796-2800.

RUTH.

1:14. 1769. 1772. 1777. 1781.
1:16. 676. 1141. 1142.
1:20. 1508. 1509. 1521. 1531.
2: 4. 1631. 1632. 1637. 1640. 1695.

1 SAMUEL.

2: 2. 97-133.
3:13. 1786. 1799. 2226. 2229.
4: 9. 2698-2706. 2720.
4:22. 907. 912-914. 916. 917.
7:12. 119. 170. 175. 178.
9:21. 1408-1505.
10: 6. 762-835. 1960.
12: 7. 1143-1170.
12:20-24. 1163-1170.
15:22. 367. 1230-1272.
15:23. 601. 610. 615. 616. 621.
18: 1. 1774-1785.
20: 3. 2840-2914.
20:17. 1610-1641.
21: 8. 2654-2681.
24:17. 1642-1667.
27: 1. 1367-1382.
30: 6. 965-1007.
31: 4. 495. 2852.

2 SAMUEL.

1:19. 2840-2914.
1:26. 1108. 1687. 1696. 1777. 1781. 1784.
3:38. 2840-2914.
5:10-12. 55. 66. 173. 175.
5:24. 324. 329. 331-335.
6:6, 7. 1230-1272.
7:14. 139-197.
9:10. 1642. 1643. 1740. 1741.
10:12. 2682-2720.
12:22, 23. 2840-2914.
14:14. 2840-2914.
15: 2. 1265. 2281. 2736. 2743. 2754.
15:15. 1230-1272.
18:29. 2225. 2230. 2273. 2291.
22: 2. 1279. 1281. 1288. 1290-1292.
23: 5. 1384. 1385. 1391.
24:14. 116-133.
24:24. 1146. 1148. 1157. 1213.

1 KINGS.

2: 2. 2624.
3: 3. 1088. 1090. 1092. 1113. 1116. 1118.
3: 7. 1489. 1494. 1500.
3: 9-12. 328. 332. 334.
4:29. 328.
8:12-21. 920-925.
9: 3. 920-925.
9: 7. 619. 621. 2963. 2964.
12:13, 14. 2273-2293.
15:14. 1191. 1127. 1128.
18:21. 856. 857. 859.
19: 4. 1367-1374.
19:19. 2498. 2523.
20:40. 1852. 1881. 2773. 2775. 2796.
21:20. 588. 595. 598.
22:34. 1922.

2 KINGS.

2:14. 242. 243. 1050. 1052.
3:18. 176. 177.
4: 1-7. 167.
4:42-44. 242. 243. 1050. 1052.
5: 1. 1516.
5: 2. 1972. 1973. 1975. 1977. 1995. 1998. 2476.
7: 9. 2037. 2044. 2055-2059.
7:16, 17. 1273. 1274. 1279. 1286. 1295.
8:13. 345. 355.
10:15. 1705. 1708.
12: 2. 1230. 1234.
13:21. 1997. 1948. 1967.
18: 5, 6. 1267-1272.
20: 5. 1086.
22: 1. 1935. 1949. 1952. 1955. 1959.

1 CHRONICLES.

4:10. 1028. 1077.
10:13. 619-623.
11: 9. 2833-2839.
14:10. 1009. 1010. 1016. 1017.
16:29. 1172. 1176. 1184.
17:13. 128.
22:13. 995. 998.
28:20. 995. 998.
29: 5. 2332-2379.

2 CHRONICLES.

1: 1. 150-165.
2: 5. 907-925.
5:13. 943-964.
7:14. 632. 637.
7:21, 22. 619-623.
14:11. 1009. 1018. 1031.
16:12. 1078-1087.
17:16. 1172. 1184. 1195.
20:15. 1067.
24: 4. 907-925.
26: 5. 2833-2839.
30: 5. 926-935.
32:7, 8. 2682-2720.
34:1, 2. 2193-2231.
37:15, 16. 619-623.

EZRA.

7:25. 2151. 2154.
9: 5. 1016. 1018. 1048.

NEHEMIAH.

1: 3, 4. 907-925.
2: 4. 1010. 1015. 1019.
4: 6. 2598-2637.
4: 9. 1054. 1061. 1062.
4:17. 2498-2520.
4:21. 2580-2600.
6: 3. 2620-2637.
8:10. 1445. 1447. 1463. 1464. 2113.
9: 6. 150. 165. 167.
9:17. 635. 641. 646.
10:31. 416-430.
10:39. 926-935.

ESTHER.

4:14. 1990. 1993. 2003.
5:13. 441. 442. 457.
7: 6. 2037. 2055.

JOB.

1: 1. 1180. 1183. 1188. 1191.
1: 7. 623. 341. 345. 348. 383. 387. 394. 722.
1: 9-11. 1524. 1529. 1532. 1549. 1562.
1:13-22. 1506-1596.
2: 3. 564. 569.
2:10. 1469. 1506. 1508. 1520.
5:26. 2884. 2885.
8:11. 1925-1934.
11: 7. 97-100.
13:15. 1366. 1367.
14:14. 264-280.
14:15. 2160.
19:25, 26. 264-280.
23:10. 116-133.
35:10. 985. 987. 995.
38:11. 110-115.
42:10. 1064. 1065.

PSALMS.

1: 1. 601. 623. 1621.
1: 2. 27-31.
1: 3. 2833-2839.
1: 4, 5. 601-623.
2: 9. 619.
2: 12. 1537.
3: 3. 629.
4: 8. 1303. 1305. 1311.
6: 1. 1392.
7: 1. 1295. 1297. 1306.
8: 4. 140. 148. 151. 176. 179.
9: 9. 1298-1310.
9: 13. 1031.
10:4-6. 360-364.
14: 1. 1047. 369. 373.
15: 3. 502. 508. 511. 512.
16: 11. 1420.
17: 15. 2926. 2931. 2934. 2946. 2953.
18: 19. 1305. 1306. 1329. 1386. 1398.
18: 49. 1146. 1149. 1154. 1159. 1169.
19: 1. 198. 203. 209. 211.
19: 10. 24-32.
19: 12. 354-359. 1171.
19: 13. 345-369.
19: 14. 449. 451. 509. 512.
23: 1. 999. 1273. 1285. 1288. 1296. 1301. 1334.
23:2, 3. 993. 997. 1000. 1007.
23: 4. 954-959. 1394. 1398.
25: 7. 626. 628. 630. 640.
25: 14. 1250. 1265. 1270.
27: 1. 1404.
27: 3. 1305. 1329. 1366. 1368.
27: 14. 1306. 1476-1487.
28: 1. 2113. 2114.
29: 2. 1197. 1201. 1214. 1215.
30: 5. 1567. 1570. 1571.
30: 12. 1143-1170.
32: 5. 677. 684. 689.
32: 6. 1063.
32: 7. 1000.
32: 8. 691.
33: 12. 35. 39. 41.
34: 4. 1017.
34: 8. 972.
35: 9. 1423. 1424. 1444. 1446. 1452.
37: 3. 1355. 1356. 1363. 1392.
37: 5. 1277. 1286. 1297.
37: 25. 1915-1924.
39: 3. 1171. 1174. 1178. 1191. 1904-1907.
39: 7. 1400-1418.
39: 13. 1078-1087.
40: 2. 680. 694. 723. 729.
42: 1. 984. 985. 987. 992. 997. 1090. 1122.
42: 11. 1369. 1376. 1400. 1401.
43: 5. 1368. 1376. 1381.
46: 1. 1392.
47: 1. 1275. 1286. 1464.
48: 12. 907-925.
50: 3. 1332. 1341-1343.
50: 15. 1008-1047. 1299. 1344. 1356.
51: 1. 677. 678. 767.
51: 7. 1394.
51: 10. 745-755.
51: 17. 678-681.
53: 1. 362-382. 788.
55: 17. 1014. 1023.
55: 21. 2803. 2810. 2814.
55: 22. 1383. 1386. 1398.
56: 3. 954.
61: 2. 1287. 1354-1356.
62: 5. 1311. 1318. 1324. 2699.
62: 10. 514-547.
63: 1. 1090.
65: 9. 117. 127. 131.
66: 18. 617. 621.
68: 13. 1533. 1534. 1552. 1555. 1559.
72: 6. 1430.
73: 25. 1287.
78: 38. 625-630.
80: 4. 1028.
81: 10. 120. 124. 125. 132.
84: 1. 907-925.
84: 5. 1198.
84: 10. 2377.
85: 8. 967. 978. 982.
90: 4. 1476.
91: 1. 178. 1177. 1191. 1354. 1356.
91: 2. 1336. 1339. 1346. 1430.
91: 3. 178. 181. 197. 1335.
91: 5. 1353. 1361. 1366. 1372.
91:9,10. 176. 192-197.
91: 11. 1494. 2916.
91:15,16. 1051. 1063. 1065. 2160.
92: 1. 1146-1165.
92:12,13. 780. 799. 800. 824.
94: 22. 1341-1346.
95: 2. 1150-1160.
95: 6. 909. 924. 1063.
95: 7,8. 836-870.
96: 9. 1172.
98: 5. 943. 944. 947. 954.
99: 9. 114. 115.
100. 1166-1169.
103: 1. 1145.-1147. 1152. 1165.

PSALMS.

103: 3. 637. 642. 647.
103: 5. 1125.
103: 13. 120. 131. 183. 195. 2207.
103: 14. 1544-1546.
104:1-5. 198-212.
104: 34. 1304.
105:2, 3. 1144. 1145. 1147.
106:12-15. 2721-2761.
107: 2. 879-889. 2037-2098.
107: 6. 1033. 1042. 1047. 1068. 1070.
109: 4. 1014. 1016. 1023.
112:6, 7. 1332. 1338.
116: 1. 1017. 1028. 1031.
118: 1. 1392.
118: 14. 120-128.
119: 9. 2288.
119: 18. 9. 21-28. 729.
119: 54. 2911.
119: 67. 1558. 1561. 1572. 1592.
119: 92. 13.
119: 97. 713.
119:103. 6.
119:105. 710-782.
119:110. 1237. 1254. 1268.
119:139. 35. 38. 42. 45. 50. 51. 119. 130. 2498. 2501.
119:169. 1049.
121: 1. 1068. 1273. 1291. 1318. 1329. 1331. 1335. 1354. 1355.
121: 3. 1287. 1292. 1335.
121: 5. 1292.
122: 1. 924.
125: 2. 1291. 1354. 1421.
126:5, 6. 1565. 1576. 1583. 1586. 1588.
127: 1. 1397. 1404. 1413. 1421.
127: 3. 2193-2331.
133:1-3. 1597-1609.
134: 2. 926-935.
136: 1. 1155. 1160. 1163.
137: 2. 1370. 1371. 1375. 1548. 1550.
137: 4. 285.
139: 14. 793.
139: 17. 7. 24. 26. 29. 31.
141: 8. 1344. 1346.
144: 15. 33-41.
147: 10. 2279.

PROVERBS.

3: 5. 1278.
3:9, 10. 2341-2359.
4:15. 341-369.
4:23. 1040. 1062. 1174. 1183. 1190. 1198. 1904-1907.
10:31. 497-513.
11: 1. 479-496.
11:25. 2346. 2355. 2360-2378.
11:30. 2056. 2057. 2060. 2069.
14:12. 619-623.
14:21. 2380-2406.
14:34. 2172.
15: 1. 440-460.
15:33. 1489. 1492. 1500. 1504.
16:32. 440-455.
17: 9. 677.
17:17. 1776.
18:24. 978-982.
19:17. 1774-1785. 1814. 1815. 2363-2376.
20: 1. 2448-2487.
20:27. 587. 594. 600. 969.
22: 6. 1804. 1925-1934. 2193. 2197-2216. 2228.
23: 2. 2452. 2460. 2462. 2465. 2466.
23: 7. 346. 2320-2331.
23:26. 251. 1171. 2278. 2281. 2287. 2289. 2290.
23:34. 2420. 2475. 2480. 2487.
24: 7. 2390-2394.
24:11. 2042.
25:11. 1948. 1972. 1989. 2073. 2290.
25:22. 1749.
27: 1. 855-861.
27: 4. 514-547.
27:10. 1774-1785.
27:12. 844. 849. 852.
27:17. 1774-1785.
28:13. 677. 678. 718.
28:16. 547-568.
28:27. 2364. 2367.
30: 8. 539. 540.
30:26. 1276. 1305. 1306. 1334. 1335. 1449. 1450.
31:28. 1835. 1841-1843.

ECCLESIASTES.

1: 2. 405. 1380. 1425.
1: 9. 2973-3002.
2:11. 1380. 1425.
3: 7. 1700. 1720. 1726. 1736.
5: 1. 926-935.
5: 4. 1180. 1183. 1187.
5:13. 2840. 2850. 2867. 2910.
6: 6. 1380. 1425.
7: 1. 1778.
7: 2. 2860-2880.
8:11. 361-364.
9:10. 2503-2510. 2601. 2625-2642.
9:18. 383. 396.
11: 1. 197. 1236. 1238. 1743. 1948. 1950. 2343. 2352. 2378. 2402.
12: 1. 837. 839. 840. 849. 2273. 2278. 2281. 2282.
12: 7. 264. 2844. 2868. 2871. 2875.
12:14. 2958-2972.

SONG OF SOLOMON.

2:15. 548-569. 1040. 341-343. 350-359. 1947.
4:16. 329.
5:10. 237-244.
6: 4. 914.

ISAIAH.

1: 3. 2751. 2754. 2760.
1:18. 635-656. 767.
2: 4. 3138-3150.
5:13. 601. 609. 610. 617.
6: 8. 2498.
9: 2. 811.
11: 6. 797. 1597. 1602. 1605. 1613. 1614. 1994. 2907-2912.
19:12. 14. 15. 20.
26: 3. 1228. 1398. 1400. 1411. 1413. 1423. 1436. 1442. 1454. 1461.
26: 4. 1384. 1392.
26: 8. 1270. 1274.
27: 6. 34. 35. 39. 41.
28:1-8. 2448-2487.
32: 2. 1125. 1952. 1961. 1970.
32:20. 1950. 2380. 2382. 2391. 2393. 2394.

ISAIAH.

33:15, 16. 1219. 1227-1229.
35: 8. 1197-1203.
38:17. 1350.
40: 1. 1334.
40:11. 986.
41: 6. 1687. 1693. 1696.
41:10. 977-980. 2525. 2868. 2871.
41:13. 1383. 1411. 1413.
42: 3. 1387.
42: 8. 2135.
42:16. 1508. 1534. 1536.
43: 2. 290.
45:22. 2597.
46:9, 10. 101-113.
48:18. 1254.
48:19. 1908.
48:21. 1510. 1521. 1542. 1544. 1548.
49:25. 1915-1924.
50:10. 1279. 1282. 1287. 1289.
53:3-7. 245-263.
53: 5. 658. 686.
53: 7. 249. 1645.
53:10. 250-260.
54: 2. 915-919.
54:17. 176-178.
55:1-3. 624-660.
55: 2. 524-526.
55:6-9. 662-668.
55: 7. 1350.
55:11. 33-55.
57:21. 570-600.
58:6, 7. 2380-2406.
59: 1. 780.
59:19. 150-154.
60:19. 116-133.
61:1-3. 50-57.
64: 8. 124-130.
65:24. 1017. 1070.
66:13. 1571. 1698. 1713. 1835-1850.

JEREMIAH.

1:6-8. 809. 829. 830. 2369.
2:13. 85. 2781. 2784. 2824.
3: 4. 1118.
3:12. 2781. 2784. 2824.
3:22. 2781. 2784. 2824.
4:30. 601-618.
6:13. 547-568.
8:20. 841-846.
8:22. 654-657.
9:21. 2273-2293.
15: 6. 85. 2781. 2784. 2824.
15:20. 822. 826. 828.
17: 9. 345. 347.
17:21-27. 416-430.
22:13. 479-496.
23:5, 6. 632-637.
23:33. 977. 979. 982. 988. 989. 995. 1026.
29:12, 13. 667. 684. 685.
31:18. 745-755.
32:27. 110-115.
33: 3. 2160.
48:17. 2840-2914.

LAMENTATIONS.

3:23. 1414.
3:25. 1008. 1015.
3:31-33. 1546. 1552. 1554. 1563.
3:38-41. 601-623. 661-701.
4:12. 345.
5:25. 745-750.

EZEKIEL.

11:19. 749-755.
16:14. 824-827.
18:2-4. 1915-1924. 357. 365.
18:19-27. 1915-1924. 357. 365.
18:31, 32. 662. 663.
25:17. 601-623.
33:7-10. 2037-2098.
36:26. 772. 787. 790. 791.
47: 9. 762. 835.

DANIEL.

1:8, 9. 2594. (2498-2639.)
2:28. 1-20.
2:45. 33-41.
3:18. 2682-2720.
3:25. 1362. 1363. 1386. 1394. 1528. 1575. 2566.
4:26, 27. 1541-1549.
5:25-27. 2958-2972.
6:10. 2682-2720.
6:23. 192-197.
12: 3. 668. 2034. 2037. 2098.

HOSEA.

2:14. 1556-1566.
4:17. 2762-2795.
6:1-3. 85. 2781. 2784. 2824.
7: 7. 2762-2795.
10:12. 1173. 1184. 1188.
14:1-3. 2781. 2784. 2824.
14: 5. 116-121.

JOEL.

1: 3. 2193-2231.
2:12-14. 663-668.

AMOS.

4:11, 12. 665. 679. 684.
6: 1. 2762-2795.
7:14, 15. 1488-1505.
8:11. 91-96.

OBADIAH.

1: 1. 771. 1362. 1365. 1405. 2711.

JONAH.

1:1-3. 1230-1272.
2: 1. 1023. 1048. 1068. 1077.
3:4, 5. 663. 677. 678.

MICAH.

2:10. 2847.
5: 2. 225-236.
6:6-8. 665. 666. 683.
7:19. 1350.

NAHUM.

1: 3. 101-113.
1: 7. 120-127.

HABAKKUK.

1:13. 114. 115.
2:14. 33-41.
2:15. 1964.
2:20. 907. 909.
3:17-19. 1391. 1400. 1404. 1413.

ZEPHANIAH.

1:12. 601-620.
1:18. 619. 622.
2: 3. 672. 685.
3: 7. 341. 345.

HAGGAI.

1: 4. 920-925.
1: 6. 2740-2761.
1:13. 2706.
2: 4. 1388. 1398. 1399.
2: 8. 2332-2379.

ZECHARIAH.

1:3, 4. 631. 662.
2: 2. 819-822.
4: 6. 319-326.
4:10. 1947. 1951. 1961. 1975. 1978.

ZECHARIAH.

7:13. 615-617.
8: 5. 2193-2197.
13: 1. 646-651.
13: 9. 1508-1514.
14:20. 1204. 1215. (2815-2832.)

MALACHI.

3:8-10. 2356-2379.
3:16, 17. 987. 994.
4: 5. 2958-2972.

MATTHEW.

1:18-21. 225-236.
1:21. 250. 257. 686.
1:23. 977. 979. 982. 988.
2: 8. 2801. 2814.
2:11. 1172. 1187. 1192.
3: 2. 660.
3: 8. 665. 683-685.
3:17. 213-224.
4: 1. 548-569.
4:3, 4. 548. 549. 552. 1218. 1220.
4:5-7. 1221. 1240. 1258. 1259.
4:8-10. 341. 343. 348. 383. 386. 387. 394. 416. 1265. 2281. 2736.
4:10, 11. 554-556.
4:16. 810.
4:17. 660.
4:19. 686.
5: 5. 1488-1505.
5: 6. 685.
5: 8. 1133. 1134. 1136.
5:10. 1214.
5:13-16. 2006-2036.
5:14. 2654. 1960. 1961. 1963.
5:16. 876. 878. 881. 896. 2575.
5:41. 1107.
5:44. 1624.
5:46. 1642-1656.
5:48. 1185.
6: 6. 1033.
6: 9. 2108.
6:10. 1285.
6:12. 1643-1650.
6:13. 548-569.
6:19. 2952.
6:22. 2573.
6:24. 2623.
6:33. 546. 2377. 2833-2839.
6:34. 1308. 1369. 1372. 1380. 1382. 1413. 2006-2098.
7: 7. 1344. 2100. 2105. 2115. 2116.
7:13. 837-849.
7:16. 1202. 1224. 2539. 2540.
7:23. 367.
7:24. 2113. 2114.
8:12. 619-623.
8:26. 111-113.
9:37, 38. 1064. 1065. 2556.
10:20. 1762.
10:22. 2619. 2633.
10:29. 1341-1343.
10:32. 871. 906. 1204.
10:39. 2710. 543.
10:42. 1668-1773.
11: 9. 2706.
11:26. 1544.
11:28. 627. 675-726. 1461.
12:20. 702.
12:31. 345. 353. 366. 368.
12:37. 461. 478. 497. 513. 1471. 1966. 1971.
12:44. 752.
13:30. 738.
13:58. 2783.
14:12. 985.
14:22-32. 971. 974. 978.
15:22-28. 724. 730. 1021. 1035. (1078-1087.)
15:28. 1543.
15:32. 1728. 1731. 1732. 1776.
16:16. 213-224.
16:18, 19. 875-883.
16:24. 1111. 1175. 1527. 2710.
16:26. 615-622. 2057.
17: 2. 1056.
17:19-21. 1076. 1081. 1082.
18:10. 2206-2230.
18:11. 630-637.
18:15. 1643.
18:19, 20. 1008.
18:22. 1661-1663.
19: 6. 1821-1834.
19:14. 2200. 2203. 2208. 2267.
19:17. 1230-1272.
19:21-25. 2332-2350.
20: 6. 2796-2800.
20:30. 678-681.
21:22. 1060.
21:44. 616. 619.
22:11-13. 250. 251. 257.
22:42. 213-308.
23:37. 638. 641.
24:12. 2773. 2775.
24:13. 1470. 1471. 1476. 1477. 1487.
24:14. 1140. 2129.
24:24. 860-870.
25:10. 865-870.
25:25. 2510.
25:34. 2915-2957.
25:35. 1693. 1705. 2382.
25:40. 1235. 1239. 1246. 1705. 1720. 1765. 2381.
25:43. 1772.
25:45. 1636.
26:24. 529.
26:39. 1526. 1528. 1529.
26:41. 2608. 343. 1021. 1040. 1204. 1206.
26:73. 1223.
27:22. 690.
28:5, 6. 264-301.
28:20. 1071. 2921. (2099-2184.)

MARK.

1:17. 2037-2098.
1:40, 41. 693-695.
2:10-12. 643-651.
2:27-28. 416-430.
3:20, 21. 2669.
3:33-35. 1230-1272.
4: 8. 1998.
4:39. 1277.
5:19. 2097. 2523.
6: 5. 362-382.
8:23. 1709.
8:24. 2691. 2692.
8:35. 543.
8:36. 615-621. 839.
9:23. 719. 2519. 2590.
9:29. 1076. 1081. 1082.
9:45. 543.
10:2-9. 1821-1834.
10:13, 14. 2881. 2907. 2908. 2910. 2912.
10:21. 864. 2064. 2332-2350.
10:23. 2345.
10:30. 2833-2839.
10:46-52. 788. 799. (1078-1087.)
11:22. 1302.
11:24. 1060.
13:37. 2608.
14:38. 1062.

MARK.

15:31. 128.
16:15. 2061. 2153. 2154.

LUKE.

1:79. 811.
2:10. 1293.
2:13. 1362. 1364.
2:49. 2620.
3:11. 2355.
4:16-21. 42-73.
4:38-39. 1078-1087.
5:10. 2037-2098.
5:20. 1968.
6:12. 1008-1087.
6:23. 242. 243. 825-827.
6:47-49. 772-791.
6:38. 2369-2371.
7:13-15. 264-301.
7:34. 1774-1785.
7:45. 662. 663.
8: 5. 2748.
8:18. 353. 2769.
8:20, 21. 1230-1272.
8:47. 905. 906.
9:23. 2691. 2692.
9:24. 543.
9:51. 2594. 2626.
10: 2. 2556.
10:12-16. 1851-1865.
10:21. 1386. 1400. 1413.
10:27. 1088. 1094. 1171.
10:29. 1728. 1731. 2402.
10:33-37. 1712. 1714.
10:39-42. 1413.
11: 2. 1118.
11: 9. 1040-1065.
11:24-26. 345.
11:33. 1934-1960.
11:41. 2100. 2105. 2115. 2116. 2343. 2353.
12: 7. 1369-1374.
12: 8. 2037.
12:15. 547-568.
12:28. 970.
12:33. 2363. 2369. 2378.
12:34. 530. 533. 538. 547.
12:44. 2366-2371.
13: 8. 1690.
13:24. 837-849.
13:28. 619-623. 2958-2972.
13:34. 2762-2795.
14:11. 1496. 2746. 2750. 1488-1505.
14:18. 2365. 1137.
14:26. 1615.
14:33. 2682-2720.
15: 7. 2074.
15:18. 668. 678. 690. 771.
15:20. 1648.
15:32. 772. 790.
16: 9. 1911. 2382.
16:13. 2623.
16:15. 103-109.
16:23-26. 2958-2972.
17:14. 893.
17:17 1166. 1168. 1169.
17:32. 861-866.
18:11. 756-761.
18:13. 187. 660.
18:22-26. 2332-2350.
18:30. 2833-2839. 2915-2957.
18:37-43. 782. 808.
19:4-6. 668. 673.
19: 8. 589.
19:9, 10. 679. 690.
19:17. 2799.
19:35. 1939.
19:41. 627-629.
21:2, 3. 2366. 2371.
21:18. 1376. 1382. 1392.
21:19. 1470. 1476. 1477.
21:34. 2721-2761.
22:19. 940-942. 1117.
22:54-58. 871. 874. 886.
23:42. 678.
23:46. 658.
24: 6. 264-301.
24:15. 288. 289.
24:34. 264-301.
24:49. 320. 328. 329.

JOHN.

1:1-5. 213-224.
1:12. 779. 782. 790.
1:14. 966-986.
1:29. 256. 259. 260. 263. 187.
1:41. 2087. 2091.
1:42. 1695. 2058. 2060. 2242.
1:44. 2037-2098.
1:46. 2038.
1:47. 804.
2: 5. 638.
2:25. 638. 89.
3: 3. 762. 835.
3: 5. 745-755.
3: 7. 477.
3: 8. 747. 1200.
3:14, 15. 246. 247. 249.
3:15. 2016-2021.
3:16. 676-678. 635. 733.
3:18. 1349.
3:30. 1489-1494.
4:10. 1355. 1356. 1365. 1381.
4:14. 997.
4:23. 916. 924.
4:24. 2764.
4:26. 2042. 2037. 2040.
4:35. 2127.
4:38. 919.
4:42. 1307. 1118. 1182. 1183.
4:50. 1280.
5:5-9. 641. 642.
5:24. 712.
5:35. 237-244.
5:39. 74-96.
5:40. 609. 689. 836-870.
5:42. 1105.
6: 9. 1995.
6:11. 178.
6:27. 519-524.
6:28. 756-758.
6:30. 242. 243. 1050. 1052.
6:37. 739.
6:53. 937-942.
6:66. 2762-2795.
6:68. 271. 272. 1182.
7:17. 1243. 1249. 1250.
7:37. 967. 1004.
8: 9. 577-600.
8:10, 11. 630.
8:12. 1400. 1404. 1407. 2066.
8:32. 753. 754. 815. 1940.
9: 4. 1255. 1256. 2525. 2530.
9: 7. 1199.
9:25. 1199.
9:35. 1005-1010.
10:11. 966. 991. 1000. 1301. 1334.
10:17. 247.
10:17, 18. 257.
10:27. 708-711.
10:29. 1618. 1597-1641. 1301.
10:30. 213-224.
10:42. 839. 840. 849.
11:1-3. 1078-1087.
11: 3. 980-990.
11:25, 26. 2868. 2871. 1097.
11:35. 289.
11:39. 2576. 2577.
11:43. 289-299.
12:19. 33-41.
12:21. 2051.
12:24. 2699.
12:23-26. 2682-2720.

JOHN.

12:25. 543.
12:32. 246-247.
13:2-5. 1488-1505.
13:14. 1488-1497. 1505.
13:15. 237-244.
13:34. 1597-1641.
14: 1. 266. 2943. 2946. 2947. 1275-1295.
14: 2. 2945. 281.
14: 3. 302-308.
14: 6. 2926. 2929. 2936.
14:13-14. 1008. 1074. 1077.
14:21. 2399.
14:23. 1234. 1235. 1238.
14:27. 1354. 1355. 1357. 1358. 1360. 1366. 1403. 1413.
15:1-4. 963. 2527. 2536.
15: 5. 2527. 2539.
15: 7. 1004. 1021. 1030.
15: 8. 1189. 1206. 1229.
15:13. 249. 250.
15:14. 1240. 1242. 1250.
15:16. 1191.
15:27. 1320.
16:13. 1000.
16:24. 1047-1049.
16:33. 1442.
17: 3. 1386. 2293.
17:11. 194-197.
17:15. 343. 344. 1120.
17:17. 61-67.
17:21. 1597-1609. 1616.
18:17. 882-886.
19: 5. 237-244.
19:17-20. 245-263.
19:38. 891.
20:9-18. 264-301.
20:26. 304.
20:31. 31.
21:15. 2582. (2193-2231.)
21:25. 237-244.

ACTS.

1: 4. 1391-1398.
1: 8. 762. 835. 875. 888. 890.
1:9-11. 302-308.
1:18. 2123. 2126.
1:25. 551.
2:1-4. 309-340.
2:38, 39. 661-701.
2:41. 2120.
2:47. 914.
3: 8. 1078-1087.
3:15. 280. 282. 286. 288.
4:12. 651-657.
4:13. 1977.
4:14. 1078-1087.
4:20. 2112.
4:31. 337.
4:33. 329.
5:1-9. 501. 503. 504.
5:15. 1078-1087.
5:29. 1240-1243.
5:39. 103-113.
6: 8. 1290. 1295.
7:58-60. 1362. 1363. 1386. 1394.
8: 4. 2072. 2073.
8:18-20. 525-529. 2015.
8:29. 2037-2098.
8:35. 2043. 2080-2090.
8:37. 702-706.
8:39. 1419-1468.
9: 1. 666.
9: 4. 2796-2800.
9: 5. 1231.
9: 6. 718.
9:11-17. 2053.
9:31. 918. 919. 923.
10: 4. 2375. 2376.
10:38. 1720. 1722. 1725. 1726. 1776.
10:44, 45. 316-320.
11: 5. 1362.
11:24. 1216. 1217.
14:3-7. 2037-2098.
14:22. 1560-1575.
15:26. 1362. 1363. 1386. 1394. 1528. 2566.
15:31. 1440-1460.
16:9, 10. 771. 1362. 1365. 2108-2111.
16:13-15. 2062. 2063-2066.
16:25. 959.
16:30. 187.
16:31. 726. 731-736.
17:11. 74-96.
17:18. 2043.
17:26. 1637.
17:28. 1181.
18:9, 10. 176. 188.
18:17. 2762-2795.
19:20. 31, 32.
19:25-27. 514-547.
20:21. 684.
20:24. 2682-2720.
20:35. 1705. 1720. 1743. 1746. 2376. 2378. 2382.
20:36-38. 1604. 1605. 1608.
21:13. 1296. 1297. 1311. 1368.
21:19, 20. 2101-2110.
23:11. 1346. 1356.
24:16. 570-600.
24:25. 867. 870.
26:14. 1231.
26:19. 771.
26:22. 785. 795. 799.
26:24. 2595. 2665. 2667.
26:28, 29. 856-860.
27:23-25. 998. 1007.
28:24. 702-706.

ROMANS.

1:14. 2154-2156.
1:15. 2054. 2055. 2057.
1:16. 770. 772. 776.
1:17. 1336.
1:29. 547-568.
1:32. 350-355.
2: 4. 662. 663.
2: 7. 1474-1477.
2:14, 15. 574. 577.
2:29. 1180. 1188. 1189.
3:20. 755-761.
3:21-23. 341. 342. 669.
3:28. 1321. 1328.
4: 3. 713.
4:16. 1093.
4:18-25. 719-726.
5: 1. 713-730.
5: 5. 1117.
5:8-10. 245-263.
5:17-19. 648-658.
5:20. 673. 674.
6:11-14. 1172-1176.
6:23. 620. 621. 622. 355. 1917.
7:14. 345.
7:17-19. 351-355.
7:23. 345.
7:24. 346-356.
8: 1. 747. 752. 753.
8: 7. 345-350.
8:18. 1177. 2886. (2915-2957.)
8:21. 753-755.
8:24. 1405.
8:28. 1276. 1281.
8:31. 2144.
8:37. 2497.
8:38. 1400.
9:15. 2526.
9:33. 2034.
10: 4. 632. 634. 637.
10: 8. 715.
10: 9. 905. 906.
10:13. 640. 651. 656.

ROMANS.

10:15. 1051. 920. 921. 930. 1074.
11:14. 2064. 2065.
11:33. 116-128.
12: 1. 1171. 1173. 1175. 1176. 1180. 1184. 1199.
12: 2. 1593. 1594. 1596.
12:10. 1668. 1759. 1773.
12:15. 1708.
12:16. 1597-1609.
12:19-21. 1642-1667.
13:10. 1092-1100.
13:12, 13. 2468. 2470. 2473.
13:14. 561-563. 871. 882. 886.
14: 5. 336. 998. 999. (1273-1382.)
14: 7. 1746. 1776.
14:10. 619. 620.
14:12. 2499. 2508. 2525.
14:13. 1728. 1730. 1940.
14:15. 1934. 1940. 1956.
14:17. 2529.
14:21. 1940.
15:13. 2744. 2754.
15:30. 1074.
16:1-7. 1610-1642.

1 CORINTHIANS.

1:21. 2049-2055.
1:24. 213-220.
1:30. 225-236.
2: 2. 654.
2: 9. 1199.
2:14. 313-317.
3: 6. 31-34.
3:11. 1088. 1089. 1132. 1135.
3: 9. 1962-1968.
3:16. 1191. 1194.
3:23. 1616.
4: 7. 1925-1934.
6:10. 547-568.
6:19. 1192. 1640.
6:20. 827.
7:23. 260.
8: 3. 2006. 2013. 2016.
8:13. 1728.
9:16. 2096.
9:24-27. 2466. 2480.
9:25. 2434-2447.
10:12, 13. 548-569.
10:17. 1597-1609.
10:31. 2139. 2501. 2632. 2725.
11: 1. 1171-1229.
11:28. 1150. 1155. 1156. 1171. 1174. 1178. 1182. 1183. 1190.
13: 1. 1622. 1623.
13: 5. 1702. 1703. 1717. 1721.
13: 7. 1821-1823.
13: 8. 1121. 1131. 1140-1142. 1330. 1717. 1721.
13:10. 2853.
13:12. 2915-2957.
13:13. 1195. 1196. 1641. 1698. 1699. 1701. 2931. 2933.
14:10. 198-212.
15:9, 10. 1488-1505.
15:33. 1984. 1987. 2001. 2019.
15:55. 1297. 1329.
15:57. 2076.
15:35-58. 264-301.
16:13. 1183. 1190. 1198. 1204. 1206.

2 CORINTHIANS.

1:22. 338.
2:11. 622. 623.
2:16. 1253.
3: 2. 2153.
3: 3. 1179. 1206. 2004. 2030. 2031. 2033.
3: 4. 1344. 1346.
3:18. 779. 780. 789. 795-797. 804. 805. 1131. 1194. 1220. 1225.
4: 6. 745-755.
4:16-18. 1177. (2915-2957.)
5: 1. 269. 2884.
5: 9. 1179-1182.
5:10. 2958-2972.
5:14. 1132-1134. 1139.
5:17. 762-835.
6: 2. 840. 841. 1255. 1271. 1272.
6:16. 1197.
6:17. 1175. 1185. 1188. 1201. 1204.
6:18. 753. 754. 1007.
7: 1. 1383-1399.
7:10, 11. 1172.
8: 5. 1191.
8: 7. 2350-2378.
9: 6. 2332-2379.
9:7-9. 2136. 2358. 2360. 2361. 2363. 2377.
9:10. 2345. 2352. 2354. 2355. 2391. 2393.
9:15. 245-263.
10: 4. 2289.
10:12. 1185. 756-761.
10:17. 756-761.
12: 7. 1560-1596.
12: 9. 1506. 1510. 1540. 1542.
13:1-3. 367.
13:11. 1188-1197.
13:13. 1597-1609.

GALATIONS.

1: 6. 2762-2795.
2:16. 1321. 1328.
2:20. 717. 827. 1321. 1328.
3:13. 249-260.
3:28. 1597-1609.
4:4, 5. 245-256.
4: 7. 753. 754. 1007.
4:18. 2498. 2524. 2526.
5: 1. 753. 754. 687.
5: 7. 85. 2781. 2784. 2824.
5: 9. 1934-2005.
5:11. 1111. 1119.
5:14. 1610-1641.
5:16, 17. 345.
5:22. 1229.
5:23. 1488-1505.
5:25. 1111-1130.
5:26. 441. 442.
6: 1. 2278.
6: 2. 1610. 1611. 1625. 1982.
6: 5. 1208. 2531.
6:7, 8. 2845.
6: 9. 676. 1957. 2025. 2525. 2588.
6:10. 1851-1865.
6:14. 1488-1505.
6:15. 745-755.

EPHESIANS.

1: 3. 2916.
1: 7. 187.
2: 1. 745-755.
2:4-8. 762-835.
2: 9. 755.
2:12-14. 245-263.
2:19-22. 805-811.
3: 8. 624-660.
3:17-19. 1226.
3:20. 813-817.
4:3-6. 1597-1609.
4:12, 13. 818-830.
4:23. 745-755.
4:26. 1663.
4:28. 479-496.
4:30. 339.

EPHESIANS.

5: 1. 1193. 1195.
5:15. 1180-1199.
5:16. 843. 847.
5:18. 2448-2487.
5:20. 1143-1170.
5:25. 1821-1834.
6:1, 2. 1696. 431-439.
6:10-12. 2620. 2682.
6:13. 2698.
6:14. 1255. 1256.
6:18. 1036. 1039.
6:19, 20. 1074.

PHILIPPIANS.

1: 1. 2357. 2383-2388. 2406.
1: 9. 1088-1142.
1:21. 1222.
1:23. 2915-2957.
1:29. 2682-2720.
2: 2. 1597-1609.
2: 7. 2171.
2:8, 9. 245-263.
2:10. 1227.
2:12, 13. 815-822.
2:15. 2006-2036.
2:30. 764.
3: 1. 1200. 1441. 1443. 1446.
3: 3. 1301.
3:7-10. 1197. 1215-1219.
3:13. 2654-2681. 2973-3002.
3:17. 2029. 2033.
3:20. 302-306. 308.
4: 2. 1597-1641.
4: 4. 1444-1447. 1464.
4:6, 7. 1369-1374.
4: 8. 553. 556. 1431. 1434. 2320-2331. 2797. 2798.
4:11. 1430-1434.
4:13. 771-775.
4:19. 1295. 1319. 1356. 1378.

COLOSSIANS.

1: 5. 2915-2957.
1:12. 1573.
1:19. 213-224.
1:24. 1560-1580.
1:27. 1171-1173.
1:28. 2016-2021.
2: 2. 1597-1641.
2: 9. 314. (213-224.)
3:1, 2. 287. 1003. 2800.
3: 3. 1206.
3: 5. 547-568.
3: 9. 497-513.
3:10, 11. 1223. 1226.
3:12. 2285.
3:23, 24. 1171-1229.
4: 5. 2006-2036.
4:13. 2498.
4:15. 1816-1820.

1 THESSALONIANS.

1: 2. 1066.
1: 5. 42-47.
1:6-8. 2017. 2019. 2021.
2:13. 1066. 48-58.
2:19, 20. 780-810.
3: 3. 1506-1596.
3: 8. 1470. 1471. 1476. 1477.
3:12. 1610-1641.
4: 5. 2007.
4:13. 2931-2933.
4:16-18. 302-306. 308.
5: 6. 2762-2795.
5: 8. 2931-2933.
5:10. 245-263.
5:16. 1419-1468.
5:17. 1008-1087.
5:18. 1143-1170.
5:19. 339.
5:21. 578.
5:22. 339. 2029. 2033.
5:23. 814-816.
5:25. 1074.

2 THESSALONIANS.

1: 5. 1506-1596.
3: 1. 1074.
3:10. 2525. 2528. 2529.
3:13. 1469-1487.

1 TIMOTHY.

1: 5. 1088-1142.
1:15. 647. 702.
1:17. 213-244.
1:18. 2682-2690.
1:19. 2721-2795.
2: 4. 628. 640. 651.
3:15. 907-935.
4: 2. 2801-2814.
4: 8. 360. 2838.
4:11. 2006-2036.
4:12. 2193-2313.
4:16. 2013.
5: 8. 2527. 2528.
5:22. 461-478.
6:6, 7. 531-540.
6:10. 2344. 531-540.
6:12. 343. 348. 1901. (1506-1596.)
6:18. 2400. 2405.
6:19. 2382. 2384.

2 TIMOTHY.

1:3, 4. 1066.
1: 5. 1835-1850. 2193-2231.
1:12. 1308. 1354. 1400. 1404.
1:15. 678.
2: 1. 2017-2021.
2: 3. 2692. 2695.
2: 4. 2721-2761.
2:15. 1051. 920. 921. 930. 1074.
3: 2. 547-568.
3:12. 1506-1596.
3:16. 1-20.
4: 2. 2037.
4: 6. 1366.
4: 7. 2686. 2699.
4: 8. 2868. 2871. 2914.
4:10. 2752. 2762-2777.
4:18. 176. 178. 195.

TITUS.

2:12, 13. 2480-2487.
2:14. 1263. 2037.
3:4, 5. 792-820.
3: 6. 245-308.

PHILEMON.

4. 1066.
15-17. 1610-1641.

HEBREWS.

1:1, 2. 1-32.
1: 3. 213-224.
2:10. 1530-1533. 1558. 1561. 1568. 1571. 2237.
2:18. 965-1007.
3:7, 8. 836-870.
3:12. 2796.
3:15. 849-859.
3:19. 370-382.
4:1, 2. 1183. 1190. 1198. 1206. 1255.
4: 9. 2915-2957.
4:15. 1545. 1699. 1704.
6: 1. 1183. 1184. 1188.
6:2-9. 2762-2795.
6:11, 12. 1204. 1218. 1219.
6:18. 1383-1399.
6:19. 1400-1418.
7:25. 767.
8: 1. 302-308.
9:13, 14. 245-263.
9:28. 245-263.
10: 7. 1268.

HEBREWS.

10: 9. 1237.
10:23, 24. 2498-2509.
10:25. 926-935.
10:32. 1506-1596.
10:36. 1469-1487.
10:37. 302-306. 308.
10:39. 2762-2780.
11: 1. 702-735.
11: 4. 1297.
11:10. 2077. 2848.
11:13. 1383. 1392. 1399. 2911.
11:25, 26. 1506-1596.
11:27. 2288.
11:34. 2498-2637.
11:38. 1942. 1944. 1946. 2686. 2687. 2689.
12: 1. 357. 1201. 1203. 1204. 1287.
12: 2. 1220. 1225. 1266. 1287. 1359.
12:6-10. 1506-1596.
12:11. 1540-1560.
12:14. 1171-1200.
12:17. 2721-2761.
12:22-24. 245-263.
13: 5. 547-568. 1279. 1341-1343.

JAMES.

1:2, 3. 1506. 1530.
1: 4. 1469-1473.
1:5-7. 1027. 1036. 1040-1044.
1:12. 2619. 2620. 2633.
1:14. 345.
1:15. 1067.
1:17. 1148-1153.
1:22. 1230-1272.
1:26. 753. 754. 687.
1:27. 1260. 1705.
2:1, 2. 1112.
2: 8. 1970.
2:17. 2498-2637.
3:5-8. 440-513. 1668-1773.
3:16. 442. 457.
4: 7. 548-569.
4:13, 14. 198.
4:17. 1250-1272.
5:1-5. 2355. 2359. 2363.
5:7, 8. 1469-1487.
5: 9. 1642-1667.
5:15. 1078. 1086. 1087. 1653.
5:16-18. 1045-1050.
5:20. 1917. 1972-1974. 1982. 2071.

1 PETER.

1: 4. 2915-2930.
1: 5. 151. 152. 155.
1:6, 7. 1506-1520.
1: 8. 1098. 1131-1134.
1:13-15. 1210. 1215.
1:19. 250.
1:23. 747.
2: 7. 965-968.
2:11. 2460. 2478. 2487.
2:12. 2034-2036.
2:21-23. 1220. 1221. 1226.
3: 4. 1227. 1228.
3:8, 9. 1610-1667.
3:12. 1061.
3:13. 2833-2839.
3:16. 577-600.
3:17. 1337.
4: 7. 1204. 1206. 1255. 1256.
4: 8. 1141. 1142.
4:12. 13. 1541. 1543. 1545.
4:19. 1510. 1511.
5: 7. 1285. 1305. 1336.
5: 8. 983. 1274.

2 PETER.

1: 4. 722-799. 987. 1383-1399.
1: 5. 1219. 1226.
1:10, 11. 1236-1239.
1:19-21. 1-20.
2: 3. 547-568.
2:4-9. 619-623.
2:18. 548-569.
2:19. 383-396.
2:21. 2762-2795.
3: 9. 1383-1399.
3:17, 18. 1190. 1197.

I JOHN.

1: 4. 1413. 1416.
1: 7. 259-262. 654-656.
1: 9. 888-890.
2: 2. 302-308.
2: 3. 1230. 1261. 1272.
2:15, 16. 2721-2761.
2:17. 2915-2957.
2:25. 1384. 1398.
3: 2. 2853. 2858. 2859. 2926.
3:7, 8. 1234. 1248.
3:14. 996.
3:23. 1612. 1614. 1616.
4: 7. 1129.
4: 8. 188.
4:9, 10. 728.
4:18. 1101. 1329.
4:19. 711. 728.
4:20. 1124. 1134.
5: 1. 2040.
5: 3. 1230-1272.
5: 4. 772-791.
5:14, 15. 1035.

II JOHN.

1:8-9. 85. 2781. 2784. 2824.

III JOHN.

1:11. 1201. 1204.

JUDE.

3. 2526. 2529.
20, 21. 1197. 1198. 1210.
24. 828. 1350. 1351. 1352.

REVELATION.

1: 5. 728.
1: 7. 302-306. 308.
2: 4. 2762-2795.
2: 7. 1470. 1471. 1476. 1477. 1487.
2:10. 1198.
2:13. 1362. 1363. 1386. 1394. 1528. 1575. 2566.
3: 1. 2762-2790.
3:4, 5. 2915-2957.
3:10, 11. 1561-1566.
3:15-17. 2654-2681. 2768. 2769. 2771. 2784-2791.
3:20. 624. 648. 680-687. 716.
4: 6. 2922.
5:9, 10. 2915-2957.
5:12. 245-263.
7:13-17. 2930-2945.
12:11. 727. 731. 1001.
14:13. 264-301.
15: 4. 114-122.
16: 5. 115.
18: 4. 1171-1229.
19:16. 97-113.
20:11, 12. 2915-2972.
21:1-5. 2920-2940.
21: 6. 213-224.
21: 7. 2915-2930.
21:10-26. 2915-2957.
22:1-5. 2925-2947.
22:12. 302-306. 308.
22:17. 2047-2098.
22:18. 21-32.

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